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EUROPE

IN STORM AND CALM

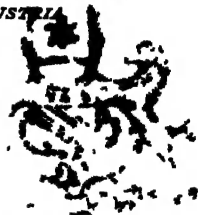
TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES
OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST

SKETCHES AND RECORDS OF NOTED EVENTS, CELEBRATED PERSONS AND
POLITICAL, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS IN FRANCE, SPAIN,
GERMANY, GREAT BRITAIN, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AUSTRIA,
HUNGARY, ROUMANIA, TURKEY-IN-EUROPE,
SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY

BY

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Etc., Etc.



Over One Hundred Illustrations from Designs made expressly for this Work
by FRANK RECAMIER, Paris

PUBLISHED BY
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LONDON, O C

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INTRODUCTION.

IF the courteous reader will take the trouble to pass in review the records of events in Europe since 1866 and 1871, he will discover that in those years the Old World was entering upon a season of terrible storm, interspersed, it is true, with occasional calms, but storm quickly recurrent, violent, and sweeping in its results. Europe had apparently settled down after the wars of 1854-55, and of 1859, to uninterrupted enjoyment of the rest which the "party of order," in all the Continental countries, had insisted upon inaugurating after 1848.

The era of conferences and expositions seemed almost to indicate the relinquishment of the old policy of plunder, partition, and political gambling. Secular enemies protested their future eternity of friendship; empires talked of founding themselves upon peace; small nations smiled in their fancied security; and the "balance of power" was still believed in even by so clever a man as M. Thiers.

But suddenly the face of the European world was changed. The great movement of unification—the sublime work of this last half of the nineteenth century—was begun in earnest. Out of the sands of Brandenburg sprang the unifiers of Germany. Austria lost her foothold in Italy. Her

supreme influence in the Germanic States, Sadowa was fought, the balance of power was almost a forgotten illusion, the policy of compensation so long talked of was scattered to the winds, the military strength of France was broken; the English in their insular fortress trembled lest their own peculiar position might be changed; the German Emperor was crowned in Versailles; the kingdom of Italy took back its rightful heritage of Rome, the temporal power was broken; the Republic and its attendant reforms were declared in France and Spain; and the Powers of the North appeared no longer shadowy, but gigantic and imposing real forms, asserting with emphasis and might their future supremacy. England, with her vast domain scattered through the seas, seemed happily free from the entanglements of politics upon the Continent, and found consolation in the development of her so-called Imperial policy, waiting an early opportunity of asserting her equality with these new masters of the European situation. The great storm of the war of 1870-71, in which the French empire and the last vestiges of monarchy in France disappeared, the triumphs and the exactions of the Germans; the swift uprising to importance of the Italians,—were things which upset all European calculations. The forward movement for the division into large States—movement so long checked by consummate statesmen,—had begun in earnest, and was to be carried on with but trifling interruption henceforward. Then came the enormous cataclysm of the Commune,—the final and terrible effort of Socialism on the soil of France, after which the gaunt spectre took up her northward march, soon to terrify the Germans, flushed with their victories, and the Russians busy with their ambitious plans for conquest in Europe and Asia. After this there was a lull, soon succeeded by another storm,—the great convulsion out of which were born new kingdoms, new nations in South-Eastern Europe, and then it was that England, seeing her opportunity,—perhaps using it with hesitation and too feebly, yet seeing and seizing it,—maintained the place which she might have lost. The ashes of national feeling in the scattered States in the South-East, which had so long been tributary to the Turk, were fanned into flames. The work of revolt was quick and hardy. The sympathy of England was keen, far-reaching, strong. There was a race between Russia and Great Britain for mastery and prestige in the Balkan peninsula. The revolution in the Herzegovina and in Bosnia, the successful war in Serbia, the exposure of

the outrages in Bulgaria, were followed by the quick descent of a powerful army from the North. The great Russo-Turkish war of 1877 was begun; and then it was seen that the Eastern Question, which had been so long derided as an antique fossil, to be looked at, taken to pieces now and again, and relegated to the comfortable obscurity where it was thought to belong, was thenceforth a vital, all-important factor in European politics. The hand of England was raised to prevent the complete triumph of the conquering Russians; Constantinople was saved from the invader; but both those who wished to invade it and those who desired to protect it recognized that its fate must soon be sealed. Bulgaria, so long prostrate, rose to a principality; Roumania and Servia became kingdoms, Roumelia, almost a Russian province. Greece sprang to arms, and took Thessaly from the Turks. The Emperors of the North already hinted at an alliance with the mysterious empire, whose name means the Empire of the East, "*Austria Infelix*,"—one day, perhaps, to be "Fortunate Austria!"—and the Latin States, alarmed, disgusted, and amazed, felt constrained to spend their energy upon internal reforms and improvements. Beaconsfield had shown a bold front at the Berlin Congress, but he passed away, and the milder defender of Gladstone left but little fear in the minds of the rulers of the North that their prestige would be wrested from them by any of those alliances once so easily made and so easily broken.

The changes thus achieved in a few short years: the unification of two great sets of States in Italy and Germany; reduction to the second plan, as the theatrical architects say, of France and Austria, the placing in doubt of the exact status of England in relation to general European affairs; the menace conveyed to the small European States like Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and others, which had long fancied themselves secure, the uprising of new States, and the release from barbarous despotism of all South-Eastern Europe, soon to be seamed with through lines of rail, and by the opening up of its vast resources to exercise new influence on European commerce; the secure and patient progress of Great Britain towards those reforms which to-day even the highest in rank of her privileged classes admit as necessary and just,—these, with their attendant weight of romantic, picturesque, and pathetic occurrences, have filled full with the wonderful and the thrilling a period of half a generation, some episodes from which the author has embodied in his humble book. For, without special assumption

INTRODUCTION.

of humility, it would ill become him to assume any other motive, in presenting the following pages, than that of reviewing, here amply, there cursorily,—now with the confidence born of personal knowledge, now with the hesitation which accompanies hearsay,—this splendid succession of events, large and little, from 1867 to the present time.

The author must not be accused of lack of thoroughness if he has omitted mention of many things of consequence. His aim has been neither to make a history nor a record, but lightly in remembrance to wander through that "Europe in Storm and Calm" which he had the opportunity to know, hoping that the untraveller reader may find momentary pleasure and instruction in his pages.

So he, without further parley, invites the reader to witness with him the downfall of the Second French Empire; the pageants of the great Exposition; to look in at a sovereign's palace or an Empress's boudoir, assist at a diplomatic intrigue or the production of a famous opera-bouffe; to be a guest at a royal wedding or a bull-fight, get under fire at a barricade; "do" a revolution, follow the track of contending armies and be incarcerated as a spy, see the declaration of a Republic and the execution of a noted criminal; be besieged and besieger; help at the coronation of an Emperor and at the flight of an Empress, go through from beginning to end the greatest and most sanguinary insurrection of modern times; peep in on busy England,—on its sports, its industries, its politics; see a Passion Play, be mobbed at an Irish National Land League meeting, go down across the fields and through the defiles of Bulgaria to the Balkans, talk of the Sultan and the Emperor of Austria, see Bismarck at home and abroad, on horseback and in his study, eat roasted mutton in an insurgent camp with knives which have but lately served to kill Turks; and, finally, to take a hasty glance at the great colonial game on which all European Powers have entered in the last few years.

It is in pursuit of this colonial game, in obedience to this keen passion for the acquisition of outlets, that the Old World bids fair to encounter new storms, new perturbations of the political atmosphere, more terrible than any recited in this volume. The conflicting interests of the great nations which have undertaken the task of civilization in Africa and in Central Asia, have never so closely imperilled the peace of all Europe as at the present writing. It is always dangerous to prophesy, but looking back at the

results of the international conflicts in Europe since 1866-67, and tracing downward from that period until now the steady progress made in Europe toward concentration into large States, by the absorption of all the smaller ones, who shall dare to say that if another general European war follows upon the collision between great European nations in their African and Asiatic fields of action, the result may not be the still farther reforming of the map of Europe, in obedience to the mysterious and silent operation of that law which decrees that wealth and the sources of wealth go invariably to the strong?

If the reader finds here and there too much of storm, let him turn to the pages in which is reflected some little of that serenity and repose for which European society is so much to be envied. If he will have it that the verdict on certain men who stood high, and dazzled while they stood, is too severe, let him reflect that the author but expresses the opinion which has come to be that of the majority in Europe, for there is no doubt that, in the future, European majorities will be democratic, non-Imperial, progressive, and it cannot be denied that, as in Vienna a new and beautiful capital has been built like a ring round an ancient, black, and grimy town, so, springing up all round European tradition and formulae are the light and bright edifices of modern institutions. If Europe fights so much, she does not fight in vain. Each period of storm and thunder makes the sky clearer, the spectacle on the horizon more impressive, more beautiful.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN this volume the author has endeavored to embody the results of a lengthy term of special correspondence in Europe, during which time he has contributed letters and articles upon the political and general situation. During a large part of the epoch covered by the narrative in this volume, the author enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observing the conduct of affairs in the various European countries of which he has ventured to treat, and has endeavored impartially and faithfully to describe events which are among the most important of the century.

In the task of this portrayal he has been aided by the talent and skill of M. Felix Regamey, a distinguished Parisian illustrator, who has contributed more than one hundred original sketches to the work; and to the pencil of Mr J Wells Champney, well known in the artistic world

It would be impossible in the limits of a single volume to describe, even in the simplest fashion, all the great events which have taken place in Europe from 1867 to the present time. The author has contented himself with embodying in his narrative those with which he was most familiar, and he trusts that the public will acquit him of any attempt to be either profound or sensational. He has tried to tell a simple story which may afford pleasure and profit to the general reader.

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EUROPE IN STORM AND CALM.

CHAPTER ONE.

The Volcanic Shimmer — Paris in 1867. — The Second Empire at the Height of its Glory — The "Crowning of the Edifice" — The Festival of Peace — The "Prophecy of Evil" — Napoleon receives Distinguished Guests — Attempted Assassination of Alexander the Second — The Sultan in Paris. — The Luxembourg Panic — The Hidden Forces at Work

THE traveller who climbs to the summit of Vesuvius on a day when the great volcano is apparently at perfect rest, and at a period when no manifestations of its wrath are expected, will observe, as he looks down into the vast bowl of the crater, the delicate shimmer caused by rising heat. The transparent air is tremulous, and although the scene upon which the visitor gazes from this strange mountain is one of exquisite beauty and tranquillity, he cannot restrain the feeling of foreboding, as he thinks of the tremor in the atmosphere. It is the perpetual menace of the hidden forces, ready to break forth, overturning all the barriers interposed between themselves and liberty, and, in the mad rush of their escape, likely to transform the smiling landscapes, historic villages, and teeming cities, into a chaos not unlike the primal one.

In Paris, in 1867, the Second Empire had reached the height of its glory and renown. From all corners of the world, from the most brilliant Oriental capitals, from northern cities, from Asia and from America, the chiefs of State and the celebrities of the moment came to the

Queen city to offer their tribute of praise and admiration, and to join in the celebration of a festival of peace. To the casual observer the beautiful French capital in this year of splendor and gayety at first seemed to offer a perfect example of the wise results of sound administration and willing devotion to the arts of peace, but, in looking attentively, day by day, upon the scene, it was easy to discover — it was impossible in fact not to see — the menacing volcanic shimmer, which indicated a coming outbreak of forces too long repressed, too certain to break forth in wild disaster.

The Second Empire in France had passed into a proverb. It was no longer the fashion to speak of its creation as a crime. The passionate pages of Kinglake, the stinging denunciations of Hugo, were almost considered as partisan and ungenerous. The French people were condemned, as the punishment for their culpable supineness, day by day to hear it said of themselves that they were unfit for self-government, and that the Empire had been for them an unmixed blessing. It impresses one now, half a generation after these last brilliant

moments of the Second Empire, curiously, to remember that from the United States came a great part of the moral support accorded to Napoleon III not only did he succeed in grouping about him potentates, who, fifteen years before, had considered him the most wretched of *parvenus*, not only did he invite to his Court, and instal in his palace of the Tuileries, the Czar of all the Russias, and the Sultan of Turkey, but he wooed from the admiring bosoms of the fair Republicans of the West a homage which they would never have paid to a *parvenu* at home

At this particular time the Republicans in France were half inclined to lower their bucklers for a while, and to pause in their attacks upon the government which they had so long detested, irresolute as they were in presence of the numerous experiments and reforms so loudly announced by the Imperial agents. The year of the great "Exposition" was ushered in with a wonderful flourish of trumpets by the Imperial ministry. It was said and printed, for the first time since the *coup d'État*, that the hour for a cessation of repressive measures had arrived, that the long period of personal government, rendered necessary by the so-called anarchy of 1848, had come to an end. The "crowning of the edifice," as the political jargon of the moment had it, was soon to take place. If one could credit the assertions of all who were interested in the support of the Imperial dynasty in France, the one wish of the Emperor was to give with liberal hand as much freedom to his long-oppressed people as they could conveniently digest. He and his were to be the judges of the quantities of liberty to be dispensed, and they confidently invited the judg-

ment of Europe upon their wisdom in taking off some few of the screws

Each foreign State vied with the other in its endeavors to be agreeable and flattering to the Empire. A Parisian was perhaps pardonable at this time for his supposition that Paris was the sun around which the society of the world revolved. Paris fashions, Paris comic music, and Parisian *biac-à-biac*, were famous throughout Europe, and had made their way into the remotest regions of Asia, Africa, and America. It is true, that when one turned to the soberer domains of literature and high art, it was found that the French Empire had fostered the production of little or nothing within them. The great artists were not to be found at the Court. They were voluntary or involuntary exiles. The theatre had become so frivolous that it was the scandal of Europe, and among the few painters of eminence who basked in the Imperial sunshine were many who did not hesitate to satirize, in the most bitter manner, the *régime* under which they lived. The social corruption had reached such a height that it could be paralleled only by the corruption which was no longer concealed in politics. Paris was filled with a throng of adventurers, or newly enriched people, aristocratic in income, though not in breeding. They came from everywhere, and at the first whiff of smoke of the war in 1870 they disappeared like demons in a pantomime. Few of them have returned. They seemed to belong to the especial epoch which closed with the fall of the Empire, to have had their day as certain flies have theirs, and at its close to have finished their existence.

However various might have been the judgments passed upon the Empire and the Emperor, there was no variance of

opinion as to the Exposition. It was a grand festival of art and industry, upon which the Imperial party had spent it had really lost by the *coup d'État*, and it kept up this policy faithfully until it was no longer of any service.



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

much time and labor. The Empire thoroughly understood the science of diversions. It began by giving the public splendid shows, military reviews, and the glitter of foreign expeditions, hoping to divert its attention from what The Exposition of 1867 was imagined purely as a diversion. In 1865 the Empire had already begun to decline. The formidable Republican Opposition grouped against it as long ago as 1837 had at last become extremely powerful,

and in 1864 and 1865 was decidedly aggressive. This opposition was led by politicians of the experience and importance of Thiers, Berryer, Lanjumeau, Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Jules Simon, Gambier-Pagès, and Pelletan. Gambetta's voice had not yet been heard outside the *cafés* of the Latin Quarter, or the narrow boundaries of the courtroom. Emile Ollivier was a prominent figure in this opposition to the government and the majority in the Chamber. He, like one or two other politicians who were Republican in name, listened to the specious promises of the Imperialists, and allowed himself to be won over to their cause of pretended liberal reform. Napoleon had said that "the Empire was peace," at the outset of his Imperial career, but he had until this year's first months been contradicting himself by maintaining, against even the opinion of the more enlightened of his own party, the shattered remnants of the French expedition in Mexico, and was daily expecting to hear news of the disaster which could no longer be avoided there. The immense and cordial welcome accorded to the Exhibition when it opened, in the spring of 1867, was a veritable godsend to the Empire. It undoubtedly put back the clock of fate by many hours.

But the clock of fate was not to be stopped, nor yet cracked or broken. It went on with remorseless "tick," and it was with greater vexation and restlessness than he had manifested at any previous time in his career that the Emperor began his large and splendid series of festivals. He had been from his youth too acute an observer of political indications not to have perceived that the position of France in Europe had greatly changed. It was the fashion at his Court to deny that the events

in Schleswig-Holstein, and the brisk and astounding campaign which culminated in the defeat of Austria at Sadowa in 1866, had one jot shaken French prestige, but Napoleon III. knew better. He was wiser than the people whom he had grouped around him. The miscreants, the corrupt, persisted in their theory that France would only have to put forth an atom of her ancient strength to maintain her historic influence and to reduce to their proper proportions the newly arisen pretensions of Prussia. In the long years of his captivity the Emperor had made careful studies in social and political science, and he doubtless realized that the time had come for the unification of the homogeneous peoples in the numerous States of Germany. So, too, it is fair to suppose that he foresaw Italian unification, and as both these were, from the selfish political standpoint, dangers and menaces to the greatness of France, perhaps he dreamed of suddenly checking them. Be that as it may, the Exposition period was gratefully recognized by all nations as a breathing-space in a time of storm upon which Europe had entered, and none were more grateful in their recognition than the Prussians, who had fully believed that France would not submit quietly to the results of Sadowa.

So Europeans and Americans alike forgot, or wilfully ignored, the volcanic shimmer, and united in the grand festival of pleasure, feasting the senses, and most of all the attention, upon the wonders spread before them in the most beautiful capital of the Western World. The Imperial commission which directed the Exhibition did its work with skill and energy, and filled the Champ de Mars with a grand epitome of European material progress. It was remarked

that Germany had but little of an industrial character to show, and the spightly chroniclers for the small journals of the boulevard expended their wit upon the mammoth cannon which filled the German section of the Exhibition Palace, little realizing that a few years afterwards similar cannon would frown upon Paris from the hills environing her. In order and arrangement the Exhibition was perhaps superior to any of its successors, not excepting the mammoth one held in Philadelphia in 1876.

The international craze was just beginning in 1867. The current of travel from America had already begun, and European prices had not yet assumed that vertiginous upward course which they have latterly taken and maintained. The trans-Atlantic stranger, with his new fortune, found Paris the paradise of cheapness and luxury. Rich Russians, innumerable Germans of medium fortune, Turks and Austrians, Greeks and Helms, Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons, nightly thronged the newly ornamented boulevards. Such crowds have never been seen in Paris since. In those days the electric light was in its infancy, and few large cities had had the courage to make experiments with it. But Imperial Paris took it, used it generously, and perhaps hoped that the volcanic shimmer would be less perceptible beneath its artificial glare. The pageants of the Exhibition were very numerous, and some of them will be famous in history. Paris was filled with crack troops, well drilled, well dressed, proud of the duties constantly given them, and with their national vanity yet untarnished by any of those sad reverses which they were called to suffer a little later. The Imperial Court was at Compiègne, but Napoleon first received his royal guests

at the Tuileries. As these guests arrived one by one, they were welcomed with all the splendors befitting their exalted stations. The liberal journals, which had indulged in sinister prophecies that the *parvenu* Emperor could not bring to his side the legitimate sovereigns of Europe, gracefully acknowledged their error, and joined in the general enthusiasm. Napoleon affected a slightly democratic demeanor, while carefully maintaining with relation to his guests all the etiquette to which they attached so much importance, and of which the Empress Eugénie was always such a passionate devotee.

No doubt the visit of the Emperor Alexander II of Russia would have in less dangerous times been productive of a certain current of opinion in France favorable to the maintenance of the Empire there. The spectacle of the Czar of all the Russias riding in the same carriage with Napoleon III, and accepting his hospitality, was not without its weight. It seemed as if the man who had so long been called an adventurer had at last enrolled himself in the society to which he had always desired to belong.

Alexander II of Russia had just entered upon his repressive policy in Poland when he made his visit to Paris, and he was perhaps a little surprised, on arriving in the court-yard of the Tuileries, to be saluted with a sonorous "*Vive le Pologne, Monsieur!*" which came from the lips of that stanch republican Monsieur Floquet, who subsequently became one of the chief municipal authorities of the French capital. In February of 1867 the Russian Emperor had suppressed the Polish Council of State and had given the public instruction of the country into the hands of Russian authorities. This was preliminary to the great measure which he took in 1868, when by

an ukase he suppressed the Kingdom of Poland, and forbade Polish ladies and gentlemen to wear their national costumes. Infinite precautions were taken by the authorities of the French Empire against any attempts upon the lives of the visiting sovereigns, but the legions of police which swarmed in the city were not sufficient to protect the Czar Alexander from an attempted assassination. I chanced to be close to the Imperial carriage when the fanatic Bere-zowski, on the day of the review of the 9th of June in the Bois de Boulogne, fired a pistol at Alexander's head. There was an immense press of people retaining from the review, and much crowding and confusion were caused by the sudden arrival of a great body of cavalry which was making its way at a vigorous trot out of the wood. In common with thousands of others I was pressed forward to the main avenue, along which the Emperor of Russia was just returning. I heard a pistol shot, and then an immense "Ah!" such as only a Latin crowd can utter, and next, much to my surprise, I saw the carriage filled with ugly-looking fellows in black clothes, who were doubtless the police agents, with which the crowds were plentifully interspersed.

There was no time during the closing days of the Second Empire when one could feel that in a miscellaneous assembly of a dozen persons, unless it was by invitation in a private parlor there would not be one or two police spies. These spies were found everywhere. They infested the *cafés*. They offered for sale opera-glasses and tawdry trinkets, and peered impudently into travellers' faces. They assumed every conceivable disguise, and frequently made report on matters which were not of the slightest consequence,

now and then seriously embarrassing innocent strangers, whose notions of free speech were brought from a less exhausted atmosphere. If two people began a discussion on the street the third man who was sure to come up and listen was either a *sergent de ville*, as the policemen were called in those days, or was a private detective. Any group of three, four, or five persons, standing to discuss and appearing to be deeply interested in conversation in any street door-way of public building or in a square, was immediately requested to "move on." Any refusal to obey would have been followed by arrest, and any offence against the Imperial notions of order was qualified as criminal.

The would-be assassin of the Emperor of Russia was insane with passion, or he would not have dreamed of attempting the life of a sovereign in a town so filled with private spies and police-officers as Paris. The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, who afterwards had so tragic an end, was highly gratified at the masterly manner in which he was surrounded by a net-work of spies from the moment of his arrival to that of his departure. He was the most apprehensive, timid creature that I remember ever to have seen in public. On one occasion he was taken through the principal streets in one of the great gala carriages of the time of Louis XIV., and his carriage was surrounded in the Rue Royale by a crowd which was quite crazy with curiosity. The Sultan sat cowering in a corner of this antique vehicle, sweltering in his heavy European uniform, loaded down with gold and silver decorations, and looking very much more like a criminal who had been detected than like the defender of the faithful and the successor of Soliman the Magnificent.

Among the guests of note who came



NAPOLEON III'S GUESTS IN THE CHAMP DE MARS PAVILION

to Paris in this gala year were two elderly gentlemen of sober men, who attracted more attention than the Czar or the Sultan, and whose visit was of more vital significance than that of the above-mentioned potentates. These two personages were King William of Prussia, and Bismarck, who had left behind him in Paris years ago, when he had been stationed there as a diplomat, the reputation of a brilliant wit and cynical and generally successful wine-puller. The Parisian rabble made fun of the shining helmet and the white coat which Bismarck wore when he mounted his steed to attend the review at Longchamps, and many pleasantries were indulged in at the expense of the venerable Prussian king. But the intelligent and cultivated classes were careful to make no jokes about the Prussians, and improved to the utmost their opportunities of cultivating pleasant relations with them. Napoleon and his followers had an unbounded confidence in their ability to arrange matters. They fancied that, with the prestige of the First Empire behind it, the Second could manage to overawe aggression, even though it might not possess the force suddenly to repel it. King William and Bismarck were carefully entertained at Compiègne, and listened with feigned if not with real interest to the many political combinations either proposed to them, or hinted at in their presence. The Prussians would certainly have been exacting had they not approved of the policy of the Imperial party in France, for it was feeble enough directly to serve their interests. "France," says M. Simon, "as a necessary consequence of the prodigious increase of power in Prussia consequent on her victory at Sadowa, stepped down from the first rank into the second. Napoleon had made a fatal error in at-

tempting to observe the policy set forth in the speech in which he abdicated Austria to her fate. He said, 'With regard to Germany my intention is henceforth to observe a policy of neutrality which, without hindering us now and then from expressing our sympathies or our regrets, leaves us strangers to questions in which our interests are not directly engaged.'" M. Thiers pointed out, in 1866, the danger of this indifference which the Empire desired to manifest. He said that it was to be feared that Germany would profit by it. Benedetti, the ambassador to Berlin, who afterwards became so notorious, at the time of the declaration of war in 1870, wrote to his government that in 1866 the simple manifestation of French sympathies would have completely checked the projects of Bismarck and enabled Austria to escape the humiliation which she was called on to suffer shortly afterwards. M. Simon and many other impartial writers on the Imperial policy express then opinion that Napoleon III. allowed Prussia to aggrandize herself because he hoped to be paid in kind. He had ambitious notions as to Rhemish provinces and to Belgium which were never destined to be realized.

The hidden forces in the volcanic bosom gave one ominous rumble in 1867. The Empire had just been obliged to announce the disastrous end of the Mexican expedition. It did not care to enter into a struggle with the United States, which at that moment had upon the Mexican frontier an army large enough to cope with any force that France could muster. In presence of the Mexican failure, and under pressure of the keen criticisms which the directors of French policy received for the danger in which they had left Maximilian, Napoleon III. looked desperately

about him for some new project likely to be popular, and was led, almost before he knew it, into imminent danger of war with flushed and victorious Germany. He had again begun his campaign in favor of the annexation of Belgium, and was secretly working it out before the early summer of 1867. It was, I fancy, during the visit of the numerous sovereigns that he at last got full light on the question of a rectification of French frontiers along the Rhine. He found that this was impossible in a pacific manner, and so he began negotiations with the King of Holland, who was the Grand Duke of the Duchy of Luxembourg, to obtain from him for a fixed price the cession of that duchy. This was speedily noised abroad, and created the most intense excitement in Germany, especially in Prussia. There was a veritable alarm throughout France and Germany. For twenty days it seemed as if the year of peace festivals might be interrupted by a long and bloody war. To-day it seems impossible that the French Empire should not have learned, from the manner in which it was treated by Germany on that occasion, its own weakness, and the poor opinion that its antagonists had of it. But so much pains had been taken to prevent anything like free discussion in the Chambers that the truth did not come to the surface, and the public was informed by the Minister of Public Affairs that the King of Holland, as Grand Duke of Luxembourg, and not the Imperial government of France, had raised the Luxembourg question, and that the Duchy would not be ceded to France, because of conditions which seemed unlikely to be fulfilled. As a clever French writer has said, the public learned, from the reading of debates on the question in foreign parliaments, that the French

nation was not to have a war with Germany simply because it was not to get the Luxembourg Duchy. When this hope vanished in smoke Napoleon III must have been convinced that he would get nothing in exchange for his abstention from interference with Prussia in carrying out her elaborate scheme for her aggrandizement of united Germany.

When the Luxembourg excitement had died away, and the news of Maximilian's execution at Queretaro had arrived, the Imperial party did not make any new professions of a desire to accord liberties to the people. But the round of festivities went on. The Exposition was like a great international city where all that was brightest and most beautiful from fifty different countries met daily. There were French, and Anglo-Saxon, and Dutch, and Viennese, and North German, and Spanish, and Danish, and Swedish and Russian restaurants, and English bars. There were parks filled with imitations of Oriental palaces, Chinese pavilions, Turkish bazaars, and, in rather incongruous juxtaposition Bavarian breweries. There were noble galleries of the history of labor, fine collections of works of art, a grand exhibit of machinery and of materials suitable for application to the liberal arts, and there was a great park divided into four quarters, the French and Belgian, German, English, and Oriental. Here were German and Scandinavian houses, Russian cabins, and Cossack tents, Greek churches and Turkish mosques, Indian pagodas and Siamese palaces, and buildings filled with models of everything from the Roman citadels to the sanitary collections of the American civil war. By night, in the soft summer climate of northern France, a visit to the Exhibition was like a trip to fairy-land. The music of

Strauss and Gungl filled the air. There were anxious to throw off. He forgot, was everything which could charm the eye, and the visitor who journeyed in contemplating the vast municipal improvements, in reading the announcements of the opening of new parks and gardens, and the schemes for an improved condition of the working-class, — he forgot the volcanic shimmer, and one which the people of the country

CHAPTER TWO

The Imperial Court at Compiègne.—An Historic City.—Luxury and Splendor.—Napoleon III's Courtship.—The Countess of Montijo.—What an Imperial Hunting-Party!—Lost.—Among the First Empire.—The Imperial Family.—Parvenus and Princes.—The Programme of the Session at Compiègne.—How the Guests were Received.—The Imperial Theatre.—What the People Paid for.—Prince Napoleon.—Princess Clothilde.

IN this splendid year, Compiègne, as well as Paris, was at the height of its magnificence. Compiègne might almost have been called a second French capital, for from the early days of the Second Empire it had been the favorite resort of the adroit and brilliant Empress, and it was there that many of the events most important in the history of the Empire had their origin. The pretty and interesting old town, on the borders of the noble wood, had for many centuries been a favorite resort for French sovereigns. The local historians even say that it won the affection of Clovis, but, without going back so far as this ancient sovereign, we find in French history plenty of romance, tragedy, and comedy connected with Compiègne. The valor of the inhabitants of the town decided the victory of Bouvines, which is one of the most glorious in French annals. The "Maiden's Tower," a part of the ruin of the Porte du Vieux Pont, commemorates the heroic maid of Orléans, who was taken near that place, in Compiègne, on the 24th of May, 1430. There is an inscription, scarcely complimentary to the English, on this door, and in it occurs the famous line so often quoted by French editors when they have found the policy of France antagonized by England,—

'Tous ceux-là d'Albion n'ont fait le bien
jamais "

Joan of Arc was taken by an archer of Picardy, disarmed and carried to the head-quarters of Magny, where she was literally sold at auction. She was at last bought by John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English for 10,000 livres (francs) cash, and a pension of 300 livres. Compiègne is also full of memories of La Vallière, Madame De Montespan, and Louis the Well-Beloved, who had a nest for his famous Pompadour in the shades of the park. The *petit château* as it was called, where the Pompadour lived, was demolished at the time of the great revolution.

Napoleon I was very fond of Compiègne, and in the freshness of his devotion to Maria Louisa constructed there the famous "Cradle," copied from that of the park at Schoenbrunn. In Louis Philippe's day the Court occasionally had its seasons of gaiety at Compiègne, and reviews were held there, at which the young princes, who had been so prominent in the conquest of Algeria, inspected the troops. It is said that Louis Philippe used to drive out to the reviews in a huge carriage with a four-in-hand, which he was very fond of managing. At his side was the boy who is to-day the Comte De Paris, and sometimes the Queen and the young Duchess de Montpensier accompanied him. The old King used to drive down the line of troops, saluted by cheers. The last of

these reviews at Compiègne was held in 1847. Nothing was more picturesque than the multitude of tents, of booths, of merchants and mountebanks, which sprang up under the hills of the forest, on the days preceding the reviews, and to which the Parisians flocked by hundreds of thousands. For a short time after the Revolution of 1848 the forest was opened to the public, and the grocer, the butcher, and the candlestick-maker, popped their guns at the royal stags and the scudding hares, which had heretofore been prey for the guns of the nobility alone.

The chase in France has always been an aristocratic amusement. The middle class seems to have but small liking for it, and as the working-people have never been allowed to keep weapons of their own, they have naturally acquired but small skill in shooting. It was but a little time after the *coup d'État* that Napoleon III made his appearance at Compiègne, and began to give hunting-parties there, which were soon noted throughout Europe for their magnificence, for the excellence of the banquets, and the torch-light *fêtes* connected with them, and for the great numbers of beautiful ladies who were gathered at the newly established Court. Mlle Eugénie de Montijo, who was soon to become the Empress of the French, had been very prominent in the organization of the festivities at the Elysée Palace in Paris, and society soon remarked that she was the leading spirit at Compiègne. The first hunting-season under the Empress brought Mlle de Montijo and her mother very often before the French public. The young beauty scandalized the chateaux of the neighborhood by galloping about with the Emperor at all hours of the day and evening, but no one imagined that she was likely to become the

legitimate leader of French society. This lady, who played such an important part in the career of Napoleon III, was, according to the Imperialist authorities, descended from two noble families of Spain and England. Her father, the Count of Montijo, claimed a long descent from Spanish noblemen, who were celebrated in the wars and politics of their native land, and among them the Count of Teba, who got his nobility at the end of the fifteenth century from Ferdinand and Isabella, for the bravery which he displayed before Granada. The mother of Mlle de Montijo was a descendant of a Scotch family, driven out of Scotland at the fall of the Stuarts, and was the daughter of an English business-man named Fitz-Patrick, who was long British Consul in Spain, and who seems to have laid but little stress upon an aristocratic lineage.

The Countess of Montijo and her daughter were well known in London, Madrid, and Berlin, where they made long sojourns before they appeared in France, where their favorite residence was Fontainebleau. The beauty of the daughter was so remarkable that in 1850 and 1851 she was the observed of all observers at the *fêtes* of the Elysée. At Compiègne she conducted herself with great prudence in the midst of a corrupt Court, where she was surrounded with all kinds of jealousy and envy, and, when the Emperor came to declare his passion, she referred him with much dignity and sweetness to her mother, who she feared would never consent to the union because of the exalted station of the suitor, and because she felt that he ought to make a more brilliant alliance with some one of the noble families of Europe. The gossips, since the fall of the Empress, say that the Emperor's declaration was brought on

by a somewhat comical incident. They relate that returning from the chase one evening with Mdlle de Montijo, the Emperor ventured to present himself at the door of her private room and to linger there for a moment, whereupon he was driven out without ceremony, and, the story adds, with one or two vigorous blows from a riding-whip. This, it was said, confirmed his already decided opinion as to the unimpeachable virtue of the young countess, and it was not long before he talked of marriage. He wrote a letter to the mother of the adored one, and the good lady, after having shown this precious document to all her intimate friends, allowed herself to be convinced, and the engagement was soon announced to the company gathered at Compiègne.

There was a great outpouring of scandal as soon as this announcement was made. The elder Countess of Montijo had the dissatisfaction of seeing her past reviewed without mercy, and the Legitimists and other factions of the monarchical opposition to the new Emperor gave full vent to their spleen and their satire. The Prince Napoleon was naturally very angry, as it put an end to the hopes that he had begun to cherish of being the legitimate successor of Napoleon III. Everywhere the coming marriage was alluded to as eccentric, and so wise and careful a man as M. Thiers even ventured to have his little joke at the Emperor's expense. He said "The Emperor has always seemed to me to be a clever man. To-day I see that he has plenty of foresight, for by his marriage he is probably reserving for himself the rank of a Spanish Grandee." This little pleasantry contained a delicate allusion to the insecurity of the Emperor's position.

But Napoleon cared little for these

cynical remarks. He had some supporters like M. Dupin, who said boldly that the Emperor had done perfectly right in engaging himself to marry a person who pleased him, and not allowing himself to be snatched up by some German princess with huge feast. When Napoleon III got his council of ministers together and announced his projected marriage there were numerous objections, politely but firmly made. The Emperor met them all in the most peremptory fashion, saying, "There are no objections to be made, gentlemen, and no discussion is to be begun on this matter. The marriage is decided upon, and I am decided to carry it out." There was a ripple of laughter in the European Courts when the Emperor said, in his speech at the Tuileries, in 1853, that the union he was about to contract was not exactly in accordance with the conditions of the old traditional policy, but that that was its special advantage. "France," he said, "had by its successive revolutions separated itself from the rest of Europe. A sensible government ought to try to get it back into the circle of the old monarchies, but that result, according to him, would be more certainly brought about by a frank and straightforward policy, by loyalty in transactions, than by royal alliances, which created a false sense of security, and substituted family for national interests."

This sounded very brave, and there was a little swagger in the following phrase, which forced even Napoleon's enemies to admit that he at least had the courage of his opinions. "When, standing in full view of ancient Europe, one is brought by the force of a new principle up to the height of the ancient dynasties, it is not by trying to give additional age to one's coat of arms, or by seeking by enterprise to get into

a family of kings, that one makes his position there. It is rather in always remembering one's origin in preserving one's own character, and in taking frankly with regard to Europe the position of a *parvenu*, which is a glorious title when one arrives at power by the free suffrage of a great people."

After the nuptial ceremony, which took place with great pomp at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, the Emperor offered to the Duchess de Vicence and the Duchess de Lezpart the highest places in the household of the Empress, but both these ladies refused to accept the honors. This was only one of many mortifications which the Imperial couple had to suffer for some months after their union. The Duke de Bassano, who was destined to be the Emperor's Court chamberlain, at first said that he would take good care that his family had no office under the Empire. But he was prevailed upon, and the Duchess de Bassano soon took high position among the ladies of the Empress's suite. After a time the Emperor rallied round him some of the members of the old aristocracy. It was not difficult for him to do this, for he had the power of making senators, and of according to the members of the Senate sums of 15,000, 20,000, or 30,000 francs, as he pleased. Dukes, princes, counts, and marquises flocked around the "Imperial *parvenu*," and naturally brought their wives and daughters both to the Tuileries and to Compiègne. The Comte de Chambord felt it his duty to address, from his post of exile, a letter to the Legitimist party, in which he administered a severe rebuke to those of his quondam adherents who had allowed themselves to be seduced by the brilliant promises of the Empire. But this letter did no good, for the simple reason that the newspapers were

ordered not to reproduce it, and so the public remained in ignorance of the Comte de Chambord's protest.

The Empress seemed to have for her chief aim the reestablishment of the rules of precedence and the Court costumes which had prevailed in the reign of Marie Antoinette at Versailles. It is even told of her that the Emperor and some of his more serious followers had a severe struggle with her on the occasion of a grand fancy ball, which was given at the Tuileries, to prevent her from appearing as a resuscitated Marie Antoinette. She flattered herself that she resembled that unfortunate sovereign, and was never weary of talking of her.

Without any desire at this late day to criticize the society of Compiègne or the Empire, it is difficult to overlook the fact that the company was decidedly mixed. A recent writer says on this subject: "At the advent of the Empire all the noted parlors were closed, and politics, as in our day, sowed discord and disunion everywhere, so that good society, whether per force or of its choice, yielded place to a new *monde*, or a kind of international *demi-monde*, which had flocked together from the four corners of Europe to be merry at the Imperial Court. The new society, born of the Empire, was indeed most strange. In it were found marchionesses, who were journalists, Italian princesses, who had been singers at Alcazar, and, from all countries, great ladies with regard to whose marriages there was something irregular."

It was the fashion at the close of the Empire to say that the Empress was responsible for a great part of the social demoralization, but this was unjust. She made vigorous efforts at times to purge the Court of the disreputable personages who hung upon its out-

skits, and she was now and then successful

The French nation discovered shortly

after the opening of the first season at Compiègne that an Empire was a costly luxury

It would be difficult for Republicans to understand the absolute liberty which the Emperor had of bestowing money upon his favorites, and the license with which he lavished the national funds upon the amusements of the Court Marshal Magnan, who had taken a vigorous part in the *coup d'État*, was made *grand veneur*, or the Imperial Master of the Hounds, with an annual salary of 100,000 francs. This was more money than Louis XIV gave to Rohan for the same service Na-



THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT COMPIÈGNE.

oleon treated his favorites with great liberality, and this Marshal Magnan, besides his office at Compiègne, had 40,000 francs as general-in-chief of the army of Paris, 40,000 francs as a marshal of France, 30,000 francs as senator, and 6,000 francs as the perquisites of his position in the Legion of Honor. Count Edgár Ney, who was also a grand officer in the Imperial chace, received 40,000 francs yearly, and aristocratic gentlemen whose only labors during the year consisted in keeping the packs of hounds well furnished, in buying horses in England or in Hungary, were paid 20,000, 15,000, or 12,000 francs. Nearly all these gentlemen were also officers in the army, and received salaries of from 12,000 to 40,000 francs for military service. Napoleon gave them horses and carriages, free lodgings in all the Imperial palaces, and, in fact, so heaped honors and splendors upon them that they would have been base ingrates if they had not fully espoused his cause. The officers of sport were supposed to pass three months of the year at Rambouillet, three months at St. Germain, three months at Fontainebleau, and three months at Compiègne, in which place they were entitled to lodgings in the crown buildings, to firing, lighting, washing, etc. The *grand veneur* even had a mansion specially rented for him in Paris, and the expense of this was paid by the people.

The Empress spent long mornings in designing and adopting costumes for the chace. Bottle-green had been the livery adopted by the Imperial Court of Napoleon I; and so bottle-green was adopted by the Imperial Court of Napoleon III. But there were among others magnificent costumes rich with red velvet stiped with gold. Everything was regulated in the most careful manner. The Emperor

and Empress wore white feathers in their hats, and no one else at Court was allowed to do so. A special kind of hunting-hat was specified for certain days, and no frequenter of the Court would have dined in the smallest detail to venture upon originality, as he or she would have immediately incurred the Empress's displeasure. It was considered a great favor to be authorized to wear a hunting-costume without being a member of the hunt or of the Emperor's household. The chief officers of the crown, the Count chamberlain, the master of horse, the grand master of ceremonies, the prefects of the police, the special grooms of the Emperor and Empress, and the ladies of the palace and the ladies of the chief dignitaries, were all enrolled in this masculine and feminine hunting-regiment, and he or she who was not a good rider had but little chance at Court. All this people, in the midst of their sports and fantastic promenades in the leafy avenues of the forest, almost forgot that there was such a city as Paris or a great nation of thirty-seven or thirty-eight millions of starving and suffering workers. The Emperor had taken possession of France as his particular prize, and cared as little for the will of the people as for the direction of the wind.

But, although he cherished a supreme disdain for the public will and for public criticism, he was extremely attentive to the remarks of foreign Courts, and constantly made endeavors to attract to Compiègne some representatives of European royalty and aristocracy. The King of Holland, who was a great admirer of the Empress, was one of the first sovereigns to come to Compiègne, and great was the rejoicing when he appeared. Afterwards there were numerous important visits of sovereigns, and among the most noted were those of Vic-

tor Emanuel of Italy, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Bismarck in 1867, and the King of Portugal.

It was perhaps at the close of the Crimean war that the Compiègne, as they were called, were most brilliant. Enormous sums of money were spent at that time upon the hunting-parties, and Lord Stratford Canning, Lord Palmerston, and other noted Englishmen, were quite dazzled, although accustomed to luxury at home, by the Imperial displays. It is said that when Lord Palmerston visited Compiègne, the daily expenses at the Court were 45,000 francs. The Princess de Metternich, the interesting and original wife of the Austrian ambassador, was intimately associated with all the *fêtes* and shows of the Imperial Court. She, like the Empress, was foreign to French manners, but she had what the French call the *diabte au corps*, and she was immensely popular among the *jeunesse dorée*, who moved in the upper circles of society. Although the conduct of the Empress was never for an instant criticised during her whole reign, she was frequently called upon to witness terrible scandals at Court.

Compiègne was the fashion. The Emperor and Empress arrived there on All-Saints-day and left on the evening before the opening of the Chambers in Paris. When the Court arrived, a battalion of infantry of the guards came also, and there was music in the clearings in the forest, and all the villas in the neighborhood were filled with rich foreigners. On the day of the Emperor's arrival no one dined at the palace with him except the officers of his household, who were, as the phrase went, "on duty," and the ladies who belonged to the train of the Empress. The under-prefect, the mayor, and all the officers

of the garrison, went out to meet the Emperor when he arrived at the railway station, and the inspectors of forests, the game-keepers, and the hundred smaller officials, came to pay their respects in the evening.

On the next day the guests began to arrive. It was the custom of the Court to have five series of invited guests, numbering about ninety in each series. Persons of distinction in literature, or science, or politics, on receiving an invitation to Compiègne, understood that they were invited for four days, without counting the day of arrival or that of departure. The special honor was to be invited on the 15th of November, because that was St. Eugène's-day, and the Empress's *fête*. On that occasion there was a comedy given by amateurs, followed by a grand ball, at which all the Court society, and everybody, of course, brought costly offerings of flowers. The principal functionaries of the town and the department, with their families, were invited to dinner, and the officers of the garrison came in a group to offer the Empress a magnificent bouquet.

The Imperial family was quite numerous, and when the Emperor arrived at Compiègne a goodly number of the members of his family came with him. There was the young and pretty Princess Anna Murat, her brother Prince Joachim, the Princess Mathilde, who had at first pouted when she had heard of the marriage, but who finally grew reconciled to it and was later on a very affectionate friend of the Empress, and the little Prince Imperial. King Jerome and the prince, his son, came duly to Compiègne. They could not endure the Empress, who liked them not, and who did not conceal her dislike, and who, after the rather dubious exploits of Prince

Napoleon in the Crimea, made so much fun of him that he cherished a mortal hatred for her. The Emperor was periodically besieged by needy members of his family, — needy because of their exaggerated wants, and many a good story is told of the manner in which he evaded undue exactions on the part of his relatives. On one occasion Prince Napoleon asked for such an enormous sum that the Emperor refused it point-blank, saying that as he had already given him a capital of 2,300,000 francs a year he could do nothing more for him. The Prince grew furious, and indulged in some very strong language, finishing by the remark, "There is nothing of the Emperor about you" — "Oh, yes, there is," answered Napoleon III without moving a muscle of his countenance, "there is his family." This story got abroad, and was the delight of Paris for many days.

Prince Napoleon was long deeply attached to Rachel, the noted actress. Their intimacy was quite public, as the Prince made no mystery of any of his *liaisons*. In 1853 a certain prince, who very likely was not friendly to the Empress, sent one of his carriages, which was exactly like those used by the Imperial pair, to Rachel, that she might go to Longchamps in it. She accepted this delicate attention, and the public, recognizing the Imperial livery, took Rachel for the Empress and hailed her with cheers and obsequious bows. When she got home the actress said, "It is very disagreeable to be taken for the Empress." This pleased Prince Napoleon so much that he could not help repeating it as some slight revenge for the many occasions upon which the Empress had rendered him ridiculous.

After this little incident a decree was published, announcing that the Grand

Marshal of the palace alone had the right to put his servants in the Imperial livery. The public called this the "Rachel Decree." All the ceremonies of the Imperial Court were regulated in the most punctilious fashion. Yet a certain freedom of manner always betrayed the fact that the Emperor and Empress had led adventurous lives and had not been accustomed to the atmosphere of courts, during the early part of their careers. When the beautiful and accomplished Princess Clothilde came, as the wife of Prince Napoleon, to Compiègne, the Empress Eugénie undertook to give her some slight advice as to her dress and manners. But the Princess quietly remarked, "You forget, Madam, that I was *born* at Court," which caused a coolness between the ladies for some time.

The amusements offered the guests invited to Compiègne were invariably the same. On the day of the arrival there was a grand dinner, a charade, little games, and a "hop." The next day, after breakfast, there was hunting either in the reserve park or in the pheasantry. The Emperor was very fond of shooting-matches, to which only ten or twelve guests were admitted to the honor of partaking this pleasure with him. These must be either sovereigns or foreign princes staying at the palace, princes of the blood, ambassadors, marshals of France, and the ministers, and two or three officers of the chase. The guests who were of small consequence went hunting in the forest under the guidance of a general guard, or shot at birds with the ladies on the lawn. The Empress was very fond of archery, and had a fascinating train of beauties who could draw the bow with skill. In the evening after the grand hunting-match there was usually a play in the palace theatre. The companies of the subsidized theatres of

Paris were expected to perform at least once during the season at Compiègne before the Emperor and Empress. It is a striking commentary on the taste of the Imperial Court that the Palais Royal Company was the most popular of all. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress were fond of music. The theatrical representations cost from 20,000 to 40,000 francs each. The artists of the Théâtre Français were the only ones who were allowed to go and salute the Emperor and Empress and indulge in a few moments' conversation with them after the play.

The luxury of the Imperial theatre was quite remarkable. The Imperial box contained one hundred and fifty seats, and on each side of it was a gallery, so called, in which the most beautiful women of the Court took their places. At nine o'clock precisely, on the evening of the play, the chief chamberlain came into the *loge* in Court costume, with rapier at side, and announced in a loud voice, "The Emperor!" Then every one arose. The Emperor and Empress came in, bowing to right and left and sat down in their great gilded chairs, with a little army of chamberlains and domestics behind them. On a gala night this theatre furnished a complete epitome of society under the Empire. There might be seen in sumptuous *toilettes* the Count-

ess de Persigny, the Countess Walewska, the beautiful Countess Le Hon, the young Duchess de Morny, the Duchess de Bassano, and Madame Diouin de Lauys, Madame de Sanley, and the Marchioness Aguado, then, in the second rank, the joyous ladies who were the especial favorites of the Empress, — the Countess de Ponthès, the Marchioness de Galignet, de Cadore, de Villa Marina, and a host of beautiful foreign ladies, American, Italian, Spanish, German, and English.

On these occasions the *toilette de bal* was rigorously exacted from all the ladies. No Duchess of sixty was exempted by the Empress from the rigid rule which required her to bare her shoulders. It is said that one day the Empress's careful gaze detected an old lady who had violated the rule, and who had hidden herself as well as she could in the last row of seats in the *loge*. The chamberlain was immediately sent to order the lady at once to leave the hall.

On certain occasions the Court was invited to some aristocratic *château* in the neighborhood. During the day there was a hunting expedition, the ceremony of the *curée*, or the feeding of the hounds by torch-light in the courtyard, and afterwards, in the parlors, a great ball.

CHAPTER THREE.

What was the Second Empire?—How was it Created?—The Perjury of the Prince President—The Plebiscite—The Massacres of December—General Changarnier and his Fidelity to his Country—The Protest of the Deputies—Struggle of the Citizens—The Reign of Terror—The Imperial Eagle—A Period of Absolute Repression

WE have seen the Second Empire at the height of its glory, its creator and master surrounded by brilliant pageants, visited by neighboring monarchs, entertaining the nations at a grand festival of peace and industry, and inaugurating in the same year a democratic and liberal policy. To the casual observer this might have seemed a fitting culmination to a just and honorable career. But, while everything on the surface was fair to see, it was impossible to deny the presence of internal convulsions, which seemed likely to bring speedy disruption and ruin upon the Imperial party, if not upon the nation which it governed.

What was the cause of the powerful opposition to the Empire which had grown up since 1865? Why was it that the leading liberals of the country, who were naturally anxious at all cost to maintain public order and to prevent the advent to power of the aggressive Socialists and Communists,—why was it that they did not rally to the support of this Empire, which professed its willingness to give the country ample liberty, just as fast as it could demonstrate its fitness to possess it? A sufficient answer to these questions may be found in a brief recital of the origin of the Second Empire, and this *résumé* of one of the most remarkable political events of modern times is necessary to a complete understanding of the dramatic series of disasters which

befell France before the foundation of the Third Republic.

The story has been told in a hundred ways with picturesque and poetic vivacity by Victor Hugo and Kinglake, with force and sincerity by Taxile Delord, and with the unpying and flawless clearness of a judge summing up the career of one on trial before him, by Jules Simon.

The majority of those who voted for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as President of the French Republic, on the 10th of December, 1848, doubtless expected that, in the course of his political career, he would undertake a *coup d'État*. As Jules Simon very neatly puts it, "A nation does not give a Republic into the hands of a prince when it wishes to save a Republic." But shortly after his election, the President, in obedience to the constitution, which had abolished the political oath for all functionaries except for the chief magistrate of the nation, took, before the national representatives in the Assembly, the following oath.—

"In the presence of God, and before the French people represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Republic, democratic, *une et indivisible*, and to fulfil all duties which the constitution imposes upon me."

This was certainly a formal engage-

ment, from which there was no honorable retreat, and the President of the Assembly solemnly called upon God and man to witness the oath which the Prince had just taken. From that time forward the French Republic rested entirely upon the good faith of Prince Louis Napoleon, who had from his earliest childhood announced publicly to his friends and acquaintances that he would one day be Emperor of France, and who had twice himself tried, by force of arms, to gain power in the country to which he felt himself called by fate. I do not say called by Providence, for Providence entered but little into the calculations of the late Emperor of the French. He was a pure fatalist, far more so even than the first Napoleon, and showed ample proof of this in the manner in which he submitted, without even a demonstration of heroism, to his misfortune at Sedan. He felt, in short, that the "game was up," that the stars were no longer kindly, and he was too strong to complain, too much of a fatalist to make any endeavor to change circumstances.

Louis Napoleon lost no time in confirming the assurances which he had given in his oath. On the 20th of December, 1848, he said that the suffrages of the nation and the oath that he had taken commanded his future conduct and traced his public duty, so that he could not mistake it. "I shall regard," he said, "as enemies of the country all those who try by illegal means to change the form of government which you have established." He had previously said (just before his election) that if elected President he should devote himself entirely, without any sort of reserve, to the establishment of the Republic. "I will pledge my honor," he said, "to leave at the end of four years to my succes-

sor power strengthened, liberty intact, and real progress accomplished."

M. Jules Simon tells us that on the 12th of August, 1850, the President of the Republic said to the mayor of Lyons, "You may possibly have heard some remarks about a *coup d'État*. You did not believe them, and I thank you for this proof of confidence." At a great dinner, given in his honor at Strasbourg, he alluded to the rumors of a possible attack upon the Republic, and repudiated them with scorn. "I know nothing but my duty," he said. A year afterwards, in November of 1851, he still professed an unalterable devotion to the Republic. The President of the Council said of him to one of his colleagues, "He is the most honest man in the Republic. He will never betray his oath, I am sure of it."

For more than three years, therefore, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte announced repeatedly, and on public and private occasions, that he was faithful to the Republic, and that he would consider as a great criminal any one who should become a traitor to that form of government, so recently established in France. But there seems little doubt that as early as 1850 he had definitely resolved to betray his trust. From that time forward he began to have uses for large sums of money, which his expenditures merely as President of the Republic did not seem to justify. He received as salary 1,200,000 francs from the nation, and perquisites, but he managed to get his appropriation increased to 1,490,000 francs the first year, and to 3,410,000 the second year. In every place of importance to which he could appoint a functionary he put a man who was devoted, not to the State or to the Republic, but to himself. Never were there so many men of small or no scru-

ples placed in ministerial and other positions of trust and honor

In 1850 he began to copy in many ways the fashions of the First Empire, and to talk everywhere of the Napoleonic Legend, which had already been so useful to him. In January of 1849, and at the end of 1850, there were mysterious movements of troops, which were thought by the Republicans to indicate attempts at a *coup d'État*. But nothing came of either of them. A good story is told of the clever manner in which old General Changarnier managed to prevent the Imperialist manifesto in 1850. A great review of troops had been held on the heights of Satory near Versailles. At this review the troops, who had been thoroughly interested in the Imperial cause, cried boldly, "Fire l'Empereur!" Troops had been massed around the Gare St. Lazare in Paris, and it was intended that the Prince President, when he arrived from the review, should place himself at the head of these troops, march to the Tuileries, and there proclaim his Dictatorship. But those who had thus plotted had not taken into account the cleverness of General Changarnier, who had discovered this plot, and who checked it by a movement of supreme coolness and good sense. The Prince President arrived at the railway station with his proclamation in his pocket, and surrounded by his counsellors and by the ringleaders of the conspiracy. He was moving to his carriage when General Changarnier stepped up, complimented him upon the success of the review, ceremoniously conducted him to the carriage, shut the door of it with his own hands, and said to the coachman, "Drive to the Ellysée." Napoleon was not devoid of *esprit*. He saw by something in Changarnier's demeanor that his plan had been discov-

ered. He took care not to countermand the orders given to the coachman.

Old General Changarnier was incorruptible to the last. He used to say that Napoleon had frequently offered to him, not only the dignity of marshal, but various other important positions, if the general would consent to enlist himself in the ranks of the conspirators. When it was found that Changarnier could not be corrupted, he was attacked on all sides by the party in power. Finally he was removed from his post as Commander of the Army and the National Guard. On that day Monsieur Thiers, who was wiser than most of the men of his time, said in the legislative assembly, "The Empire is established."

In 1851 Napoleon and his men moved rapidly forward to the conclusion of their enterprise. The law of the 31st of May which suppressed three millions of voters, and to establish which the Prince President had himself helped, was now used by him to increase his popularity at the expense of that of the National Assembly. Indeed, Napoleon placed himself with great dexterity in this secure position, that he might say to the French people that if he overturned the Assembly it was to save universal suffrage. The first step towards absolute power was thus made by causing a conflict of authority between the Prince President and the representatives of the people in the National Assembly. Then the Assembly proposed what was known as the *loi des questeurs*, which gave the right to the officers of the Assembly to demand forces necessary to secure the legislative body against armed interference. This was a sign of weakness, of which the Imperial faction speedily took advantage. While maturing their plan, the Imperialists had naturally bestowed great attention upon the

army As M Jules Simon says, "The generals were mere creatures of the Imperialist conspirators" Those honest and courageous soldiers, who, like Lamoricière, could not be counted upon to betray the country's cause, were already placed on a black list, and marked for arrest and seclusion whenever the blow should be struck It is said that a great part of the patrimony of Napoleon was given away, in small and large sums, to people in the military service whom he wished to corrupt He even borrowed large sums for the same use both before and after his election as President.

On the 1st of December 1851, there was the usual evening reception at the Palace of the Elysée Various accounts of the events which occurred on this evening have been printed Perhaps none are more correct than those of M Maxime Ducamp and M Jules Simon The Prince President remained in the parlors talking with the members of the diplomatic corps and distinguished visitors on all sorts of trivial matters, and making numerous engagements for the following day No one saw in his face, or detected in his words, any signs of preoccupation About ten o'clock, on this evening, the President made a sign to a colonel who had been named by the conspirators that very evening the chief of staff of the National Guard. "Colonel," said he, smiling, "are you master enough of your face not to let any great emotion appear upon it?" — "I fancy so, Prince," replied the newly-promoted colonel "Very well, then, it is for to-night," replied the President, in a low voice "You do not start? Very well, we are all right! Can you give me your word that, to-morrow, the *rappel* will not be sounded anywhere, and that no assembly of the National Guard will take

place?" The colonel proceeded to say that he could and would carry out any order of that nature. The fact is, that when he left the Elysée that night he had the skins taken off from all the drum-heads, which was a very effective manner of preventing the drummers from making a noise on the fatal day The Prince President conversed a few moments longer with the colonel, then said, "Go to the Minister of War, but do not leave at once, or it will be thought I have given you an order" Then, taking the arm of the Spanish Ambassador, who came up at that moment, the Prince returned to his guests

On the same day, but earlier in the evening, the Prince President, in conversation with the Mayor of Nantes, said to him, speaking of rumors of conspiracy which had been recently circulated, "You, at least, M Favre, do not believe this story, is it not so? You know that I am an honest man" The Mayor of Nantes must have smiled shortly afterwards, when he saw the work which the honest man had done

The next morning the French people, and the world outside, learned that the *coup d'État* had come at last M Thiers, the Generals Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Changarnier, and other distinguished officers, had been dragged from their beds and carried off to the prison of Mazas

All the streets surrounding the Elysée and the Palais Bourbon, where the National Assembly held its sessions, were blocked up with troops The officers commanding the few soldiers who were guarding the Legislative Palace were disarmed, and many of the officials of the Assembly were arrested When the colonel charged with the duty of taking the Legislative Palace entered that building he first went to the command-

ant. There he found the lieutenant-colonel, who, startled by the unusual noise in the night, was just putting on his clothes. The colonel seized a sword which was lying upon the chair, whereupon the Republican officer advanced, pale with rage, and said, "You do well to take it, for a moment later I would have run you through the body with it." This was, however, the only sign of resistance then made. When the morning of the 2d of December dawned nearly all the Liberal and Republican deputies of the country had been locked up in prison. Public buildings and offices were taken possession of by the conspirators, and the hostile newspapers were suppressed, and a proclamation posted on the walls announced, "in the name of the French people and by decree of the President of the Republic," the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the reestablishment of universal suffrage. New elections were decreed. A state of siege was established in what was called the first military division. The Council of State was dissolved. This was revolution indeed.

The proclamation of the Prince President to the French nation was headed by the words, "Appeal to the People," which has ever since that time been the watchword of the Bonapartist party.

That everything was carried out on this memorable night with such precision and complete order is the best proof that the *coup d'État* was prepared a long time in advance. It is even said that the Prince President had long had near him in a sealed package these proclamations; and that on the package was written the word "Rubicon," from which we may infer that he compared his forthcoming adventurous enterprise to the crossing of the Rubicon by Cæsar.

The resistance to this astoundingly

audacious act was prompt, but feeble. A few deputies and politicians got together hastily and signed a protest, declaring that the Prince President by his act, in virtue of an article in the Constitution, had forfeited his position, and in this same document the convening of the High Court of Justice was suggested. This document was signed by many of the most distinguished and eloquent men in France. Victor Hugo, who afterward became so prominent and powerful an enemy of the Imperialist cause, then drew up an appeal to arms, which was hastily struck off in the neighboring printing-offices, and scattered through the crowd. Finally a few deputies got together in the Palais Bourbon, the Imperialist soldiers, meantime, having closed most of the doors and locked them, and left the building. But no sooner had the forty or fifty deputies, who had got in through a back door, begun their session, than a new body of soldiers arrived and drove them out. The deputies, and about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy others then took refuge in one of the municipal buildings in the tenth ward, and there unanimously voted the decree which was drawn up by the great Beryer, and which proclaimed the downfall of Bonaparte.

But all this was of no avail. Troops, police commissioners, and other authorities, once more dispersed the representatives of the country in the name of the new Prefect of Police. A young officer coolly read a despatch which he had just received from a general to whom had been given the chief command of the troops in Paris. By this despatch the unlucky deputies learned that those who offered any resistance were to be once arrested and taken to Mazas. They therefore surrendered, and went in

a body to the great prison, conducted, as if they themselves were the insurrectionists, by a squad of troops. Some of them were even taken by the collar, as if they were thieves or pickpockets.

Then came the struggle of the citizens fighting for the constitution and the laws against the corrupted army and the representatives of the newly arrived authority. Those days of barricades and massacre are not yet forgotten. The spirit of Baudin, who was killed on the barricade in one of the days which followed the *coup d'État*, was destined to rise sixteen years afterwards and strike terror into the hearts of the supporters of the Empire. There were plenty of heroic attempts at resistance, but none were attended with any success in the first two or three days. The deputies who had escaped arrest went from barricade to barricade, haranguing the crowds who had gathered to fight the troops. Wherever the cry of "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale" was raised the troops charged upon the citizens, and a great many innocent and unarmed people were killed. On the 4th of December there was a veritable massacre on the boulevard, and fifteen hundred men made a vigorous defence against more than forty thousand. It is said that on this day more than sixty people were killed between the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle and the Boulevard des Italiens, and the official imperial papers six months after the fight admitted that three hundred and eighty persons were killed upon that day. On the 27th of January, 1853, M. de Maupas, Minister of Police, presented to the new Emperor a table, showing that twenty-six thousand six hundred and forty-two persons were arrested or prosecuted in France after the *coup d'État*. Twenty thousand of these were

condemned to different terms of imprisonment, the others were set at liberty. Thousands of persons were subjected to police surveillance, one of the most humiliating afflictions which can befall a human being. Nine hundred and fifteen persons were sentenced by courts-martial for crimes against the common law, so called, which were really nothing but political offences. Nearly ten thousand political opponents of the new Empire were transported to Algeria. Thousands upon thousands were sent to linger in unhealthy prisons and in transport-ships waiting until there was an opportunity to send them to Cayenne or Lambessa. The least prejudiced and most careful authorities believe that they are not guilty of exaggeration in saying that the Revolution of the 2d of December, 1851, made, at least one hundred thousand victims.

When the authors of the *coup d'État* were well established in power they proceeded to fortify their position. They voted a "law of general safety," which placed every Frenchman at the arbitrary disposition of the police, to be transported if he did, or even thought, anything against the government. Jules Simon says, "The law of the 27th of February, 1858, called the Law of General Safety, placed every citizen at the mercy of the Minister of the Interior." The whole country seemed bound with iron bands. People who had become accustomed, under the Republic and under the comparatively mild monarchies which had succeeded each other since the First Empire, to a reasonable amount of liberty, were astounded beyond measure at the régime in which they now entered. A respectable and responsible citizen would be arrested upon the denunciation of some political and private enemy, would be kept in prison without

being allowed to communicate with his family for weeks, sometimes for months, would then be brought up before a commissioner of police, who had very likely never heard of him, being appointed from the rank of the numerous Corsicans faithful to the Imperialist cause, and would be sentenced to transportation. He would then be shackled with a criminal, packed into a prison wagon, taken to a seaport, and sent off to Cayenne, living, eating, and sleeping with the vilest criminals, when his only offence might have been a word spoken lightly in blame of the Empire.

A discreet and moderate critic has summed up the reasons for the success of the *coup d'État* in a few words. "The enterprise," he says, "only succeeded because it was supported by sixty thousand men, and because at the first sign of resistance M. De Moigny, according to his own expression, 'knew how to take the town by terror.' Immense fact! France, with its military system, is in the power of him who holds the control of the armed forces in his hands." M. de Sybel says of the slaughter during the days following the *coup d'État* on the 4th of December: "When the Prince saw that there was an armed resistance the tiger in him got the uppermost. The troops received an order to suppress the movement with pitiless energy. In a few hours many hundreds of men, simple spectators, women, old men, and children, were massacred. It was the same in the departments. Wherever resistance broke out it was put down with frightful cruelty. The number of those actually killed has not been made known, but more than twenty-six thousand men were sent across the ocean in exile in a few weeks."

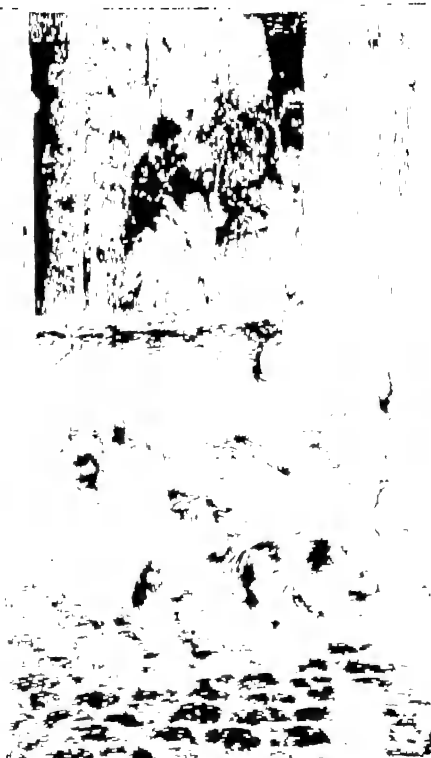
Immediately after the country had been terrorized by the *coup d'État* and its

attendant massacres, the President announced "The Plebiscite." Now a plebiscite is the favorite arm of French Imperialism. It is an election with apparent fairness, yet an election so arranged that it is impossible for citizens with safety to vote against the interests of the government which brings about the election. The formula laid down by the new authorities, to be voted upon, was as follows: "The French people wishes the maintenance of the authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and delegates to him the powers necessary to make a constitution on the basis proposed in his proclamation of the 2d of December." Thus the country had first the dispersion of its regularly elected representatives by an armed force, then a proclamation by the party employing that armed force announcing new elections, then the new elections held within the iron grooves made by the party having possession of power. It is therefore not startling that the country, humiliated, crushed, and fearful lest, if the embryo Empire were swept away, civil war might ensue, gave its coerced assent to the formula of the plebiscite. The vote was as follows: 7,439,216, "Yes," against 640,737, "No." The Prince President professed to be delighted with his triumph, and went forward bravely to the construction of the Constitution. With regard to this "plebiscite" it should be added, that there were more than a million and a half of abstentions in the country, and these may be supposed to represent the men who were too honest to say yes, and too weak to say no. These many millions of votes, on which the claims of the Imperial party to power have been based ever since, gave Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the presidency of the Republic for ten years. "France," he said, in joyous indiscretion, "has responded to the royal

appel which I made to her. She has ~~understood~~ that I transgressed legality only to get back to justice". More than seven millions of votes had absolved him.

Thenceforward the attitude of the Prince President was void of dissimulation. On the 1st of January, 1852, he placed the Imperial eagle on his flags, chose the Tuileries for his residence, even had a *Te Deum* sung at the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, and otherwise imitated the proceedings of the First Empire. In the same month he expelled from the country all the old representatives of the Legislative Assembly who had opposed him, and among them were such men as Victor Hugo, Edouard Laboulaye, Nadaud, Bancel, Pelletier, Schoelcher, and Gambon. He also sentenced to temporary exile Changarnier, Thiers, de Remusat, and many other distinguished Republicans. This month of January was a fruitful working time with him. He promulgated the new Constitution, of which he was the author, and in which he attributed to himself the initiative of the laws, the appointing of the members of the Senate, and defined the few rights which were left to the lower house of the Legislature. Next, he created a Minister of Police and confiscated the estates of the Orleans family, but it was not until September of this same year that, while inaugurating the equestrian statue of Napoleon I, at Lyons, he hinted his intention of re-

establishing the Empire, and in October, at Bordeaux, he made a speech, in which he used the celebrated phrase, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*". It is peace because France desires it, and when France is satisfied the rest of the world is tranquil."



EPISODE OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT

On his return to Paris cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were raised by the official chorus always in his train, but the Prince President was like Richard III, — he liked to be urged; and, according to him, it was only in obedience to public opinion that he consented to consult the Senate. This servile body voted the

establishment of the Empire, almost unanimously, in November of 1852, and a new plebiscite gave 7,821,129 votes for the Empire and 253,149 against it.

Exactly one year after the *coup d'État*, on the 1st of December, 1852, at eight o'clock in the evening, Louis Bonaparte was solemnly proclaimed Emperor, by the name of Napoleon III, at St. Cloud, in the presence of the Senate and the *Corps Législatif*. By a decree of the 18th of the same month he arranged the order of succession to the throne, richly dowered the newly made Imperial family, and gave himself a civil list of 25,000,000 francs, exclusive of the revenues derived from the domain of the crown.

We need not pursue further our review of the Second Empire. Its whole history, from the creation of Napoleon as President to the brilliant year

of which we have sketched some of the salient features, may be read in the following brief sentences from the pen of Jules Simon —

"I will pass over the eighteen years of the reign inaugurated by the 2d of December. They might be summed up as to the internal *régime* in these words: the mixed commissions (which decreed the executions and expulsions following the *coup d'État*), the general surety, the repressive administration of the Press, and the official candidatures, no liberties whatever; and for the external policy, this only: Sebastopol, Italian unity cleft in twain by the Peace of Villafranca, Mexico, Sadowa; no alliance."

It was, in short, a period of absolute repression, which was approaching its close in 1867, and which was to finish in storm and blood.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Imperial Reforms come Too Late — Uprising of the *Internationale*. — The Commune Foreshadowed.

WHEN the Emperor Napoleon III. endeavored to save his tottering Empire by inaugurating liberal reforms in France, it was already too late. In his own party there were few if any statesmen, or even politicians of talent and importance, who believed that it was either safe or expedient to abandon the practice of repression, which had been kept up with such vigor for many years; and all the sincere friends of real liberty were determined to postpone the advent of freedom rather than to accept it from the hands of "the man of December." The Empire was in danger abroad from the constantly growing influence of Prussia, and at home from the skilful and insidious working of the great "International Association,"—a mysterious body of conspirators, with which most of the talented working-men of the great cities of France had relations, from the gradually growing courage of the Press, and also from the untamable eloquence of certain young orators in Paris, who, like Gambetta, had not yet found a public outside of the cafes of the Latin Quarter, but who were not frightened by visions of fine or imprisonment, and who managed to tell the people a good deal of truth.

The Emperor had in his early days, made careful studies of the condition of the working-men in France and in other European countries. He had written, during his captivity at Ham, certain pamphlets which caused him to be ac-

cused of socialistic tendencies, and he used laughingly to say of himself, when he was in the full tide of his power at the Tuileries, that he was the only member of the European family of sovereigns who was a socialist. The real fact is, that Napoleon III. was not a socialist at all, but that he was a skilful demagogue, and had his lot been cast in a Republican country, where political campaigns are conducted with the greatest freedom, and even license, he would have been in his youth at the head of a working-men's party, which would have been powerful and unscrupulous, because he would have taken advantage of its ignorance. The Empire at regular intervals made bids for popularity among the working-classes, and as regularly failed to achieve it. The endowment of hospitals, and occasional visits to industrial centres, did not, in the eyes of the thoroughly grieved and angered laborer, compensate for the lack of public schools, and for the maintenance of most of the old monarchical oppressive formalities with regard to the condition of the toiler for wages.

The retainers of the Empire had vivid memories of the Revolution of 1848. They took full advantage of their knowledge of its follies and its failures, and used them as an argument against giving full liberties to the masses. Napoleon himself, by the famous letter of the 19th February, 1867, in which he spoke with such apparent frankness of past repression, and made such generous promises of future liberality, meant to

check in some measure the working-men's movement against the Empire and against authority. He had been shrewd enough to observe this movement two or three years before it came to the surface. No man was better placed than himself for obtaining a full appreciation of the volcanic shimmer none better qualified to judge of the moment when the hidden forces might break forth. He knew the thinness of the crust upon which he stood, but, although he knew it, his supporters and partisans, flushed with long maintenance of power, and blinded by their contempt for the laboring classes, refused to appreciate it.

M. Rouher, so long in the service of the Empire that he had come familiarly to be called the "Vice-Emperor," was deeply grieved, and somewhat angered by Napoleon's letter. M. Rouher was a robust Auvergnat, blessed with two fine elements of success, — a massive *physique*, which gave him an unbounded capacity for work and an easy conscience, which enabled him to find a speedy apology for any misdeed which seemed to serve for the moment the ends of the Empire. Rouher was expected by his friends to resign his portfolio as Minister of State at the beginning of 1867, because it was well known in Imperialist circles that he was the greatest advocate of a continuance of repressive policy. He used to say that the reforms of which the Emperor talked so audly would be the very abomination of desolation that the country had all the liberties it was fitted to possess, and that it was suicidal for the Empire to grant more. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Napoleon was gifted with greater foresight than that possessed by his Minister of State. Had the Emperor been able to achieve his purpose of satisfying by partial reforms the clamorous workers who

were gradually unsettling the social order, and at the same time by arrangements with Prussia to offset the preponderance which that aggressive nation had recently obtained, by getting some territorial aggrandizement for France, he might have died upon the throne of France.

But the fates seemed against him, and the Napoleons have always believed in the fates. The ease with which he succumbed in 1870 leads one to believe that he felt his cause lost when he failed in 1867 and 1868 to carry out his plan.

The first check which the Emperor received, in his endeavor to save the situation, came from the efforts of a powerful and popular Parisian Journalist, M. Émile de Guardin, an old war-horse of combat, who had a reputation in France something like that won by Horace Greeley in America, who had the energy and bravery of a good soldier, and the suppleness, the delicacy in intrigue, of a trained diplomat. M. de Guardin was an uncompromising enemy of the Emperor's new departure, and as early as March 1867 he was so aggressive as to come under the Imperial law, and he was fined 5 000 francs for a press offence. This was because he denied with much eloquence the Emperor's assertion that he had brought the country gradually, year by year, up to better things. Another journalist who dared to beard the Emperor, and who did it with a skill and daring of which France had rarely seen instances for half a generation, was Henri Rochefort, whose romantic history since that time is now well known all over the world. Rochefort began to write in a spightly Paris journal called the *Figaro*, about the time that that paper became a daily in 1866. He won a brilliant reputation as a chronicler and critic of political events in 1867,

and the liberal public rallied around him. The blows which he struck were so hard that the Empire speedily put itself upon the defensive, and the sale of the *Figaro* upon the public street was forbidden by law. Thus under the Empire was a common occurrence. The purchaser of a Republican or Liberal paper expected at least once a month to find that his journal had been seized or that its sale had been stopped in the little kiosks, or wooden pavilions, where the news-vendors sell their wares on the *boulevards*.

writing against the Empire. They were not always decent in their attacks, and M. Rochefort must now and then blush when he remembers the diatribes published in his *Lanterne*, which was founded by him, in 1868, expressly to combat the Empire.

But they did their work, and did it well. The more the Empire prosecuted, the greater became the daring of the journalists of these last days of the Imperial régime, and the Emperor was bitterly perplexed. If he accorded com-



A PARISIAN JOURNALIST IN PRISON

wards, and he went philosophically to the bookseller, behind whose sheltering windows he would find the offending journal, generally at an advanced price. De Guardin and Rochefort gave the first impetus to the final revolt against the Empire. They laughed to scorn the promises of those who had so long practised a different doctrine from that which they now professed. They spoke out with an earnestness all the more startling because it was contrasted with the irony, or the compressed wit, with which Liberals like Prévost Paradol had felt obliged to content themselves when

plike liberties he felt that he might be swept away on account of them, if he did not accord complete liberties they might be taken by force out of his hands.

The International Association of Workmen was an enemy which the faltering Empire strove to reach by every means in its power. It tracked down the humble artisans who met in out of the way places to pass measures which in America or England would have been considered as in no way prejudicial to the safety of the State, and not very dangerous to the property of

the capitalist. It published decrees. It strengthened its prohibitive measures against secret societies, and put down "strikes" which were becoming very numerous with the greatest promptness. But the *Internationale*, as it was called, was as difficult to kill as the Nihilist organization has been at a later day in Russia. "It was," says the Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassy, in his "Authentic History of the Commune of Paris," "a terrible secret society, which sought to envelop the whole world in its invisible snares, and seemed to us in the nineteenth century as if endeavoring to execute upon governments such sentences as the secret tribunals of Germany in the middle ages executed upon sovereigns."

The *Internationale* was a terrible bugbear to the *bourgeois*, or property-holding man of the middle classes, and his fears were not unfounded as will be seen later.

It is the fashion in France to say that the *Internationale* had its origin in Germany. I have no desire to enter closely into the origin of the Association. The supposition that it is due to the theories so copiously written upon by Leibnitz and Jacobi in Germany has no better foundation than that which gives us as its originators such great and wrong-headed thinkers as Proudhon and Pierre Leroux.

A certain number of French writers say that the first socialistic notions of the *Internationale* came into France with the German workmen who emigrated from their homes in great numbers to the fertile lands and richer cities beyond the Rhine, in the ten years preceding the war of 1870. That which is established beyond doubt is that the *Internationale* was a practical and active organization, setting aside as useless the

vague and hollow theories of Louis Blanc and other kindred spirits about the relations of labor to capital and to the State. The laborers of the new generation were determined on emancipation.

In England, Karl Marx brought the International Association of Working-men fairly into good society for a time, and in the countries where it was not harassed and driven into hiding-places it did not extensively advertise its socialistic propensities. In France, because the Empire harried it without cessation, it fomented strikes, provoked riots in the cities, and published proclamations which made the *bourgeois* tremble in his shoes. I have heard Frenchmen seriously say that Bismarck subsidized the Association at the time of the great Cienfuegos strike. The reason given for this was that Prussia, always on the alert against attacks by the Imperial Government, had a direct interest in creating as much embarrassment for that government as possible. This is a doubtful story.

The programme of the International Association was comprehensive and radical. It was printed for the first time in London, and speedily got into print in France, although any comment upon its doctrines was sternly forbidden. The document was as follows:—

"Every man has a right to existence, and, consequently, a right to work."

"The right to work is imprescriptible, and, for that reason, ought to be accompanied by the right of instruction and of liberty of action."

"As it is at present constituted, society can offer no real guarantee to the laborer."

"In fact, an obstacle arises before him at the very outset of his career. This obstacle is capital."

"Whichever way the laborer turns, he cannot battle against the inert force of

money, accompanied and supported by the intelligent capitalist

"To solve the problem some have tried association, others, mutualism. They thought they were settling, but in fact they were only muddling, the question

"They did not perceive that, so long as capital remained intact, the association of mere brain and muscle would not suffice; but that they must have their own capital, and that this is all the more important, because the money capitalists would oppose with all their force the revolt of labor against their tyranny. By this fact alone previous associations of working-men are condemned. Mutualism has done nothing for the working-man or the laborer but to put him more than ever under the domination of money, so that there is nothing to be hoped from these methods.

"Now, it is not capital alone which binds down the working-man. Swaddled from his infancy in the triple long-clothes of country, family, and religion, cradled in the respect for property, however it may have been got, the *proletariat* can become something only on condition of annihilating all this, of casting away from it these old notions of paternal barbarisms.

"The International Association has and can have no other aim than that of aiding in the extinction of these monstrous prejudices.

"It ought to become to workmen of all countries a centre of action, an energetic director, to show them how to act together. It alone has the power and the right to discipline the masses, to *hug* them upon their oppressors, who will feel crushed beneath the shock.

"To this end its programme should be the abolition of all religions, of property, of the family, of the hereditary principle, and of the nation.

"When the International Society of Working-men has stamped out the germ of these prejudices among all laborers capital will be dead. Then society can arise upon an indestructible basis, then workmen will rally for the right to work, then women will be free. The child will have a real right to live under the reign of a society which will no longer abuse him.

"But let no one deceive himself, let dreamers seek no system for arriving at a solution that force alone can give.

"Force' this is what will give the sceptre of the world to the laboring classes, outside of this nothing can lift them from the rut of rotten modern civilization.

"When two contrary powers are opposed to one another one of the two must be annihilated.

"To arms, laborers! Progress and humanity count upon you."

Who cannot see in this twaddling, incoherent proclamation the germ of the dread Socialism which crept into the Commune of Paris shortly after its proclamation in 1871, and which did such due mischief? Those followers of the Empire who were blessed with sufficient intelligence to review the shortcomings of their party's career could not fail to perceive that this programme of the *Internationale* was the outcome of an ignorance which might have been amended if not entirely swept away, so far as the French working-men were concerned, during the years between 1848 and 1867. In point of fact what French workmen were clamoring for was extremely simple. They needed the abolition of the privileges of the employing class, the abolition of the *livret*, or "character-book," which made each artisan in some sense a slavish dependent on his employer, and they

furthermore needed the right of public assembly, unrestricted right to bear arms, and the uninterrupted right to strike when they had a decent grievance. But, because the Empire had persistently denied them these things, they were driven in their mad determination to protest against the social order which had done nothing for them, by affiliation with the grotesque and abominable theories of this so-called International Association of Working-men. When the Empire repented and wished to give

them reforms the propitious hour was passed. The germ of the Commune was sown. The government, which had usurped authority in France on the exclusive plea that it had a mission to maintain order, had at the end of its career the disgrace of seeing a social disorder, more profound and terrible than any which has occurred elsewhere in the century, uprising with dreadful speed and in spite of the most vigorous endeavor to keep it down.

CHAPTER FIVE.

Events in Spain — The Outcropping of Revolution — Role of the *Internationale* — Brief Review of Spanish Politics — Don Isabel — Pina and Sena — A Journey through the North of Spain — Barris and San Sebastian — A Wonderful Railway — The Approach to the Escorial — An Impressive Edifice — Looking at a Dead Monarch

WHILE there were, thus, many protests in France against the repressive government of the Second Empire, few people fancied that the Republican experiment was likely to begin in earnest for many years, and it is amusing to look back and remember how earnestly the French of liberal sympathies watched the progress of events beyond the Pyrenees, confident that in Spain the Republic would first get a firm hold. Spanish politics have rarely been more interesting since the beginning of this perturbed century than they were in 1869. The rapid succession of picturesque and dramatic events, which had taken place since Queen Isabel fled from her capital to San Sebastian, had turned the gaze of all Europe to the country which seemed suddenly to have awakened from its long and slothful devotion to priestcraft and to the least intelligent form of monarchy. The famous *Internationale* was said to have wide ramifications in Spain, and to be preparing socialistic revolutions which were to break forth simultaneously in the northern and southern districts. The disturbances in Spain undoubtedly contributed somewhat to make the authorities of the Second Empire in France nervous and suspicious. It was believed by no one in the Imperial party that intelligent Republicanism was strong enough in either France or Spain to establish itself, but

this mysterious and subterranean agent known as the *Internationale*, working directly upon the passions and prejudices of the uneducated or half-educated classes, was dreaded and feared. In the autumn of 1869 the *Internationale* was much talked of as the Nihilists have been in recent years. Wherever a blow could be struck at it in France, as in 1867, the government never lost an opportunity.

It would be difficult to understand what was taking place in Spain at this time without briefly reviewing Spanish political history from the beginning of the century. We find Napoleon I at Bayonne shortly after Charles IV had given up his crown to his son, Ferdinand VII, and the Corsican ogre has a curt interview with these two Spanish kings, forcing them to yield their rights to the throne, carrying off the whole royal family prisoners into France, and giving the crown of Spain to his brother Joseph Bonaparte. Victor Hugo has given us some thrilling pictures of the life at the French Court in Spain after 1808, when the country rose as one man against the hateful sovereignty which had been imposed upon it. Hugo's mother was in the great retreat from Spain when Joseph Bonaparte was summarily expelled, and there is no more disastrous withdrawal of troops from an unsuccessful campaign in French history than was this. Wellington and his men had driven the French

troops back upon the Ebro Napoleon had come to the aid of his brother, had been conqueror at Burgos and Tudela, had even entered Madrid and summoned the authorities to give him up the sword which Francis I had lost at Bayona. But all this was in vain. The guerillas kept up their redoubtable warfare, and although Saragossa succumbed before the tremendous attack of Lannes, Napoleon had to own that he was fairly beaten, and in 1813, Spain after five years of most horrible convulsions, put Ferdinand VII upon the throne. He was a despot, and was soon surrounded by conspiracy, was frightened into taking an oath to the liberal constitution which had been prepared in 1812, and liberty was springing up when the nobles banded together and stifled it in its cradle.

There was a revolution, but the sovereigns of Europe saw that it would not do to let Liberal ideas blossom in Spain, and so one hundred thousand Frenchmen reestablished Ferdinand VII in his absolute power. When this monarch died, in 1833, a civil war of succession broke out. Then came Doña Isabel, who was proclaimed as Queen under the tutelage of the queen-mother Maria Christina, and Don Carlos, the brother of the King, was excluded. In 1833 the queen-mother gave to her people a constitutional charter, — a kind of weak compromise between absolutism and liberalism — and she hoped that this would strengthen her position. Meantime Don Carlos was knocking furiously at her palace gates. What bloodshed, what anguish, have been caused by this Carlist faction during the last half-century!

Doña Isabel's reign was neither better nor wiser than that of many of her predecessors. Espartero and Narvaez in turn exercised their power on the country which had seen its Republican ideals

so ruthlessly shattered. The cultivated and ambitious Liberals of Spain found the air unhealthy for them, and pined away in voluntary exile in foreign cities, or if they ventured to conspire, or to think and speak freely against the rotten condition of the country, they incurred heavy penalties. The house of the Bombons, which had reigned in Spain since 1700, with the slight interregnum caused by the intervention of Napoleon and his brother, was destined to meet with strange adventures. After Queen Isabel had been on the throne for a quarter of a century, in 1868 a revolution, which had been long foreseen by the wise men of all countries in Europe, broke forth with resistless power. Officers of the army, who had been exiled because of Liberal sentiments, gave the signal for this great revolt against monarchy by a daring incursion into Spain. The populations in the cities of the South suddenly rose in revolution, and the Queen, after sending away so much of her fortune as she could realize hastily to banks in Paris and London, fled to St Sebastian. A great joy seemed to run through the peninsula, and proclamations were posted in the cities and in the towns, calling the people to arms. The parties unexpectedly coalesced. The exiled generals returned, and organized troops in the provinces. Prim and his men appeared in front of Cadiz, and took the town. Concha, whom Queen Isabel had made her prime minister, took the most energetic measures in vain. All that the frightened queen could secure was a promise that she might reenter Madrid without molestation if she would leave her favorite Marfiori behind. Doña Isabel said no, she would not give up her favorite. She then received the news that a "provisional government" had been formed at

Madrid, and she crossed the frontier into France, where she was offered a refuge in the hospitable town of Pau. Then came the fall of the Bourbons in Spain. Universal suffrage was voted. The Jesuits were expelled from the country, and Spain had entered into a Republic with the spilling of less blood than is customary at a bull-fight. The revolutionary chiefs announced their determination to give up their powers to the Cortes, and Europe marvelled at the wisdom of a country usually so turbulent in its politics.

This produced an immense impression in France, but the press did not feel at liberty to draw any conclusions from the Republican triumph in Spain. At the elections which followed the revolt of 1868, a monarchical majority was sent to the Cortes, and Marshal Serrano was made Regent, until, so said the monarchists, "a good king can be found." It was at this time that Castelar appeared upon the scene of Spanish politics. After the patriot Orense, who had for a long time enjoyed the honor of being the only veritable Spanish Republican, he took the direction of the Democratic party, and came boldly forward to demand of the provisional government the immediate proclamation of a Spanish Republic.

General Prim and Marshal Serrano, who had opposed the Bourbons only that they might get possession of power and place upon the throne a king that suited them, repelled Castelar's proposition. Then the genius of the Spanish orator began to declare itself. He made a grand tour through all the principal cities of Spain, and in each of them made ringing speeches in favor of the cause of liberty and of republicanism.

Castelar and Gambetta made their definite entry into public society in

this same exciting year of 1868, each was gifted with tremendous audacity; each was entirely regardless of consequences to himself, and each sowed seed from which was afterwards reaped an abundant harvest of good for France and Spain. Despite Castelar's eloquence and his almost superhuman exertions, at the general elections for the Cortes in the spring of 1869 only thirty-five Republicans were elected. This was a minority, and a decision not unlike that which in 1869, in the French *Corps Legislatif*, caused Napoleon III. and his ministers so much trouble. Castelar dashed into the attack upon the government with the same energy that he had displayed in his campaign throughout the country. He asked for amnesty for all political offences, and again demanded the establishment of the Republic. In this same spring, too, he began his famous assault upon religious fanaticism, which had so long been the curse of Spain. He won his battle, and liberals throughout Europe rejoiced when the telegraph announced, one morning in April, 1869, that Spain had at last granted liberty of public worship, but although the great man was powerful enough to thrill to its very marrow the populations of Spain, with his resounding language, and to strike terror into the hearts of the reactionists who ventured even to apologize for the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, although he was popular enough to have the right of citizenship conferred upon him by more than five hundred Spanish towns and villages, — he was without success in attacking the law which definitely established Marshal Serrano as Regent.

Yet, day by day, the republican movement spread in wider and wider circles throughout the country, and when the government of the Regent was bold

enough to announce that it was searching Europe for a new king for Spain, the revolution, which had been prepared by Castelar's subjects, burst forth with a violence and savagery quite different from that of the outbreak in 1868.

First the crown was offered to an ex-king of Portugal, who refused it, then to the little Duke of Genoa, Prince of the House of Savoy. For a few days the candidature of this boyish duke, who was then at school at Harrow, in England, seemed to have some chance in its favor. Castelar and the other Republicans informed their supporters that they might soon expect to see a king brought to Madrid, and then came the uprisings in Catalonia and in Andalusia, and the splendid protest against kingship at Saragossa and Valencia. But here the movement was checked. Valencia, besieged and bombarded, had to surrender at the end of nine days' violent battle, and Castelar, who, it is said, had secretly based his hopes upon the success of the insurrection, contented himself, for a time, with the withdrawal of the proposition to make the Duke of Genoa king.

Curious to see the revolution which I fancied would result in the definite foundation of the Republic in Spain, I crossed the Pyrenees, and was an eye-witness of many episodes of the combat. Early in October, in 1869, I left Paris, where the Opposition to the Empire had suddenly assumed formidable proportions, and went to Madrid. Before entering Spain I paused at Biarritz, where, two years before, Bismarck had come to pay his homage to the Empress Eugenie. It was still the bathing season in the late southern autumn, and I sat down upon the sand near the sleepy surf, and watched the bathers coming and going, singing merry songs, and gesticulating

madly. Biarritz was then the most fashionable of French watering-places. It was the custom to stop at Bayonne, the old town which gave the bayonet its name, and to drive over to Biarritz in diligences, drawn by hardy little mules, imported from beyond the Spanish frontier.

Eugenie loved Biarritz and made its fortune. Napoleon would never have thought of going so far south to build an Imperial residence, but the Spanish-born *Empératrice* made her *Todos*, as she called him, build a beautiful palace by the southern sea. The route from Biarritz winds over high hills, among avenues of poplars, which cast their friendly shades to protect you from the glaring sun. Suddenly the beauty of the romantic coast of the Bay of Biscay bursts upon the view. Pretty villas dot the hills and peer out of luxuriant foliage. I found plenty of amusement on the beach, in watching the Spaniards, who went in to bathe with their cigars in their mouths, and who practised with much dexterity the art of keeping their heads unwet by the highest waves. Long trains of mules, loaded with screaming and laughing ladies, were driven into the most furious part of the surf, and there the beauties amused themselves by holding on as long as they could against the incoming crests. Biarritz is still a favorite resort for the French and Spanish aristocrats. The railway scarcely disturbs the tranquil seclusion of the place. Towards evening a charming silence pervades the town, cool breezes blow inland, semi-tropical trees hide the green, delicately-veined insides of their leaves, not to turn them tall the morrow's dew invites. The peasants gather in groups, and softly sing melodious *patios* to the gentle music of the guitar, and under the awning of the

green-latticed *cafés* the Spanish peddlers, who have trudged up from Burgos, or Valladolid, offer blankets, long knives with beautifully carved handles, and scent-bottles from Tangiers.

On the Spanish coast at San Sebastian, where Doña Isabel went in her

are no longer the same. The grave and earnest Basque, ignorant but conscientious and virtuous, salutes the stranger with solemn courtesy. Here and there are touches upon a relic of the abortive campaigns of successive Don Carloses.

Priests saunter slowly by, smoking cigarettes, and lazily swinging their umbrellas. The fields have a neglected look. San Sebastian is a delightful little city, coquettish, fresh-flooded with brilliant sunlight set down at the base of lofty mountains whose peaks shine like black on a stal. It extends from the pretty bay of La Concha at the mouth of which is the island of Santa Clara, to the mouth of the Urumea river. Seaward from



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fight, the sport of bathing goes on until even the first days of November. From Biarritz to San Sebastian is but an hour's ride by diligence, but in that hour the traveller feels as if he had in some unaccountable manner left Europe behind him. Architecture has changed, the costumes of the people by the wayside are different; manners, attitudes,

the promontory of Bilbao to the sea one sees the waves lap the craggy masses of stone, whose yellow and brown color contrast strangely with the white foam dashing now and then over their summits. Near San Sebastian one finds valleys full of shade and mystery, deep gorges through which bridle-paths wind in perplexing fashion, pinnacles from which he can

look up to mightier pinnacles beyond Priests, smugglers, muleteers, peasant-guils in red and yellow petticoats, graciously salute the wanderer, and if one stops at a roadside inn he is treated with utmost consideration and honesty.

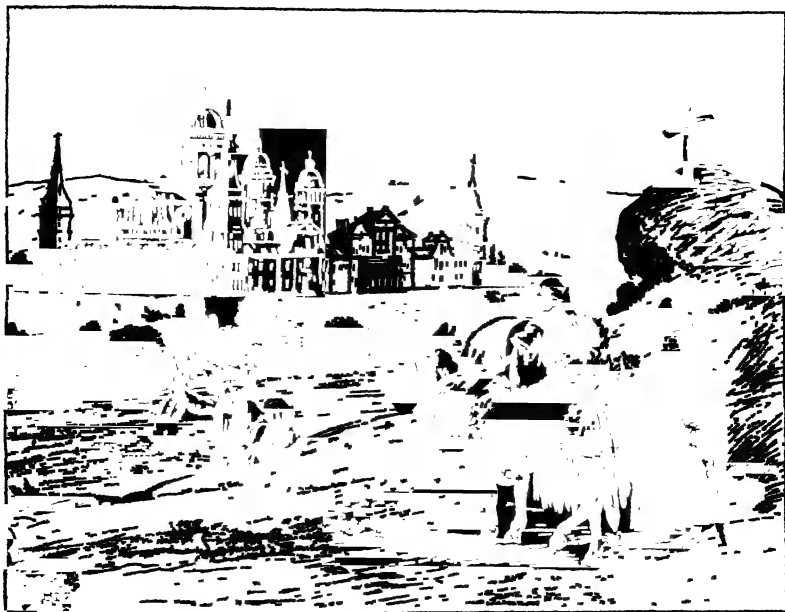
On this my first journey to Madrid, I thought the railway ran through one of the most picturesque and impressive countries in the universe. Just before arriving at Irun, the frontier town, architecture had changed as rapidly as the combinations in a pantomime. The houses of southern France, well built of solid carved stone and with four-cornered steep roofs, were exchanged for the glaring white walls, generally out of repair, and the low and sloping roofs of Spanish dwellings. From Irun to Burgos the scenery was of the wildest. The road traverses yawning valleys, runs along the edges of precipices, plunges into somber and deserted plains, winds through passes cut out of the solid rock, and pierces the hearts of the mountains sixty-nine times before it reaches the environs of Madrid. Everywhere the beautiful has a mixture of rugged grandeur in it. Tunnel succeeds tunnel, under great balustrades perched on rude, deep-ribbed layers of the hardest rock. Sometimes the railway line winds along an embankment which gives the traveller a glance up some tremendous defile at the end of which blue ranges of mountains melt softly into the bluest sky. Through the defile winds a white strip of road, fringed with foliage, and enlivened by a string of mules, carrying merchandise to the nearest town. The *posadas* and *haciendas* are dirty, and the hills of the windows are stained with the refuse thrown carelessly out of doors, the walls are hung with tobacco-stalks, and flags, and the pig reigns supreme in the front door. Some of the mountain sides which are cultivated are so steep

that the donkey drawing the primitive plough has to press his feet and slide down the furrows, dragging plough and peasant after him. Agricultural implements are of the simplest character. The plough is a straight piece of wood sharpened at one end, and fastened roughly to a rude harness. Donkeys and dwarf, yellow-colored oxen do all the work of teams. The shepherds along the road look two or three centuries out of place, as their costume has hardly undergone any change since the time of Philip II.

I did not stop at Miranda or at Burgos on this journey, but in later years I learned to wonder at the incomparable richness of the façade of the Burgos cathedral, on every square on the walls of which are the marks of the genius of the great sculptors of the thirteenth century, and I could not help marveling at the curious taste which placed this Catholic wonder in this arid country, where a cold wind, half the year, chills the very marrow. Approaching the environs of Madrid I was struck with the desolate character of the country. Here were pine forests, huge rocks which overhung narrow paths along mountain sides; caverns in which brigands might hide, little torrents leaping over precipices close to the railway. Here were gullies filled with rocks shaken into various forms by volcanic action, and high crags shutting out the sunlight. Shortly before arriving at the Escorial the route passes Las Navas, one of the vilest and most dangerous little places in Spain, as I found in an excursion from Madrid. The houses in Las Navas are built of coarse stone, rudely carved. Black swine wander freely in and out of them. The people are grossly ignorant; dozens of them confessed to me that they had never visited Madrid, that they knew nothing of politics, and as for reading

and while they were not even acquainted with any one who possessed these extraordinary accomplishments. At Madrid, girls brown as Arabs offered to the traveller fresh milk in little clay pots. A hunter strolled by with a hare upon his shoulder, and proposed to sell it. A hare may be had for ten cents

proceeds across the rocky and uninviting country between the main line of rail to Madrid and the Escorial. Leaving the comfortable first-class carriages to plod across the waste is not very agreeable, but one is well repaid by the treasures within the walls. The shepherds, beggars, and priests, who are



THE ESCORIAL, NEAR MADRID

A blight seems to overhang the whole country round about. As I wandered through these plains toward the frowning Escorial, one dark October day, I could not help thinking that a curse had fallen on the locality where Philip II. lived, prayed, and sang praises to the God whom he offended while he fancied himself most zealously serving him. The impression of blight is heightened as one

the only persons one encounters answer questions civilly, and point out the cross perched on a high rock which marks the spot where Philip II.'s dreadful orders were carried out, where wretches were hanged almost daily beneath the lowest bit of rock. Until a few years past bits of whitened cord, which crumbled as they were dug up, might still be found

A winding road between high rocks, clothed in brown moss, leads one to a ruined square, where a dismantled church rears its forlorn front. A few steps up a steep hill, beside a wall, bring one to a point whence he can see the Escorial, with its immense dome and the four gloomy towers rising at the angles. Philip II built this edifice in the middle of the sixteenth century, to replace the church of San Lorenzo, which was demolished by cannon-balls during the siege of San Quentin. The cynical imagination of the over-religious architects of the period could devise no better form for this immense monastic palace than that of the gridiron upon which the unhappy Lawrence suffered martyrdom. The four towers are supposed to represent the feet and the royal apartments the handle, of this frying-instrument. Gloomy and unimpressive gardens stretch away on all sides to stone walls, which border greenish ponds and lakelets.

The entrance to the edifice is wonderfully impressive. A massive gate leads into the great gardens, bringing one face to face with a portico of severe simplicity. At the summit of Doric columns are six mighty caryatids, representing the six Kings of Judea, supporting a triangular portal of immense size. Out of a block of granite the principal staircase is cut. The church, decorated with Luca Giordano's daring frescoes, reminds one of the many curious freaks of which artists were guilty during the decadence of the Italian school. Luca's tranquil colors and highly executed designs show clearly the struggles of a great artist to rise above the follies and failings of his epoch. The rich reliquaries, the delicately chiselled coffers in which repose the bones of saints, the massive altar, built of jasper and marble, and

surrounded with gilded bronze statues of Charles V and Philip II, queens and infants, kneeling with closed hands and upturned eyes, the stalls in precious woods, the missals, filled with Gothic vignettes, heavily and coarsely decorated ceilings — produce an effect of confused magnificence. In the small chapel in the rear the eye is dazzled by Benvenuto Cellini's incomparable sculpture in white marble of "Christ upon the Cross." In the sacristy are innumerable paintings, which chill the imagination, but lead one to admire the artists. The painting by Claudio Coello, representing the procession which received the Holy Host sent to Philip by the Emperor of Germany, is astonishingly rich in color.

Wandering through a labyrinth of cold and gloomy corridors one at last reaches a little staircase by which he may climb to the dome of the Escorial and look over the vast plain. Far away out of an indistinct mass of buildings rises the roof of the Royal Palace in Madrid. To the left one sees a dense forest, with a few straggling hamlets on its edge, and at the base of the monastic palace's thick and frowning walls lies a village, its precipitous streets paved with stones set on end. A few wretched trees struggle for existence in the market place. At a stone fountain's basin, a ~~group~~ of laughing girls are filling water-jars, and some dejected-looking donkeys are greedily drinking and whisking their tails.

The Pantheon of the Spanish Kings, the great vault of the Escorial, where lie the mortal remains of the mighty Charles, of Philip II, III, and IV, of Charles II and Charles III, of the Queens Isabella and Margaret, and Elizabeth of Bourbon, is an unwholesome cellar, from which one is glad to escape into the open air. Even

the sublime and pathetic figure of Christ, which surmounts one of the altars, seems to bring no ray of tender hope, no blessed promise of immortality, into this royal charnel-house. It is impressive and repulsive at once to look from the present into the past, as one does in peering into the sarcophagus of one of the greatest of emperors. At the time of my visit, one could see under the glass lid which sealed the coffin of Charles V. the body of the royal dead man, but partially covered by its shroud. The face was still in an almost perfect state of preservation. One nostril and one of the ears for the eyes had crumbled because of contact with the air, when the historic coffin was opened, were still visible, and fragments of the reddish beard still clung to the chin. Philip II the Terrible is securely shut in a black marble sarcophagus, ornamented only by a plain plate bearing his name. One is curious to know whether the calm of death gave any sweetness to the imperious frown of the monk and tyrant who scourged Europe in the bitterness of his malicious zeal.

Seeing all his private apartments left just as they were when he passed into the silences, one almost fears to encounter his specter walking the narrow

chambers, or seated in the niche which permitted him to hear mass without entering the chapel, muttering his prayers, and nursing his gouty limb, as he supported it upon a velvet cushion. One could fancy him seated before his little wooden table, brooding over the papers containing secrets of the state, and could almost see his face with grayish-blue eyes, with thick and protruding under lips, with lean and bony cheeks covered with livid skin, with little ears which caught the slightest sound, with his ugly chin concealed beneath a symmetrical beard, or one seemed to see him moving in his quaint old chair, its back studded with copper nails, riveted in the leathern bands, and to watch him as his hands wandered over the breast of his velvet doublet feeling for the chapel, which so rarely quitted his person.

This terrible mocking specter of Philip the Tyrant seems to pursue the visitor as he roams through the museum, to which an uncivil monk grudgingly admits him to look at the paintings by Ribera, Jordans, Bosch and Tintoretto, and does not quit him until he has gained the open air and left the village and the monastery of the Escorial far behind him.

CHAPTER SIX.

In Revolution Time — Saragossa — A Quaint Old Spanish City — The Protest against the Reestablishment of Monarchy — A Vigorous Fight — The Church of the Virgen Del Pilar — On the Way to Valencia — Down to the Mediterranean — Alicante — The Case — Getting into Valencia before the Bombardment — An Adventurous Promenade — Crossing the Streets under Fire — A Barricaded Hotel — Street Fighting in Earnest — Republicans and Regulars

MADRID is usually a disappointment to the stranger. Saragossa is a revelation. The approaches to it are singularly beautiful. The train left me outside the walls, and I walked through the olive-bordered avenues, finding with some difficulty the gate which led into the main part of the town. As I approached this gate I at once perceived that the government had at last got an iron hand on Saragossa. The narrow and quaint streets were crowded with soldiers. Officers, in their glittering blue and red uniforms, passed up and down, reviewing little squads of men, who, receiving their orders, went out to parade to solemn drum-beats in certain sections. It was nine o'clock in the morning, but little movement was visible among the inhabitants. Sunburnt figures stood here and there beneath the Gothic and Moorish door-ways talking quietly together, but when more than half a dozen had gathered the soldiers arrived and dispersed them. When Saragossa was the capital of the kingdom of Aragon the people manifested the same spirit that they had newly shown in this insurrection of 1869, in saying to their king, "We, who are your equals and as powerful as you, elect you king on the condition that you guard our laws and our liberties, and that there shall always be between you and us some one more

powerful than you, if not, we will not have you." The Aragonese of seven hundred years ago understood the value of constitutional liberty even better than those of to-day, and practised it more forcibly. When Augustus Cæsar came to Spain he looked upon the then obscure little town as one destined to a famous place in history, and christened it Cæsarea Augusta. This, in due time, the Goths, when they came to levy contributions on the then wealthy town, called Cæsar Agosta, and later came the Arabs, who softened the name into Sarcosta, but who hardened the manners of the people until they were fittest representatives of the haughty rule of the Moors in Spain.

So powerful was the city that Charlemagne himself trembled when he had paused before her gates, and, lifting the siege, went away still bleeding from the scratches received at Roncevaux. Then came the Christian kings, slowly invading Navarre and Aragon, and at last, by their valor, they captured to Catholicism the Zaragoza (pronounced Tharagotha) of to-day. In the city there are but few hints of modernism, such as here and there a noble square, or a promenade planted with trees and ornamented with statues, or a barrack, in which the soldiers just at this time were unduly numerous. But these few

innovations of modernism were soon left behind. I plunged into a labyrinth of narrow streets, where overhanging roofs nearly kissed each other, and where, nevertheless, every house had its balconies in the upper stories. Antonio, smoking a cigarette on his balcony, could have tumbled the ashes into the dinner-plate of his neighbor, tranquilly eating under his awning across the way. The shops are all very primitive in their character, and some of them Oriental in their disdain of modern furniture. Many of the houses in the town are so old that they are propped up with huge beams. The great cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar known is one of the most celebrated Catholic shrines in the world, has shown much evidence of crumbling, and the devotees not only died of fear lest it might fall during the cannonading of the October revolution. The history of this church is most remarkable. All the inhabitants who believe in their religion believe also that "Our Lady of the Pillar" was founded by St. James, the traditional Santiago, forty years only after the beginning of this Christian era. The old legend is still preserved in these words. And Jesus said, "My dearly beloved mother, I wish you to go to Saragossa, and order St. James to erect a temple in your honor, where you shall be invoked for all time." This divinely imposed duty St. James is supposed to have duly accomplished before his famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the church has grown to gigantic proportions from the acorn of the little chapel and pillar, on which the Virgin's figure was raised, so says the legend, eighteen hundred years ago. The dark-eyed women, as well as the lame, lousy, and dirty old beggars, of Saragossa all daily kiss a little piece of wood fixed in the cathedral wall, and

said to be the only fragment left of the real pillar. Around this church, which stands not far from the banks of the Ebro, was some desperate fighting in this October struggle, and the blood-stains in several corners were still visible at the time of my visit.

Here, as in Valencia and elsewhere, the collision between the peasantry, who had invaded the town, and the soldiers representing the monarchical government, was brought on exclusively by the demand of the soldiers that the peasants should lay down their arms. Most of the peasants had been successful in their determination to retain their weapons, and had retired with all the honors of war. But a few had been taken, and the picture of the march of these prisoners through mute, solemn Saragossa clings in my memory. The people had postponed the festival annually held to honor their patron saint, because the aroma of blood still lingered over the town. At the very portals of their church were dark stains, telling of human sacrifices. At the Duke's gate enormous crowds were lingering, wild-eyed, round the spot where a general and a dozen soldiers had fallen, pierced by the bullets fired by workmen from a priest's house. The government of General Primo was disdaintfully releasing the few prisoners which it had taken. In front marched a dozen stalwart soldiers bronzed, dirty, and fierce, behind straggled perhaps two hundred insurrectionists, then wives running beside them, embracing them or weeping in silent joy. A weird, fantastic set were these fellows, with a tinge of the old Arabic blood in their veins. The government had given them back their long knives, which were thrust in their sashes, or served to pin the knots of the gayly colored handkerchiefs which covered their heads. They shuffled

forward to the grand plaza, and before the famous Convent of Jerusalem, where Spain's most beautiful daughters spend their lives in honoring the Virgin, they were drawn up in grim order, ragged as Falstaff's army. With disgrace and with rage in their swarthy faces they listened to the order which forbade them, under heavy penalties, to take up arms again, and then shambled away to the churches to kneel and silently pray for one more chance. Those of the inhabitants of Saragossa, the veritable citizens of the city, who had participated in the fight, did not escape so easily. New arrests were constantly going on, and, when I left, the townspeople scarcely dared to open their shops. Nearly all the proud Aragonese who were wounded to the death in the second day's fighting managed to crawl to their houses and die at home, proud of having saved their bodies from the soldiers. One man, wounded in a dozen places, crawled on to the roof of his domicile, and maintained from it a deadly fire upon the soldiers until he had slain seven. When at last he felt death's hand at his throat he jumped down into the street, falling heavily upon the piled-up stones, and was used as an additional breastwork or a barricade for his companions. This barricade, near the Duke's gate, resisted the fire of artillery for nearly two hours. These same men who leaped upon the cannons, knife in hand, when they were forced to retreat to the barricades, heaped up the stones and beams as fast as they were torn down by the shots.

At Saragossa it is the custom, as in some parts of the Orient, to allow lunatics, who are not positively uncontrollable, to wander about the streets, musing freely with the sane. The custom of making prisoners of God's unfor-

tunate has not crept into this half-barbaric country. On the evening of the first uprising in Saragossa a party of insane people were passing through the streets with the straw which they had been taught to plant into mats and panniers. One of them, to whom I had the honor of being presented during my stay in the town, had been excited by the news of the fighting, and had been seen a number of times in the thick of the fray.

More fighting was impossible in Saragossa. The soldiers swarmed everywhere, and I desisted to press on to Catalonia. But the railway agents refused a ticket to Barcelona, saying that the road was open only half-way. The rebels had that very morning burned for the second time a railway bridge, and strolling bands along the line had committed numerous crimes. The last local trains had narrowly escaped stoppage, and I was compelled to return to Madrid. Six of the revolutionary Saragossa newspapers had been suppressed, the official journals gave only glaring lies about the insurrection, and I returned to the capital convinced that all the interest now centred on Barcelona and Valencia.

At Madrid the news from Valencia was meagre. The sweet Mediterranean town, the city of the Cid, surrounded by lovely gardens and luxuriant fields, was known to be in the hands of the insurrectionists, and the authorities had threatened a siege. Every morning a perturbed crowd waited at the railway station to hear the news, and each day they returned unsatisfied. Prim had suppressed even private telegrams. The journals were ominously silent, but the military trains were laden. "Impossible to go there by rail," said one. "Impossible to go at all," said another. "Bombarded two days ago," said those



who should have been well-informed "In possession of the insurgents" still asserted the equally reliable. This much was known. The rebels were at least eighteen thousand strong in a city of two hundred thousand people, had taken the great market-place, had instilled themselves therein, and refused to be ousted. What were they? A mad mass of infuriated towns-people, who by stratagem had possessed the greater part of the town, torn up the pavements, and refused to yield. Headed by the republican deputy Guerrero, they were well armed and equipped. At first eight thousand troops had gone forward, next twelve thousand,—many said sixteen thousand,—under General Almones. I took the evening train for Encina, whence a branch line leads to Valencia.

The memories of the next few days rise vividly before me. I can see the mass of staring faces at the railway station as, in company with him of famous Abyssinian and African prestige, whose name is like a perfume to all lovers of journalistic enterprise, I take my place in the night express, bound for the shores of the Mediterranean. This is my first meeting with Stanley, and a strange one, with the spirit of competition lightly roused, so as to bring into our acquaintance just that spice of jealousy which makes us both alert. In the train are parents, and husbands, and brothers going to Valencia, to bring loved ones away from the horrors which are always associated with a Spanish siege. So we fare forward, past Aranjuez, where there is a noble royal residence and town, to Albacete. As morning dawns, with that glorious poetry of sky only known in Spain, we come into the wonderful region of paradoxes between Albacete and Almansa. Imagine fertile fields stretching miles along the railway line, but framed

in the backgrounds by mountains barren as the pyramids, acclivities that rise superb above yawning precipices.

The vineyards are numerous, and dark-haired, blue-limbed women are plucking the purplish-blue clusters of grapes from dwarf vines, that bend heavily under the pressure of the vintage. At many points huge rocks, rising in perpetual affront to heaven, are crowned with castles, which, in the sun's golden haze, seem to melt their outlines into the net-work of nature, and to be but a freak of her fancy. The well-made roads, smooth, white, and suffocatingly dusty, trend away in serpentine curves to the bases of the mountain rocks, and are bordered at long distance by low houses, whose white walls and tiled roofs glitter in the sun. The muleteers and the peasant women are singing, or rather droning, while they ride or work, and naked children disport in the glow of the morning without shame. The costume of the peasants along the route is at first quiet in color and sober in arrangement, but, as we draw towards the south and the sea, it is scarlet, and green, and yellow, in glaring contrast, and falling in graceful folds close to the form.

At seven in the morning we come to Encina, a small junction just below the large town of Almansa, where the Valencian railway branches off. Here there are hordes of soldiers, and on the mountains we can see the *vigilantes* protecting the railway. The wild-looking peasants come up with sneering curiosity, if any inquiry be made about Valencia, to say that the Republicans have captured it long ago, and that they will never surrender. But the railway to Valencia is not in order. No trains have passed for several days, and skulking along the line is frequent. Is there no way to send a message, or to go to Valencia? Yes!

We may go to Alicante, and along the Mediterranean coast, from Alicante a steamer will sail that afternoon. So we take a wheezy train upon the branch railway, and are soon among the palm-trees. Towards ten o'clock we pass into a huge ravine between two ledges of jagged rock, the railway running on a narrow bank. We see beyond, at the opening, a bridge over a yawning chasm and a host of figures clustering around it. The train comes to a halt. The engineer goes back to talk to the guard, and half an hour is lost before it is decided that the figures must be those of soldiers rather than of insurgent enemies. We move slowly into the midst of a company of the civil guard, who have improvised a habitation of boughs at the bridge's side, and are watching the structure night and day. At last, as we are leaving a little station among the mountains, we turn a curve, and before us lies the placid Mediterranean, its purple water rippling softly to the shores, and in the distance is a huge acclivity, around whose top hovers a glorious breezy wreath of mist—one of those august heaven-breaths, to which only the waves of the *Mare Tyrrhenum regum* can give shape and substance.

Below lies Alicante in the slumberous noon. Along the coast, where the sleepy surf comes rolling slowly in, are groves of palm. Barelegged fishermen are pushing out their boats. The long quay, guarded by soldiers, runs out to sea, and at the base edge towers a gigantic rock with its antique Moorish citadel. Here we find that the boat will leave for Valencia at three o'clock, also that the fighting has been brisk there for the last two days, now a surrender is talked of. Meantime, in the port, we find a noble bark, of American build, the *William Wilcox* of New York, commanded by Philip Johnson, of New Bedford, and,

visiting it, receive gracious attention from the stanch captain and his young wife, whose first trip beyond seas is to agitated Spain.

As we steam out of the port that afternoon, in a boat crowded with Spanish officers going to the front, the American banner flutters up to the mast-head of the *William Wilcox* and down again in graceful salute to us, much to the astonishment of all the olive-complexioned, jauntily uniformed Spaniards round about us. Next morning the boat is lying in the harbor of Valencia.

The Grao, Valencia's port of entry, is three miles from the city itself, and has a well-sheltered harbor, with a little town built along its banks. We land at seven o'clock, and find the streets crowded with men, women, and children, whom flight has forced out of Valencia. The carriages which usually run from the port to the city are drawn up in a long line, near the avenue leading to the entrance, and it is with difficulty that we can prevail on the driver to take us so far as the outer line of the siege. "The firing is to commence at eight," he says. "We should hardly reach there before then, and we might be shot by the *insurrectos*." For eight days the fighting has been growing more severe daily. Who are masters of the situation? The *insurrectos*, decidedly.

We drive up a long avenue bordered with sycamores. On our way we pass many women weeping bitterly, and bending almost double under the hastily prepared burdens of their household goods. This seems to indicate that the bombardment is beginning, and the bare suggestion of this so frightens our driver that he refuses to go farther, and, turning his horse's nose to the hedge, invites us to get out. Nothing can persuade him, and we find ourselves in a hubbub

of cavalry and infantry, teams loaded with furniture, going out under flags of truce, and hundreds of people sitting by the roadside, then faces turned in listening attitude towards the town. A company of Lancers gallops up to us, gives us a suspicious glance, and passes on. Finally we are told to ask permission of a certain officer to pass into the town. He shrugs his shoulders to his ears, spreads out his hands, says he will not hinder us, and we pass in, carrying our own baggage.

Our first idea is to seek the Fonda de Paris, — a well-known hotel, standing in the Calle del Mar (the street of the sea), where we think we can learn how far it will be safe for us to go. We look for some one to take our baggage, and show us the way, but every person appealed to makes a frightened face, says that the firing has begun, and that it is unsafe. The suspense of waiting in this mass of humanity is unbearable. At last we appeal to a dare-devil-looking boy, who, without comments, takes up the traveling-bags, and goes forward. We are continually jostled by soldiers, running from point to point, dodging behind corners, casting suspicious glances at windows or balconies above. We have now entered a labyrinth of narrow streets, like those I had seen at Suigosa. The brave boy, who runs ahead of us bending under the weight of our baggage, stops short, and compresses his lips, as he hears a sharp thud around the corner, and sees the soldiers rushing back. We are in the midst of a guerilla warfare, where shots are fired from balconies and from house-tops, where a chance bullet may meet us, and send life vaporing before we can defend ourselves. From time to time the boy halts, says huskily, "*Fuego*" (firing), and then, like a little lion at bay, turns anew to seek another route to the Fonda de Paris.

At last we come into a long, narrow avenue, leading to a square. Suddenly we are pulled into a door by a friendly citizen, and the boy turns pale, but my companion, who has seen battles numerous, tramps on ahead, and we follow.

We arrive in the square. We hear the dull roar away up in the city, and the ping of wandering bullets. People follow us with their gaze, but, at the entrance of another long avenue, we hear above us, at the windows, hands softly clapped, and soft hisses. Again the boy turns, almost crying with fright and determination. We cross the square, we try another street, and push on desperately. We hear shooting close at hand. We enter still another square. Here great preparations are going on. Soldiers crowd the side opposite us, but there is one yawning gap,—the entrance to a street which no one enters, and no one stands in front of. We are in the Plaza de la Congregacion. A soldier stares at us. He sees we are foreigners, and says, in broken French "*Grand Dieu!* Don't go across the square, or you will be shot." But while he is talking my comrade and the boy step bravely across the square, and I rush after them. A soldier at the corner raises his musket warningly. What is it? Something beyond the corner.

A barricade!

To reach the hotel we must brave this barricade. We cannot stay in the street, so we make three leaps, and, as Stanley turns the corner of the little avenue which leads behind the hotel, three bullets fly past, and strike in the Valencia Bank windows. We are hurried into a back door, amid a crowd of soldiery, and a little French landlord comes forward to congratulate us on our escape, for the insurgents had sworn to shoot any one who crossed that street.

We press the poor boy's hand, and cannot but admire him. He takes shelter with us for a short time.

This incident illustrates well the manner of the siege, and the struggle which has been in progress seven days when we arrive, not a siege with artillery at long distance, nor one where lines are distinctly drawn, but one where every street and house are beleaguered. This avenue, for instance, is narrow, long, and straight. At its end is a barricade, and in the houses on each side are at least six hundred soldiers. This is repeated two or three streets further on, but away up in the city's centre, in the great market-place, and the twenty-eight streets leading from it, the Republicans hold everything. Long-range shooting is all that they have to fear. Every private house is a fortress, insurgent or governmental. The landlord takes us over the hotel, shows us furniture riddled with bullets, and his mattresses all in use to protect the soldiers who occupy his balconies. The side windows look on the barricade, and near them soldiers are crouching expectant. This is in the first story. In the next still more destruction: mirrors smashed, curtains in shreds, and tables in fragments. We are given a room on the third floor, fronting on the street we have just crossed. We open our window cautiously, and look across the way. The large stone building is the Valencian Credit Institution. Soldiers are firing from the balconies of this bank, and dodging the bullets from the barricade. In the square below, through which we have just come, a regiment is quietly arriving.

The Valencian Republicans, including the mountaineers who have come down from their homes to protest against the restoration of monarchy, are from twelve to fifteen thousand strong, commanded

by a Republican deputy lately withdrawn from the Cortes. In and around the town are ten thousand irregular troops, General Alamenos commanding. Don Francis de la Riviera, captain-general, is a vacillating old man, full of much caution. The sub-commandant, Don Martin Rosales, is energetic, so says our landlord, adding that the fight which has lasted so long may continue for weeks, or, so strange are the caprices of insurrection in Spain, may be ended in ten minutes.

The Republicans here, as in Saragossa, are mostly *peyanos*, or peasants. They are all of one type, with swarthy faces, olive complexions, strong limbs, and are clad in a curious costume, trousers reaching only to the knee, long hose, and sandals of undressed hide. A handkerchief is bound about their heads, and huge blankets of brilliant coloring are slung across their shoulders. They never wear coats, hats, or boots, and are so sun-burnt that they look like their African neighbors, or like the Apaches of our American plains.

The barricades are only shoulder high, made of a double row of paving-stones, and protected at the top by a few beams and well-filled sacks of sand or grain. But there are so many, each corner being made available, that even were the soldiery to reduce one, as, for instance, this before our street, they would have to take twenty, forty, or fifty behind it before they could possess the town. The dull, dead roar, that breaks in now and then on the comparative silence at each end of Valencia, comes from the outside, whence General Alamenos is throwing shell into a barricade. Now and then a shot from a rebel cannon comes whizzing into the square, on which we can look, and we can see confusion among the soldiers, and sometimes a faintly palpitat

ing mass, from which surges life-blood, staining the canvas thrown over it. By and by a great number of troops are massed in the *plaza*, and we hear incessant bullet-firing from the adjacent barricade. In the square the buglers are sounding the charge, and Prim's Hunters—the acme of Madrid, yet the most daring soldiery in Spain—reckless devils in duty uniforms, with straw sandals to their stockingless feet—come up slowly into line. Other companies fall in behind, and it is plain that we are to have a battle. All this time the soldiers do not face death at the barricade in our street. They mass together in front of the college in the *plaza*, and two battalions go charging towards the centre of the town. Those who come running back wounded bring stories of the barricades. Inesolute, all go on. The government volunteers the small portion of the mountaineers who have not taken part in the insurrection, have been captured in a body, and their noses have been cut off, their ears slit and their bodies piled on the barricades. So the survivors come back trembling with fear, bearing their dead on litters and crossed muskets, and it is getting gradually towards dusk.

As the church clocks are striking seven the senior bishop of the diocese and some of the city authorities go to General Alamenos with a flag of truce, and pray for some arrangement to stay the flow of blood. The commission is received with the greatest kindness by Alamenos, but in their passage through the streets the would-be peacemakers are saluted with hisses from many of the barricades. No arrangement is reached, and the commission goes back late in the evening, mortified and alarmed. So we must wait the morrow in our fortress,

and meantime get a retrospect of the seven previous days.

As soon as the order commanding the restoration of arms by the Republicans to the military authorities is made Guerrero, the Republican seceder from the Cortes, visits the captain-general and tells him that he must be responsible for any acts of violence provoked by the order. The barricades rise as if by magic, and four attacking columns, formed by the military authorities, on the next morning, the 8th of October, start by different routes for the great market-square, where the insurrectionists are in possession. The troops suffer severely by the hostile fire from the houses along the way and are almost inclined to retreat. But they succeed in placing artillery in another square, that of *Santi Catalena*, not far from the market, and demolish one barricade. Upon this the sharpshooters pick off the officers until there is absolutely none left to command, and the artillery retreat in disorder.

A second attack follows, for the government forces are confident of easy victory, but they are soon convinced to the contrary. A bravo meets the colonel of the first advancing regiment, and discharges a revolver into his face. Irregular firing then begins from the houses on all sides, and a second retreat follows. Yet the same columns finally rally and get possession of the telegraph offices, not far from the Bourse, from thence they traverse the streets behind the market under an appalling fire from windows and from the roofs. They succeed in occupying one or two of these streets, but soon find themselves besieged instead of besiegers, as the Republicans have shut them in on every side.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

The Nine Day's Fight in Valencia — Alamenos and the Bombardment — The Insurgents and their Tactics — Departure of the Consul — Picturesque and Romantic Episode — An Interrupted Breakfast — Meeting of the Brothers — The End of the Struggle — Scenes in the Market-place — In the Cathedral after the Battle — Castelar and his Endeavor for Liberty — Spanish Politics since 1869 — Spanish Characteristics — The Religious Passion Plays — The Sublime and the Ridiculous in Religion

THE third struggle, on the 8th of October, occurs when six companies attempt to occupy the theatres and to approach the market. The seventh detachment, consisting of two hundred men, comes up an hour afterwards, — the artillery firing over them, — to carry by assault two barricades in the small streets leading into the market. The battle continues after dark, and is horrible. Seventy-five or eighty soldiers are killed during the last half-hour, and this awakening the authorities to the fact that resistance to the death is determined on, they draw off the badly cut-up troops, and concentrate them during the night at ten different points, four of which are in the immediate neighborhood of the Fonda de Paris and a fifth, the Fonda itself. It is said that there were eight hundred soldiers killed in the first day's fighting.

This may be exaggerated, although the American consul thought he could verify it. The 9th brings no fighting, but irregular firing all day, the troops being too much disorganized to move. On the 10th councils are sent to Alicante and to Madrid to demand reinforcements, and the slaughter by the firing from both sides is kept up irregularly until evening, when large reinforcements arrive. On the 11th forces pour in by steamers and march over the

broken rail routes. They are fought desperately on the outskirts of the city, and there is much slaughter. The 12th, 13th, and 14th see no actual encounter, but on the night of the 12th a party of daring Republicans having attempted a surprise, they are fallen on and massacred. On the 14th Alamenos receiving extensive reinforcements, is ready for the reduction of the city. Then comes the Peace Commission on the 15th, as alluded to.

Sixty officers were killed in the seven days before our arrival, and many of them were great losses to the Spanish army. Prim's volunteers and one or two other fine regiments were badly cut up. I saw, after the surrender, a group of them pointing out the ambushade where several of their comrades had been killed. And we had arrived at the ninth day of this terrible episode of civil war.

All night the insurgents watch in the barricades, all night the soldiers sleep on their arms. Alamenos has got the telegraph working to Madrid, and its temporary station erected in a bull-ring, and receives news that fresh troops will be on hand in the morning. New pleas for caution come from the timid Cortes in Madrid, but the generals now announce as sure to take place at ten o'clock on the ninth day, if surrender is not accomplished by that time, the bombardment

which was threatened when we arrived. We can now go on our balconies with little fear, hostilities are by mutual consent suspended after sunset. The rough mountaineers throw themselves on the sands and sleep, and the soldiers of the government are only too glad of respite. An odor of dead bodies is perceptible on the night air. For eight days the streets have not been cleaned, and in many places bodies are lying in heaps as they fell. Now and then a strange light flares up the sky over towards the market-place. It comes from some burning house fired by the troops. In the pale moonlight we sometimes catch a gleam of the white folds of a flag of truce, preceding a load of household stores, sometimes a white-bonneted sister of charity glides by, bearing a heavy bundle of lint and bandages. In the *plaza* the old captain-general sits, near the fountain, smoking, and earnestly discussing the situation with a few officers.

We sleep soundly that night, even the tramp of soldiers through the corridors does not awaken us. Morning dawns, fiery-red, warm, almost sunless. At seven we look out. As far as we can see, nothing but compact masses of soldiers. The commotion is intense. Ah! there is the British flag, upheld by the English consul. The English residents are leaving the town in procession, under a flag of truce. The consul shakes the captain-general's hand, and bids him farewell. Presently come the women and children. Each one bears those of their household possessions which they can ill-afford to leave behind. By and by the French consul comes to our hotel for the delegation of Frenchmen who wish to leave. The bombardment is to begin in half an hour. From the bank opposite, officers look out and direct their men. Bugles sound everywhere.

The deadly street is vacant once more. Flags of truce now appear, and it is apparent that a paucity is going to be held.

Crash! a tremendous volley breaks from the barricade. Suddenly several prisoners are brought into the square, and kicked brutally along towards the prison. It is eight o'clock, and the first flag of truce is to be sent to the barricades. An officer commands a soldier to go forward with the white emblem of conciliation. The man hesitates. "*Avant!"*" (Go on!), says the officer, striking him with his sword-hilt. At last the man moves. A bullet whizzes past him still he goes on. He is met half-way up the street by a tall, swarthy youth with coal-black flowing hair. The two wind the flag, which is a sheet, around their shoulders, and thus insurgent and besieger, with true Spanish sense of the graceful and æsthetic, come back together to the square.

The rebel bows gracefully to the officers, listens to the terms proposed, — "surrender without conditions," — unwinds himself out of the sheet, and turns on his heel to go back. As soon as he reaches the barricade defiance in flame and bullets bursts from the rifles of the men.

Another truce, and now it is again announced that if surrender is not effected at ten o'clock bombardment will be continued until every stone is blown from every barricade. At the same time a charge of five thousand troops is arranged to come up through each street. The thunder in the market-place grows louder and louder.

We wait anxiously until ten. The insurgents are now firing round shot, and chips of stone, heavy enough for two men to lift, fly from the Valencian Bank's handsome front. Despite these formidable missiles the fat old sub-com-

mandant walks across the street, shielding his belt so that the rebels cannot see it, buttoning his coat, and waving another white flag. It seems almost as if we were the besieged.

But the sappers and miners, although we do not know it, are getting into the town's centre, and if we could get news in our hostelry, we should learn that eight hundred or one thousand insurgents have already fled. Alamenos, therefore, counsels his artillery-men to have patience. At eleven an attack is organized in our square, and just as we are wild with excitement, in anticipation of a battle under our very noses, there is a knock at our door. Are we to be compelled to fly?

No, indeed! It is the cheeky little French landlord, pen in hand, saying, "Gentlemen, breakfast is ready."

In the barricaded dining-room one window is open, and through it we see at least one thousand soldiers crowding through a big hole. We snatch some bread and wine, and rush back to our rooms to hear and see what we may. A wild rush of soldiers, a sound like rapid hammering on some hollow substance, are followed by cheers too temulous to be inspiring, but rather husky, and, horrified, we look out at the risk of our heads. The charge is over: the soldiers have vanished up a side street. They could not take the barricade in front. Six men there could keep six hundred at bay, and the bloody litters coming back testify to the steadiness of the aim of those mountaineers who boast that they can kill a pigeon with a rifle-ball.

Again a lull. One, two, three o'clock! At least twenty flags of truce have been exchanged. Why does not the bombardment begin in earnest? All at once, as the hour of four approaches, there is a simultaneous rush of people

and soldiers from the square. The sun-burnt fellows in the windows opposite us brandish their guns with Spanish enthusiasm. Can it be that the town has surrendered? The barricade is covered with soldiers, but they are not fighting. Heaven and earth cannot keep the curiosity of mortals suppressed in such a case. We rush downstairs. The insurgents at the barricade have surrendered,—conditions, that they be allowed to go free, and the soldiers are knocking down the stones with the butts of their muskets. We go out and are borne along in the press, reaching the spot which, twenty minutes before, five thousand soldiers could not have faced. A rare and dramatic incident, not without its frequent parallel in our own civil war, is the cause of surrender here. The soldiers make the attack, and are falling rapidly, when the leader of the insurgents hears a familiar voice. He leaps forward and stands amid the whistling bullets. His brother, whom he has not seen for eight years, is calling to him. That brother's voice brings the black-haired insurrectionist to the ground outside the barricade. He leaps among the soldiers, clasps his brother in his arms, and weeps and laughs by turns. The insurgents stand irresolute, and the key-note of the siege and surrender of Valencia has been struck. The government soldier tells his brother, captain of the insurgents, to withdraw his men and they shall all go free. "I myself," says he, with a charming lack of discipline, "will respond for their liberty." The two brothers, arm in arm, sit down upon the curb-stone to look each other in the face, and to recover their senses.

The word that the outer barricade has surrendered has passed up into the town, yet there is a violent resistance at the next one beyond. When we reach it,

at half-past four, the soldiers are building fires to burn out the blood-stains. Carefully we go round corners, where a few moments before we had heard firing, only to see the proud Republican peasants marching away with their heads erect, and their rifles tightly grasped in their hands. At times that day the market-place of Valencia had been a hell upon earth. At five in the afternoon we are standing among the insurgents in its centre, and not a shot is fired. The Exchange is filled with temporary prisoners, who can hardly be persuaded to lay down their arms, but as fast as they do deliver them up the soldiers take them, and pile them in the cellars of the strongest houses. The mountaineers are not to be urged to surrender their rifles, as they might renew the struggle if pressed too hard for conditions. The grand old church of San Juan is frightfully scared and torn. The huge portal over the statue of the Virgin is rent almost in twain. The scattered trees in the market-place are cut in two. A wooden building is as full of holes as a sieve. The great fountain is almost ruined. There are ten or fifteen barricades in a straight line through the place. The streets radiating from it are very narrow, and each one is doubly and treble fortified. It seems as if no force could have ever taken the position without first destroying the town by shell.

The citizens, so long imprisoned, those in the centre not having been able to fly from the expected bombardment, run to and fro. The first thought of the insurgents seems to be for food. They almost crush the bakers who dare to open their shops. Many soldiers share their rations with them. How the insurgents managed to live for nine days is a mystery. Soldiers pulling down the

stones on the barricades have their mouths filled with bread.

At an angle in the market-place is a little street where a sharp corner had been availed of as a chance for a very high barricade. Peering through a rent in it I see a most affecting scene: an old man, neatly dressed, is standing in the midst of the insurgents, who have just thrown down their arms, clasping the hands of a slight boy, whose face is pale with excitement. Around the boy's head is wound a red handkerchief. On the ground lies a huge cavalry revolver, to which the boy is pointing with excited gestures. The old man is crazy to get his loved one—son, or ward, or employé—out of the horrible place, and urges him to retire, while the little fellow insists upon lingering to tell the story of his battle.

Blood runs afresh in the market-place, but it is now from the butchers' cleavers. Half-starved people surround the stands in the meat-market, and stalwart fellows slay, and cut, and cut again, until they are exhausted. "On Sunday," says the merchant accompanying us, "the same insurrectionists who have fought here will come in market-carts to offer their farm produce at the high price caused by the insurrection."

I have dwelt thus upon this nine days' insurrection in Valencia, because it is in a certain way typical of all the civil struggles which occur in Spain, in its picturesque features, but also because it is entitled to a place in history, as being founded upon a vigorous protest against kingship. It was too full of dignity at its outbreak to be considered as a mere riot, and too grand and thrilling towards its close to be called even a battle. There were more than one thousand people killed during the nine days' fighting, and three times that

number seriously wounded. The *Repub-
licanos* quite astonished the Monarchists,
who fancied that they could so easily
reestablish what they consider the natu-
ral order of things after the uprising of
1868. These simple peasants awed and
astonished the constitutional govern-

ments can never be forgotten. Alamenos
could have crushed them with bombs,
but he could never have taken the town
so long as they remained alive. Their
protest over, they withdrew with that
dignity which is one of the imposing
elements in the Spanish character. On



MOUNTAIN MEN GOING HOME AFTER THE SIEGE

ment. They neither sacked nor wantonly
injured the beautiful Valencian mansions,
some of which are almost fairy-like in
their gorgeous splendor, with fronts of
alabaster, carved in ornate and fantastic
designs, and with marble, jasper, por-
phyry, precious or costly stones, in their
interior decorations. As a sublime
democratic protest against monarchy of
any hue the struggle of these Valen-

the morning after the surrender we saw
regiments marching into the mountains,
and were told that great numbers of
arrests would be made. But we fancied
that our lively friends, who had done so
well behind the barricades, would know
how to get out of the reach of Alamenos
and his men when their feet were on
their native heaths.

Castelar was not discouraged at the

failure of the revolution which he had been instrumental in fomenting. A brief sketch of his political career and of Spanish politics from those wild days of 1869 until the advent of Alfonso may not be out of place here. Castelar continued to sit in the Cortes, where he was one of the most formidable members of the opposition to the reactionary policy of the Regent Serrano. In the troubles which came upon France in consequence of her indiscreet interference in the candidature of the Prince Leopold Von Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain, Castelar manifested his Republican sympathies in the most straightforward and uncompromising manner. When he heard of the revolution which broke out in Paris after the fall of Sedan, and which resulted in the declaration of the Republic, he drew up and signed with the Republican minority in the Cortes an address which was sent to the government of National Defense, saluting in it the triumph of law and the inauguration of a new era of peace and liberty for all Europe. In the following October he even went to Tours, where Gambetta and Garibaldi had arrived nearly worn out after their desperate endeavors to organize the defence in the South. At Tours Castelar made a great speech, assuring the French of the sympathy of Republican Spain. Like Victor Hugo he has always cherished the dream of a federal union, a United States of Europe, which is not likely to be realized in our time, and he amplified his notion of this union in the speech at Tours. He was one of the strongest opponents to the candidacy of Amadeo of Italy for the Spanish throne, and after Amadeo's election, and during the two years of his reign, he vigorously attacked the policy of Serrano and Sagasta. It was during this interruption of the Republic, on the

21st of December, 1872, that Castelar made his great speech in favor of the abolition of slavery in the Spanish possessions. This, and his address on the liberty of public worship, mentioned elsewhere, are enough to make any orator's memory immortal.

In 1873 the Republic had a second triumph. King Amadeo abdicated, and Republican institutions were proclaimed by a great majority in the Cortes. The ministry in which Castelar held the portfolio of foreign affairs was at once named. From this time forward until the last days of 1874 Castelar and his followers seemed likely, as the result of the vigorous revolutions of 1868 and 1869, definitely to graft Republican institutions upon the Spanish nation. The year of 1873 was highly encouraging to Liberals throughout the country. A counter-revolution was prepared with much dexterity, but it was thwarted by the vigor of the Republicans. Castelar repeatedly risked his own life by his courageous intervention in tumultuous public gatherings. In the spring of 1873 he had laid before the country the programme, and in this programme the ministry declared for complete decentralization, suppression of Church and State, the abolition of slavery, modification of the abuses in recruiting in the army, and improvement of the administration of justice. Castelar and his colleagues then resigned, believing that they could be of more use as simple deputies, and a Federal Republic was shortly afterwards proclaimed, after new elections had brought into power a thoroughly representative body of Spanish Liberals.

Shortly after this the new Republic was overwhelmed with troubles. The Radicals came forward with the most extravagant propositions, and seemed likely to throw the nation into anarchy.

A Carlist invasion in the north, and a Communistic rising in the south, the disorganization of the army and an almost bankrupt condition of the treasury, discouraged all but Castelar, who had meantime become President of the Cortes, and who, anxious to save the Republic, allowed himself to be made Dictator. He did for Spain in a few short months what Gambetta did for France in the trying days of the autumn of 1870. Out of the complete chaos he organized an army of nearly one hundred thousand men, he reestablished military discipline, and punished with the greatest severity all breaches of army law. By a wise and just system of taxation he managed to reestablish the public funds, and it is remarkable that he did not get into debt a single penny, yet found what money was wanted on better terms than was ever obtained by the luckiest ministers of preceding monarchs. It is scarcely necessary to say here that it was entirely due to his political cleverness that war with the United States was avoided at the time of the *Tenquius* affair. All the time that he was harassed and weighed down with a thousand details of military and civil administration he had also carefully to watch the intrigues and menacing movements of the Serrano party, which was already moving heaven and earth to put the son of Doña Isabel upon the throne. He went on with wonderful skill, and might have been in power now, had it not been for his own generosity. His desire to rally to the government of the Republic all Liberals, without distinction of party, made him the antagonist of Salmeron, who had meantime become the President of the Cortes, and on the 2d of January, 1874, Castelar found himself among the members of the minority. He at once resigned, and the next day came General

Pavia, with his *coup d'État*, a weak and detestable imitation of the original crime of the same species in France. The Deputies were expelled from the Chamber, and Marshal Serrano and his political friends took power into their own hands, to do with it as they saw fit. Castelar went back to private life with the profound conviction that the Republic must wait a new opportunity, as he saw that political wisdom had not yet been developed in the peninsula.

Towards the close of 1874 he had numerous interviews with Sagasta, who, as minister, had much influence, and who seemed to favor the idea of founding in Spain a conservative Republic on the basis proposed in France. But then came the revolution of December, 1874, the proclamation of Alfonso XII as King of Spain, and Castelar, disgusted and disheartened, gave his resignation as professor in the University of Madrid, and departed from Spain on a long journey. But in 1876 he stepped back into the political arena, and was elected to the Cortes from the independent and democratic city of Barcelona.

His programme, then given in his speech to the voters of Barcelona, is as far from fulfilment in Spain to-day as it would have been a quarter of a century ago. "I wish," said the great orator, "an organization of the State, in close harmony and intimate relation with liberty and democracy. I demand the fundamental rights of humanity, universal suffrage, the incontestable basis of all democratic government, complete religious liberty with its immediate consequences, national instruction, and the State independent of every Church, re-establishment of the institution of trial by jury, and the faithful practice of the laws as they are written down."

At Valencia, as at Barcelona and To-

ledo and numerous other Spanish cities, religious mystery plays and processions form one of the chief amusements of the populace. In the principal theatres of Valencia, the "Passion of Christ" is annually performed. The passion combines reverential treatment of sacred subjects and common-place dramatic effects in the most peculiar manner. The curtain rises on a scene loaded with Arabic decorations. Magdalene is disclosed combing her long tresses, looking at herself in a silver mirror, and soliloquizing upon her affection for the Saviour. Suddenly Judas enters and tells her of his love for her. She repels him in the most ignominious fashion. Judas departs furious, crying out that he will have revenge. At this point a few of the native spectators warn Judas to desist, or they will come upon the stage and punish him. The scene changes. The Saviour is seen bidding his mother adieu. Mary is overcome by a presentiment of danger, and urges him to remain with her. But the curtain opens at the back of the stage, and discloses the purgatory filled with choristers representing the spirits of the condemned bewailing their sad fate. "Mother, these souls suffer unutterable anguish," are the words of the Saviour, "I must deliver them."

All the phases of the final passion succeed in regular order and are often portrayed with rough, realistic vigor. The flagellation is sometimes so alarmingly real in appearance that the mountaineers menace with death those who are applying the scourges. So serious and reverent are the lookers-on that they refuse to be startled from their equanimity, even when they see St John at the wings wearing a clouch hat to protect

his head from draughts, or when they are told that Magdalene rolls cigarettes behind the scenes and chats with the dancing-gulls. Sometimes the most monstrous absurdities occur upon the stage. In the tableau of the Resurrection, one evening, in a Valencia theatre, the figure of the risen Redeemer, as it passed through the air, toppled over, and hung head downwards, until the person filling the rôle was nearly suffocated. This passion has such an excitable effect upon the populace that the bishops of Barcelona and Madrid forbade, at one time, its representation in their cities. Old women would spit upon the ground with rage when Judas appeared upon the scene, and if the poor artist were recognized on the street any night after the performance he ran serious risk of being torn in pieces.

On the festival day of St Vicente, patron of Valencia, the tradesmen organize lay processions in his honor, and the young people of the upper classes erect platforms in the open air, upon which tableaux, showing the principal events in the life of the holy man, are given. Every hundredth year witnesses one of the grandest festivals of the Roman Church in St Vicente's honor. Even the materials of the ecclesiastical treasury are exhibited in the narrow Valencian streets. Twelve stout fellows carry a heavy cross, which they are strictly enjoined not to set down. If, overcome with fatigue, they disobey this injunction, they are fined, and the cross then belongs to the church upon whose parish soil it falls. Gigantic figures of St Christopher bearing the child Jesus upon his shoulder, of Methuselah, and of numerous other saints and worthies of holy wit, fill the ranks of this pageant.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Ten Years After. — Kingship Reestablished in Spain — Going to a Royal Wedding — The French Gate of the Sea — Marseilles — Commencement of the Pestilence — Napoleon III and Marcellus — Barcelona — The Catalonian People — From Barcelona to Valencia — A Retrospect — A Spanish Bishop — Tortosa — In the Beautiful South — In the Market-place of Valencia — Out of the World into Church

I LITTLE thought, when witnessing these numerous protests against the reestablishment of royalty in Spain, that the very question of monarchical restoration would be the indirect cause of the greatest war of modern times, and that the son of Doña Isabel would come to the throne from which his mother had been compelled to flee in 1868. With the vanishing of youth go a host of cherished illusions, and the reaction, which I should have thought impossible in 1869, seemed to me, at least, explicable in 1879. It so happened that, exactly ten years after witnessing the great insurrection in Valencia, I found myself once more in that battle-scarred old town, on the way to witness the second wedding of young King Alfonso, at the court where he has so peacefully maintained himself despite the revolutions in the south, and the Carlists' wars in the north, since the wise men interfered, as they said, in the interests of order, and placed him on the throne in Madrid. History had been made with great rapidity in Spain during the decade just flown; but the greater events north of the Pyrenees had dwarfed the Carlists' campaigns, and the Andalusian revolts, so that they seemed of small interest to the European public. Yet progress had been made. Hundreds of monasteries and nunneries had been closed. In Barcelona and other seaports there was a new

commerce was springing up vigorously, and defied even the most crushing taxation of the monarchy to keep it down. Bands of English engineers were exploring the mountain chains, in which lay hidden such a rich store of minerals; for Spain is the treasure-house of the future, and every man, woman, and child within her limits might be rich if they were blessed with systematic industry. The Carlists had been literally laughed out of existence. Then beggarly exchequer, and the protracted nature of their important campaigns had been powerful aids to the then little army which King Alfonso had at his disposal. The Republic had come into view four or five times, and had gone back again into obscurity, because of the excesses of its disciples. So I was compelled, in my southward journey, in 1879, to pocket my illusions, and to confess that, for the present, Spain seemed wedded to monarchy, to Catholicism, and to the indolence which has long been her curse.

I went down from Paris to Marseilles, and thence to Barcelona, that I might on the way to Madrid travel across the great stretch of country lying between Barcelona and Valencia, the country over which young Hannibal tramped with his forces many a time, and which offers some of the most striking contrasts in scenery to be found in Europe. The whole journey from Paris to Madrid by

this roundabout route is a series of picturesque and delightful surprises. Perhaps there is no change more striking in France than that between the northern plains on which Paris stands, surrounded by gently rolling hills, and the wild country of the Midi. Six hundred miles from the French capital one is in a land which seems to have felt but little, if at all, the modern influence. These vast flats, covered with diminutive olive-trees waving their shaggy tufts of leaves violently beneath the rude caresses of the Mistral, and these ancient towns, hemmed in by walls which must have been built long before Columbus discovered America, these hills, covered with ruined castles and strongholds,—are all part of a past, that appears to have been invaded by no features of the present, except the railroad, which is a kind of anachronism. The olive-orchards, the old cement mills, the wine-presses, and the quaint silk and ceramic factories, are the only evidence of trade, yet the populations must trade busily, for the thickness with which the population is sown through certain sections of this southern France is quite wonderful. Every five minutes the rapid train passes through towns of ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or twenty thousand inhabitants,—towns where not a building has been erected perhaps for hundreds of years, where the inhabitants consider a cathedral of the fourteenth or fifteenth century as new. The route passes ancient Valence, where sat the famous political council in 1563, where Pius VI. died, and where a certain youth, known as Napoleon Bonaparte, completed his military education. Valence is full of memories of the Protestants, and the valiant way in which they defended their principles in the old days, and not very far away is L'Avon, which deserves a commemorative poem.

In the good old story of 1572, Henry III. besieged the town of L'Avon, which the Protestants had with-
drawn, after having given the king an uncommonly good thrashing in a battle not far from that point. Henry summoned Montbrun to surrender; but the latter sent forth a refusal almost as contemptuous as the reputed response of Cambronne at Waterloo. So the royal and Catholic army sat down before the citadel of L'Avon, and was just beginning to think that the Protestants would come out with ropes about their necks, would acknowledge that they had been very naughty and mutinous, and would solicit the favor of being executed in the presence of the king, when it was surprised to see the said Protestants charging down upon it; and before it could recover from its astonishment it had been very thoroughly walked over twice or thrice. This made the Catholic besiegers angry, and they assaulted in their turn. Then Montbrun, to show that he feared them not at all, when he had repulsed their attack, came out with fifty chosen men, and, sword in hand, these gallant fifty-one chased back to their tents the armies of Henry III. The siege had begun in June of 1574; it lasted with but little intermission until January of 1575, when the beaten and humiliated Henry withdrew his forces.

On every hand, up and down the length and breadth of the *Midi*, from the charming coast where the rugged and many-colored rocks are bathed by purple and blue and violet water, to the steep plains and teeming vineyards in the almost section, are interesting historical memorials. The term "*Midi*" is in the north indefinitely applied to the whole southern portion of France; but the inhabitants of the south are as proud of their local divisions as our own American people is

the people of Provence are noted for their devotedness to their fair land. Tell them of the delights and wonders of the great capital, and they point to their orange-groves, their aurore roses, their myrtles, their palm-trees towering high in air, their blue hills clad in garments of vapor, their rich earth, from which springs with tropical abundance such variety of fruits, and they say that the Parisians have none of these. The Marseillais is confident that here is no city so beautiful, so bewitching, as his own.

Marseilles is a huge, cosmopolitan, industrious, vigorous city, offering the strongest and strangest contrast to the deep Spanish and Italian towns easily reached from it. The Cannelière, the principal promenade, is crowded all day long with thousands of men, women, and children, but no one seems really idle. This is the French gate of the sea. On the majestic quays one sees Arabs, Nubians, Greeks, Turks, and the motley and speckled peoples of the Orient. No one turns to stare at them. In Paris a black Mollah, in a gown of bedtick, would be gazed at for hours; in Marseilles he passes unnoticed. Paris possesses nothing finer than the Rue de la République in Marseilles. It is a veritable avenue of palaces, and sweeps majestically over the brow of a fine hill. On the front of the Exchange, fitly situated near the water, which brings Marseilles her wealth, the prows of galleys are sculptured in marble, and remind one of the origin of the town. How little did the old Phœnicians fancy, when they were prowling along this coast in their galleys, that one day the Atlantic colony, which they were here to found, would become the chief seaport of a rich and powerful nation! These Phœnicians started on their expedition with obedience

to the oracle of Ephesus, six hundred years before the birth of Christ. Commerce has been going on in the port ever since that time; but all the great improvements have been made within the last sixty years, and it is astonishing to note what has been done in that time. In 1850 the basins and docks covered a space of little more than sixty acres, to-day they spread over three times that area. Liverpool, Antwerp, Marseilles, and Genoa strive for commercial supremacy in Europe. Marseilles will not be last in the race. Its warehouse frontage is enormous, those of London and New York alone are larger. From this port goes forth the great fleet of the *Messageries Maritimes*, which possesses fifty-six steamers, sailing to almost every important point in the East, and four other great companies own seventy-five first-class sea-going steamships. The Mediterranean and eastern seas are covered with craft, plying from Marseilles, and every sunset sees a dozen bows which have been washed by the surges of the Orient grating against the quays. China, South America, and all the Mediterranean ports pour their riches into the lap of Marseilles. Italy, Spain, Algeria, and Corsica are almost dependent upon her. Cereals, oils, silks, and alcohol lie packed in the enormous warehouses.

Marseilles is, of course, Republican. All the great cities of France are; but there are reactionary elements at work there all the time. The church has a feeble hold in the city. Until a comparatively recent epoch the city had no church of any considerable dimensions. The great revolution swept away all of the principal ones, and they were never rebuilt. The women are still scrupulous in their observance of Catholic form, but the mass of the men pay no attention to

the formulas of the church. Perhaps we must except the fishermen, who I believe fancy themselves under the protection of "Our Lady of Lagarde," who has a handsome church on such a conspicuous hill that it serves as a landmark for the home-coming seamen. From this hill one can look out miles over the vari-colored sea, and over the hills surrounding Marseilles, hills where vineyards and olive-gardens are interspersed with tracts of wretched deserts, fit only for the habitation of the horrid swine that one sees trotting about them.

Napoleon III. was fond of Marseilles, and built there a vast prefecture, which is a local wonder, like Monte-Cristo and the Cannabière. The prefecture is in the correct and monotonous style of the Second Empire. Large and fine avenues, bordered with beautiful trees, radiate from it in every direction.

The northerner in these southern lands will never tire of studying the populations. The singing workmen and the chattering and laughing Provençal maidens, with eyes like sloes, and hair like the raven's wing, and the tawny Italians, who have come to Marseilles in search of the work which they cannot find at home,—are all interesting. The Provençal language, when one listens to it from a short distance, sounds so much like English, with the inflection which is given to it in America, that he involuntarily turns his head when he hears it, expecting to be hailed by an acquaintance or to recognize his own national type. Full of Greek and Latin, this sonorous and musical language, when well spoken, by cultivated people, has a grace which must be denied to the French with its staccato note and to the Spanish with its collection of hisses and gutturals.

Marseilles pays great attention to the rules of health to-day, because she has had several terrible lessons in the past. The pest came in the old times, none knew how or whence, and smote the population with dreadful force in 1720 and 1721. It fell upon Marseilles, and did not depart until it had made eighty thousand victims. It is supposed that the plague was originally brought in an eastern vessel, but this was never proved. It was even the custom to bury the dead in the vaults of the churches, and this deplorable habit contributed to spread the disease. The Bishop of Marseilles was visiting at the Court in Versailles, when the news of the outbreak of the plague reached him in a note conceived as follows, and preserved in the archives of the city: "Monseigneur,—The flock calls its shepherd. God has chastised Marseilles. The pest is slaying us. The rich have fled. The poor are dying. The desolation is general. People believe that they see in the air the angel which slew with the plague the legions of Sennacherib. Come, and die with us."

The heroic bishop left the Court at midnight to escape the objections to his departure which he knew would be made by the dissolute monarch of the time. He travelled twelve days, with relays of horses, and on the evening of the thirteenth day he reached Marseilles. The city was indeed desolate. The galley-slaves had been mustered to clear away the corpses which encumbered the streets. People were dying by hundreds, on the very thresholds of their houses. A kind of leprosy was in the air. The bishop marched into the church, where lay the unburied dead, and celebrated high mass. Confidence returned to the cowards who had run away, when they learned that their pastor was in the city,

and people came back. The bishop ordered mass to be celebrated a few days thereafter in the open air in the very midst of the plague, and the church brought forth all its splendours for the occasion. The bells of the convents rang; the cannon of the forts thundered, and, when the *Deus in Adjutorium* was intoned, eighty thousand voices took up the chorus. For weeks thereafter the bishop, bareheaded and with cross in hand, went about, adjuring the people to be courageous, and, proper measures having been taken, the plague soon died entirely away, and for more than a century and a half the authorities of Marseilles have taken almost infinite precautions against the return of the dreaded visitor.

The park of the Prado is one of the loveliest in Europe. It is rather an avenue than a park, yet partakes of the character of both. Noble trees border it, and from any point on the promenade one may look around on exquisite villas, Italian in architecture, or densely wooded hills, over which a bluish vapor seems perpetually to hover; or on naked summits of rock; or on ancient convents, tranquil amid their groves; or on *bustides*, as the country-seats are called, and, finally, on the magic surface of the southern sea.

From Marseilles I went straight to Barcelona, where I found the Catalans but little interested in the royal festivities soon to occur in Madrid. The landlord at the principal hotel shrugged his shoulders, and said he knew nothing about the king's wedding, and I was informed that the railways did not find it worth their while to organize excursion trains from Barcelona to the capital for the wedding. A queer character is the Catalan of the fields, with his rough dialect, his contempt for everything

outside his native province. But the city people are by no means rough or ignorant. Barcelona seems to give the lie to the assertion that Spain alone, of all European countries, refuses to be modernized. On every hand are springing up beautiful promenades and stately streets around the ancient Barcelona's labyrinthine alleys and obscure lanes. The exquisite leafy Rambla, the grand central street of Barcelona, is one of the prettiest sights in the world on a sunshiny winter Sunday morning, when the yellow leaves of the sycamores seem like a golden canopy over the thousands of men and women promenading with Spanish insurance. The shop-keeping element is, of course, prominent in a commercial seaport like Barcelona, but the people are renowned for the elegance of their dress and their manners. A delicacy of taste, which is one of the praiseworthy qualities of the Spanish character, is observable in the deportment of the soft-voiced gulls, dressed in black, with the traditional lace veils adjusted carefully upon their glossy heads as they accompany their mammas home from the morning service at some one of the many churches. The whole extent of the Rambla, from the water-side to the Saragossa railway station, resembles, at noon on a Sunday, a vast *salon*, in which all classes of society are represented. On either side of the broad avenue run paved streets, lined with immensely high, solid houses containing the principal hotels and shops of the quarter. Soldiers are a frequent sight in the large cities of Spain. The soldier, the priest, and the *gendarme*, are like the poor in these sunshiny lanes, — you have them always with you. The Sunday parade brings together in Barcelona two or three thousand soldiers, dressed in admirably fitting uniforms of

blue coats, red trousers, and green gloves, and these defenders of the monarchy are always marshalled by handsome officers. The sellers of lottery tickets, and itinerant vendors of almost every useless object conceivable, are the pests of the stranger in Barcelona. The clubs, the great Liceo Theatre, said to be the largest in the world, and the superb plan for municipal improvements, are worth careful attention from the traveller. The citizens of Barcelona have had the best features of Vienna and Paris mapped out in an unoccupied space in the most beautiful outlying district of the city. But it will take half a century and a population of one million to bring Barcelona anywhere near the level of the plan. The Athenæum Club of Barcelona has a thousand members, chosen from the liberal professions. No Spanish city has more inducements as an agreeable place of residence for a few months to those who wish mild winter weather. The climate is singularly soft and free from sudden changes. The last leaf does not flutter down to the ground until mid-December, and the trees are green again almost before one has noticed the absence of leaves.

But I have not space to tell you all the curiosities of Barcelona: the strange old cathedral, with its three vast naves and its subterranean chapel of wonderful richness of design and ornament; the mansions of the Diputación, built in the sixteenth century, and enriched with many of Fortuny's masterpieces; or the great rambling square on which the Exchange stands, or the great fountain, around which are grouped statues representing the cities of northern Spain. A striking effect in the cathedral is produced by the subdued and many-colored lights which fall

through the stained-glass windows upon the hundreds of worshippers, kneeling at early morning in one of the central aisles under soft tints, which seem to tremble down upon them like benedictions.

It is a far cry from Barcelona to Valencia, and I travelled thither in company with a tall and stately Spanish bishop, who in the country of proverbially handsome men would readily pass for one of the finest specimens. He was accompanied by an elderly lady, with a slightly apparent beard, who was evidently his sister. Had this priest been an army officer he would have broken a hundred hearts before he gained his retiring pension. But there was no trace of worldliness in his calm and serene countenance, or in the deep black eyes, from which shone a softened spiritual light. Everything about his person bespoke an aristocratic gentility, completely at the service of the church. His shapely form was encased in a black silk gown, which descended to his plain shoes, and I could only now and then catch a gleam of a fine silk stocking, as he moved. A low linen collar and a black clerical band were the only ornaments at his neck. On his head he wore a small skull-cap, which left bare a rich expanse of brow, with but few wrinkles upon it. His lips were thin, and his speech was refined. I fancied that this was not at all the type of a man whom Philip II would have liked to have had near him. The fanatical monarch would have banished him from his presence, and would have replaced him by some one of sterner, fiercer type. I imagined, too, that my fellow-traveller, the bishop, would have been shocked, rather than offended or angered, if some light-headed free-thinker had attacked him in conversation, endeavoring to prove to him

that the church is doomed to decay. This bishop was certainly one of those who are firm in the faith. For him the beautiful forms of madonnas, saints, and martyrs, the sonorous chants of monkish choirs, and the incense-laden interiors of immense cathedrals, were profoundly touching, and represented realities from which no weak human assertion or argument could detract. I would have given much to have heard his opinion on socialism, nihilism, and a dozen other isms now making their blind way through this world. I am sure that his statements would have been deliberate and gentle, devoid of wrath, and the fruit of honest conviction. If he had been told that he and his were standing obstacles to modern progress in Spain I am confident that he would have answered, with a winning smile, that progress must bow before the immutable, omnipresent, all-powerful church. I was so interested in the bishop that I forgot to look at Tarragona; but just beyond it there were exquisite bits of scenery: here and there, gardens through which soft breezes were blowing, ~~lastly~~ moving the leaves of the semi-tropical trees; bits of oriental green framed in rugged rock, a superb bridge, with its squat arch of red, standing out in fine relief against a brilliant background of green, — a bridge named, it is said, after the devil, although I suppose his grace, the bishop, would have been puzzled to tell me why the structure, which dates back to Hannibal, should be devoted to his Satanic majesty. How little the warriors who spurred up and down these fields with Hannibal dreamed that some day a demon with its belly full of steam would draw travellers across the lands from one city to another, in less time than it took them to go half a dozen leagues.

Southward and inward we went, across the fertile plains just below Tarragona, past villages nestling among vines and orange-groves, past wild almond-trees and mulberries, and now the villagers began to look more uncouth and savage than those between Barcelona and Tarragona. The men were clothed in linen trousers caught up at the knee, and their feet were encased in rawhide and straw sandals. For head-gear they wore only a handkerchief, colored and dirty. I recognized my old friends of ten years before, and the same types that I saw fighting behind the barricades in Valencia. Most of them carried knives in their belts and blankets slung over their shoulders. When they engage in a quarrel they either whip the blanket around their loins or over one arm, using it as a protector against the dreadful thrusts which all of them know how to give with the knife. The women are dressed as simply as the men, and sometimes wear so little clothing that it quite astonishes the stranger from more decorous regions.

At Tortosa I lost my companion, the bishop, a mighty crowd of black-frocked and rotund clerical gentry coming down and bearing him off most reverently to some Episcopal residence. The sister with the dimly perceptible beard occupied herself with the parcels, and the bishop departed with a sonorous "Farewell," which had all the unctuous flavor of a benediction.

The train passed through a stone-strewn plain, where grew scarcely herbage enough for the flocks; yet every mile or two were sheepfolds skilfully constructed of stone and earth, so that the fierce winds which sometimes rage there could not tear them down. As we left Tortosa we caught a glimpse of a long street, winding up a steep hill, and in

the middle of this avenue swept by the penetrating sun we saw three figures, which sum up the civilization of Spain. One was a soldier, the second a priest, and the third a peasant, looking enough like a bandit to have been garroted on suspicion. There were mysterious balconies protruding from still more mysterious houses, shady alley-ways, in which roses were growing in the open air, cool nooks, where the old women sat spinning, here and anon, in the kaleidoscopic vision that we had of Tortosa, before we were tumbled out of it into the open plain, and began to draw near to a rocky range of mountains.

Once past the mountains we were in the real south, where the fig, the olive, the vine, the orange, the almond, were common in the fields, in this soft December weather. The odor of orange-leaves perfumed the air, the delicate darkness seemed to heighten the value of the perfume, and to render the foliage even more bewitching than when distinctly seen. Here and there were superb estates, and near them lands lying as muck as they were two thousand years ago. The farm-houses and the adjoining buildings were all fortified and connected together in a manner which indicated that the country is not safe. At Saguntum, near the rather ugly modern town of Muviedro, we found several dozens of old women, who expected to sell us candles, with which to visit the Roman ruins by night. We declined to stop, and went on to Valencia, through beautiful vineyards and orange-orchards; and at ten o'clock, on a beautiful moonlight night, I was in Valencia. A period of ten years had in no way seemed to soften the horrors of the *terrors*, or native omnibus. I went out into the market-place and tried to picture to myself the scene which I had wit-

nessed. Oddly enough, Stanley was at this place exactly three years after the insurrection of 1869, and saw a second fight, much like that which we had seen together. That night I had visions of battle whenever the night-watchman, who insisted on passing every hour through the narrow street and yelling forth his protest that all was serene, would let me get a momentary nap. This wretched watchman, with lantern and spear in hand, ought to have been garroted for shrieking "*Las doce de la noche sereno.*" "Go home, you miserable wretch, and impale yourself upon your own spear," I cried to him in frenzy, but he shouted on.

Twelve o'clock, and all serene. Alas, yes! — serene in conscious servitude, in slavery to a youthful monarch, Valencia, the pretty city of the Cid Campeador, calmly wearing her chains. At last I went to sleep, and dreamed that the Cid came back to the world on his famous steed, and carried away young Alfonso XII and his palace on the point of his gigantic lance. About three o'clock an enterprising cock and a roasting watchman made a combined attempt on my slumbers, but this time I escaped the snare, and when I awoke it was broad daylight, and under my windows two children were singing sweetly.

In the morning I went through the market-place. The square in which ten years ago I had seen dead men lying, — the steam, as François Coppée says, in his "*Legend of Saragossa*," rising from their blood on the pavement, as the hot sun beat down upon it, — was now filled with almond-eyed, dark-haired rustic maidens, shielded under dirty-colored awnings, and announcing in their musical voices the excellence of their fruits and flowers which they were about to sell. From the

beleaguered one day and turned into a hospital the next, turned forth a current of nurse-maids carrying bright babies, and followed by anxious mothers, who had been attending some ceremony for the good of the most Catholic infants. How bright the babies are in this land of sunshine and politics! They totally disarrange one's theories about the race in decadence. Personal beauty of a robust, vigorous, and enduring type is as common in Spain as flowers in the hedge or birds in the thatches.

The cathedral was full of memories for me, for I had seen it ten years before, when the fighting had just ceased to rage around it, and when the wounded, with bandaged heads, were grouped against its yellow and ancient walls. I remembered how in the holy dimness I had seen a handsome young engineer, with pale face and huge moustache, kneeling in an attitude of intense thankfulness before the altar, doubtless stirred to his heart's core with thanksgiving because his life had been spared. I remembered the mountaineers strolling about the sacred door-ways with cigarettes at their lips, and their gleaming rifles in their hands.

I took off my hat, and went in. The old beggar woman squatting on the stones pulled back the leathern curtain, and held out her withered hand for charity. For a moment, after the sharp sunlight of the streets, the dimness was embarrassing to the vision, but presently my eyes became used to the place, and I saw that everything was as it had been for two or three centuries, that nothing had been changed in these ten years. The revolution had come and gone, but the church remained. The revolution had depopulated monasteries and convents, but there was no sign of disturbance. The old leathern cur-

tain fall behind me I had shut the nineteenth century completely out and away.

As I strolled up to the central *coro*, or vast church within a church, which is a peculiar feature of Spanish ecclesiastical edifices, and looked in through the opening, which was surrounded with sculptured angels, cardinals, popes, bishops, and cherubims, in lovely and somewhat incongruous confusion, I saw long rows of aged priests seated on carved benches, holding books open before them and singing praises unto the Lord, delivered in solemn refrain. On rolled the stately Latin, until my sense of rhythm was so excited that I could not stay from the spot. I tried to count the priests, but I could not, for in the far corner the shade was so deep that I could see nothing save now and then white hair glimmering indistinctly, or the momentary display of a wrinkled face, patient and serene. I wondered what these celibates, sitting in the artistic gloom of the cathedral, thought, if they thought at all, of insurrections and things political, of Alfonso's marriage, or the insidious workings of the Black Hand. How did the outer world impinge on their senses? I might have been speculating there until now, had not the round-voiced singing gradually died away, and the lights grown more and more dim, until it seemed as if the veteran chanters had melted into the incense-laden air. Presently two or three dignitaries, in trailing robes, came out of the obscurity, and, traversing the nave of the church, went away by the side doors, each courteously begging the other to precede him, with as much dignity and deference as would have been shown by two courtiers.

Why do not the mortal remains of the Cid lie in this old church? The town which he took, sword in hand, from the

Moors? The cathedral was not begun until more than a century after his death; but he should have had a niche here. The treasures of the cathedral are countless. There are few churches in the world which would so richly repay an invading army for pillaging its sacristy. Gold and silver, and marble and bronze, have been lavished upon it in such profusion that now and then the beggars in the streets must ask themselves why it is that the good God, who sent his Son down to earth to be born in a manger, needs so much luxury in his earthly biding-place, when they are, perforce, content with a crust of bread, onions for dessert, and more kicks than half-pence? This little visit to the cathedral in Valencia enabled me to appreciate more fully what Castelar said to me a few

days later, in Madrid. "No republic," said he, "however durable it might be, would be likely to interfere with the church in Spain."—"Our country," said Don Emilio, with solemnity, "is Catholic." And it is Catholic, because the sensuous temperament, which is so prominent in even the rudest of the Spaniards, cannot permanently escape from the enchantment of a religion so abounding in the picturesque and the impressive.

I had not promised to carry you to the royal wedding in this chapter, but we will now no longer loiter by the way. Come to Madrid, which is, in winter, in the midst of the desolate plains, a cold contrast to the warmth and gloom of Valencia and its enervating valleys.

CHAPTER NINE.

Madrid and its Gloom.—The Royal Wedding in 1879.—Queen Christina and King Alfonso.—The Puerta del Sol.—The Church of the Atocha.—Memories of Doña Isabel.—Royal Rejoicings.—An Interview with Castelar.—Gambetta and Castelar Compared

AFTER the laughing landscapes of southern Spain, the vistas of blue mountains, of plains filled with olive and pomegranate trees, and the superb gardens of Seville and Cordova, the barren hills and wind-swept plains near the Spanish capital are far from inspiring. The sparkling saying of John Hay, that "Madrid is a capital with malice aforethought," is unlike most epigrams, in this respect, that it is quite true. There is, too, a kind of ill-nature in the landscape about Madrid, one falls inevitably to thinking of the Inquisition and the cruel Spaniards of the older days. Here and there a monastery is perched on a crag, or rounded hill. A few suspicious-looking peasants stand huddled together, as if meditating an attack upon the train. Even the bulls grazing near the tracks lift their noble heads, and gaze at the passer-by with a kind of latent ferocity. At Aranjuez, where I arrived just at sunset after the journey from Valencia, there was a hint of modernism in the architecture, and the well-kept gardens and the view of the handsome summer palace of the kings of Spain called to mind the memorable occasion when the people went in noisy procession to that place, to greet the reigning monarch of that day of 1808—that is, of the last days of the Spanish monarchy in that period.

Very beautiful were the groves and the parks around Aranjuez. The yellow leaves—yes, the golden leaves, for in the brilliant November sunshine they seem tinged with gold—had fallen in great masses, and strewn the long tree-bordered alley-ways with carpets such as the hand of man could not rival. The valleys were filled with rich bouquets of foliage. The retreat seemed more like the abode of peace and philosophy than like a royal residence around which revolution has often raged. After Aranjuez the barrenness begins again, and the contrast is all the more striking because of the beautiful oasis which one has just quitted.

I found the Madrid railway-station crowded with gayly dressed officers and with duty omnibus-drivers. The former class was so occupied with saluting each other that it gave me no trouble; but the latter tribe was so aggressive that I was compelled to pay a passage through them, and to threaten as well as coax before I could ensure attention at a reasonable price, even for a first-class ticket. Presently, seated with a travelling companion, in one of the large four-seated coaches, which are numerous in Madrid, and are marked "*Servicio Público*," I found myself dashing at breakneck pace through muddy and irregularly paved streets. My vehicle had three horses, an old black hitched ahead of two venerable white ones, but when this equine trio started

it really seemed as if the prince of witchcraft had applied the lash. Away we went, nearly knocking down the unhappy *octroi* officers, who desperately endeavored to climb up on the steps and inquire if we had anything dutiable. We had only time to cry, "*Nada*" (nothing), and to cling on, before we were rushing past half a hundred tall white and yellow buildings. We soon passed the olive avenues of the Prado, and were mounting the hill of the Calle Alcalá. We firmly expected to be rolled against the curb-stones, but the black horse, as if inspired, tore around every obstruction, and the whites sprang after him.

And the Puerta del Sol? It was a vision of an immense square, with a vast fountain in the centre, and lofty buildings, with balconies on every side. Ten streets open into this place, and from each one of them, as we arrived, came forth interminable processions of mules laden with straw, and hay, and wine, and oil, of soldiers in long coats and short coats, in white jackets covered with silver braid, in blue surtouts and red trousers, of little brown-faced boys, selling photographs of doubtful morality, of old women, screaming forth the names of newspapers, of asthmatic old men, wrapped to the eyes in long cloaks, and with *sombreros* drawn over their lean faces, of priests, majestic in their ample robes of black, of cavaliers returning from the park, of a group of concert-masters, merrily to the music of *senoritas* of all ages and conditions, each with a black lace veil falling gracefully over her pretty hair. Every third man was a soldier, and seemed quite contented to be such. He was always neat, and uniformed with excellent taste. I soon found myself installed in a handsome room in the Hotel de la Paix,

looking down upon the great square. From below came up a roar such as one hears when near a camp. This was the roar of the sovereign people of Madrid, discussing, selling, buying, threatening, laughing, snarling. There is not such another noisy place in Europe, nor one that in the course of a single day presents such an enormous variety of aspects. In 1869, during the revolution, it was amusing to watch the news-vendors, who possess all the impetuous energy of their American prototypes. In a few days eighteen or twenty mushroom journals sprang into existence in Madrid, their columns filled with the most exaggerated political jargon. Old women, barefooted and bareheaded, stalked to and fro, screaming forth the merits of the *Equality*, the *Discussion*, and the *Combat*. In their wake followed ragged urchins, urging the claims of the *Impartial*, the *Diary of the People*, the *Epoch*, and the *Correspondence*. I remember that, curious to hold in my hand one of the smallest and newest of the journals, I beckoned to an old crone to follow me to a neighboring *café*, there selected my paper, and ~~searched~~ my pockets for the proper coin with which to pay, but I found no small change. The venerable vender had none, refused my proffered gold piece, demanded her paper back, and overwhelmed me with expletives and oburgations. A tall, grave Spaniard seated near me arose, touched his hat courteously, produced from his pocket the proper money, paid the woman, handed me the paper, which she had already taken from me, and, when I desired to pay him, held up his hands in sign of protest. Then he resumed his seat, and ~~ignored~~ my existence.

But to the Royal W ~~monarchical~~ alliance with ~~the~~

was felt to be an important movement, and was doubtless recognized by the church as a kind of moral support for it; for Austria and Spain are eminently Catholic, and their united action might now and then offset the invading influence of the northern Protestant powers in a great European struggle. The aristocratic society of Europe was invited to the festivities attendant upon this Spanish wedding, and to welcome the hundreds of fashionable guests, the old Spanish Court brought forth the remnants of its ancient splendor, and succeeded in impressing every one with the luxury of its ceremonies and the stateliness of its dignity. The programme of the royal wedding comprised a grand *réveille*, or "Diana," as it is called in Spain, to begin at seven. This was on the morning after my arrival. All the troops of the garrison and thousands sent in from the neighboring towns took part in this early bugle call. The places of the Atocha, the Botánico, the Prado, the Calle Alcalá, the Calle Mayor, the Arco de la Amonia, the Plaza de Oriente, and all the other principal avenues and squares of the capital, rang with the inspiring martial music. Presently came the soldiers, marching with the long swinging step for which they are renowned, and looking neither to right nor left. The impression which strangers received was that the government was inclined to take no chances on this important occasion, and had made the "Diana" a pretext for filling Madrid with troops, which could, if necessary, overawe any revolutionary crowds. The decorations were profuse on the principal and chief commercial establishments—few private mansions had any illuminations. Over the door of the Ministerio de la Gobernación was a patriotic "Viva Alfonso

XII" in gas-jet letters, and upon it was a crown, which when lighted had an enormously unsteady air. By ten o'clock in the morning the masses of the people were arranged in rows along the whole royal line of march, from the palace to the Atocha church, where the ceremony was to take place.

This Atocha is a rather inferior-looking religious edifice, which belonged originally to a convent of the Dominican order, founded under Charles V by one of his officers. It was destroyed in 1808. Ferdinand VII had it rebuilt under the direction of the celebrated architect Isidoro Velasquez, and the church served as a Court chapel. The tradition requires that the kings of Spain should go every Saturday to attend service at the Atocha. There is an ancient statue of the Virgin in this church, which is held in high veneration in Spain. In the chapel, on the left on entering, is the mausoleum raised to the memory of Marshal Prim, who unwittingly did good work for the young king, and whose end was tragic enough to have pleased his worst enemies. I observed with some amusement that two members of the corps of *gendarmes* were sufficient to control the movements of six or seven thousand impatient people on the Puerta del Sol. In New York or Paris two hundred policemen certainly would have been necessary. The soldiers, who were ranged in rows on either side of the route chosen for the royal pair to pass over going to and coming from the church, were treated with reverence by the crowd, but it was mortally sick of the *gendarmes*.

It was announced that the king would leave the palace at eleven o'clock, but this was too much to expect of a Spaniard, who is never ready at the appointed time, although exactitude is said to be

the politeness of sovereigns, and it was nearly mid-day when a hum in the crowd, and the music of the military bands announced the young monarch's coming. The first item in the royal procession was a very gayly liveried gentleman, mounted on a horse laden with two drums. He looked something like the advance-guard of a rustic circus. From time to time he beat a doleful measure on the drums. Just behind him were twelve trumpeters, clad in ancient costumes, and next came twenty-two led-horses, beautifully caparisoned. Behind the heralds and the led-horses were lancers, *gendarmes*, and a few Court officials, then came a long procession of state carriages, twenty-three in number. These ancient vehicles, swung high between ponderous wheels and balance-springs, with which not even the misery of a Spanish highway could interfere, lumbered past the throng without eliciting a single cheer. It was amusing to witness the coldness of the reception. One might have fancied the populace contemplating the passage of an enemy's troops through its country. On the Puerta del Sol not a hat was lifted, and but few ladies waved handkerchiefs when the king's carriage came in sight. This carriage was an enormous structure, with a crown on its roof, and with great windows, through which the crowd might note every movement of its sovereign. It was preceded by four and six horse teams, and by a multitude of outriders and jockeys. The dishes of rich silver and gold housings centuries old were quite new. The king's carriage was drawn by eight white horses, covered with purple and with silver decorations. The young king was seated, and bowed repeatedly to right and left, although no one paid the slightest atten-

tion to his courtesies. As the king's carriage passed the Ministerio de la Gobernacion a long procession of state carriages, containing the Archduchess Christina — so soon to be the queen — and her suite, came into view, and bugles sounded anew. A thrill of music ran along the martial lines, and the monarch and his bride moved on to the Atocha through the Carrera de San Jeronimo. Nothing could have been prettier than the rich contrasts of color in velvets lined with silver, banners and uniforms, and the military display was quite beautiful. The officials of the Court were legion.

Queen Isabel always had a special affection for the Atocha, and bestowed upon it the most magnificent gifts. After the events of 1872 it was in this same church that one of her successors, King Amadeo the first and last, went to view the corpse of General Prim, whose murder had added another and notable one to the long list of Spanish political assassinations. Doña Isabel was quite overcome by her visit to the church on the wedding-day, and when she entered with the procession, and the patriarch of the Indies came bowing forward to offer her the holy water, she wept, and appeared likely to faint. Perhaps she was thinking of the fleeting nature of this world's pleasures, and that the church in which her son was then to be married might serve in the future for more melancholy ceremonies in connection with her family than those of matrimony.

There was a stately company in the little church. The gentlemen of the household seemed numerous enough for a legislature. There was the suite of the Infanta Doña Christina, the suite of ex-Queen Isabel, the first groom, the major domo of service, the Duke of Gato and Encedo, and the Duke of Peñafiel. The ex-queen entered the church

to the music of the Royal March, and she, as well as the king and the archduchess were received at the door by the Papal Juncio, who is a most important personage in such a Catholic country as Spain, and by a multitude of richly robed priests. Among the great ladies

the archduchess; and a host of pretty princesses. Doña Isabel wore a crown of diamonds, and a sumptuous mantle covered with gold lace and ornaments, the train of which was upheld by two stately gentlemen. The king was in the uniform of a captain-general, with the



WEDDING OF ALFONSO XII

present, looking intensely, and some of them rather sternly, at the future queen as she came up the central aisle, were the Duchesses of Medina Celi, Almodova del Valle, the Countess of Tovenio Casteyon and Viarmannuel, the Marchioness of Santa Cruz, the Duchess of Fernand-Nunes, of Almada, the Duchess of Baffon, and him who was sent to Vienna officially to demand the hand of

Order of the Golden Austrian field-marshal.

The young archduchess, to float into the church in a heavily bordered train, was lifted back, her *toilette* exciting a general cry of admiration, so rich was it in embroideries of flowers and leaves in gold and silver, and laurels and white roses in profusion.

The diadem which crowned her head was of pearls, such as only the Hapsburgs, the richest family in the world, can show. The archduchess was mortally pale. The spiteful ladies of the Court said it was because of the weight of the robe and the velvets which she wore. But she soon recovered, and arrived, smiling, at the grand altar, which was illuminated with hundreds of lights; and there she met the king, who took her by the hand. Then came the usual Catholic ceremonial of marriage, the signing of the act, and the benediction by the Patriarch of the Indies, — all of which was of brief duration. Those who have never seen the splendors of a Court can form but a small idea of the richness of the *toilettes* of the ladies who witnessed this spectacle. Many of the beauties wore two bands of velvet embroidered with silver, which are emblematic of their rank, and on their glossy bands diadems worth fortunes rested. The mantles, the dresses, the collars, the corsages, were all of the richest material. One could well have fancied, in looking at this superb display of luxurious dresses, that Spain was one of the richest, rather than one of the poorest, countries in Europe. It is a source of perpetual wonder to a stranger in Spain, where the money comes from for the tens of thousands of soldiers and officials elegantly dressed, as well as for the luxury of princely and public palaces and mansions. The wedding afforded the chance for a grand display of foreign uniforms. Lord Napier was brilliant in his scarlet, and surrounded by some extremely handsome young Englishmen. The French Embassy shone like a golden star. The sombre blue-black of the Prussians stood out in bold relief against the splendors of the garments of their late enemies, the Austrians and the

Gauls. The delegation of the belles of Vienna, who accompanied the archduchess, made the beautiful Madrid women handle their fans with nervous and jealous an air as if they had been stilettoes.

After the wedding came the visits of the legislative bodies, the Council of State, and the municipal organizations, to the palace; and on the following day was held a ceremonial which is seen in few monarchical countries, the *Baie-maine*, or a deffile before the king and queen at the palace, and the kissing of the latter's hand by all the representatives of all the different branches of the national authority. This was a brilliant reception which repeated the splendors of the gathering in the Atocha chapel. The Council of State arrived at the palace in a lot of old carriages, which looked as if they were invented before the time of Columbus, as very likely they were. The royal palace is very grand within, though it is not very impressive without. In the great Hall of the Ambassadors, the young king stood in front of his throne, with the new queen on his right, looking very pale and pretty in her splendid garments, laden with embroideries and covered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. On her head she wore a golden crown, garnished with costly diamonds. Near her stood the Princess of the Asturias, dressed in rose-colored satin, and the king's two other sisters in *faint* rose. Not far from the king and queen stood the Court, a brilliant collection of all the ladies and gentlemen of rank in the kingdom, the representatives at the Court and the generals of the army. The ceremonial required that no one should touch the king's head with his or with her hand, but only with the lips, and that after having kissed the

pocket-handkerchief Doña Isabel received in her own room in another wing of the palace, and the day finished with a grand ball at the opera.

Five years have passed since the wedding, and the young king is still in his place, although revolution has several times raised its head. The strength of his position is due merely to the innumerable petty differences of the Liberals, and to the weakness of the lower classes, because of their ignorance. Out of the sixteen or seventeen millions of people in Spain not more than one-fourth can claim acquaintance with the accomplishments of reading and writing. Furthermore, the knowledge of events transpiring in the outside world is so limited that a campaign speaker, if he were allowed by the government any chance to express his views, would scarcely be understood by his constituents or by those whom he desired to make his constituents. Even rich peasants and men of high rank are grossly ignorant of what is transpiring in their own country. The perpetual "I don't know," with which every question is answered in Spain, becomes exasperating to a stranger. The facilities for anything like rapid intercommunication are so limited that the masses mingle but little together. Each remains rooted to his place, surrounded by a flowering growth of traditions, superstitions, and prejudices. Each imagines that an army which can act as mediator in any important dispute is a good thing, and it seems as natural to a Spaniard to hear the trumpets sound the death-knell of a short-lived revolution as to note the ringing of the vesper bells in the old cathedral which casts its shadow on his dwelling.

The monarchists are very fond of reminding Castelar that when he was

president of the short-lived Republic he found it necessary to become Dictator, and that at Cartagena and elsewhere he had announced that one of the principal needs of Spain was more infantry, more cavalry, and more artillery. In short, monarchy finds an excuse for its existence in the assumption that it alone can maintain order. When the people cease to believe this, and are united, some great convulsion, like that at Valencia, will take place in each of the principal cities and districts, and — But we will not prophesy.

I have spoken of Castelar, who is undoubtedly the greatest Spaniard of his time, and towers like a giant even among the celebrities with whom he is surrounded. Madrid is filled with scholars, poets, and men of letters, whose reputation ought, although it does not succeed in doing so, to cross the Pyrenees. There are notable poets and romancers in Spain, who are quite the equals, if not in some respects the superiors, of their French contemporaries.

The gentlemen who are liberal and republican in sentiment are grouped about Castelar, and at the private receptions in the capital politics and literature are carefully and earnestly discussed, although in the newspapers and in public halls the government would forbid such license. I was glad of an opportunity to meet Castelar in his own house, and at one of his weekly receptions, which took place a day or two after the conclusion of the wedding festivities. Señor Castelar was not seen in public during these festivals, although he is by no means shunned by the royal family, all of whom have the most cordial admiration for his talents.

Castelar lives in the Calle de Serrano, in a fine new quarter of Madrid, in one

of those huge apartment-houses which the Spaniards have built in imitation of those in Paris and Vienna. The orator and statesman receives once or twice a week, but as he is a bachelor, residing with his sister, who has always cared for his household affairs, he has only gentlemen at his entertainments. The deputies, journalists, poets, novelists, savants, come and go in the most informal fashion. I found the great orator in one of his good moods, when he felt like talking, and discovered that when he was in this vein everybody listened with reverence and attention. There is a rare magnetism in his presence, which is peculiarly fascinating. An impression of superabundant vitality, an infinite reservoir, from which he can freely draw at unexpected moments for sudden and unlooked-for inspiration, is always gained from a conversation with Castelar. He is one of the men born under a happy star. Dowered with strange and peculiar gifts, he combines the richness of a poetic nature with the forethought and sagacity of a patriot and politician. Perhaps there are those who would deny Castelar the union of these two qualities, but time will show that he possesses them in high degree.

Castelar does not look as if the world wearied him. He is still young and active, and full of the Spanish politeness and grace. He has a noble, animated face, firm, and full of decision, and a pair of well-made lips, shaded by a dense black mustache. The top of the head is bald,—a tribute paid to hard study. He is quite unostentatious in dress and manner. In conversation he expressed the liveliest sympathy and admiration for the United States, and especially for the talents of Mr. James Russell Lowell, who was so acceptable a minister to Madrid. "I was," said Castelar, "a firm friend to the North

during the revolution of the Southern States against the general government, and sometimes I had to encounter formidable opposition." This led to a great debate on the slavery question of Cuba, which was then pending in the Cortes. Castelar said little concerning the future of Cuba, except that there was no longer danger of its being a bone of contention between Spain and the United States. He said in the debate he should be found as usual on the side of liberty, and in favor of emancipation of every wretched black in Cuba.

I asked Castelar if he felt that the Republic would come again in Spain. "Most certainly," he said, "the country is republican. The restored monarchy has not taken root. Republican principles are well enough established in the public mind, but they are not entirely understood. Great numbers of our people still have a certain fondness for absolutism." A moment afterwards he alluded in a jocose vein to the great number of constitutions which Spain has promulgated within the last two generations. He has a profound contempt for those politicians who fancied that they could make the Spanish people all over in a day by writing them a creed to live under. Castelar did good work during his brief tenure of executive power. He did not hesitate to break away from the project in favor of federalism when he saw it was doing the country harm. If the assembly had not been weak and vacillating he would not have been compelled to resign, and the Spanish Republic might have been in existence to-day. He drove the spectres of socialism and extreme federalism back to the darkness out of which they had come. He insisted upon the necessity of education. When he demanded the renewal of his powers by the Assembly, in January, 1874, he set

down as a cardinal principle, that the era of popular uprising and pronunciamientos must be closed forever. But Pavia with his troops came in, and, said Castelar, it was too late. There was not a more deserted man in Spain than himself. So Senarino took up the burden of power, and carried it until the arrival of the young Alfonso.

"Castelar," said a Spanish nobleman to me, "is the republican party in Spain. Without him it would fall into a hundred fragments. He puts the breath of life into its nostrils. If he were to withdraw his support from it, it would expire of inanition." Another influential Spanish gentleman said that Castelar was impracticable and unworldly to a certain extent in many things, but possessed the exact knowledge of the conflicting elements of Spanish Republicanism necessary to bring out of them the little harmony possible. Castelar learned Opportunism from Gambetta, in fact, he would, I think, be willing to admit this. If he is an Opportunist to-day it is because he has seen that little can be accomplished in a day or a month in re-establishing liberty, but that the slow progress of years alone can give important results. After the flight of Doña Isabel and the uprising of Carlists, Mod-

erates, Communists, Progressists, Monarchical Democrats, and Republicans desirous of federal form, and after the dazzling events from 1868 until the "Restoration," he is justified in suppos-



CASTELAR AT HOME

ing that the country needs rest before venturing upon a final effort for the re-establishment of her ancient liberties.

Castelar in the Legislative Assembly as an orator is a demigod. Gambetta at

times was wonderful. Castelar is often sublime. Gambetta had electric effects of eloquence which uplaid and sometimes annihilated his enemies. Castelar seems to lift his hearers into the seventh heaven, and to move them with him among the golden vapors of the dawn. Gambetta was crushing. Castelar is persuasive. Gambetta was vindictive, Castelar is of too large a mould to condescend to vengeance. Both orators will be chronicled in history as having possessed unlimited command of metaphors and lovely imagery never degenerating into the commonplace. Castelar says that he is nervous on days when he is to speak in the Cortes. He wanders about restlessly among his friends, expressing doubts as to his power of self-

control. One might almost fancy him at these times a school-boy about to speak his first piece, but when once he has begun, in sonorous voice, everything like fear vanishes, and he pours forth a flood of irresistible argument, clothed in exquisitely felicitous language. It is odd that Castelar's voice, which in ordinary conversation has a certain soft, feminine quality in it, is clear, robust, and harmonious in the tribune. When he is tremendously excited, as on the occasion of his great speech in favor of liberty of conscience and freedom of public worship, made in April of 1869, the voice is inexpressibly grand. One seems to hear the soul speaking without any hindrance whatever.

CHAPTER TEN

The Bull-Fight in Madrid before the King and Queen — Fight Bulls Slaughtered — A Strange Sport — Excitement of the People — The Motives — Clash between Men and Beasts

AT one of the exhibitions of paintings in the Paris Palace of Industry a promising American artist showed a picture of a combat between an Assyrian monarch and a lion in an arena, where thousands of spectators were assembled to witness the daring of their king. As I sat in the Plaza de Toros of the Spanish capital on the occasion of the great bull-fight given in celebration of the wedding festivities of King Alfonso and Queen Christina, while watching the bull who had just bounded in from his cage and was standing with his head proudly raised, eyeing the populace of Madrid and the gaily uniformed butchers awaiting him, — this picture came distinctly before my eyes, and I was startled by the thought, that, in our modern day, more than nineteen centuries after the inauguration of an era supposed to be one of mercy, forbearance, and peace, the world is as brutal and unmerciful as ever it was in the dim ages of barbarism. I cannot explain the revolt which then took place in my spirit, I might call it an insurrection of conscience, because I had allowed myself to have assisted at so murderous and bloody a sport as a bull-fight. I defy any one who has not been hardened to this monstrous sight to feel otherwise than criminal when he first gets an idea of the atrocious horror of it. But enough of preliminary moralizing.

When the royal wedding was announced it was naturally decided that bull-fights should be among the festivi-

ties. Had there been any disposition to refuse them there might have been something like a riot. Time has been when the people in the immense plaza have cried out, "Death to the Mayor!" because he would not allow them to witness the killing of one or two more bulls than were promised in the programme. "Bread and Shows" were the necessities which not even tyrants dared deny the ancient Romans. "Bread and Bulls, *Pan y Toros*," are the prime needs of the modern Spaniards. Not even the gentlest Spanish woman finds it extraordinary that her children should witness a bull-fight. In Madrid there are twenty-four exhibitions yearly on Mondays, from April to October, or sometimes on Sundays, — for Sunday is in Spain as in France, the people's favorite holiday. All over Spain there are bull-rings which rival the colossal dimensions of the amphitheatres of the Romans. Valencia possesses one, which, at a distance, looks as imposing as the Roman Coliseum. "And what!" say the Spaniards, "what shall we give up a game inaugurated by him of illustrious and immortal memory, the Cid Campeador, he who, in the arena, with his own lance, slew wild bulls by the score?"

The Arabs have the credit of introducing the cruel pastime into Spain, but it was the Cid who gave it its real impetus. After he had set the example all the youths of the nobility copied it, and at solemn festivals the *corrida de toros* was one of the main features. The

honor of fighting the bull on great days was accorded only to the nobility. An ordinary mortal was not supposed to possess the requisite strength and science. Throughout the middle ages bull-fighting was the favorite amusement of warriors in these southern lands. When Isabel the Catholic tried to prohibit the ghastly fun she found she did not possess influence enough to do it. After her time the sport became so popular that Charles the Great did not disdain with his own hand to slay a bull upon the market-place of Valladolid. Pizarro, who conquered Peru, was a brave bull-fighter, and so was King Sebastian of Portugal. Philip III adorned the bull-ring of Madrid with statues and banners, Philip IV fought therein, Charles II loved the game, Philip V issued an official order that bull-rings should be constructed throughout the kingdom.

All these days no man of the people was allowed to enter the arena, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that peasants and common folk in general were permitted to become professional *toreros*. Francisco Romero de Ronda introduced the usage of fighting the bull on foot, sword in hand, and from his time date the fixed rules of this difficult art, which in our days have had such illustrious professors as Frascuelo, Lagutyo, and Alonzo. Queen Isabel was an enthusiastic patron of the sport. Amadeo, of Italy, pretended to like it, while he was King of Spain, but it is to be presumed that his delicate and refined nature suffered tortures at the sight. How can the present king refuse to attend upon and support with all his influence an institution as truly national in Spain as the Sabbath-school in the United States?

The Plaza de Toros of Madrid is supposed by dint of much crowding

to accommodate sixteen thousand persons, although there are seats for only a few more than twelve thousand. For the two courses in honor of the royal wedding festivities there were more than fifty thousand applicants above the number which could be accommodated. Theoretically, no tickets were sold, and every one was invited, but I will not dwell on that point, as, through the courtesy of Señor Saturnino Esteban Collantes, deputy in the Cortes, and a gentleman of distinction, I received invitations for both occasions. Hundreds of people from Madrid, Vienna, and London went away growling and disappointed, because they could not succeed in gaining admission. The tickets of invitation were conceived as follows:—

PLAZA DE TOROS

La Corrida Extraordinaria
Con motivo del Regio Enlace

Tendido Num

Este billete es de convite y no puede
venderse. El contraventor será puesto
á disposicion de la Autoridad

There were several thousand guests of rank and importance to place, for the ambassadors extraordinary of the Austrian delegation which accompanied the archduchess, now become the Queen of Spain, had brought in their train half the fashionable world. So there remained small place for the populace; yet the populace was there. How it got in I do not know, but there it was, palpitating with savage delight at every pitiful throb of disembowelled horse or dying bull, yelling maledictions upon an unsuccessful *picador* or *capeador*, and

breaking forth into the most extravagant expressions of delight and affection when an *espada* did his work well

The bull-ring to call it by the prosaic English term, which best translates the high-sounding Plaza de Toros, is about a mile and a half from the centre of the city, on the outskirts of the barren plains which environ Madrid. It is reached by passing a superb archway, erected by Charles III., on the hill overlooking the Prado and the surrounding country, and thence by a long avenue, bordered on either hand by elegant mansions, superb villas, and finally by manufactories, slaughter-houses, forges, and all the unsavory and unsightly appendages of a great city. On the day of this bull-fight the crowd, the invited and the uninvited, all went in a long procession down the broad and handsome Calle de Alcalá, past the Prado, and through the gardens and avenues, in delighted haste, anxious to note every detail of the festival. Hundreds of omnibuses, filled with holiday-makers, pushed madly towards the centre of attraction. I will spare the reader any account of the epithets which the drivers of these vehicles applied to their horses, as few of the words are suited to Saxon ears: polite Men, women, and children, dressed with excellent taste, hurried to the *plaza* with anticipations of joy written on their features. The beggars forgot to beg as they watched the lords and ladies. Brown Andalusians, in tattered cloaks, once magnificent, gazed shaply, as if picking out the person whom they had been told to assassinate. Muleteers and merchants, foreigners and natives, beauties and hags, old and young, poured along the roadways babbling open-lipped and merrily, and when they reached the yawning gate of the ring they ran tumultuously through the lines of *gendarmes*

to their appointed places, as if fearful lest they might lose a single detail of the performance.

The ring is solidly built, and the gates through which the animals are admitted are of immense thickness. Huge corridors run round it, between the seats and the outer wall, and doors open upon stairways which lead to the various galleries. The politeness of Señor Collantes had placed me in the front rank in the lower gallery, in what we should call an orchestra stall in a theatre, and at a point from whence I could well observe the king and queen and their suite. Once or twice during the afternoon it seemed to me that my seat was decidedly too near the ring, and I should have been glad to move.

I had not been long seated before I discovered that the audience, or collection of on-lookers, was intensely excited. Shouts arose answering shouts. The vast arena seemed to tremble under the concussion of sound. The arrival of any well-known person was the signal for a roar, which must have made the bulls quike in their prison. Officials ran to and fro, settling disputes between newcomers, water-carriers and cigar-sellers screamed out the virtues of their wares, and from the upper galleries came clamors for the appearance of the popular favorites. The balconies were sumptuously decorated with orange and yellow, and with red velvet, and crowns and coats-of-arms in different places indicated the presence of nobility. High up above all the galleries save one was the royal *loge*, and, hearing the band playing the march which announced the arrival of the King, I turned to see him.

Alfonso XII. arrived briskly, dressed in a captain-general's uniform, with a cap entirely covered with gold lace. He had much improved in appearance since

his residence in Paris and Vienna. Side-whiskers and mustache gave a manly look to his face, and his manners were simple and unaffected. The young Queen wore a white mantilla upon her glossy braids. She sat down beside the King on the front rank, and there soon appeared behind the youthful pair the benevolent faces of numerous venerable Spanish and Austrian generals. Next came Doña Isabel and her pretty daughters, and then an enormous following of ladies and gentlemen of the Court, who took possession of either side of the balcony. A large delegation of Austrian officers, their breasts glittering with dozens of decorations, sat on the side next the Queen. Alfonso XII took up his opera-glass, and surveyed the audience. When the royal march was finished he raised his handkerchief, and made a signal. A chorus of bugles sounded from a balcony opposite the King and Queen. Gates were thrown open just beneath this balcony, and there entered —

No, — not a bull, but a long and stately procession, which transported us back to the days of chivalry. First came the masters of ceremonies, dressed in Court suits of black velvet, and mounted on prancing steeds. Next followed a drummer on horseback, a huge drum suspended on either side of his horse's saddle. Then came four heralds, sounding bugles, *alquazils*, a provincial delegation, then, in state carriages, the protectors of the *torreadors* of the occasion. These protectors are gentlemen of rank, who deign to confer the shadow of their dignity on the popular favorites. Beside these coaches, glittering in satin costumes in which all the colors of the rainbow were inextricably mingled, walked the men who were to fight the bulls on foot, while behind them,

mounted on starved-looking horses, came the *picadors*, wicked fellows, clad in braided jackets, buckskin hose, garnished within with stiff iron supports, so that when their horses fell upon them they might not have their legs broken. These *picadors* were armed with enormous lances pointed with sharp blades.

Next in order was a small army of servants, dressed in scarlet jackets (forsooth, in a bull-ring!), and the rear was brought up with teams of mules, harnessed three abreast, and driven by picturesque brigands, whose duty was to be the clearing of the ring of the dead horses and bulls encumbering it. The procession wheeled round in front of the royal *loge*, and every person in it made low bows, to which the King responded by a stiff military salute. The trumpets sounded loudly, and the procession went its ways, breaking up into fragments in various places in the ring. In front of the series of galleries which led to the royal box, and directly in the ring, stood a large corps of halberdiers, without any protection. The mishaps of these gentlemen at arms at frequent intervals during the performance were sources of immense and long-continued merriment to the crowd.

And now the *picadors*, on their horses, held their lances at rest, the marshals retired to a corner, looking somewhat uneasy, the corps of *capeadors*, *matadors*, and *espadas* approached the barrier of the ring, behind which ran a corridor separating us, the spectators, by a short distance from the arena. This corridor was patrolled by *gendarmes*, court officials in black, and by the friends of the performers in the ring. There were a few moments of silence, then a deep "Ah!" burst from the assemblage, and, looking ~~over~~ across the ring, I saw a magnificent bull standing in front of the

MILKHI BLPORE THE KING AND QUEEN



gates, which were closing behind him. The Queen had given the signal with her handkerchief. I looked up at her, and she had half risen from her seat, as though she were anxious to go away. But an instant after she sat down again, and was apparently calm.

The bull took a careful look at everybody. He seemed good-natured, and I thought that if I had been near him I should have liked to pull his tail. But what was my surprise when he advanced with a long "lope," which quickly changed into a wild run, and before any one could divert his attention he had plunged his horns into the flanks of the horse of one of the masters of ceremonies. The poor beast darted forward, the blood gushing from his wounds, and the spectators began to yell to their favorites — the men in satin and rainbow colors — to begin the combat. At once an agile fellow sprang directly in front of the bull, holding a bright red cloak before the infuriated animal's eyes. Master bull made a lunge at it. The nimble cape-bearer stepped aside, and another fluttered an orange-colored cloak at the bull's nose. Then half-a-dozen others appeared. The bull did not know which way to turn. He pawed the earth, he snorted. Suddenly, selecting one who was most daring, he went after him with such vindictive force that the man paled, ran, and lightly as a feather leaped the barrier unhurt. The bull turned to another. Up and away went the any fellow, almost between the bull's horns, yet safe, and grinning with the excitement.

The bull was now terrible in his wrath, and at this moment he noted a *picador*, sitting motionless on his horse, with his lance ready. I arose in my seat, and, if I could, I should have fled, for iticed my blood to see both rider and horse go

into the air, and the next moment to witness the agonies of the disembowelled horse. The *picador* was lying beneath his beast. Was he dead? No. He was helped up, looking black and ugly, and he took off his hat to the King. What had he done? There was a gaping wound in the bull's shoulders, and the bull had withdrawn a few paces, and was thinking what to do next. Around him once more were fluttering the agile *capeadors*, capes and cloaks were dancing before the bull's vision. He rushed hither and yon, aiming at death and destruction. What was my horror to see the horse which had just been gored once more in the fray, his merciless rider charging him down upon the bull, while the entrails dragged on the ground. Some Spaniards laughed, others, more merciful, shouted, "*Fuera!*" (Out with the horse). But no, the bull had him once more on his horns, and tore and rent him, while the *picador*, lying coolly behind the dying creature, lacerated the flank of his antagonist. It was horrible. I looked up at the young Queen. She had turned her eyes away, but a moment later, at the intimation of the King, she made a signal.

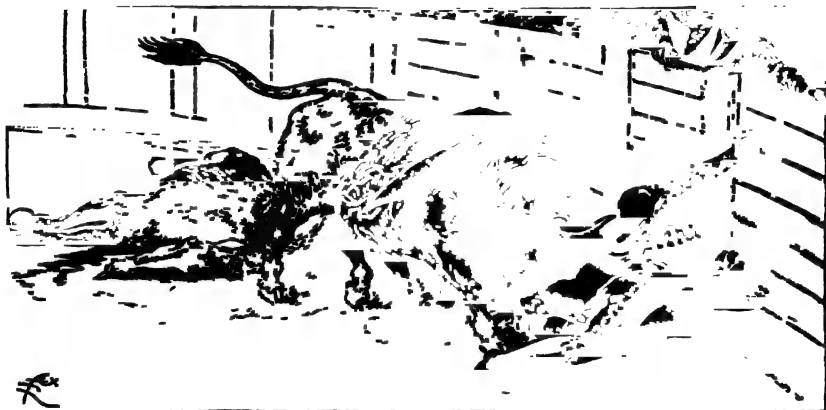
Trumpets sounded, and the *picador* was extricated from his perilous position, while the men with the capes occupied the bull's attention. This was the signal to retire the horses, and to let the *banderilleros* begin their work. The *banderillero* comes on at the second stage of a bull-fight. I felt glad to see the horses retire, and I noticed that I no longer felt sorry for the bull, since I had seen how devilish he was in his work. I was glad to know that it was to be put out of the way. Probably I was becoming *humanized*.

The bull was enraged because the horses were withdrawn, but thus far he

felt that he had had the best of it. Still he looked his antagonists over in his steady, resolved way, and seemed saying to them, "What will you have next?"

He was not long without an answer. A daring fellow, in green tights, white silk stockings, and a jacket blazing with gold and jewels, ran up in front of him holding in each hand a flexible dart, en-

in the bull was aroused, his motions were twice as rapid as before. Thousands of voices were screaming advice from the benches. Rafael, mind your steps! Well, well! *Muy bien! Lagartijo! demonio! Anda! Anda!* Now, run for it! *Hombre!* What an ass! *burro! burro!* Go home and bury yourself! *Fuera! Cavamba!* There he had it! O my angel! O Alonzo!



THE BULL HAS THE BEST OF IT

veloped in straw at one end. Quick as lightning the bull sprang at him, but the man went to one side, and the two darts were sticking in the animal's neck. It was as swift as thought. The *banderillos* made the bull crazy with rage. He shook himself, but they entered more deeply into the skin; he foamed at the mouth, he was terrible. He ran at a knot of his enemies, and frightened them so that in confusion, leaping the barrier, came, new *banderillos* were stuck in the poor brute's hide. They whizzed through the air, some of them bearing little banners. Now all the devil

Brao! Here he comes! Es un toro! Idiot! Can't you throw? Look out—look out—look out! Is he dead? No, not even scratched, but rather pale. Ah! the bull's tongue is out. *No no! Si si! No hombre! Si Caballero! Oh! oh! oh! Dios!* Enough, enough of *banderillos*. *La Espada!* The *matador*,—where is the killer, the brave, the beautiful *matador*? Ah! there he is! See! He is coming! How beautiful his costume! 'Tis satin. *Ho! ho! ho! La Espada!* Hist! There he is, kneeling before the king! Now he takes off his hat and raises his arm. Now he makes his

speech, and thrusts his cap away with a great sweeping gesture. It is as if he threw away his life at the same time. *Si, Hombre! Bravo Torro! Bravo el matador! Ho' ho' ho' ho' ho-o-o-o-o' Caramba!"*

Then a great silence fell.

The *matador* took a red cloak in his hand, holding concealed beneath it a sword, short and stout of blade. He stepped gracefully and briskly to the bull, and held the red cloak directly before his eyes. Bull flew at it. The *matador* made a false step, saved himself, and looked up, pale and quivering to hear a tempest of maledictions. The bull was after him again, and followed him lightly as a thistle-down flew to the rescue a dozen *capreadors*, who fluttered their cloaks in the bull's vision until he was diverted from his victim. Then they gradually brought him to a stand-still, and the *matador* came before him anew.

Now began a horrible duel between man and beast. The cloth was within the bull's reach. He plunged at it, and seemed to annihilate the *matador*. But no; the man was always out of reach, and his gleaming blade was playing in the air. The bull was at hand. The cloak was before him. *Asst!* Down came the sword between the animal's fore-shoulders. But the bull, with a noble and impetuous motion, threw it out of the wound, from which the blood poured in large streams. The *matador* drew another sword, and the duel began again. Each time that he stabbed the beast but slightly the crowd cursed him. Then he redoubled his energy, and seemed to lose his prudence. By and by he made a flying leap. Every one stood up, thinking to see him gored to death. But no; he stood some yards away, pointing to the bull, in whose shoulders a sword was planted to the hilt. The King languidly

applauded with his white-gloved hands. And the spectators! It was Bedlam.

The bull struggled, but the dreadful sword sapped his life. He rushed and ran, frothing, upon the agile cloak-bearers. They decamped, but returned as they saw the poor animal walk away a short distance and lie down, with his tongue out. They flew to him, and began to tempt him to a renewal of the contest. This was most piteous of all. He looked up at them with glaring eyes, out of which all brutish malice had departed, as the great mystery of death overtook him, and he seemed struggling to say, "Come, caballeros, this is not fair. I am hurt and down, and there are too many of you!" I did not intend to carry it so far. In short, the bull seemed humanized, and the men brutalized, at this moment. I forgot about the gored horse. One of the executioners took a short dagger, drove it into the spinal marrow of the animal, and the trumpets sounded. The first fight was over. The bull fell on his side, and the gayly caparisoned mules came in and dragged him ignominiously away.

Then the *matador* came forward to receive the compliments of the spectators for his final adroit sword-thrust. His name was rapturously shouted ten thousand times. Hats rained upon him, and he tossed them back to their owners until his arms ached. Young swells threw their cloaks down to him that he might walk upon them. Cigars, fruit, and money were cast at him. He retired proud and contented. Had he been unsuccessful he would have received sticks and stones upon his humiliated head.

We had short respite. The second, the *padador* reappeared, and a new bull burst into the arena. This animal wasted no time. He drove all

the cape-flutterers out of the ring, killed a horse in less than two minutes, sent a *picador* off on a stretcher, and took a tremendous dive at the *halberdiers*, who received him with lowered spears, but with blanching faces. He broke one or two of their spear-blades, kicked at them contemptuously, gored a second horse, but here his star began to pale, for he received a terrific lance wound. This sobered him, and seemed to exhaust his energies. The capes could no longer excite him. A spy and deft man pulled his tail, and stole the rosette from his back. He was no giant with a lance wound. The only thing which he did was mercifully to finish the second horse, which was in convulsions of agony. Then the *banderillos* were planted in his neck, and a new *matador* finally despatched him. The crowd grew impatient, and were glad when he was dead. He had promised well, but finished badly. His *début* as an artist was meteoric; his career tame. Thus often in human life, but no matter about the moral.

Once more the trumpets, and another bull. It took him some time to realize the situation, but when he did realize it he proceeded to business with an energy far superior to that of his immediate predecessor. He did not like the ring, and he leaped out of it. It seemed impossible for him to do it, but he did it, knocking down half-a-dozen people in the corridor before mentioned. I was horrified to see him, as the door was opened to let him in again, tossing a *gendarme* on his horns. The unhappy man turned over and over. His sword fell from its sheath, and he was carried out, when the attention had been diverted from him, covered with blood and wounds. The bull ran up and down once or twice, engaged in a tremendous duel with a

picador, who was too much for him, and even kept him from going his horse. This bull in his turn submitted to the agony of the *banderillos* and the duel with the *matador*, who prolonged the animal's life so that the crowd execiated him because he had done much harm, and then sold his life dearly.

And so, one after another, during almost four hours, we saw eight bulls slaughtered. The only animals which were really terrifying were the third and the eighth. One of them was so indignant at a cape-bearer, who shook a red cloak in his face, that he followed him right over the barrier, causing an immense burst of laughter. In truth the sight was irresistibly comical. I thought of the Yankee phrase about the man who was "humped over" the fence by the bull. This same animal charged the *halberdiers* twice, but they filled his skin full of holes and put out one of his eyes. There were one or two frightful half-hours in this strange afternoon: half-hours, when a bull, dying, gored the horse which he had already slain, when the odor of death arose from the ring, when the smell of blood seemed to put savagery into all our souls, when we felt a grim joy in each new wound inflicted on the bull, and when the fitting corps of executioners seemed endowed with supernatural skill. The last bull, which had not promised well at first, turned out to be a master fighter, and the principal *matador* had to use all his skill to bring him to his knees. The manner in which the bull looked at the *matador* had something awful in it, something so unexpressible that I will not try to define it.

The King and Queen tried to retire when the seventh bull had been despatched, but the people would not hear of it. They cried, "*Otro toro! Otro*

toro!" (another bull), in thunderous unison, and the King yielded. It must have been a severe trial for the Queen, but she sat through it all the while, and I observed that towards the last she looked on all the time. One speedily becomes accustomed to the spectacle, horrid as it is. So soon as the last bull was despatched, the thousands of persons dispersed peaceably, and so dense was the throng that carriages and pedestrians alike could only move at a snail's pace. The arena was wet with blood. In a recess of one of the outer corridors the eight bulls and the seven

horses which had been their victims were lying in a row. The amphitheatre, with its stone seats and blood-stained sands, seemed Roman rather than Spanish, but Spanish it emphatically was. The bulls slain at this royal festival were furnished from the estates of different gentlemen, who take great pride in raising them. The local journals publish the names of these gentry as well as the pedigrees of the bulls. On the day following the first great *corrida* there was a second bull-fight, at which eight bulls were to be slain. But I did not go, I had seen enough.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Famous Museum in Madrid — The Palace of the Cortes — Noted Typesetters — A Visit to Toledo — The Spanish Clock and its Characters — A Fondi — Beggar — The Motto of Hercules — The Alamo — In the Ancient Church

THE great museum of painting in Madrid is one of the finest in the world, and, for the lover of art, a ramble through its galleries is a rich compensation for the troubles and trials which he has had in his journey across the Pyrenees and down through the strange wastes, alternated with rich fields and fertile valleys, of northern Spain. The Spanish masses, although so indelibly ignorant, have a general respect for art, and I was struck with the fact, during the Revolution of 1869, that nowhere in the peninsula were the rich treasures of art in any way disturbed or injured. Even in the monasteries, through which the vindictive crowds of Valencian peasantry poured in 1868 and 1869, the paintings were not touched. There was none of the iconoclastic brutality of the Belgian mobs in the days when the Spaniards carried persecution into the north. The museum of the Prado, as it is generally called, was founded in 1735, under the reign of Charles III, and according to the plans of a famous architect named Villi Nueva. It was originally designed to receive collections illustrating natural history, but King Ferdinand VII brought together there the great numbers of paintings which had been scattered through the different royal palaces, and in 1819, after immense sums had been expended, the museum was opened to the public. It offers, like so many things in Spain, a curious contrast of magnificence and

meaniness. Many of the corridors and halls are badly lighted, and insufficiently fitted for the display of the splendid canvases which adorn them. The works of the masters are huddled together without any particular attempt at arrangement, and even the most adroit student of art comes away from the Prado with a bad headache and a confused vision of Titian, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Guido, Mantegna, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Goya, Murillo, and Ribera, floating before his eyes. The Flemish school is naturally well represented, for the Spaniard has had ample opportunity to make rich collections in the northern lands, and the Rubens gallery is remarkable both for the splendor of the canvases and for the great number of them. The citizens of Madrid are especially proud of the specimens of the Spanish school of painting, particularly of those of Velasquez, who was a great favorite of King Philip IV, and who died in Madrid in 1660. There are threescore paintings from the hand of this noble artist in the Madrid Museum, and among the most celebrated of them are the famous "Christ on the Cross," — an admirable study of the nude of most elevated and startling realism; the noted "Borlaches," the "Vulcan's Forge," the "Surrender of Breda," and the wonderful "Meninas." This celebrated picture, which Luca Giordano called the "theology of painting," represents Velas-

quez engaged upon the portraits of Philip IV and others of the royal family, who are surrounded by their ladies of honor, the officers of the palace and their dwarfs. This dazzling page of color, and the other equally remarkable picture, known to art lovers as the "Fileuses," appear to justify the extravagant note of praise sounded by a French critic, who said that it seemed as if the hand of Velasquez had taken no part in the execution of his works, but that all of them had been created by a pure act of volition on his part. In the Prado there are also forty-six pictures from the hand of Murillo and Ribera, the great naturalist, is represented by fifty-eight pictures, almost Shakespearean in their variety of manner, composition, and style. Of Morales, of the amusing, touching, and sometimes terrible, pictures of Goya, there is little room to speak here. One is led to inquire how it is that foreign schools of art are so much better represented in this vast and splendid museum than the Spanish school, and one soon learns that the accumulation of these treasures of the Italian and the Flemish school was made during the century and a half when Spain was mistress of Italy and Flanders, when she had the treasures from the two Americas floating in steady streams into her coffers, and when the kings of Spain were the best patrons of men like Titian and Rubens. Velasquez was twice sent into Italy by Philip IV, with orders to buy the best pictures he could find without any reference to economy in price. The Spanish royalty, too, took advantage of the auction sale of the gallery of King Charles I, of England, in 1648, and, furthermore, it was the fashion for all the Spanish grandees, at least once during the reign of a sovereign, to present to him some artistic gift, usually

a fine painting. In gems and jewels the Prado Museum is very rich, perhaps richer than any of the great museums in Paris and London.

But in public buildings Madrid is almost as poor as American cities which only date from the beginning of this century. The Royal Palace is mediocre in appearance. The Opera-house is plain and unimposing. The Palace of the Cortes, where the legislative bodies assemble, the Archaeological Museum, and the Palace of St Ferdinand, are not especially striking, although the façade of the Palace of the Cortes is decorated with two noble lions in bronze, the work of the sculptor Ponzano, and moulded out of the bronze cannons taken in the old campaign in Morocco. In the Royal Palace is one of the most ample collections of tapestries in the world, and this is reckoned among one of the chief riches of the domain of the Spanish crown. It is said that there are more than eight hundred of these tapestries, most of them extremely interesting from an historical as well as an artistic point of view. Among the most noted of the compositions is the Conquest of Tunis, by Charles V. This merits a few words of description. The original designs were the work of Jehan Cornelius Vermay, known in Flanders under the name of Jan Met de Baai, in Spain he was sometimes called Barba Longa, the origin of which name is easily traced. He came into Spain from Flanders in 1534, called thither by Charles V, who took him along to Tunis, that he might perpetuate, in tapestry, the presumable glories of the expedition. Charles came home successful from his campaign, and in 1546 Vermay had finished his compositions illustrative of the different battles and victories. Yet it was not until 1554 that the designs had been reproduced in

tapestry Six years and a half the webs were on the looms The artist, it is curious to note, who made the designs, was paid but 1 400 florins while the master-worker in tapestry received 14,576 florins, besides which he was paid 8,500 florins for gold thread 6,600 livres for silks, which had been dyed in Granada in sixty different dyes Another tapestry illustrates the Acts of the Apostles It is not only in the royal palaces that tapestries of value are to be found Hundreds of impoverished Spanish families still possess, stowed away in garrets, or hung, floating in some windy corridor of their decaying mansions, tapestries, which, if their pride would allow them to sell them would keep them comfortably provided with money for many a year A rich amateur American or English, occasionally makes an excursion into the peninsula and ransacks these Madrid garrets, generally with marked profit and success

On my first visit to Spain I did not see ancient and romantic Toledo a strange, quaint city, which lingers like a protest against the present on its bluffs beside the foaming Tago But I hastened to repair my error on the occasion of my second visit, and accordingly set forth in the evening train on the two hours' journey between Madrid and the old fortress town Spanish suburban railways are as capriciously managed as are the main lines One is never certain that he will arrive at his destination at the hour indicated by the time-tables; in fact, he is never sure that he will arrive at all I fell asleep on the way to Toledo, and, suddenly being awakened by a cold wind striking on my face, found that we had come to a dead halt in a melancholy plain, and that one of the doors of the carriage was open In a corner near me sat a

mysterious person, entirely enveloped in his cloak, so that had I made the most persistent effort to see his face I could not have done so The Spanish cloak has a vast amount of character in it When hanging loosely from the shoulders it conveys the impression that its owner is free from guile, but when wound about him, and half concealing his face, it imports to the most innocent the air of an assassin, or, at least, a fugitive from justice When it quite swallows up the man in its voluminous folds it has something ghostly and enchanted about it which quite controls the attention I could not refrain from looking again and again at my mysterious fellow-passenger in the corner I expected to see a noble cavalier, with a tremendous frown, come forth, but at the end of the journey, when the man condescended to ~~und~~cloak, he turned out to be nothing but a rather ordinary commercial traveller in a shabby tweed suit

Judging by the lights gleaming on an acclivity beyond the plain that we were near the end of our railway ride, I rescued my fellow-passenger from the mass of rugs, blankets, overcoats, valises, and guide-books, into which he had fallen in the unconsciousness of sleep, and we set our gaze forward, as many a traveller did when exploring his way across those dreary plains at nightfall centuries ago, when roads were unsafe, and when men-at-arms went in twos and threes for mutual aid and protection The superb moonlight lent a poetical glamour to the most common and vulgar objects on this December evening in the south The pools in some of the marshes which we passed were like flakes of molten silver Shadows in the long grass rose up and disappeared with strange rapidity A cottage or a hovel, with a well-swept before it, a fortified grange, or a grove be-



side a rippling stream, looked eminently picturesque. In one place we caught a glimpse of a belated shepherd, hurrying his bleating flock to shelter, in another we saw a few rude men seated on the ground around a blazing fire. Few houses which we passed had any lights at the windows, indeed, many of them had no windows worthy of the name. The interior of a Spanish dwelling of the ordinary class has made small progress in embellishment and comfort since the time when Cervantes wrote. We felt that we should have preferred to arrive in a *diligence* or on horseback, rather than in the extremely prosaic railway-car. Presently we rolled into a small station, and there was a cry of "Toledo." Then every one made a simultaneous rush for the omnibus.

In this gloomy, although roomy, conveyance we obtained some ideas as to the discomforts which we should have suffered in a *diligence*, and repented of our late desire for it. We were packed in as tightly as nuns in a board, and while we were suffering, fat Spaniards dropped their visages upon our toes, and heaped their jucos upon our lips while they proceeded with great gravity to light their cigarettes. The roof of the crazy conveyance was heaped with luggage, we could hear the driver indulge in a hundred unmitigable imprecations, then the mules jumped, and away we went into the seemingly open country. We crossed an ancient bridge, beneath which a river was running.

Presently we began to climb a hill, and then the brilliant moonlight showed us an antique parapet guarding the banks of precipitous cliffs, around which we wound our upward way, the tower surrounded with walls far above us, and gates proudly uplifting their venerable heads against time. All that

we had dreamed of fascinating as belonging to the approaches to Toledo was here more than fulfilled. Far below us, on the uneven plain, a few lights danced and flickered like will-of-the-wisps, as perhaps they were. Not a sound came from the city, I could have fancied it spellbound by a magician.

Now we crossed a tiny square, surrounded by tall, narrow, many-balconied buildings, and now our omnibus clattered through streets so narrow that the sleek sides of the mules seemed to graze the sides of the houses on either hand. But the Spanish Jehu landed us safely at last in front of a hostelry, which, humble enough of exterior, proved capacious and comfortable within. It was a veritable *fonda*, with huge wooden shutters to the windows, and with *braseros* to warm the apartments, with a profusion of dark passages and mysterious retreats and sunny house-tops, where the guests made their rendezvous in the morning, and with a dining-room, the walls of which were lined with pictures illustrative of the chivalrous career of the Knight of La Mancha, as well as with daggers and Toledo blades innumerable.

It was in this chamber, suggestive of duels and sudden deaths, and with rapiers hanging almost literally over our heads, that we took our frugal midnight supper, and while we ate fresh eggs and lean cutlets, fried in oil, and drank thimblefuls of musty wine, we heard the voice of the *sereno*, not unmusically proclaiming the fact that it was twelve o'clock and serene. Toledo seemed more than serene. It seemed more and more to us as if the old town were in an enchanted sleep.

We dressed next morning, shivering in the cool air, for it was December,

and December has its asperities in Spain as well as in more northward climates. We opened the windows, hoping to get warm. This sounds odd, but it is the literal truth: go out of the house into the open air if you wish to be warm in Spain. The sun is the life, the heat, the universal rejoicer. When he goes down to rest at night everything seems to take on a sinister and melancholy aspect for an hour or two as if in sullen dejection because of the departure of the monarch of day. When a Spaniard passes from the shade to the sunlight his face brightens involuntarily, even though he may have his nose enveloped in his gloomy cloak. So we opened the windows, and looked out over the plain which Toledo so proudly dominates, and here, before we went down to visit the town, we read the pretty legend about the origin of the Moorish victories over the Goths. Toledo, as all the world knows, passed with the rest of Spain in the fifth century from the hands of the Romans into those of the Goths, and in Toledo the Gothic kings held their Court in the sixth century. Two hundred years after that, Rodriguez, the last of the Gothic kings, was conquered on the banks of the Guadalete by the Moors, returning in from Africa.

The legend tells of the mysterious grotto of Hercules, a subterranean labyrinth, which is said to extend for more than three leagues outside the walls of Toledo. The entrance to this labyrinth, says the story, was closed by an iron gate, studded with massive bolts and nails, and was on the highest site in the town, at the place now occupied by a shabby Catholic church. The entrance, it is said, was walled up, by order of Cardinal Silveo, in 1546. Here stood, in the ancient days, the palace founded

by Tubal, and restored and enlarged by Hercules, who was a magician before the Greeks made a god of him, and who here built the enchanted tower containing many talismans and menacing inscriptions. Among these latter was one which read: "A ferocious and barbaric nation will invade Spain whenever any one shall enter into this magic circle." Every Gothic king, trembling with fear lest this terrible and mysterious prophecy might be realized, felt it his duty to add new bolts and locks to the mysterious door-way leading into the grotto. But Rodriguez, not having the fear of magic before his eyes, and hoping to find important treasure concealed in the labyrinth, one day banished his courtiers and his guard, and went along to the old iron door, on which for centuries had stood respected inscription in Greek letters. The king who shall open this door and discover the marvels beyond it will seem as good and evil." Rodriguez with sudden resolution, ordered the bolts to be torn away, and went into the grotto. He soon arrived in a vast chamber, with walls of hewn stone, in the middle of which stood a bronze statue of terrible aspect. It held in its hand weapons with which it struck upon the floor. But Rodriguez went straight up to the statue and asked permission to go further on. The bronze warrior then ceased to strike upon the floor, and Rodriguez, pushing on, soon found a coffin, on the cover of which was written: "He who opens me will see marvels." It was too late to hesitate now, so he opened the box, but was annoyed to find in it nothing except a canvas which he unrolled. Upon it were figured troops of strange men, their heads gut with turbans, and with lances and bucklers in their hands; and underneath them ran the inscription: "He who shall have opened this box will have ruined Spain and will

be conquered by a nation like those painted on this canvas."

King Rodriguez went out of the grotto filled with sadness and presentiment of trouble. That night a terrible tempest broke over Toledo and the Tower of Hercules was destroyed. It was not long after these events that the Arabs began to pour into Spain, where they were destined to remain for many centuries. Toledo was at first governed in the name of the Caliphs of the Orient by chiefs or by officers who soon however, declared their independence. The Moorish kings of Toledo kept their sovereignty there until 1085, when Alfonso VI. King of Castile drove them out, after a siege which had lasted many years. Then Toledo became the capital of the kings of Castile and remained so until the middle of the sixteenth century when Philip II. took the Court to Madrid.

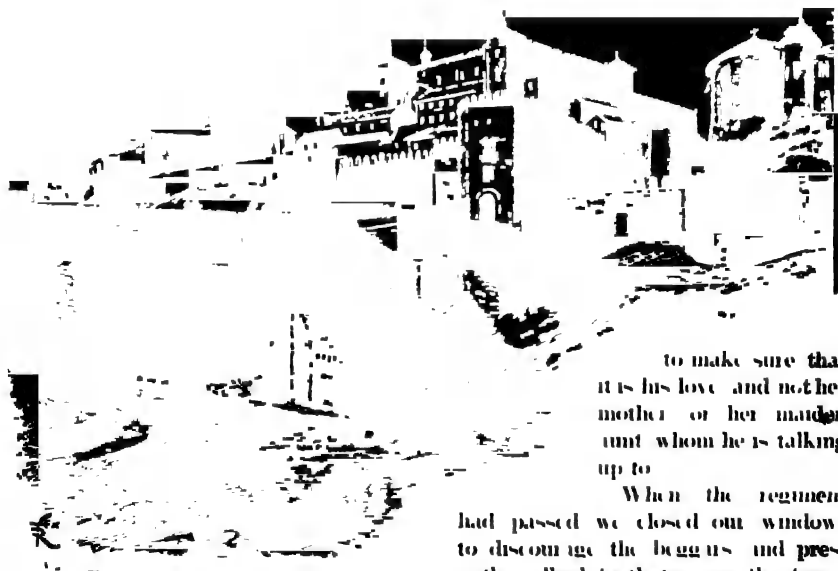
"We were so engrossed in our books that for some time we did not notice the hubbub in the street below, but presently we looked down, where two or three straggling rays of sunshine had found their way to the very flag-stones, and lighted up as picturesque a group of vagabonds as ever sprouted on the soil of Spain. Are all the beggars in the province aware of our arrival?" said my companion. It really seemed as if they were, and were overjoyed to see us, for they set up a yell of delight when our attention rested upon them, and all, except one or two lone ones, began dancing about us as if possessed with the devil. Poor souls! they were certainly possessed of little else, for there were scarcely rags among the lot decently to cover the nakedness of one-half their number, and yet these rascals were all licensed to beg. Each one wore round his or her neck a string, from which depended a brass badge, bearing the words, "*Pobre de*

Toledo," and I warrant you that each one is registered in some huge black book, and has to give some small percentage of his receipts to a grasping official. Men or women must be of very little account in Spain to escape governmental cupidity. A good part of the frightful hubbub which we now heard was due to the fancy of some other travellers, who from the balcony next ours were tossing coppers to the beggars, and watching the struggles of the wretches to get them from each other. An evil-eyed old man, in a soiled hat, a tattered blanket, a patriarchal beard, and a pair of red soldier trousers, had incurred the animosity of all the other beggars by his agility, and the travellers were now a trifle appalled to see that their generosity might possibly be the cause of a fray. In fact, a woman and two overgrown boys, who had succeeded in picking up none of the pence were threatening the old man with instant dissolution unless he agreed to divide. He defended his booty as he could, and already windows were opened on the other side of the street, and ladies appeared, making appealing gestures to the travellers not to encourage this cupidity any farther. Oaths, entreaties, words, neither fit for ears polite nor impolite, flew from beggar to beggar with great rapidity, and astonished us. The red-legged sinner, disdaining the danger in which he stood, took off his hat, and solicited or begged our patronage anew, with a whining "*Por Dios, Señores!*"

Whether or not it would have ended in blood I do not know, for it was luckily interrupted by the music of a fine military band and by sharp words of command from officers. Before the beggars had had time to get well ranged on the sunny side of the street, with their backs against the walls, one of the fin-

est-looking regiments I had ever seen marched past. I doubt if any country could have produced a finer collection of shapely and intelligent young men than that embodied in this regiment. There were traces of refinement and culture in every face, and we could not help thinking that it was a sad waste to concentrate all this young talent upon such a branch

Toledo we found two or three of these cadets, promenading or standing beneath balconies conversing with ladies who were as invisible to them as to us. After seeing a few interviews of this fashion one can understand the strange surprises of which old Spanish comedies are full. One needs to be extremely careful when doing his Sunday courting.



ALCAZAR AND WALLS OF TOLEDO

of the public service as the army when good men are needed in so many other professions in Spain. These youths were the pupils of the great military school of Toledo, whence six hundred cadets are sent forth at frequent periods. Their college was formerly the Hospital of the Holy Cross, and is one of the most interesting monuments of the town. Wherever we went during our stay in

to make sure that it is his love and not her mother or her maiden aunt whom he is talking up to.

When the regiment had passed we closed our windows to discourage the beggars and presently sallied forth to view the town, beginning as wise travellers always do, with a purposeless stroll hither and yon. In the course of this perambulation we discovered that Toledo is wonderfully clean for a Spanish town, that order and decency seem everywhere to prevail, and that one might pass a comfortable existence there if he were a good son of the Church, and passionately devoted to its history, antiquities, observances, and splendours, for Toledo is nought but an ancient

fortress, filled with churches and convents and with the ruins of convents and churches. The railway and the government manufactory of arms the only two things distinctly modern, are a long way outside the town limits. On the high hills, where old Toledo sits enthroned, cridled with mills which have defied the centuries, no spindles hum, no looms clash. You wonder in vain on what the population lives, you cannot find out. But it certainly does live, and live well, for as the hour of the mid-day meal approaches you see hundreds of pretty olive-colored servant-girls hurrying to their employers' homes with market-baskets piled high with appetizing display of vegetables, fruits, and meat, and with sundry fat bottles protruding from among the other treasures. There are eighteen thousand or twenty thousand people in Toledo and only a small percentage of the number subsists by begging. The others live. Ah! how do they live?

They evidently cared little for our opinion of them. They looked down from their windows at us with a certain deliberate scorn in their glances as if thinking, "Here are more barbarians come to view the proofs of our former grandeur." We finished our ramble at the Alcazar, a beautiful edifice, which stands upon the site of an old Gothic fortress. It was almost entirely built by Charles V. and by Philip II. It was burned in 1710 by the armies, German, English, Dutch, and Turk, during the war of the Succession. Charles III. had the magnificent staircase and many other parts of the structure restored in 1772, but it was again burned in 1812, and now the Spaniards have courageously rebuilt it anew. The *patio*, or interior court, with its majestic columns and the staircase of honor, won our respect and

reverence. From the Alcazar we went down to the large irregular square, surrounded by uneven arcades, where the populace collects in crowds when the sun is hot, and on this day it was hot indeed. People sat motionless on the great stone benches, absorbing, as I have seen them do in Florida, the divine beauty of the air and the sun. Mule-teers from the country round about had cast themselves on the ground near their beasts, and were lazily smoking and dreaming. None of these men, of whatever class, felt worried about the uses or abuses of life, the shadow of the grave, or any such nonsense, and I felt sure that had they possessed intelligence enough to comprehend the purport of Mr. Mallock's book, "Is Life worth Living?" they would have waved it gently aside as an intellectual atrocity, not worth their serious attention. Something of the calm and dignity of the Moorish gateways and the massive cathedral walls seems to have crept into the demeanor and the thought of these good people of Toledo.

The shopkeepers do not seem much in earnest. There were no rich shops, filled with articles of luxury for sale, such as one would be sure to find in a town of twenty thousand inhabitants in America. People have finished their buying of furniture, pictures, and plate, and so great bazaars, filled with such things, are lacking. The chemist and the tailor had a melancholy look. They did not seem to be over-confident of a paying patronage, but saddle and harness, horse-gear and mule-gear, stirrups and belts, daggers and pistols, guns and knives, were evidently in constant demand. Spain is still the country of the wandering horseman, armed to the teeth, and ready for adventures on hill or in valley. From this sun-blessed square,

with its dozing crowd, we went down to the smaller place in front of the mighty cathedral. Here, again, we found dozens of persons basking in the sun, a few children gambolling in a slow, lazy fashion, not even deigning to get out of our way, but allowing us to walk over them.

This great church, which men labored at for two hundred and fifty years before its exterior was complete and which is a pearl of Gothic architecture, threw a flowing shadow across our path. It seemed warning us to set aside the light and trifling spirit of the supercilious traveller, in which we had been viewing and commenting upon things all that morning, and to approach its wonders in reverential attitude. I sat down on a bench in front of the church and studied the rich portals until quite lost to everything else. The men who wrote in this stone book, as Victor Hugo would say, of hell, of pardon, and of the judgment, were blessed with elevated imagination. It is not a little suggestive of the spirit of the Catholic church, that the page, or the portal, devoted to pardon is the most elaborately rich. This is exquisitely beautiful, worth journeying hundreds of miles by Spanish railway to see. The others are sometimes rude in detail, but powerful in *ensemble*. From the right of this monstrous façade, the stones in which seem to breathe forth life, springs the graceful church-tower, ninety yards high, and holding in its belfry a chime, one bell of which weighs forty thousand pounds. On the left is the renowned Mozarabic chapel, surmounted by a handsome octagonal cupola. This fronts the west, and the glories of the setting sun linger on it winter and summer evenings before they settle down to turn the ruddy waters of the Tagus for a moment into a flood of

molten gold. There are no less than twenty-three chapels, which are so many little churches, all grouped around the greater cathedral, and they were specially constructed, at widely divided epochs, as places of burial for celebrated warriors and churchmen. It was in 667 if we may believe the pious tradition that the Virgin appeared to St. Ildefonso, Bishop of Toledo; but this church had been founded a century before by a Gothic king converted to Catholicism. After the invasion of the Moors the cathedral, of course, became a mosque and the Moors kept it as their place of worship even after the triumphal entry of Alfonso VI, until one night the Christians arose, and, violating their promise, took back the old cathedral and consecrated it anew to their own worship. The foundations of the present cathedral were laid in 1227, and the edifice was finished in 1493. When we had concluded our study of this façade we went round to the southern one, to the Door of the Laons as it is called. We tried in vain to examine the beautiful small statues with which the portal was studded. The effort made our heads ache and brought black spots before our eyes. Northward arose the high and forbidding walls of the cloister and dozens of ancient houses, with carved fronts and windows protected with iron railings, also arched with hundreds of quaint devices. Behind the church, in a gloomy building, now a *posada*, once sat the Holy Inquisition, and from the vaults sometimes were heard in the old days, the shrieks and groans of tortured prisoners.

We went into the cathedral and found preaching in progress. After a long walk through the shades we came to the central structure, found in all Spanish churches, and which in this im-

pressive cathedral is of most fabulous magnificence. Our eyes wandered from slender figures of saints and martyrs down to the precious and richly carved walls of wood on which they rested, and then up to the frowning and monstrous columns of marble. One could but faintly describe this *coro*, for the amount of detail fatigues the sense of observation. In a high pulpit, which seemed to spring as lightly as the blossom of a honeysuckle from among the gigantic pillars, was a priest lecturing a large procession of red-cloaked seminarists, who sat submissively below him. The ox-like heretude of these youths' faces impressed me. I wondered if they had really got the vocation, or if their passions were still asleep. We thought that considering the absolute lamulity of his audience, the priest was rather emphatic and declamatory. In the five enormous naves of the church and in all the chapels ran an odor of incense, soft, sweet, and penetrating. It seemed to enter our very souls. My companion rebelled against it. He said he felt as if there were a kind of moral taint, a species of spiritual subjection in it, and he longed to get into the open air.

But even he was half persuaded to bow in adoration before a delicate and perfect marble group representing the Virgin and the Child, on the spot where the Virgin is supposed to have appeared to St. Ildefonso when he brought down the holy chasuble. He stood and watched the faithful as they came one by one to touch the stone on which the divine mother was said to

have set her feet and his face took on a kind of awe as he saw the fervor and sincerity of these simple ones, who believe that the stone has certain powerful virtues. All the beautiful French and English cathedrals sink into insignificance beside this of Toledo. Spaniards themselves think that the exterior architecture of this church is inferior to that of the Cathedral of Burgos, but the superb mass of seemingly inexhaustible riches collected within the walls overwhelms the spectator. Here the past is crystalized. This is at once cemetery and temple of worship, volume of history, and museum of antiquities. Poetry and romance are in every corner. Knights and ladies, famous long ago, seem to sleep lightly on their sculptured tombs and to be ready to arise at a signal. The red hat of a cardinal hangs above a marble sarcophagus. How long has it been there? Longer than in the United States has been a nation.

And when the priest had finished his sermon, and the red-cloaked seminarists had gone forth, and the women who had been squatting on the stone pavement had arisen and departed, tremulous organ-music stole through the air, and came to us like a benediction. From the hidden choir rose the pure voices of boy choristers, singing praises over and over again, while the round voices of monks chimed the responses. We were about to leave the cathedral, but we could not. The magic of the music was all-powerful. We sat down in a corner and listened.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Dead Celebrities — Don Alvaro de Luna and his Famous Chapel in Toledo — The Ancient Gates — The Cloister of San Juan de Los Reyes — Cordova — The Merquits — A Relic of the Moors — The Plain of Seville — The Gualdi — The Cathedral — The Gardens of the Alcazar — The Duke of Montpensier

SPAIN has more dead than living celebrities within her limits, and among them none is more worthy of a note of respectful admiration than the old constable Don Alvaro De Luna, whose tomb is in this ancient Cathedral of Toledo, in the Santiago Chapel one of the best specimens of the highest period of florid Gothic art. In this exquisite chapel reposes on a white marble tomb the body of the great constable, who had such a romantic history, and who finished his career upon the scaffold in 1453. The Spaniards say that the constable, who was very proud, had arranged, years before any thought of death had touched his spirit, that his mausoleum should have a statue which should kneel down during mass, and might rise up again at the end of the holy office. This strange order was carried into effect, and the statue was, so the legend runs, placed in the cathedral, but the great Isabel ordered it to be removed because of the irreverent nature of the curiosity which it provoked among the faithful.

Don Alvaro first makes his appearance in history as a page in the service of the young King John II, in 1408, while the king was still under the tutelage of the queen mother. The two young people were united in the closest bonds of friendship, but the courtiers became jealous of the influence which the page had upon the king, and separated the

two children, whereupon the young monarch fell into such a profound melancholy that his beloved Don Alvaro was summoned back to court at once. Thenceforward the path of the ambitious page was strewn with proofs of royal favor, and it was not many years before he attained the highest office in the kingdom — that of Constable of Castile.

In 1431 he was victorious in the famous battle in which the Moors were pursued even to the walls of Granada. The victory of Olmedo delivered King John II from the ambitious intrigues of his cousin, and for this feat of arms, which was, perhaps, the proudest in Don Alvaro's career, he received every honor and courtesy which his royal master could bestow upon him. But thereafter his fortunes declined. John II became jealous of him, and was, so the legend says, anxious to seize upon the immense riches which the constable had accumulated.

So he ruthlessly exiled his favorite, and then Don Alvaro, for the first time in his life, committed a crime. He believed that he had been supplanted in the favor of the king by a certain Alonzo Perez, who had been his own secretary. He managed to get this ungrateful servant a fatal fall from the top of his house in Burgos, having had the balustrade sawn away, and pitched after the victim, in order to make the public believe that

the murder was an accident. Don Alvaro was arrested and handed over to the executioner. His head was exposed in the market-place of Valladolid for nine days, and he who had been for thirty years the most powerful man in Spain was buried by public charity. But in process of time his evil deeds were forgotten and his glorious ones seemed to entitle him to the bright place which he occupies to-day in the noblest cathedral in northern Spain.

Another chapel of marked interest is that of 'The new Kings' which was built under Charles V., and in which are many tombs of kings and queens of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. One begins to understand the reverent awe with which the citizens of Toledo speak of the great cathedral when he has wandered among those royal tombs, and has learned that within those noble walls is a great epitome of Spanish history.

From the church we went out for a walk round the old walls of Toledo, and visited in turn the beautiful Gate of the Sun (*Puerta del Sol*), in which the widely varying styles of the Moorsque, the Gothic and the Renaissance epochs are so strangely united, and that other ancient gateway, the *Arco del Cristo de la Luz*, under which Alfonso VI. made his triumphal entry into the Toledo which he had won by his sword. We looked down upon the Tagus from the Bridge of Alcántara, which springs arily across a gigantic chasm, its single arch in lightness and beauty, surpassing anything of the kind we had ever seen in northern lands. But of all the treasures of old Toledo none so won our fancy, not even the cathedral so appealed to our poetic sense, as did the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, which stands high above the Bridge of St. Martin, proudly overlooking the Tagus. No written description

can more than faintly reproduce the beauties of this Gothic monument, once a vast church and cloister, which must have been a very haven of delight for the weary churchmen and warriors who reached it after toiling across the bleak plains and through the dangerous mountain passes. It was built in 1476, by Ferdinand and Isabella as a votive offering after the famous victory of Toro, gained over their neighbor the King of Portugal, who was always covetous, and who supported the intriguing pretender to the crown of Castile. The portal of the church, a century younger than the church itself, is supremely beautiful, but the chief gem of the monastery was its cloister, which is the most marvellous specimen of carving in stone that I have ever seen. Its beautiful arches are to-day half-ruined, the garlands of leaves, of flowers of birds, of chimeras, and of dragons, are degraded, and many of them have been taken down to be reproduced by the restorer's chisel. The finely carved colonnades, the little groups of pillars, within which lurk the statues of some shy saints, who look down from their refuge as if half afraid of the invading hand of modernism, the rich pedestals, and the standards and dais worked through and through by the cunning artisans, until they are almost like lace, the quaint and extravagant fancies of the mediæval stone-cutters, — all this one despairs of rendering in weak prose. Outside the cloister, and above the door of the convent, through which, to-day, one enters the provincial museum, is a great cross in Gothic style, surmounted by a pelican. On the right and on the left are statues of St. John and the Virgin Mary, in the face of which, so say the guides, one sees the veritable lineaments of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella. All

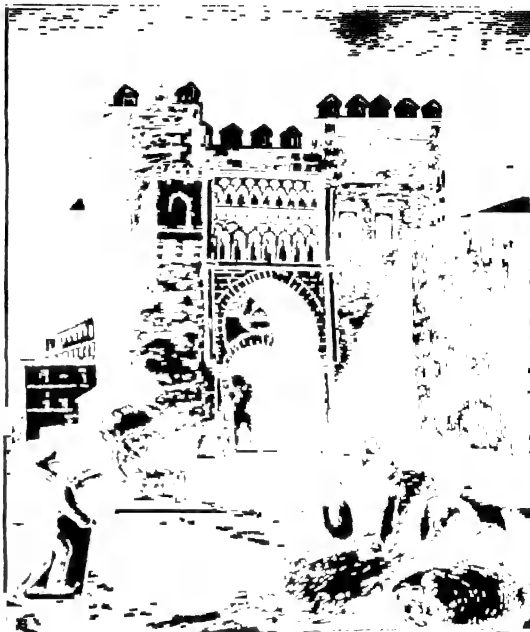
around the outside of the church hang uncomfortable masses of iron chains and fetters. These are the votive offerings of the Christian captives, who were given back to liberty at the surrender of Granada.

When we left Toledo we felt as if we had been in an enchanted city for one hundred years, and had suddenly been thrown back into the cold light of the natural world. We went away, our eyes still dazzled with the treasures which we had seen in the Sacristy of the Cathedral, on the morning before our departure. The superb *custodia*, which was made for the church in 1524, all of gilded silver, in the Gothic style, was decorated with more than two hundred and sixty statuettes, and literally covered with diamonds, with emeralds, and with other precious stones. Its central part, in massive gold, said the pious clerk who showed it to us, was made with the first ore brought back from America by Christopher Columbus. There, too, we

saw the processional cross in gilded silver, made by a noted craftsman of Toledo in the sixteenth century, and the standard which was planted by the valiant Cardinal Mendoza and his men on the fortress of the Alhambra in Granada in 1492. The clerk showed us a Bible of the twelfth century, written upon golden leaves, each leaf beautifully en-

circled with emeralds and with painted miniatures, and we could not help coveting the reliquaries, of which this good man showed us at least five score.

We went on from cathedral to cathedral until we were almost persuaded that all Spain was but tributary to the



THE PUERTA DEL SOL

Catholic shrines, and that the revolutionary movements which we had seen in favor of modern progress and liberty were but the "baseless fabric of a vision." From Toledo we went down, past Aranjuez, to the Alcazar de San Juan, a wretched and ancient town, chiefly memorable in the diaries of travellers because of the discomforts which they

have been obliged to endure at its huge and comfortless railway station. This Alcazar was once the capital of the commanderies of the Knights of St John.

We continued our journey into Andalusia across the barren and monotonous plains of La Mancha through the country which Cervantes has immortalized in 'Don Quixote' through defiles and along the edges of precipices as wonderful as those of northern Spain until we came to old Cordova, half-deserted, but still as picturesque as it was in the time of the Caliphs, when it possessed two hundred thousand houses, and if we may believe the enthusiastic Spaniards eighty thousand palaces, seven hundred mosques, and more than twelve thousand villages in its suburbs. The railway to Cordova passes near the site of the famous battle of Las Navas, fought on the 12th of July 1212 when the Moors were defeated with a loss of many thousands of men and were forced to give into the hands of the Christians the fertile domain of Andalusia where they had been so happy.

It is stupefying to the traveller from the Occident to wander through Cordova. From whole quarters of the city the inhabitants have gone away, long streets are filled with houses entirely unoccupied and here one may learn to understand the gradual ruin which overtook the cities of the East.

The ancient town of the Senecas and of Lucan, the illustrious cradle of the poets of Cordova, of whom Cicero spoke with so much enthusiasm, the city in which Moorish physicians, surgeons, and philosophers, juriconsults, and ministers of state, wrote works which have been translated into half the languages of Europe, the birthplace of Cespedes, who was poet, painter, architect, and

sculptor, all in excellent degree, the home of the great captain of the fifteenth century Fernandez de Cordova, — is now a melancholy spectacle. Commerce seems to take wings to itself and fly away from places which it had once blessed with its beneficial presence. Under the Romans, under the Moors, even under the Castilians, Cordova was one of the great industrial cities of the world. Its silk factories swarmed with workmen and workwomen and the manufacture of its stamped and gilded leathers employed thousands of artisans, but one by one the sources of its commercial greatness fell away and there has been no internal policy, political or commercial, worthy the name, in Spain, since the beginning of the century. So it is not wonderful that Cordova shows no signs of the awakening so perceptible in Barcelona and the other cities of the north. There are to-day but a few wretched manufactures of ribbons and of gilt in the town, but the jewellers are numerous, and their windows are filled with gold and silver work which is massive and honestly made although without much delicacy or elegance.

Cordova had been but little touched by the revolutions which succeeded each other with such rapidity in the peninsula after 1868, but since the revival of the monarchy of Alfonso XII there has grown up, all through the fertile domain of Andalusia, a socialistic movement, which perhaps had its origin in the subterranean workings of the *Internationale* in 1869, and the years directly preceding it. The taxation of the present monarchy has been almost ruinous for many of the industries of Andalusia, and it is remarkable with what persistence one Spanish monarchy follows another Spanish monarchy in neglecting to develop the resources of the country. Shortly

after returning from a journey in Spain I took up the descriptive itinerary of that country, written nearly fifty years ago by Comte de Laborde, and in it the author, who was a painstaking and careful observer, laments that the whole country between Seville and Jerez de la Frontera, which is naturally one of the most fertile bits of land in the world, is left to run to waste, because the oppressive taxation, and the indisposition of the local authorities to aid in making improvements in the provinces, had discouraged the farmers. What the Comte de Laborde said fifty years ago is perfectly true to-day. If progress is made in Spain, always excepting the recent vigorous movements in Catalonia and elsewhere in the north, it may be set down as certain that it is the work of the English or some other enterprising stranger. Andalusia, wrote our observing friend fifty years ago, so abounds in wheat that it has been called the granary of Spain, but to-day the poorer classes find it difficult to get enough to eat. Probably one of the reasons for this extreme poverty is then unwillingness to work, but there is little inducement to labor in a country where the government takes the larger part of one's earnings so soon as one has earned them.

The society of the *Mano Negra*, or the Black Hand, was formed a few years ago in Andalusia, its direct objects being the plunder of the rich and the assassination of the oppressors, and the creation of this society was provoked exactly like that of the Nihilists in Russia, by intolerable abuses and tyranny, from which there seemed no appeal except by conspiracy and violence.

The jewel of Cordova is its ancient mosque, still called the *Mezquita*. To-

day the Holy Church has baptized it as a cathedral, but to the eyes of all the poetically inclined it will still remain the mosque which the splendid Caliph Abderrahman built in the year 170 of the Hegira, as the Arab chroniclers tell us, and in which have been seen so many splendid parades of Moorish military and civic grandeur. This beautiful structure occupies the site of the first cathedral that the Goths had built on the place where they had found traces of the temple of Janus, which the Romans had erected there. The *Mezquita* is even built out of the ruins of the two preceding structures, and nearly all the columns which are so striking a feature of the mosque are very ancient. The edifice is five hundred and thirty-four feet long, and nearly four hundred feet wide within. The walls are built out of huge stones, hewn coarsely, and uneven in size. The northern side is covered with ornaments in stucco, which are carved with the greatest delicacy, and at the principal entrance are six jasper columns of exquisite beauty. A massive square tower rises at one side of this strange building. Its windows are ornamented with white and red marble columns, and at the top are little arches, in the form of festoons, sustained by a great number of diminutive columns.

The court-yard, nearly two hundred feet long, with a marble fountain in its centre, is another curious feature in the mosque. This is the place where the faithful made their daily ablutions after they had left their shoes at the foot of the tower near the entrance. This superb court-yard is surrounded on three sides by a fine portico, supported by seventy-two columns. In the middle are planted orange and lemon trees, cypress, palms, and many other tropical and semi-tropical shrubs. Here nature

and art are married in the happiest manner, with that felicity and harmony which the Moors so well understood. When the troops who accompanied Joseph Bonaparte into Andalusia entered this dazzling court-yard for the first time they could not suppress shouts of admiration. The chapter of the cathedral, in its most brilliant costume, came forward to meet the new monarch, who was destined to have such a short stay, the people pressed in crowds round the *cortège*, and the great enclosure, with its antique, oriental stones, with its African palm-trees spreading above the verdure of the low orange shrubs, which mingled the perfume of their flowers with the incense escaping from the censers, the branches, which were decorated with thousands of ribbons and flags of all colors, the clash of the drums, and the noise of the artillery outside, the superb vault of the sky, — in a word, the unusual beauty of animate and inanimate things formed such an *ensemble* that the troops, who had French eyes for the picturesque, were ravished, and swore that they would never depart from such a beautiful place. This mosque has seventeen doors, covered with bronze plates. Within the vast structure are nineteen naves, each three hundred and fifty feet long, and more than fourteen feet wide, running from the south to the north, and across these, from east to west, run nineteen smaller naves. All these are formed by long lines of columns, and the effects as fantastic as beautiful. Many of the columns are of jasper, which closely resembles turquoise, others are of the finest red, white, and reddish-yellow marble. Most of them have Corinthian capitals, and few are more than eleven feet high. There are in this wonderful mosque no less than one thousand and eighteen of these columns.

Here are no vaults, but the ceilings are made of simple wood, without ornamentation, but beautifully joined together. The mosque was left in its original form until the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the zealous chapter obtained from the king, although the citizens of Cordova protested against the mutilation of the beautiful monument, permission to build in the centre of the structure a huge chapel, which is like a church within a church. But, in spite of its rich accumulations of marbles, of paintings, of tapestries, and of frescoes, it looks cold and out of place in this Moorish mosque, which seems to attract to it the heat and the translucent color of Africa.

After a day's wandering in and about this mosque we felt that Cordova had no further claim for us. We did not stay to visit the great Episcopal Palace, with its marble staircase, the balustrades of which are lined with ornaments in bad taste, nor to inspect the seemingly innumerable portraits of the bishops of Cordova, nor the remains of the palace of the Moorish kings, which I fancied existed only in the imagination of the Spanish chroniclers, nor to the Royal Palace, which, surrounded by its gloomy walls, looks like a citadel occupied by a foreign invader, who is compelled to protect himself from the inhabitants. Indeed, this might be construed perhaps, as the present position of the monarchy in Spain. At Cordova one of the old palaces is used as a stable for the splendid Andalusian horses which are raised in the neighbourhood, and in this stable, in 1792, stood six hundred almost priceless horses, the very perfection of their race. The Spanish monarchs of this century have not paid so much attention to horses as to bulls. Here and there in Cordova one sees the spacious enclosures

into which the wild bulls are driven when they are brought up from the plains to be partially subjugated before they are given over to the pleasures of the populace in the ring.

From Cordova to Seville is a pleasant excursion through one of the most fertile plains in Spain, among the vines and olive trees, through groves of cactus and of palm. The railway is even hedged in by rows of gigantic cacti, which grow in the most fantastic form. Seville stands in the midst of this plain, which is traversed by the Guadalquivir. At first sight it is not imposing. The streets are narrow, tortuous, badly paved. The eleven thousand or twelve thousand houses in the town are very solidly built, and any one of any importance has a great courtyard surrounded by galleries, supported by columns, and has fountains in the centre. The entrance to each of these *pacios*, as the courts are called, is closed by a door of open iron-work in which the artisans of Seville are very adroit. In summer, when the intense heat falls upon this plain, the inhabitants

of Seville live entirely in these open courts, over which they spread gayly colored awnings. They desert their sleeping-rooms and lie on cool couches in the corridors, lulled to rest by the music of the fountains. But, as nothing is perfect in this life, they have a compensating torment in the omnipresent mosquito.

The foundation of Seville is variously attributed to Hercules, to Bacchus, to

the Hebrews, to the Chaldeans, and to the Phœnicians. What is certain about the old town's history is, that its inhab-



A PATIO IN SEVILLE

itants have always manifested a Persian discontent with their sovereigns and forms of government, that they have sustained three sieges, two of which are among the most remarkable in history, that they revolted against the King of Cordova in the eleventh century, and set up a King of Seville for themselves, were brought back under the empire of the sovereigns of Cordova, raised anew

the standard of rebellion in 1144, and again chose a king whose descendants laid down the law to Cordova. When Ferdinand II King of Castile and Leon, took possession of Cordova and Jien, in 1236 Seville threw off all authority and declared herself a Republic, that her people should be governed by the laws which they made for themselves. But Ferdinand II circled Seville with his forces, and set siege to it in 1247, and after twelve months of grim resistance the town succumbed, and was thenceforward to be a jewel in the crown of Castile.

The two chief beauties of Seville are the Alcazar, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, which, since the fall of the Moors, has been restored and much enlarged, especially in the reign of the sombre and terrible Peter the Cruel, and the Metropolitan church, or cathedral a noble twin to that of Toledo, and one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. The cathedral, the old tower of the Giralda, built by El Gebu, the inventor of Algebra, which is named after him, the archiepiscopal palace, and the old library in which lie the thousands of manuscript records concerning the discovery of the New World, — are all grouped together in a beautiful square bordered with orange-trees. We were admitted to the library, where we saw infinite portraits of archbishops of Seville, but not many of the discoverers of America, and where we found no books of more recent date than the close of the last century. But why should the library of the church have books of recent issue? Seville seems to have fallen asleep in its sunny plain beside the broad, lazy river, and to have forgotten the glorious days when it was the centre of the commerce and the wealth of Spain, when it was the

point of departure and arrival for the huge fleets which traded to the Land of the setting sun, when troops of hardy adventurers thronged the quays of the Guadalquivir, anxious to embark for adventure in America. "Seville," says a melancholy Spanish writer of the present day, 'is now a body without a soul, and yet' — he adds with quaint sadness — "the vessels could go up the Guadalquivir to-day as readily as they did four hundred years ago." Here came the gold and silver from the colonies, here were fuiled the sails of the galleons after they had been chased along the shores by practical or immutual fleets, which laid in wait for them as they came home from the rich West; here were thousands of workers in silks, in gold and silver tissues, in flax and cotton stuffs; but now they are all gone. In 1601 the seventeen guilds of the city of Seville made a report concerning the prosperity of the town. There were then a great many silk factories, employing thutteen thousand men and women. Two centuries later there were hardly two thousand silk weavers in the town.

During two visits in Seville I found that the Cathedral commanded and absorbed my attention. As in Venice the stranger naturally makes his way twice or thrice daily to the Place of St. Mark, so in Seville, whether or not one be piously inclined, he pushes aside the leathern curtains on the door-ways at the entrance of the Cathedral several times each day; and at each visit to the interior of the great church he finds something new on which to feast his eyes. Now it is a dance of pages, in mediæval costume, before the great central altar, now it is a procession, — and where are the religious processions so picturesque and so rich in color as in Spain? — now

a sermon by some buxom friar to a congregation of one or two thousand ladies, who are seated on the flag-stones, humbly taking in the word of the gospel, now, it is the funeral of some nobleman, with majestic singing by scores of monks in the carved stalls of the *coro* in short, it is a perpetual succession of spectacles, each one of which has its peculiar charm

In the sacristy are the famous tables given by Alfonso the Good to this historic church. They are of gilded silver without, and of gold within, and covered with chisellings encrusted with precious stones. There, also, is the great silver key, on the wards of which is the inscription, "God will open and the King will enter." Underneath the ring of this key are graven ships, lions, and castles. The custodians say that this was the key given by the Moors to King Ferdinand when they gave up the city of Seville. There, too, is a majestic chandelier of bronze, which serves for the office of the Holy Week when the streets of Seville are transformed into a vast religious fair, and when the hotels are thronged with visitors from the four quarters of the world. This chandelier is filled with columns, caryatids, statues, and other ornaments in relief. In this sacristy is the Tabernacle, worth fifteen thousand or

sixteen thousand dollars of our money. This is carried in the procession on the day of the festival of the Holy Sacrament



BEGGARS AT THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

It is of incomparable richness, and is covered with most curious figures of angels and of saints.

From the top of the Giralda Tower we looked down upon the great square in which the Inquisition used to roast its

unhappy victims, and tried to imagine the scene but it seemed to us incredible that so sunny, so peaceful, and so beautiful a place should have been chosen for the exercise of the rage of the most bigoted monks the world has ever known. We preferred to dismiss from our thoughts the remembrance of these horrors, recollecting that the Inquisition has long ago had its teeth drawn, and to call up, as we looked over beautiful Seville, the poetic figures of the great painters and sculptors who have made the town illustrious. The school of Seville counts among its glories Zurbaran, Fernandez, Velasquez, and Herrera. Munillo was, in point of fact, not a native of Seville, although the Sevillians claimed him as one of their own. But he has left in the town a hundred evidences of his greatness and none more striking than the paintings in the chapel of the hospital for indigent old men. In this chapel the paintings are kept reverently screened by curtains, which the attendant nuns will draw away for the stranger who bestows charity upon the hospital.

The gardens of the Alcazar seemed more like the sudden embodiment of a poet's dream than like the result of the carefully planned luxury of Moorish and Spanish sovereigns. They are still maintained in their pristine beauty, and are filled with fountains, groves of orange and lemon trees, and with a profusion of delicate tropical plants and flowers.

Not far from these gardens of the Alcazar is a palace in which resides, for some portion of each year, the Duke de Montpensier otherwise known as Antoine Marie Philippe, Louis d'Orleans. The Duke de Montpensier is a well-known figure in half-a-dozen European capitals, as he is almost as inveterate a traveller as Daniel Pratt. He is the fifth son of King Louis Philippe, and was among

the gallant princes who took part in the first campaign in Algeria. Bravery has always been one of his chief qualities, and it stood out in strong relief in his fatal duel with his cousin, the Infante Don Enrique de Bourbon. The Duke married, in 1846, the sister of Queen Isabel of Spain, a marriage which at the time was considered a very adroit piece of management on the part of Louis Philippe, and caused great irritation, and almost open rupture, between France and England.

The Duke has been much disturbed by revolutions. After the events of February, 1848, in Paris, he fled to England with his family, thence to Holland, and afterwards to Seville, where he has finally settled in the charming palace just mentioned. He was compelled to leave Spain after the flight of Queen Isabel in 1868, gave up his rank in the army, his title of Infante and his decorations which he had received from the Queen, but, under the provisional government, he got permission to return to Seville, and then set up his candidature for the empty throne. About that time, however, his chances were ruined by the above-mentioned duel, which must cause him many a twinge of conscience, although his attitude, as men of the world consider such things, was strictly correct. There had long been a quarrel between the Duke and his cousin, which was brought to a sanguinary conclusion by Don Enrique's letter, talking about the "suborned villains" who were ready to proclaim Montpensier King of Spain. The Duke immediately challenged his cousin, and met him on the 12th of March, 1870, on the artillery ground about three miles from Madrid. Three shots were exchanged, the Duke, the third time, taking deadly aim and shooting his cousin through the head. For this little

incident in his career he was tried by court-martial, sentenced to one month's banishment from the capital, and to pay an indemnity to the family of his slain cousin. His political ambitions are perhaps over, for he is now an old man, although still erect and strong, and fond of constant bustle and excitement. In Paris he makes his head-quarters at the Hôtel de Londres, which has long been a favorite resort for the Orleans family, and from his balcony in the hotel he looked down upon the funeral of Gambetta not long ago. It is sometimes the fashion to say that the Duke helps his younger cousins to conspire, but nothing has transpired to prove this. He is, and will probably remain, as the Comte de Chambord was at the time of his death, a monarchical candidate *in partibus*.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The French Empire in 1869 — Subterranean Throes — Manifestations — The Assassination of Victor Noir. — Public Indignity — The *Bûle* of Rochefort — Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Workmen singing the *Marseillaise* — The Imperial Press Law

WHEN I returned from Spain, in the autumn of 1869, the subterranean throes which had been announced by the volcanic shimmer were clearly perceptible. The Empire had met with serious reverses since the close of its splendid festival of 1867, and there was a strange mow in the fate which fashioned the instruments of its destruction out of the power which it had persecuted most unrelentingly since the *comp d'État*.

Nothing could be more interesting to a journalist than to watch the battle of French journalism with the French Empire in this autumn of 1869. The two powers were fairly pitted against each other, neither desiring to give nor to take quarter. Rochefort had arisen into a power with which the Empire was compelled to count. He had grouped around him many unruly and some disreputable personages, and was recognized as a possible leader in any riot or revolution which might occur. Rochefort had been, since the annihilation of his *Lanterne* in Paris, publishing this little paper at Brussels, and having it smuggled into France. The Empire, which had at one time fined him 10,000 francs, sentenced him to a year's imprisonment, and deprived him for a year of his civil rights, in vain heaped upon him new sentences. From his secure retreat in Belgium he sent forth most virulent attacks upon the Empire and all the Imperial personages, and to crown his triumph he was elected by the Irrecon-

cilable Democrats to the *Corps Législatif* from one of the wards of Paris. He came boldly into France, and was, of course, arrested on crossing the Belgian frontier, but the Emperor, who did not dare to treat Rochefort otherwise than with consideration, gave the journalist a safe conduct, allowing him to remain in the country until after the election.

Rochefort received nearly 18,000 votes against 13,445 given to his opponent, and naturally was safe from arrest so soon as he was elected deputy. His popularity in those days was so great that he could not appear in an open carriage, or in the courtyard of a hotel, without attracting an immense crowd. People liked to protest against the methods of the Empire by silently manifesting their appreciation of its opponents. They did not dare to cheer, or to print what they thought about the courageous journalists who were opening the way to the Republic, but they could not be hindered from "manifesting" now and again upon the streets.

In those days manifestations were much talked of, and the Empire had a certain dread of them. On the day of my return from Spain, in October of 1869, a great gathering was announced to take place on the Place de la Concorde. But the cavalry and infantry were set in motion, and few people liked to run the risk of arrest, so that the manifestation was all made by one vaporizing, crazy, old man, who had long been

a familiar sight in Paris, and who harangued the Obelisk of Luxor concerning things in general, but was not so crazy that he undertook to attack the Empire.

The creation of the *Marseillaise* by Rochefort, in December of 1869, was scoffed at by the supporters of the Empire, but it proved to be a powerful agent in hastening the downfall of

great Communal insurrection, to Prince Pierre Bonaparte, to ask satisfaction for an insult which the Prince, who was anything but princely in his manner of speech, had addressed to the editors of a radical paper, called the *Revenge*. Prince Pierre, as the Empire's ill-luck would have it, was in a frightful temper on the morning of Victor Noir's visit, and when



THE MURDER OF VICTOR NOIR

the Imperial authority. The very name of this saucy and vindictive journal was a menace to Napoleon, who had rendered it a penal offence to sing the *Marseillaise* in any part of the domain of France. Attached to this paper was a young Parisian journalist, a veritable *enfant du peuple*, ignorant, but energetic, and wielding a caustic pen. On the 10th of January, 1870, this young man, whose *nom de plume* was Victor Noir, was sent by Paschal Grousset, who was afterwards destined to play a rôle in the

the young journalist, accompanied by one of his colleagues, entered the apartment of the Prince at Auteuil and stated his mission, there was a lively quarrel. The Prince had challenged Rochefort on the previous evening, and fancied that Noir and his companion had come from the celebrated journalist with his answer. When he discovered his mistake he took the letter which the young journalist handed him, read it carefully through, tossed it upon a chair, and, advancing, said —

"I challenged M Rochefort because he is the color-bearer of the mob as to M Grousset. I have no answer for him. Are you in sympathy with these wretches?"

Victor Non immediately answered that he was entirely in sympathy with the persons whom he represented, whereupon, the Prince gave him a blow in his face and then stepping back, drew a revolver and fired at Non, who was at that moment very near him.

The young man pressed his hand to his breast and managed to walk out of the house but fell upon the sidewalk, and died almost instantly. A more cowardly assassination was never committed nor one less excusable from every point of the French code relative to the maintenance of honor. Prince Pierre's version, carefully prepared afterwards, was that he was attacked by Victor Non, and that he saw the other journalist about to draw a pistol, whereupon he determined to defend himself.

The excitement caused by the news that a member of the Imperial family — for Prince Pierre, although he was the *bête non* of his enthroned cousin, and as little imperial as might well be imagined, still bore the name of Bonaparte — had assassinated a child of the people, is quite impossible to describe. The *Marseillais* appeared next morning framed in black and thousands on thousands of copies were sold on the streets, before the police interfered to prevent a further circulation of an "Appeal to the People," which Rochefort, casting all prudence to the winds had signed and printed. The head-lines, "Assassination of a Citizen by Prince Pierre Bonaparte," "Attempted Assassination of another Citizen by Prince Pierre Bonaparte," provoked an uprising in the

popular quarters, where the workmen had long desired a pretext to descend into the aristocratic section of the city, and manifest their disapproval of the Empire and its followers, and there were some exciting moments at the Tuileries during these bleak January days which followed the Victor Non "incident," as the Imperial journals called it.

The murder occurred on the 10th, and the funeral was fixed for the 12th, of January. On the morning of the funeral M Rochefort came down to his office, to find that his journal had been seized, and that a demand for his prosecution had been introduced into the *Coups d'État*, and the funeral which took place in the early afternoon, certainly brought together as many as two hundred and fifty thousand men of the working-classes, who left their workshops and went in orderly and grim procession down the long line of the boulevard and up the Champs Élysées, and out to the little cemetery where the unlucky youthful journalist was to be laid to rest. The Imperial authorities had consigned to their barracks all the troops in Paris, with instructions to be ready to march at a moment's notice, and the workmen were allowed to go to the funeral without any molestation whatever. Hundreds of police spies, in plain clothes, were dispersed throughout the throng, and carried their reports from time to time to the Prefect of Police, who was to interfere if, on the return from the funeral, there was any attempt at a riot.

It would be difficult to define the demeanor of the vast crowd assembled at this gathering. I have seen but one other demonstration like it in France, and that was, oddly enough, also at a funeral, — that of M Thiers, which took place during the great counter-revolution of 1877, when people,

laboring under strong excitement, felt constrained in their own interests and in those of their country to refrain from any open expression of discontent with the government. At this funeral of Victor Noir the sea of upturned human faces, all filled with a profound discontent, a lurking ferocity which was not yet ready to wake into vigorous

of Police clapped his hands and said, "Here are a hundred thousand bayonets fallen from heaven to help us!"

The clever prefect understood the value of rain in damping the enthusiasm of mobs as well as did old Petou, Mayor of Paris, who looked out of his window and said "There will be no revolution to-day, for it rains."



ROCHFORD AND THE WORKING-MEN RIDDEN DOWN

action, but which seemed to prophesy terrible things for the future, was an impressive spectacle, which no one who witnessed it can ever forget. The Imperial police knew full well upon that day that a word, a song, a shout might be sufficient to overturn the Empire, and a friend who was present in M. Pietri's cabinet, when the immense procession of workmen began to return from the cemetery, in the midst of a shower of rain, told me that the Chief

But revolution was near at hand, and never nearer than when, as if moved by some sudden inspiration, some influence entirely independent of their volition, these thousands upon thousands of workmen began to sing the *Marseillaise* with a vigor and a rude energy which were quite startling. This splendid song which had been so long tabooed put a curious fire into the blood of many of the spectators who did not mingle in the manifestation. The end of the re-

pressive period had come. What no man dared to do, what he could not have done without being fined and imprisoned and qualified as a criminal, two hundred and fifty thousand men could do, and none could say them nay. The journal and the journalist had brought about this sudden uprising. It taught the people that they had but to move and the obstacles in their road would be brushed aside. This was a proud day for Rochefort. He was the hero of the demonstration at the cemetery, and from the windows in the little house in which the bereaved Non family lived he had made a ringing speech, in which, however, he counselled moderation and prudence, for, he said, "The government would like nothing better than to put down forever the Republic, if we should try to declare it to-day. As to our vengeance, it will come. From the government we expect nothing, we wish nothing of it, and nothing further to do with it. Its fall is fated, and near at hand. For this reason I beg you to be patient and calm."

But this advice, like that of the student who begged his comrades not to nail the proton's ears to the pump, was taken in an inverse sense, and I have no doubt that the thousands who went down the *Champs Elysées* singing the *Marseillaise* thought that the Republic would be declared that day. Rochefort was obliged to head this strange procession, but presently found himself confronted with squadrons of cavalry, backed up by platoons of police, and in the neighborhood of the Palais de l'Industrie he saw the glittering bayonets of regiments of infantry. The Riot Act was read, and the workmen, after great confusion and many threats, were dispersed. But all the quarters inhabited by the humbler classes were in a perturbed state, and,

had it not been for the incessant patrolling of the streets by cavalry, a revolution would certainly have occurred that night. Prince Pierre was arrested by order of the Emperor, and taken to the *Conciergerie*, where he was allowed comfortable quarters in the director's room. I visited him there, and shall never forget the emphasis with which he declared that, if he might put himself at the head of a regiment of *gendarmes*, he would agree to sweep away all the would-be notables within two hours. But his confidence was greater than that of his Imperial cousin, who began to feel that the end was indeed near at hand.

This was the winter of 1870, and this was the second great blow which the fortunes of the Empire had received. In 1868 Léon Gambetta had entered upon the scene of French politics with that theatrical pose and magnificent *abandon* which characterized all his movements until the sudden and tragic close of his life, and it was in connection with a battle of the newspapers against the Empire that he won immediate and lasting renown. Gambetta had been but little heard of outside the *cafés* and the dining-rooms of the Latin Quarter, where he was wont to air his contemptuous, and sometimes majestic, eloquence, until the Imperial ministry prosecuted the journals which had opened a subscription in honor of the memory of Baudin, the representative of the people, who was killed upon a barricade in the Faubourg St. Martin, at the time of the *coup d'État*. This subscription, and the orderly and inoffensive manifestations which took place at the tomb of Baudin in the Montmartre cemetery, were scarcely worth the rigors in which the Imperial courts had indulged, and the papers resolved to give battle.

The *Réveil*, which was one of the first journals prosecuted, gave its case into the



GAMBETTA IN THE RAUDIN PROSECUTION

hands of Gambetta. He wanted no finer opportunity to make the protest which he had meditated upon for years, and in a passionate outburst of indignation, on one gloomy afternoon, in a little courtroom in the Palais de Justice, he ha-

rangued the head of the Second Empire as the betrayer of the trust reposed in him, and as the destroyer of the liberties of France

This produced an immense sensation, all the greater because the country had

been long destitute of a protesting voice, and the accusations of the young advocate rang through the whole land from Calais to Marseilles. So great was Gambetta's personal excitement on this occasion that as M. Weiss has told us, the Imperial advocate and the president of the court tried in vain a number of times to interrupt and moderate his passionate language, but their voices were drowned in the thunder of the lawyer's speech and in the powerful protestation of his delivery.

Thus, in an afternoon, Gambetta stepped into the front rank of European orators, and into the opposition to the Empire. At the general elections in 1869 he was adopted as a candidate for Marseilles and for Paris. Son of the South with the powerful yet poetic temperament of the people of Provence he appealed irresistibly to the passions and the affections of the people of Marseilles and won his election there over such powerful opponents as M. de Lesseps and M. Thiers. At Paris his victory was absolute. He chose to represent Marseilles and thus permitted Rochefort to take his seat in the *Corps Législatif*, for Rochefort had been a candidate in the same ward as Gambetta. He was soon at the head of the little band of "Irreconcilables," as they were called, and was one of the most valiant defenders of Rochefort when the government asked the chamber to authorize the prosecution of the editor of the *Marseillaise*.

Looking back upon the history of the Second Empire, it seems almost incredible that Napoleon III. and his ministers should not have possessed sufficient common-sense to have accepted the lessons of French history. They should have realized that it has always been fatal to French governments perma-

nently to trifle with the liberties of the press. But, from the moment that the *coup d'État* was a success, the Empire had signalled out the public prints as containing the greatest danger to the newly made Empire. To read the press law of that period is almost stupefying. One wonders how a nation could have permitted such complete degradation of its liberties. Trial by jury for all press offences was abolished, and the unhappy writer who had offended the reigning powers was brought up like a common malefactor before the Correctional Court. In 1852 a specially odious legislation against the press was enacted. It subjected all political journals to what might be called a preventive régime, placing them at the mercy of the government. It so raised the "stamp-tax," and the sum of the "caution money" to be deposited, that the creation of a journal by persons of moderate means was impossible. It then prevented the foundation of journals treating of political or social economy without a special decree, which it was difficult to get. Then, when the journal was founded, its existence was extremely precarious. A warning would be sent in by an Imperial official, and the editor was expected immediately to profit by it, for a third warning carried with it the suppression of the offending journal. It was forbidden to journalists to give any account of the sessions of the *Corps Législatif* and the Senate other than that furnished by the official reporters. This regulation which is almost Oriental in its despotic flavor, is justly characterized by a famous French writer as at once puerile and grotesque.

But it is useless to pass in extended review the press legislation of the Empire. I will finish by illustrating the working of the stamp-tax, which was one of the

meanest of the small tyrannies levied against the free circulation of the printed word. Every American journal which came into France during the Empire paid a tax of six cents. Returning from a visit to Germany, shortly after the declaration of war, and just before the siege of Paris began, I found waiting me at a banking-house eighty American newspapers, upon each one of which I was compelled to pay the sum of six cents. This stamp-tax was a grievous burden upon provincial newspapers, and undoubtedly prevented their extensive circulation. M. de Villeneuve, of the *Figaro*, tried to avoid a portion of the

stamp-tax upon his paper by having editions printed in Brussels, and brought into France, but the Empire soon put a stop to this. In the *Corps Législatif*, in 1870 a movement was made to do away with the odious tax, but it was immediately stated that "the government could not allow the abolition of such a source of income before 1872." The repressive influence of the tax can be best judged of by the fact that the *Petit Journal* of Paris circulated only three hundred thousand copies under the Empire, but under the Republic has a circulation of eight hundred thousand copies.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Emperor and his Speeches from the Throne — Opening Day of the *Corps Legislatif*. — The Opposition — Sketches of the Leading Members. — M. Thiers and his Attitude towards the Second Empire. — The Splendor of his Life. — His Eloquence Characterized. — Deputies, Lajugue, Jules Simon, and Jules Ferry. — Rochefort and his Yellow Gloves

FEW scenes in European ceremonies were more unique in glow of picturesque uniforms, brilliant *toilettes* of ladies, and gorgeous equipages, than the opening of the French chambers during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III. We have seen that the Second Empire was noted for its punctilious regard for ceremonials, and the profusion of its splendor, whenever occasion offered. On the return from Compiègne to town, the first duty of the "man of destiny" and his retainers was to open the legislative bodies "with a speech from the throne." A procession, in which the order of precedence in rank was most carefully observed, passed through the Palace of the Tuileries on the day of the opening, through the rooms under the Clock Pavilion, along the Place du Carrousel to the Salle des États, in the ancient Louvre. The *Cent-Gardes*, in their charming uniforms of blue and red, rode behind the Emperor's carriage, in his miniature journey from palace to palace, gazing neither to right nor to left, erect, imperturbable as stone images. The crowd in the Place du Carrousel was always extremely democratic. There were roughs from Belleville, market-women from the Halles Centrales, commercial men from the *boulevards*, and fine-looking ladies, with their pretty daughters, from the Faubourg St. Germain, and there, too, was a fringe of working-men, in blue and white blouses, who were

supposed to have suspended their work that they might admire the passage of their sovereign, but who were really, on most opening days, "hired for the occasion."

The Place du Carrousel is a noble square, into which thousands of persons can pack themselves without the least inconvenience. Under the smoothly paved floor were said to run huge passages, communicating with the adjacent barracks, so that at any time the armed men of Cadmus might spring out of the ground at a sudden signal. The brown walls of the Louvre, from which look down the statues of the artists and historians of old France, are richly and grotesquely carved. The beautiful park in the centre of the square is kept green until very late in the autumn, and fountains send up their jewelled spray night and day. In summer this park is the resort of contemplative nurse-maids, with babies clinging to their skirts. But on the 29th of November, "opening day," the square was invaded by the showy carriages of the members of the diplomatic corps and all the great State functionaries, the magistrates, and the representatives of the commercial corporations. The diplomatic carriages were passed in review as they sped down the narrow line formed by the waiting throng, and the occupant of each vehicle was cheered, or treated with contemptuous silence, according as the popular passions were influenced for



THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE

or against the country which it represented

But no demonstrations, either of respect or disrespect, were indulged in when the Imperial master, who had inaugurated his career by such an energetic affirma-

tion of his intention to "preserve order," appeared upon the scene. A double line of soldiers extended from the non fence surrounding the Clock Pavilion of the Tuileries down to the Louvre door, over which a silken canopy was raised. Offi-

cers with drawn swords paraded before them men, and presently the Emperor's carriage with one before and one following it, drove slowly down through the double line. In the *Salle des États* Napoleon mounted the throne in the midst of his cardinals, his favorites, and the various dignitaries he had created, and the Prince Imperial was placed on a lower chair or stood up near by. When the Empress attended the speech from the Throne she usually arrived a short time before the Emperor, who generally came in in a hurry, plumped down into the throne chair, glanced at the decorations and at the audience, mopped his face with his handkerchief, looked a little perplexed, then jumped up and began his speech, which was usually of stereotyped form, with very slight changes for an allusion to the important events of the year. In 1869 he observed in his speech that it was difficult to maintain liberty peaceably in France. After the speech a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Esplanade of the Invalides, then the names of the deputies were called, and were frequently saluted by applause or scornful laughter from the favored ones who had been invited to the ceremony. The little knot of Opposition deputies of the *Corps Législatif* rarely attended the speech from the Throne and deemed their absence to be interpreted as a protest against the Emperor's participation in the politics of the Empire which he had created.

The work of the session was begun on the following day in the Palais Bourbon, which had been invaded by the soldiers of Napoleon III at the time of the *coup d'État*, and which was destined to be the scene of the Empire's downfall in 1870. This old-fashioned palace, with its great door like a triumphal arch in the centre of an open Corinthian colonnade is one

of the gaudy monuments of the eighteenth century, and was built by an Italian architect for the dowager Duchess of Bourbon. When the Revolution came the palace was confiscated to the nation, and in 1790 was known as the *Maison de la Revolution*. In 1793 the reception-rooms of the palace were transformed into an assembly hall for the Council of the Five Hundred, and in 1804 Napoleon I ordered the construction of the monumental façade which overlooks the river Seine. The palace is adorned with bas-reliefs, representing France standing between "Liberty" and "Public order," a bit of sculpture which the Emperor, it is said, used to contemplate with great satisfaction, and which he considered typical of his reign. There are also colossal statues to Themis and Minerva, and to Sully, Colbert, and other great Frenchmen. The hall in which the legislators of the Empire sat was in the form of a hemicycle, with seats rising, as in a Roman amphitheatre. Around about, at the top, are ranged statues of Reason, Justice, Prudence, and Eloquence, and between the pedestals of the columns were bas-reliefs, representing Louis Philippe accomplishing certain acts of his reign. In numerous other halls of the palace are paintings by Horace Vernet, and statues of Muraire, of Bailly, of Casimir Périer, and General Foy. The throne hall is decorated with paintings by Delacroix. Attached to the palace is a small and elegant mansion, which is always inhabited by the president of the Lower Chamber, and the possession of which is one of the perquisites attached to his office. Here Gambetta came, when at the height of his career, to occupy the rooms in which the Imperial favorites had lived before him, and which would

have seemed to him, in 1869, as far out of his reach as the North Pole.

The old Palais Bourbon was given back to the Prince of Condé, who was the grandson of the Duchess of Bourbon in 1814, but he continued to allow the State to occupy it, and the Chamber continued its sessions there. In 1827 the government purchased from him a part of the palace, and in 1830 bought the remainder from the Duc d'Angoulême, into whose hands it had come, spending, it is said, about 10,000,000 francs for the purchase. In the Revolution of 1848 the people stormed the Palais Bourbon, and when the Constituent Assembly came to take its seat there a temporary hall was provided for them. This was again invaded on the 15th of May, 1848, and was demolished at the beginning of the Empire.

There was more curiosity about the session of the *Corps Législatif* in the latter days of the Second Empire than people manifest about the sessions of the Republican Chamber of Deputies, chiefly because the newspapers were not allowed to indulge in the free-and-easy reports of the debates which are now so universal. But there was rarely, from 1867 to the Empire's downfall, any remarkable eloquence in the halls of the Palais Bourbon, unless it came from the little group of the Opposition. M. Rouher was a convincing speaker only for those who had made up their minds to adopt the Imperial policy. He would talk on for hours, uttering platitudes as if they were the most brilliant sallies of wit. In the autumn of 1869, and during the winter session of 1870, the attention of the country was closely drawn to the attitude of the Opposition, which had been waxing valiant year by year, and which now had become openly aggressive. Gambetta had not, as yet, begun to

speak with freedom in the *Corps Législatif*, but his mere presence, after his tremendous tilt at the Imperial power in his speech about the Baudin subscription, seemed to give fresh confidence and energy to the men who had been battling for free institutions, and fighting for an apparently hopeless cause, since the election of 1857.

In that year five Republicans entered the *Corps Législatif*, and all of them were destined to play an important part in the declining years of the Empire. These five men were Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Emile Ollivier, Henon, and Darimon. In those days to speak against the government was little less than a crime, and the majorities of the Empire were almost unanimous. In this trying school Jules Favre, one of the most polished and accomplished orators whom France has ever possessed, won golden opinions on all sides for the richness and beauty of his diction, and, from all-generous-minded men for the liberalism of his ideas. Emile Ollivier too had no thought of rallying to the Empire then, and these few were so accustomed to fighting alone that they were somewhat surprised when, in the general elections of 1863, Jules Simon, Glais-Bizoin, and many other men of mark, were added to their number. In 1864 the new elections brought to the *Corps Législatif* no less personages than MM. Thiers, Berrier, and Lanjuinais. These three strong men gravitated naturally to the Republican group, although it is certain that M. Thiers, at that time, would have been loth to declare himself a Republican. But then counsils and then vast political and legal eloquence added strength to the Opposition, which the Empire was far from disdaining. "We remember well," writes M. Jules Simon, "this epoch, when all those who did not give themselves up to

the Empire possessed a common hate and a common love—a hate for the government whose whole history and policy reposed upon falsehood and tended to tyranny, a love for all liberty, which was doubly dear to them by the contrast." In 1869 the Opposition was still further strengthened by the election of MM. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Jules Grévy, Rampont, Wilson and the malicious and ambitious Rochefort. There was but one desertion from the ranks of this brave party during the existence of the Empire, and that was in 1867, when Emile Ollivier was converted to the Empire by the specious promises of constitutional reform which the Emperor had made.

The great men of the Opposition until the opening of 1870 were unquestionably MM. Thiers, Berryer, Jules Favre, and Jules Simon. The attitude of M. Thiers towards the Empire was invariably curious, and in some respects comical. No figure in the Chamber was more decaded by the Imperialist party than that of this wizened little man, with his white hair, his wrinkled features, his squeaky voice, and his abundant gestures. Around his venerable form there seemed to cling the halo of half a hundred ministerial revolutions, of conspiracies and intrigues innumerable. Wars and imposts of wars, and diplomatic combinations too numerous to mention, were connected with his parliamentary history. He was a perpetual thorn in the flesh of the Emperor, whom he persistently treated as an ill-behaved stripling. Time was, indeed, when the old man eloquent, in the pauses of his wrath, came down into the regions of irony, and lashed the Emperor with phrases which, while they could not be resented, cut like the thrust of a keen rapier. Wherever and

whenever it was possible to attack; whether on questions of internal or external policy; whether upon free trade or upon living promises of much-needed reform,—the alert and intense patriot was to the fore, never at fault for a fact, and drawing from the storehouse of his prodigious memory a hundred wounding and unpleasant souvenirs with which to assail and belittle the Imperial legend. It is believed that in the last days of the Empire M. Thiers, long before he confessed it, was converted to Republicanism by the keen disgust which he felt for the processes of the Empire. His profound knowledge of European affairs, his immense and tender patriotism, his deep regret and shame for the manner in which the resources of France were neglected, and his scorn for the army of courtiers and courtesans which blinded the Emperor to the danger approaching him, caused M. Thiers many a pang which he would not confess to the stranger, for of all men of this latter half of this century, not even excepting Lincoln, no man has felt so intensely for his country as did M. Thiers. He lived to see his promises justified, and to take into his hands, feeble as they were, at a time when most men are called to sit in a corner and look on, the defence of the nation which had been so rudely tried, and to blow into flame with his breath the almost extinguished embers of national feeling.

The eloquence of M. Thiers in the Chamber of the Empire was rarely, as we came to see it in later days, pathetic and touching, almost surcharged with tears, but it was harsh, biting, staccato, sparkling, sometimes wicked. The practical side of the old man was always uppermost. He hated, despised, ridiculed, punished, but he did not weep.

He did not rise into passionate appeal and noble flights of speech until the hour of supreme danger had arrived

M. Berryer and M. Thiers made a splendid pair. It was not in vain that

dominates the Assembly with his head thrown back. He carries it as Mirabeau carried his. He settles himself in the tribune, and takes possession of it as if he were the master, I had almost said



THIERS IN THE TRIBUNE

M. Berryer had been called, "after Mirabeau, the greatest of French orators." "He is," said an admiring writer, who described him when he was at the height of his brilliant career, "eloquent in all his personality. He

the despot. But that which is especially incomparable in him is the rich sound of his voice, the first of beauties in actors and orators." He was a Liberal whom Republicans coveted, and with whom they could not fail to sympathize, re-

membering that he had been the defender of Lamennais, that he had urged the enactment of many democratic laws and that he had manifested towards the Emperor an uncompromising hostility, even refusing when he was elected a member of the Academy to make the accustomed visit to the Chief of State. It is fair to suppose that had M. Beiryer lived to join with M. Thiers in the great events which followed the September Revolution in 1870, he, too, might have announced his faith in the Republic, frankly relinquishing the monarchical principles which were no longer possible in his country.

Jules Ferry and Jules Simon, as members of the Opposition, were widely different in their methods of attack and in their views on many subjects. Their parliamentary reputation is justly great and will live long in the history of France. Both had only to open their mouths to charm the listeners. M. Simon, who is to-day more conservative than he was before the establishment of the Republic, showed, in his subtle and adroit tactics, the results of the education which he had received at the hands of the Jesuits, yet he was and is a fine humanitarian, and was then deeply impressed with the necessity for a complete change, personally grieved at the duration of the Empire, and gifted with such facility for luminous exposition of his views that he was highly prized, even by those Republicans who did not think he went quite far enough.

Jules Favie had been a conspicuous figure from the outset of the Imperial régime. He had refused to take the oath to the new constitution. He defended Orléans in 1858 in a speech of great boldness for the time. He fought the suppression of the free press with all his might. He declared against the war with

Austria in 1859, and expended all the resources of his money on the policy of the government in Mexico. It was said that in later years he was singled out by the hand of Fate to take upon his shoulders the humiliations which should have been visited on the Empire, to be put in a place for which he was scarcely fit,—that of Minister of War after the establishment of the government of National Defense,—and to be compelled day by day for weeks to fence with that consummate master of intigue, the then Count Bismarck, who was prepared to exact from France without mercy.

The other Republican figures in the *Corps Législatif* were not of enduring importance. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire was a venerable philosopher, who assumed considerable prominence after the fall of the Empire. Men like Clémenceux, Esquinos, Bethmont, and Wilson were hard workers, and occasionally made good speeches. The obstinate and capable Jules Ferry, destined to have a long and strong political career later on, was just then emerging from obscurity, writing vigorously in the columns of Republican papers against Baron Haussmann and his administration of the city of Paris, and recognized as a growing man, but not as a leader. Gambetta, as I have said, was gathering his forces for the great efforts which were to come. M. Grévy, who was to be the President of the Republic, was but little heard of. The Radical *clique* distinguished itself, as it does to-day, by noisy and even by absurd propositions, which the Empire treated with the same passionless disdain accorded to the party by the moderate Republicans of to-day. Rochefort felt ill at ease and out of place in the legislative body. "He wore," said a lady who described to me his first appearance in the *Corps Législatif*,—"he wore yellow gloves." His picturesque

personality procured him much attention, however. His tall, gaunt form, his lean and scraggy features, his forehead surmounted with a tuft of hair already beginning to turn gray, were at once seized as legitimate prey by the caricaturists' pencils. M. Rochefort never forgot that he was born a gentleman, and perhaps his yellow gloves were intended as a subtle stroke of policy with which to capture the Extremist mind.

The Opposition made a vigorous campaign against the Plebiscite with which the Emperor strove to prop his failing fortunes, and M. Simon has given us a lively description of the meetings in the Rue de la Sourdière, from which headquarters the Republicans used to send out hundreds of thousands of circulars, — the only sort of political document which could be distributed with impunity, and then simply because it emanated from

the elected representatives of the people. The Empire always had its police present at these meetings, sometimes in plain clothes, but often in uniform, and under the pretext that the meetings were of a socialistic character.

This accusation was entirely untrue. The battle although a violent one, and fought with consummate energy, was lost. The Empire got 7 350,000 citizens to vote 'Yes,' against 1,500,000 "Noes," in favor of its project for revision of the constitution, and then turned triumphantly to Europe with this remark: "You see that the Emperor is indeed Emperor by the grace of God and the will of the people, and that the Empire will endure."

So those who are about to die of a grave malady speak in hopeful and glowing terms of their recovery as near at hand.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

The Epoch of Unification — Danger to France from the National Growth in Italy and Germany — Napoleon III. and his Policy of Guile — How he was Duped by the Northern Powers — The King of Prussia at Compiegne — The Coronation March — Bismarck in Paris — The Luxembourg Affair — Benedetti and Bismarck — The Downfall of the Policy of Compensation

FROM a French point of view, and for the purpose of carrying out the traditional policy of France, — a policy which we are not called upon here either to approve or blame, — the nation had never been so much in need of strong diplomats and able politicians as it was during the last ten years of the Second Empire. Castelar, in one of those strange improvisations in which fancy and fact run together in perfect and dazzling harmony, has characterized each of the centuries since the dawn of the Renaissance and has called the nineteenth century that of democracy. He might have added that it was the century of the unification of peoples. In point of fact France was in danger at the very outset of the Second Empire from the powerful movements in progress in two neighboring countries in favor of unification. Italy, which had been for so long merely an ancient name, covering, with some sheen from its old-time glory, a feeble series of disunited and warring States, had at last felt the national impulse, and was working with all its might for consolidation and for unity. Throughout the length and breadth of Germany the same feeling was more and more apparent yearly. On the sands of the north, where the Brandenburg pirates had once led a rude and reckless existence, a power had sprung up, which had already cast the shadow of centraliza-

tion across the thrones of German dukes and petty princes, and which was now and then bold enough to talk of a vengeance upon France for the miseries and injuries which Napoleon I. had inflicted upon Germany.

With United Italy on the one side and United Germany on the other, it was evident that the policy of France must undergo vast modifications, and that her rank as a power in Europe must fatally be reduced. There were not wanting Frenchmen who thoroughly understood the danger. Frenchmen wily and experienced enough to have waived it off, or to have won for France, when these great movements for foreign unity took place, compensating advantages, which would have preserved her dignity and her station.

But these wily and experienced Frenchmen had been set aside. They were placed in the ranks of the Opposition, of a hopeless and barren opposition, which could not go to extreme limits without risk of summary reproof. Down even to a few months before the outbreak of the fatal war in which Napoleon III. lost his crown it may be said that both branches of the Imperial — for it certainly was not a national — Legislature, were in complete servitude. A glance at their composition will serve fully to illustrate this fact.

The Senate of the Second Empire was not only the creation, but the creature,

of the Emperor. It was reestablished after the *coup d'État* in 1851, very much upon the model of the Senate of the First Empire, which drew its breath of life from Napoleon I, and which possessed the most formidable powers, such as the accusation of the ministers, and the right to sit in judgment upon them, as well as the suspension of all the ordinary rules of criminal procedure, so that the Emperor could consummate any injustice which might enter into his head. Napoleon III's Senate, which was sanctioned by the constitution of 1852, comprised within its ranks as senators, by right of their office, the cardinals, marshals, admirals, the members of the Imperial family, and in addition to these about one hundred and fifty senators named by the Chief of the State.

It was not until April of 1870 that the Emperor, beginning to understand the imminency of the mistake which he had made in taking entirely into his too feeble hands the control of the destinies of a menaced, almost fated, country, decided that the number of senators should be increased, and that the body should more directly represent the feelings and wishes of the nation. Yet scarcely a year before this attempted liberal measure the Second Empire had conferred upon its Senate the same dangerous right which Napoleon I had given to his. — the right to impeach the ministry, and this was done in order that any minister, who should be influenced by the aggressive nature of the popular demands for constitutional reform and for a return to liberty, might be pounced upon and ingloriously expelled from office.

The Emperor paid his senators well. He gave them each 30,000 francs per year, and he felt that their important service was cheaply paid. Their main

duty was to watch the Lower House and to see that it never, by any sudden caprice, undertook to change the form of government.

The Senate, that is to say, the Emperor through the Senate, had the only right of initiative in legislation. The principles of democracy were reversed. Laws did not come up from the Lower House as directly representing the public will, to be discussed, amended, and improved by the grave and reverend seigneurs of the Senate, but they went down to this second chamber from the Senate, with an intimation that they were the outgrowth of the Imperial will, and that it would not be wise to indulge in too many commentaries upon them. For over the head of the *Corps Législatif* always hung the penalty of dissolution. In short, the Lower House was merely tolerated, while the Upper was maintained as the rigid sentinel to watch over the safety of the Empire as the archers of old watched in the corridors of the palaces where the kings took their repose.

The *Corps Législatif*, by the constitution of 1852, became a feeble copy of its prototype at the beginning of the century. The whole electoral body was divided up into districts containing thirty thousand voters each, and each one of these districts sent a deputy to the *Corps Législatif*. The members were elected by universal suffrage for a term of six years. Their privileges were confined to discussing and voting upon the laws and the taxation of the Empire. They could not even introduce an amendment into the laws which had been proposed to them without the consent of the Council of State, which was another creature of the Empire. It was felt necessary in the constitution of 1852 to apologize to the world for this manner of

shutting the mouths of the representatives of the people, and a paragraph of that instrument states that the *Corps Législatif* may freely discuss the law, may adopt it or reject it, but may not "introduce suddenly any of those amendments which so often disarrange all the economy of a system and entirely change the primitive project." This sounded reasonable to the French people, coming as it did after the excesses of 1848, but in 1860 the nation had learned the terrible significance of the slavery to which it had subjected itself.

In 1860, as a special favor, an Imperial decree gave the *Corps Législatif* the right of replying by an address to the speech from the throne. This right was exercised for only six months, for the Emperor, who was beginning to dislike the freedom of the address of the deputies, withdrew the right and replaced it by the right of "interpellation," or demand in open parliament for an explanation of certain points in the Imperial address. The "tribune," or the kind of pulpit from which French parliamentary orators had been wont to address their colleagues, was suppressed, and deputies were obliged to speak from their places in the hall of assembly. The president of the chamber was named directly by the Emperor, and was paid handsomely for his services, lodging in the palace of the *Corps Législatif*, and receiving 100,000 francs yearly. The Emperor and his followers always made a vigorous effort to avoid coming into contact with the *Corps Législatif*, and interposed between it and them the President of the Council of State, or some other members of that body. But the most tyrannical of all the provisions which the Second Empire had imagined for placing the government in the hands of the irresponsible few was that by

which the Senate could, as it were, take the place of the *Corps Législatif* in case the latter were dissolved.

The Senate of the Second Empire lived ingloriously, and dispersed in the same fashion. It was not even considered by the people, who were abroad in their might on the day of the declaration of the Republic (September 4, 1870), worth while to march to the hall where the senators were in session, and to turn them out of office. "Nobody," says one of the members of the government of National Defence in his memoirs, "nobody even gave a thought to the Senate. It had held, on the 4th of September, a session at half-past twelve. One of the members had protested with indignation against the proposition of impeachment made by M. Jules Favre, and finished his remarks by crying out, in a loud voice, '*Tire l'Empereur! Tire l'Impératrice! Tire le Prince Impérial!*' All the senators joined in the chorus. They then discussed the question whether they should remain in permanent session, or should meet again at eight o'clock that evening. They finished by deciding that they should hold a session the next day, as usual. This was the last vote of the session." But, the evening before, M. Rouher, who considered a revolution as inevitable, had asked for a battalion of infantry to protect the Senate, and a general had given him a few customs officers as a guard. On the next day, when it had been resolved to hold a session, nothing occurred, no senators were to be found. They had filtered away into the crowd, and disappeared to undergo various terms of voluntary exile.

It is difficult to judge whether Napoleon III saw the gravity of the mistake which he had made, before the great collision at

Sadowa, which brought the formidable Prussian nation to the very front of European powers. Whether or not he had learned his error it was his punishment that he was obliged to go on alone, undertaking a task for which he was in nowise fitted either by nature or training, seeing himself day by day the scorn of men whom he knew were competent to extricate him from his position, but outside the pale of whose sympathy he had placed himself, and from whose knowledge he could ask no aid. It is the fashion among French Republicans to attribute all the disasters which befell France after July of 1870 to the basest policy of the Emperor, which had neither firmness nor shrewdness, but which was characterized mainly by greed. His folly was observed at an early date by the apostles of German centralization, who had been puzzled because the French Emperor was not disposed to interfere boldly with the various projects which were to lead up to the unification of Germany. A clever series of manoeuvres was begun, with a view to discovering how far Napoleon was blinded by his sojourn at the height of power, and how far he could be urged, and possibly persuaded, into acquiescence in events the accomplishment of which neither a French Monarchy nor a French Republic would have permitted without a struggle.

It happened that the King of Prussia found it convenient to make a journey to Compiègne in the autumn of 1861, and there was much talk in the corridors of the palace, and in the clubs and parlors of Paris, of a mysterious triple alliance of the three Courts of the Tuileries, of St. Petersburg, and of Berlin. Pamphleteers wrote of the great agglomeration of States which represented the three races, the Latin, the Germanic,

and the Slavic, to which corresponded the three centres of gravitation, France, Prussia, and Russia, and the journalists of the *boulevards* treated elaborately of the definite establishment of the peace of Europe by means of the "threefold alliance of the universal monarchies," in which should be epitomized, not only the three principal races of the European system but also the three great branches of the Christian church. All this elaborate twaddle was imagined and planned by the adroit politicians of the north, coolly and carefully feeling their way among the obstacles which had so long prevented the consummation of their purpose, and which now seemed likely to be swept away because of the lack of foresight of a *partisan*, who had taken into his hands the reins of government of a great nation without understanding how dangerous it was suddenly to change that nation's policy.

No just-minded man, and certainly no American, would for an instant dream of blaming the northern politicians for their scheme of unification, or of too closely criticising their endeavors to lessen and weaken the opposition of France to that unification. But, from the French point of view, the Emperor, because of his blindness and of his greed, erred unpardonably, and brought about the crash which terrified, when it came, even such a stout heart as that of M. Thiers.

The story goes, that when the King of Prussia made his first visit to Compiègne, where his renown as a "military prince" — as he was laughingly called by the courtiers and fine ladies, who professed to consider his soldierly frostiness as eccentric and amusing — had preceded him, the Emperor ordered out for his guest's delectation the superb regiment of the "Guides," and the noted band of that

regiment, a band which was celebrated throughout Europe, played the "Coronation March." The old King of Prussia must have thought of this incident when he put on his Imperial crown in the chapel of the Palace of Versailles. No man but himself knows whether in those days, nine years before the Franco-German war, he did not dream of the invasion of France, but it is certain that his first act on returning to his home was the nomination of Count von Bismarck as the director of political affairs, and it was not long before this great man, whose reputation was already European, went to Paris to finish at the Tuileries the work so skilfully begun at Compiègne by his king.

In those days Bismarck was the friend, and almost the counsellor, of Napoleon III. He was very often at his side, and never failed to talk of his plan of the reorganization of Europe. This reorganization, it is scarcely necessary to say, was based upon unity of action of France and Germany. In compensation for the accomplishment of German unity France should have Luxembourg, Lorraine, and should annex Belgium, or should have her eastern frontiers rectified, taking in the great iron districts of the Saar, and even getting back Mayence. Prussia, meantime, would annex Hanover, and would absorb all the German States, up to the line of the river Meise.

There is no denying the fact that the Emperor was completely won by this policy of intrigue, — a policy which in reality contained no promise of fulfilment which could be exacted, but contented itself with "glittering generalities." The Emperor struck the crowning blow to his own safety and popularity in France without knowing it, when he announced, in one of his annual speeches,

that Prussia had declared war against Austria, but that, even if Prussia should make conquests of territory, France was certain to have compensating concessions made to her.

The first downward step in his exterior policy had been made by the Emperor when he permitted the throttling of Denmark, the second was taken when he did not interfere in the brief struggle which ended at Sadowa. There was but one step left for him to take, and that he took at Sedan.

After the victory of Prussia over the Austrians at Sadowa, neither the Emperor nor the Empress of the French had any further illusions. It is said that the Empress, speaking one day of her son, remarked "that he would never reign in France if Sadowa were not avenged." The passionate declarations of M. Thiers, although the Imperial party professed to disregard them, were warnings which made them tremble. M. Rouher, as Minister of State, undertaking to place in a favorable light the statements of the Emperor in his speech about Sadowa, employed many specious phrases, but could not conceal the truth. "In questions," he said, "which neither affect the honor, the dignity, or the practical interests of our country, was it not the duty of the Emperor's government, after having loudly proclaimed its pacific policy, to respect and to practise the rules of a loyal and sincere neutrality?" To this M. Thiers made answer "All that Germany demands of us is the indifference of France. She could ask nothing more to her advantage. Now it is this very indifference of which I have a mortal fear."

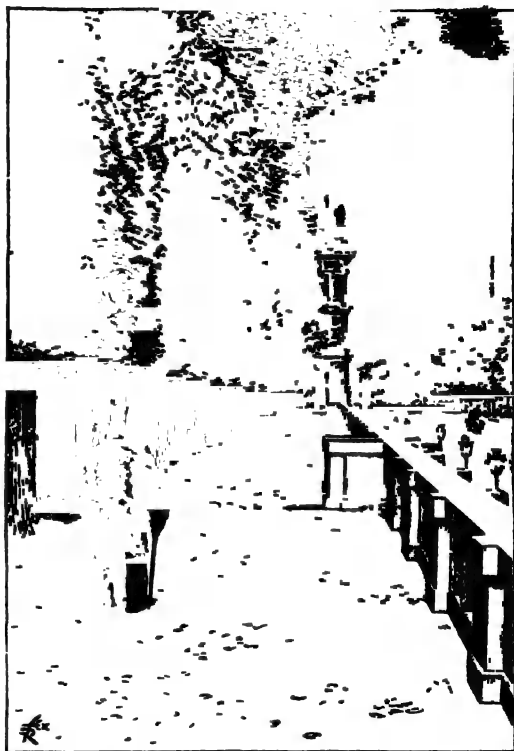
Republicans and Monarchists appear agreed, in summing up the causes of the country's disasters, that in 1866 a simple manifestation of French sym-

pathy for Austria would have hindered the progress of Count von Bismarck, and would have enabled Austria to inflict upon Prussia a serious humiliation.

It does not detract from the renown of Bismarck to show that he was aided in great degree in the development of his colossal policy by the weakness of the dynasty in France. The fate that had given the French nation into Napoleon's hands prevented that nation from interfering in the beginnings of German unity in 1866. A year later it was too late for France to interfere, or to insist upon compensation. This was amply shown at the time in 1867 when the French government had decided to bring officially to the notice of the Berlin Cabinet the convention concluded with Holland with regard to the cession of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. In France a party, stung by the knowledge of the fact that its country had in some measure been forced into second rank by the events at Sadowa, had manifested a great desire for a war. The Emperor himself saw that the time had come when he must satisfy popular opinion at home by making an aggressive movement towards Berlin. He yielded to the representations of the Marquis de Moustiers, who was at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and consented that his representative in Germany should present a memorandum. If this were done successfully, and Prussia yielded, Napoleon thought that the success thus won by France would

be considered as a compensation for Sadowa.

So, on the afternoon of the 1st of April, 1867, Count von Bismarck, who had been receiving the compliments of numerous visitors on the occasion of his



THE MAN OF DESTINY ON THE TUILLERIES TERRACE

birthday, was just about to set out for his place in Parliament, when the visit of Count Benedetti, the French ambassador, was announced. After the usual salutations the ambassador declared that he had a despatch to communicate from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Count von Bismarck was somewhat startled. He at once divined the tenor of the despatch, as the Luxembourg affair was then in full progress, and for a moment he probably feared that Napoleon had ceased to be a dupe of the policy of promises. In short, he felt that peace or war hung upon a single thread.

His plan of action was instantly resolved upon. He knew that Benedetti himself was anxious to avoid an outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany, and he still had a hope that Napoleon III. was not personally anxious for war, but, as was really the case, had yielded to the representations of the angry national party. So when Benedetti tried to take from his pocket the despatch, Count von Bismarck arose and said that he could not at that moment receive the ambassador politically, as he was obliged to go at once to Parliament. He invited the ambassador to accompany him, and continue the conversation as they went along. As they were going through the garden in front of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Benedetti again tried to communicate his despatch. Count von Bismarck did not reply directly, but as they wended their way through the alleys of the gardens, he presently said —

"I am going into Parliament, and I expect I shall there encounter an 'interpellation' on the question which is just now so much agitated in the newspapers, — the sale of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg."

"Yes, I know," said Benedetti, "and it is just for that reason that the immediate communication of my despatch seems to me urgent."

"Very well," said Bismarck, "but I must first communicate to you the nature of the answer that I am going

to make to the interpellation." As he said this he pushed away for the second time the despatch which the French Envoy tendered him. "I shall say that the government ignores the state of the question, and that for that reason I cannot pronounce publicly upon its intentions. I shall add that I have the assurance that no power will interfere with the incontestable rights of the German countries, and that the government hopes to make its rights respected in a peaceful manner. That is what I shall say, because it is the truth, and because that declaration will enable me to undertake negotiations amicably, and perhaps to arrive at an understanding. But I could not give such a response if I knew that the convention for the sale of the Grand Duchy had been concluded. If I learned of this sale officially I should have to say to the Reichstag, 'Yes, such a sale has taken place, but *never will Prussia nor her German allies permit the accomplishment of this convention and the cession of this German territory*.' You can see," added Count von Bismarck, very innocently, and quickening his pace, "that after such a declaration a grave conflict would be sure to arise between France and ourselves. This conflict, taking into account the impressionable nature of your people, would finish in a rupture, which I should regret as much as you would."

"In fact," said Benedetti, pausing and looking troubled, "a war would be inevitable after such a declaration."

At this point in the conversation the two diplomats left the garden and entered the street. "Well," said Count von Bismarck to Benedetti, "we must separate here, and I must now ask you, 'Have you or have you not a despatch to hand me?'"

Benedetti bit his lips and reflected a few seconds. "No," he said. He put the despatch back into his pocket, and took leave of Bismarck, who went on to Parliament, and responded to the interpellation exactly as he told the French ambassador he should do.

The result was that the Imperial Party in France presently found that it had been severely snubbed. The question of the Duchy of Luxembourg was submitted to the Conference of London, which de-

clared the neutrality of the Grand Duchy, and decreed the demolition of its fortress. The policy of compensation, on which Napoleon had based so many hopes, had ended in a check to the power of France. The enemies of the country which Napoleon had undertaken to govern alone had discovered the joints in his armor, the weak spot in his system of government, and no longer treated him as serious.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Prévost-Paradol and his Fatal Error — A Journalist who Yielded to the Seductions of the Empire — The Work which he had Done Against Imperialism — Danger of Riots in 1870 — The Execution of Troppmann — An Experience of the Secret Police — Gustave Flourens — The Arrest of Rochefort — Flourens and His Insurrection

"WHOM the gods would destroy," says an ancient proverb, "they first make mad" After the fatal step which awakened the French Emperor to the folly of his attempted policy of "territorial compensation" and greed, he entered upon a course of reckless adventure, now making promises of reform with such earnestness as to create new dupes, who in a few short months were bitterly to regret their mistake, now contradicting all that he had promised by violent measures of repression, worthy of the first days of his Imperial career.

The mention of his dupes calls to mind the pathetic close of the life of M Prévost-Paradol, who accepted office at the hands of Napoleon III, and who had scarcely installed himself in his position as French minister at Washington before his eyes were opened to the terrible nature of his error, and, his generous spirit torn with anguish at the thought that he had unwittingly associated himself with those who were the betrayers of his country's honor and the destroyers of her peace, he ended his life with his own hands. Napoleon III's motives for sending M Prévost-Paradol to the United States were by no means unselfish. They formed a phase of the apologetic side of the Emperor's course during the last year of his reign. I was told, in 1870, that M Prévost-Paradol,

who had heard that his distinguished talents were to be rewarded by some gift by the Imperial hand at the Tuileries, was advised by an old American resident in Paris to ask for the post at Washington, and to accept nothing else.

Whether or not this were the origin of the appointment, the Emperor was enchanted in winning over to his side, even in outward seeming, one of the journalists who had been so stern and powerful an opponent of the Second Empire. M Prévost-Paradol had a fine record, to which a diplomatic appointment under the Second Empire was rather a halting conclusion. He was one of those brilliant pupils of that famous Normal School from which came also Taine, About, and other Frenchmen of this generation, who have won and who worthily wear laurels. Academician at thirty-five, director of one of the most powerful and influential of French Liberal journals, he was a notable force for good during all the arid period after the *coup d'État*. He wrote constantly and ably in behalf of liberty of the press, of universal suffrage, and of social reform. He was, like so many French scholars, a little afraid of immediate contact with professional politicians and striving radicals in the arena of universal suffrage, and the adherents of the Empire were fond of saying that he was devoted to the cause of the Orleans

princes. That he had much sympathy for these gentlemen there is little doubt, but, had he lived, it is probable that he would have rallied, like M. Thiers, to the Republic, and would have been a noble worker in the cause of liberty.

After he had accepted office at the hands of Napoleon III he wrote a note to the Orleans princes, which was in some sense an excuse for associating himself with the reigning powers. "I am tired," he said, "even disgusted with the press and its bitter polemics, yet I feel that I cannot leave the political arena, though I am anxious to get rid of its battles." His final conclusion was that he could find comfort and strength for future work in the temporary acceptance of a diplomatic position.

I met M. Prévost-Paradol for the first time shortly before his departure for the United States. He was the only Frenchman at a large party in which there were a dozen American politicians, all of whom went away with the idea that the new French minister was a remarkable man. Small in stature, with a face somewhat Jewish in type, he was not impressive when silent, but he was magnetic and inspiring in conversation, and became at once the central figure of the *salon*. He had the fascinating quality of making the person to whom he was speaking believe that he was especially charmed by him or her, and he was an excellent listener. His English was almost faultless, although he spoke rapidly and nervously. After he lectured in Edinburgh the English papers were enthusiastic in their praise of his linguistic accomplishments. He had always been a close student of English literature, had written essays on the Elizabethan period, and in his "Pages of Contemporary History" he has left many wise and just observations upon

the great events and lessons of the American civil war. These "Pages" are sprightly volumes, made up of letters contributed to the old *Sunday Courier* of Paris, — a lively journal, suppressed, in 1865, on the ground that it had insulted the Emperor, but in reality because its politics were in all respects too liberal.

What M. Prévost-Paradol had done when he was director of the old and famous *Journal des Débats* he did again, with all the strength of his matured intellect, in the *Sunday Courier*. He wrote in a plain matter-of-fact style, in which there was yet a curious flavor of Montaigne, and which was saturated with wit. Now and then a doctrine or an individual was quickly stabbed and brutally flung aside, but the usual method of M. Paradol seemed to be worrying the life out of his enemies by the picking of a million tiny blades. In the article which caused the suppression of the *Sunday Courier* he compared France to a fine lady of the Court, who might choose her lover among the noblest and richest in the land, but who chose ignobly to fly with the stable-man.

The contemptuous nature of this comparison was quickly reported at the Tuileries, and M. Paradol went into retirement until his work, called "New France," was published, in 1868. In that book he urged upon the country the necessity of parliamentary government, with the greatest possible liberty, and made an earnest appeal for the re-establishment of justice in the courts of the land. Then the wave of circumstance carried him into the *Coups Légitimiste*, and then came the disastrous mistake which cost him his life.

He had been one of the first to point out the fallacy of the Mexican expedition and to prophecy its failure. He was delighted with the opportunity of visiting

America, and told me that he intended to visit all the important centres, and to study Republicanism where it was practised without hindrance. But the crash came and carried down the innocent with the guilty, and Flancclost a thinker and a writer whom she could ill spare. As he left the shores of his native land the echoes of the reproaches of his former comrades rang in his ears, and when he reached Washington, and found that society welcomed him but coldly, thinking him a renegade, he was struck to the heart. The declaration of war against Germany completed his humiliation, and so maddened him that he shot himself in the breast, in his own apartment, shortly after returning from a public reception. He was sincerely mourned by the Liberals in Paris and by those who had been most bitter in their attacks upon him for yielding even in appearance to the seductions of the Empire.

Ardent and enthusiastic scholars and men of letters, like M. Prévost-Puadrol and like M. Flomens,—an episode in whose tragic history may be related here,—made the Imperial party so uncomfortable that it fell into a subtle distrust, and from the time of Victor Noir's funeral down to the declaration of war there was scarcely a day when troops were not to be seen in some quarter of the capital, grimly awaiting the outbreak of a revolt. In January, February, and March, of 1870, after the pulse of the great city was still, late at night, long lines of troops moved quietly through the main avenues, and took up their station in the popular quarters, where the working-men were becoming more and more ripe for insurrection. When daylight came these long lines of men had disappeared. They came and went almost as silently as phantoms, and the mass of the population knew

nothing about their promenades in the dark. On the great square of the Château d'Eau, which to-day is known as the Place de la République, a troop of cavalry made its appearance at sunset, and paraded hither and yon, breaking up any crowds which gathered at the entrance of the square, or which seemed disposed to move towards the sections of Belleville and La Villette, where the *plebs* was beginning to roar. The cavalry frequently made a sudden raid upon the spectators, and those who were caught within the circle of horsemen were marched off to prison without any opportunity to explain themselves until the next day. Amusing adventures of this kind, tempered by no little discomfort, occurred now and then to both ladies and gentlemen from beyond the seas, who were anxious to learn how Napoleon kept the wicked Parisians in order. Once, in February of 1870, I saw a veritable stampede, hundreds of men, women, and children rushing frantically under the awning of a *café*, and crashing into the great plate-glass windows, cutting and bruising themselves, in their wild fear of a cavalry charge, which was conducted with more than usual vigor. People tolerated these things because the press could not report them, or, if by chance it dared to print accounts of them, it could not comment upon them so as to awaken public opinion, and to arouse the masses to a full understanding of their degrading position.

In those days, too, it was interesting to journey into Belleville and La Villette, taking good care to be furnished with papers of identification, and to attend the meetings held in garrets, in the lofts of manufactories, or sometimes in the cellars of cheap restaurants. The Empire objected *in toto* to the public meet-

ing. It recognized in it the force which could overthrow the whole Imperial structure. So when the people began to clamor menacingly for the right to assemble they were told that they could come together only in the most inconvenient and out-of-the-way places. On one occasion I attended a *r union*, as it was called, in the garret of a huge warehouse at La Villette. At the door of the building about fifty *s ergent de ville*, accompanied by their usual complement of *mouchards*, or private detectives, were compactly massed together, and no person entered without being very carefully inspected. Climbing some duty and rickety stairs I came at last to the place of meeting which was dimly lighted by wax candles, in lanterns hung from great beams, or placed on rude wooden boxes. Here, seated on benches or squatted on the floor, or hanging like monkeys from the beams, were some two thousand workmen and street Arabs. In what might have been called the orchestra stalls, or the seats nearest the platform, there were a few intelligent, middle-aged artisans, accompanied by their wives and daughters. On the platform sat Rochefort, with several resolute workmen, and one or two of his fellow-deputies grouped about him. At a little distance was seated the police commissioner, the representative of the central authority, and here and there, at the platform's side, appeared the three-cornered hats of the police. Outside could be heard the murmur of angry voices and the familiar admonition of the Imperial police "*Circulez, Messieurs, circulez, s'il vous pl ut !*"

The speeches were bold enough, and speakers like Rochefort and the other deputies were direct and telling in their attacks upon the government. But the

workmen were usually very illogical and ridiculous in their vapourings. When the leading speakers of the evening became too violent, in the estimation of the worthy commissioner of police, that functionary pounded on the table, and invited the orator to be more careful. At such meetings, when the orator did not profit by this invitation, and the functionary was compelled to repeat it, the proceedings could be summarily terminated, and the police could expel the audience from the building. Once, at a meeting in Belleville, Rochefort began a brief, but very carefully prepared, speech, ending his first sentence with the word "Republican." The commissioner of police immediately admonished him, but it happened that Rochefort had written out his speech, and being in those days unused to extempore speaking, he was compelled to read on, and soon came to the word "Republican" again. Whereupon the admonition was repeated, and the commissioner said, "Why should you compel me to break up your meeting?" This made Rochefort angry, and also made him eloquent. He turned upon the official and indulged in a brief philippic upon the tyranny of the Empire, bringing in with much skill the forbidden word in such a variety of forms and fashions that the police-officer at once declared the meeting adjourned *sine die* and left the hall.

If under these circumstances speakers or audience had ventured to remain, thus defying the central authority, they would all have been subjected to criminal prosecution, and a goodly number of them would have been imprisoned.

The Empire feared for its safety even when crowds were brought together on such occasions as the execution of Troppmann. Those who went up to the gloomy square in front of the prison

of La Roquette, on that damp winter night in 1870 when the celebrated criminal lost his head, will never forget the elaborate precautions which the authorities had taken for the suppression of any riot that might occur. The sinister Troppmann will be remembered as the man who slew a woman and her five children in a field in the neighborhood of Paris, and who had the prodigious courage to bury them carefully in that field, and then to plan and carry very far towards complete success a scheme for escaping from the country to the United States. This five-fold assassination had so horrified the people of Paris that they cried out universally for the public execution of this malefactor, and it would have been more dangerous to have refused them the satisfaction of waiting in rows, from midnight till dawn, around the scaffold of expiation, than to run the risk of dispersing them in case they started in procession for the Tuileries after the execution.

So persistent were the rumors that the insurrection would break out that night that, in company with four or five other Americans, I went up to the prison of La Roquette, arriving there just as the clocks were striking midnight. One of the gentlemen in the party had procured from a functionary, with whom he was acquainted, a card, which would, he was assured, admit himself and friends inside the hollow square formed by the cavalry and the infantry, which kept the howling and surging mob, constantly increasing in numbers, at a reasonable distance from the scaffold.

We had no sooner reached the outer line of this strange collection of humanity than we had a singular and striking illustration of the wonderful organization of the French secret police.

My companion had been better served than he supposed. He had, as we afterwards learned, been given a document which entitled him to special favor from the mysterious and disguised agents of the Empire, who were always moving to and fro in crowds. He handed the little paper to the first uniformed policeman whom we encountered. This personage looked at it and was puzzled, but it was instantly taken out of his hand in peremptory fashion by a red-nosed party, in a faded blue blouse and a dilapidated silk hat. Much to our astonishment this man, whom we expected to see taken into custody by the policeman, read the card, said, in a low voice, "*Mouton*," returned us the "safe-conduct," and, with a little friendly advice as to watching our pockets, pushed us on towards the inner circle. We had not gone twenty steps further before another seedy-looking man jostled against us, repeated the word "*Mouton*," and also the wholesome advice as to pockets. He went with us a few steps, when a consumptive individual, in white cotton blouse and trousers, took up the magic word, which he seemed bound to repeat when he saw the card, still held by my friend where it could be seen, and we began to understand that we were being passed from agent to agent, each new helper being the obedient slave of our talisman. But candor compels me to state, that just as we were about to get into the square there was a great tumult in the outer lines of the mob, the cavalry turned about and prepared for a charge, and our consumptive friend in white advised us to beat a retreat, and to take refuge in the upper story of some wine-shop.

We took his advice, and soon found ourselves the occupants of a little room, from which, two or three hours later, as



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the dull gray of morning slowly came, we could discern the sinister form of the guillotine and the upturned, livid, distorted, ugly faces of the thousands of men and women who longed to see Troppmann die. In truth it was a dreadful and repulsive spectacle. Hun-

dreds of the waiting men looked like criminals of the worst sort. The women were loud-mouthed, and many of them indecent in their language, and when a new detachment of troops arrived it was hailed with threats and shouts of derision.

It was then the tradition that executions should take place in France just at the dawn, as if society were ashamed of the vengeance which it took, and preferred to have it before the respectable world were fairly awake and at its daily tasks and duties. The dawn was faint, and from our point of vantage we could but dimly discern the wretched murderer as he was brought out from the great central door of the prison, with the priest holding the crucifix at his side, and with an attendant train of physicians, dramatists, and journalists, who wished to make a "study from nature," in the rear. The assassin, as he set his foot on the last step of the scaffold, was met and taken possession of by the executioner and his aids, and of the rest we could see nothing save a shadowy struggle, which seemed to last for a horrible time, but which really was over in half a minute. We heard the dull thud of the knife. As it descended a yell of mingled triumph and execration went up from the crowd. The little troops of cavalry began to disperse the masses of pale and half-famished spectators. A black wagon, escorted by *gendarmes*, was driven rapidly up to the rear of the scaffold. A rough wooden box was placed in it, and then the wagon and its escort set out its full trot for the "cemetery of the condemned."

We remained in our perch in the wine-shop until most of the people had left the square, and then we went down to view the scaffold, in front of which we found our consumptive friend, in the white garments, engaged in conversation with an odd-looking Herculean man, dressed in black clothes, with a shiny black hat surmounting his rugged head.

"Did he carry himself well?" said the police-officer to this gigantic personage.

"At first," was the answer, "but

when he was placed on the plank he tried to bite. Then it was soon over," and the robust man drew a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it daintily with a wax match, and turned his back upon us.

"You have been," said our late acquaintance, turning upon us with a sinister smile, "lucky or unlucky, as you choose to consider it," and, pointing to the large man, added, "you have just been face to face with the executioner."

No riot came that night, the stones of *La Roquette* were stained with none but criminal's blood, and for some time afterwards the atmosphere of Paris was peaceful, but when the obedient *Corps Législatif* had sanctioned the prosecution of Rochefort, because of his revolutionary language, the agitation was extreme, and Flourens, whom I have mentioned, was the leader in a riot of very respectable proportions. Rochefort was arrested one February evening, just as he was entering a hall where several thousands of people were waiting to hear him speak, and he was carried off to *St. Pelagie*, the prison in which political offenders were locked up, so quietly that there was no attempt at rescue made. But when the audience learned that he had been taken prisoner the excitement knew no bounds.

Gustave Flourens, who had been one of the most daring leaders in the manifestation on the day of Victor Non's funeral, may fairly be said to have inaugurated the attack on the Empire, for, no sooner had a workman cried out, "Rochefort is arrested, they are going to assassinate him!" than he leaped up from his chair on to the platform, and drew a revolver, pointed it at the police commissioner's head, and said, "You are my prisoner. Come with me, we will do you no harm. I proclaim the insurrection." Two or three shots were fired

in the air, and Flourens, followed by three or four hundred shouting and frenzied workmen, went down into the street, forcing the unlucky police commissioner ahead of him by occasional suggestive hints with the barrel of his revolver.

The people at once began to build barricades, and to prepare for a general resistance on the great *boulevards*, which radiate from the Belleville quarter. Flourens gave his prisoner the "key of the fields," as the French say, and told him to go and sin no more.

Flourens was one of those brave and hardy spirits, who, like Prévost-Paradol, suit the action to the word. He was the son of the distinguished professor of natural history at the Collège de France, and until he was thirty devoted himself with the greatest enthusiasm to the studies in which his father had won an European reputation. When the father died he designated the son as his successor, and appealed to the Imperial minister to confirm his choice, but the younger Flourens had, like other young



DISPERSING A PARISIAN RIOT

Then he began to search the quarter for arms, but before he succeeded in organizing a well-equipped force the police came in crowds, followed by a few detachments of infantry. The overturned omnibuses, half-smashed cabs, and piles of paving-stones, were of little avail, and the effort of Flourens turned out an inglorious failure. Flourens himself took refuge in the house of a friend, where he was concealed forty days, after which he escaped to England, which country refused to give him up when he was asked for as culpable of participation in the conspiracy for assassinating the Emperor.

men of Liberal and Republican sympathies, been placed on the black-list of the Empire, and he waited in vain for the succession to his father's post. He even wrote directly to the Emperor, saying that he felt it a sacred duty to carry out the work which had fallen from his father's hands, but Napoleon said he could not interfere in the appointments of his ministers. Young Flourens then deliberately gave up his scientific career, and went heart and soul into the Liberal cause. He had to go to Belgium even to publish his scientific works, as they were too deeply tinged with Liberalism to be acceptable to the Empire. Then he

made a long tour in the Orient, took part in the Cretan insurrection in 1866, had many a wild adventure in Greece and Crete, got into a prison in Italy for a political escapade, and finally came back to Paris, to plunge into radical journalism, and at last to lead the insurrection which was so quickly suppressed.

After Flourens had left his English refuge he was once more in danger. In Athens he was tracked by the Imperial police, and the French Embassy demanded his extradition. The government was about to accord it when the people of Athens rose and insisted that he should not be given up. He came back to Paris during the September revolution, at a time when his countrymen were unduly sensitive on the subject of foreign spies, and suddenly found himself the inmate of a Republican prison,—he who had done so much for Republicans

and the Republic. He was not liberated or freed from the accusation of being a Prussian spy until after the Empire had been destroyed and the government of National Defence established.

Flourens died, as he had lived, a passionate, but ill-advised and reckless, apostle of liberty. He was one of the earliest promoters of the Commune, and was in the riot when Paris narrowly escaped the declaration of the Communist insurrection, on the 31st of October, 1870. He perished, as will be seen farther on, in one of the wild skirmishes around Paris, in the first days of the great struggle between Paris and Versailles, in 1871.

His end was as tragic, but not as pitiful, as that of Piérost-Paradol. He died for his opinions, not because he had momentarily wavered in his opinions.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

The Intrigue of Marshal Prim and Bismarck — The Events which Led to the Declaration of War — The Protest of M. Thiers — Personal Reminiscences of the Eventement in Paris — Anecdotes of the Unreadiness of the Second Empire — General Ducrot and His Troubles in Strasbourg — The Corruption and Incapacity of the French Quartermaster's Department — No Rations — No Ammunition

IT was the cold wind blowing from the Pyrenees which finally upset the card-house of the Empire

The French say that the candidature of the Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern, a relative of the King of Prussia, and nothing more than a major in the first regiment of King William's Foot-Guards, for the unoccupied throne of Spain, was the result of an intrigue arranged by Marshal Prim, who had been desperately angered against Napoleon III, because that sovereign had upset his ambitious projects about Mexico, and by Bismarck, "who thus found the means of isolating France and surrounding her with enemies, or at least discovered the pretext for a war the almost certain result of which his genius enabled him to foresee"

This is not a history, and I do not propose to dwell upon the recital, already published hundreds of times, of the long series of negotiations which led the French up to the fatal declaration of war. The military party in France came to the front at once, and in thunderous tones demanded that the Empire should assert its dignity, and should put aside the political scheme which had been undertaken without the advice and consent of France. It is possible that Napoleon III. would have been glad to hold in check the passions which his previous vacillating policy had done so much to unchain, for it would appear

that he had resumed his negotiations with Prussia in pursuit of his policy of compensation and greed, and at the very moment when both countries were trembling on the verge of hostilities the draft of a secret treaty between France and Prussia was undergoing revision. By this treaty it seems to have been stipulated that Napoleon III should recognize and allow all the Prussian acquisitions which were the outcome of the war with Austria, that the King of Prussia, on his part, should assist France to acquire Luxembourg, — the Luxembourg which Bismarck had so cleverly saved from the hands of the French only two or three years before, that, in case Napoleon III should get or conquer Belgium, the King of Prussia should give armed assistance to France against any other power that might declare war against her in such a case, and, finally, that the two powers should conclude an offensive and defensive alliance.

The effect of the publication of this document by M. Benedetti, the unlucky ambassador who was the representative of France in Prussia in July, 1870, was rather amusing. Although your European diplomat neither disdains nor dreads a white lie, there was no one bold enough to deny outright the authenticity of the project of treaty, and the partisans of the Empire, when called upon to explain, said that M. Benedetti had drawn up the paper, but had done so at the dic-

tation of Count von Bismarck. That personage contented himself with remarking that some sort of an agreement had to be made with France, as she necessarily asked for compensation for not interfering to prevent the plans of Prussia from being realized.

Here we have as good proof as we need that we are not falsely accusing the Emperor of the French of following the policy of compensation, and of having been cleverly duped by the people with whom he wished to make a profitable compromise. Both Bismarck and Benedetti said, and have always maintained, that neither Napoleon nor King William were willing to sanction the treaty which then subordinates had drafted, but the fact that the draft was made by two such responsible parties as the German Chancellor and the French Envoy is enough to show that there was Royal and Imperial intention at some time or other to put it into force.

It was not until the end of the month of June, 1870, that the negotiations relative to the candidateship of Prince Leopold to the Spanish throne were concluded by the Spanish government. Count von Bismarck, the King of Prussia, and Prince Leopold himself, Marshal Poincaré, in conversation with the French ambassador at Madrid, took care to place the affair in the most disadvantageous light for France, and maliciously added that the scheme must be carried through, because Spain could nowhere else find such an acceptable candidate. A German on the throne of Spain! The very idea was distasteful to all parties in France, but its effect upon the Imperialists was like that of a red cloak before the eyes of a bull. Cautious and experienced diplomats, like M. Thiers, would have

succeeded in putting Marshal ~~Richelieu~~, who was not a man of mighty mould, back in his place, and in securing from the Spanish and German governments the withdrawal of a project to which France, as a great power, did not feel like giving her consent. But from the moment of the proposition of the candidateship the Imperial party seems to have thrown all prudence to the winds, and to have acted in the most reckless fashion. The simile of the red cloak and the bull is eminently proper here.

All the supporters of the Empire seemed in the eyes of calm and impartial observers, to be given over to madness. For those who knew the gigantic military preparations in which Prussia had been engaged for so many years, the declaration of Emile Ollivier, in the tribune of the *Champs Législatif*, that he and his colleagues accepted the great responsibility of a German war "with light hearts" caused a shudder of disgust. There was but one thing to suppose in extenuation of the conduct of those men who took into their hands the lives and fortunes of a great nation and that was that they thoroughly believed in the duration of the old and traditional military strength of France, that, although they were sensible of the corruption and rust which had done such deadly work under the Empire, they felt that the nation in arms would be victorious over any opponents, however formidable.

But, even if they believed this, they were culpable, for they could only have had such robust confidence in their country because they had persistently neglected the study of the progress of Europe in their generation. Shut into the petty circle of the Second Empire, which made the collection of news and

its free publication almost a criminal offence, these responsible ministers, these influential statesmen, had vague notions of the outside world. The Duke de Gramont, in the numerous speeches which he made previous to the declaration of war, adopted the tone of one conscious of an overpowering force behind him. The Prussians themselves were staggered by this tremendous assumption of importance. A highly cultivated and sincere French official, who was in Germany at the outbreak of the war, has left on record his impression of the period of doubt through which Germany passed when the nation saw that war with France was inevitable. Was it possible that they had made a mistake, and that the old triumphant French spirit would prove as irresistible as of old?

M. Jules Simon, and many others of equal importance and influence in the ranks of the moderate Republicans, say that General Prim imagined the candidacy of Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern because Napoleon III. had used such vigorous efforts to prevent the election of the Duc de Montpensier to the throne of Spain. "Of course," says M. Simon, "the Emperor of the French was bound by his position to exclude a Bourbon from the Spanish throne, but by his opposition he occasioned the Hohenzollern intrigue, and thus was the cause of all our misfortunes."

But the grave and great accusation against the Second Empire is that it made war in petulance and recklessness when it might have preserved peace, and that it declared war without being in any manner prepared to carry on a campaign. The man who had said at Bordeaux that the Empire meant peace deliberately cast the nation into a conflict with a powerful enemy. There was not even

any enthusiasm throughout the country in favor of a German war, the nation, bowed under the Imperial yoke, blindly accepted the issue of the sword because the Empire dictated that it should do so. The prefects of the various departments had been consulted and their answers, favorable to a conflict, were published. But they did not reflect public opinion, and many of the officials timidly expressed their belief that the "agricultural populations were in favor of peace." Garnier-Pagès, who represented the sentiment of the Republican Opposition in the *Chambre des Députés*, once cried out when the subject of war was under discussion: "It is these dynastic questions which are always troubling the peace of Europe. As for the nations, they only ask to be let alone that they may respect, and love each other." But the Duke de Gramont, with his diplomatic twiddle and his long sentences about the dignity of France and her duty to her sister nation overwhelmed the Republic in protests against the struggle which was to be productive of such infinite suffering.

There was one voice, however, that no platitudes of ministers and no threats of Imperial disfavor could drown, and that was the piping voice of the valiant M. Thiers, so soon to be called to the helm of state, and so earnestly patriotic that he dared to speak out all that was in his heart. On the afternoon of a stormy debate, when all the Imperial clique was wild for immediate war, after he had done justice with his keen satire to the audacious declarations of Emile Ollivier and the Duke de Gramont, and after he had spoken for a long time in the midst of insults and outcries from those who dreaded lest he might interrupt the march of events, he concluded his speech by saying that he was ready to vote with

the government all necessary means whenever war should definitely be declared, but he must first know the despatches upon which the declaration of war was to be founded. "The Chamber," he said, "may do as it likes. I can foresee what it is likely to do, but, as for myself, I must decline to participate in the declaration of a war which is so little justified."

The mob, which had a short time before been ready to march against the Second Empire, now joined forces with it, and on the night of the 15th of June, when the speech which contained the virtual declaration of war was known, crowds of half-drunken men appeared before the house of M. Thiers, and indulged in a hostile manifestation. But he was not without his supporters, and as he returned that evening from the *Corps Législatif* he was cheered all the way from the Place de la Concorde to the Rue Royale, because he had dared to tell the truth to the Empire, and to say that the dignity of the nation could be maintained without plunging into war.

M. Thiers was right in saying that the declaration of hostilities was scarcely justifiable, for, although the French ambassador had secured a complete diplomatic victory over the Spanish and Prussian intriguers, the Imperial Ministry was not satisfied, and insisted that M. Benedetti should carry his demands still further, and right up to the danger point. On the 13th of July M. Benedetti therefore presented himself at King William's residence at Ems, where the old monarch was taking his usual midsummer repose, and begged the king to authorize him to convince the French government that, in case the Hohenzollern project should be brought up again, he would interpose his royal authority to quash it. The old king

categorically refused to do anything of the kind, considering that he had fully accomplished his duty. In the afternoon M. Benedetti returned and demanded a new audience, but this time King William announced that he should refuse to receive him "if it were to resume the subject broached in the morning," but he sent his *aide-de-camp* to say that he should be happy to see M. Benedetti if he desired to make him a personal visit.

M. Emile Ollivier, in the session of the *Corps Législatif* at which war was declared, made a great deal out of this incident, in insisting that the German press had taken it up, and placed France and her diplomatic dignity in the most humiliating light, in short, that all Europe was laughing at them, and that such an affront could not be tolerated. Emile Ollivier was certainly justified in feeling offended at the tone of the German and continental press generally in its comments upon the Benedetti incident.

But the sneers and the laughter were not for France, they were for the band of adventurers who had taken possession a score of years before, and who were now reaping the fruits of their folly and presumption.

So from the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which arose out of General Prim's back parlor, came the wind and storm which made Europe tremble to its base. The appearance of Paris during the days between the 15th of July and the 19th, on which date the declaration of war, couched in the most polished diplomatic language, was handed to Prussia, was extremely curious. The usual phenomena attendant upon the sudden awakening of a nation to the knowledge that it must instantly prepare for defence and offence were visible in

came in court, and on the street. The Emperor shut himself up mornings in the Palace of Saint-Cloud, and was reported to be organizing the forthcoming campaign with great skill and energy. That which first impressed me, as a spectator, was the paucity in number of the troops which came and went, and the confusion apparent in all the branches of the administration. A visit to the Ministry of War was like a promenade into Bedlam. Here was no silent discipline. The streets of the capitol at night were paraded by long processions of workmen, in white and blue blouses, and by the numerous collection of vagabonds who always come to the surface in abnormal times, all this in-buff singing patriotic songs in the loudest voices, brawling and manifesting under the balconies of unpopular deputies, threatening the Republican Opposition with due consequences, because it had dared to hesitate on the threshold of war.

The Imperial Guard went out at night under the glare of torch and gas-light, and to the music of splendid bands, and this handsomely equipped corps made a vast impression on the populace. "To Berlin! To Berlin!" was shouted on all sides. Enthusiastic citizens seated under the *café* awnings embraced each other, and promised themselves the pleasure of visiting the great Prussian capital when the French armies should be there. Little boys shouted insults for the enemy beyond the frontier. Innocent strangers were hustled and accused of being Germans, and, when they denied the harsh impeachment, were insulted because they were not Germans. Popular passion was at high-water mark, the Emperor was a great man, he had done no wrong. He would lead his armies to glory. The Republicans were milkops, and the Prus-

sians were mere food for French bayonets. It was an intoxicating moment. The masses of the Parisians fancied that the Empire must have at its disposition vast military resources, and they slept as comfortably after as before the declaration of war.

The *Internationales* showed its ugly head in the midst of the tumult. No doubt there was in many breasts the hope that the Commune might then be declared, and the great municipal insurrection might be successfully launched on the stormy waves of popular excitement. In the theatres the actors were called upon to recite patriotic poems, and at the opera M. Faure was obliged to sing Alfred de Musset's biting and satiric verses against the Prussians. Here and there the *Marseillaise*, so long forgotten, burst out, and the Imperial Police were frightened at the energy with which it was sung. They dreaded the hymn of Rouget de l'Isle, because, though it meant a menace to the Teutonic enemy, there was in it also a threat for traitors at home. In the Imperial Senate the declaration of war had been saluted with cheers, although the Senators knew that the Empire had no ally, and could count on none at the outbreak of hostilities.

The utter lack of preparation for war on the part of the Second Empire has now become historical, but few writers who have traced the course of the war of 1870-1871 have given half the facts concerning it. On the 20th of July, at ten minutes to ten in the morning, and less than twenty-four hours after the presentation of the official note declaring war by the representative of France at Berlin, the Quartermaster General at Metz telegraphed to the Minister of War in Paris. "There is in Metz neither sugar, nor coffee, nor rice, nor brandy,

nor salt, little pork, and small biscuit Send in haste a million rations by way of Thionville " On the 21st of July the General commanding the Second Corps telegraphed to Paris "The *Dépot* is sending enormous packages of maps, which are useless for the moment We have not a single map of the French frontier, and this is the one which we specially need " On the 21st of July General Michel telegraphed from Belfort to the Minister of War in Paris "Just arrived at Belfort, cannot find my brigade, cannot find a Division General, what must I do? I do not know where my regiments are " On the 24th of July the General commanding the Fourth Corps telegraphed "Fourth Corps has neither canteens, nor ambulances, nor baggage-wagons. Toul, garrison town, is completely bare of everything " On the same day the Quartermaster of the Third Corps telegraphed "Our corps leaves Metz tomorrow I have neither hospital tenders, nor workmen, nor ambulances, caissons, nor field ovens, nor scales for weighing the forage I beg Your Excellency to take me out of the scrape into which I seem to have got "

On the 25th the sub-quartermaster telegraphed from Mezières "There is neither biscuit nor pork in the fortresses of Mezières or Sedan " On the 27th the Major-General telegraphed to the Minister of War from Metz "The detachments joining the army here continue to arrive without cartridges and without camp materials! "

General Ducrot was Division Commander at Strasbourg, both before and after Sadowa He made continual reports to the Minister of War concerning the unsatisfactory condition of the arsenal under his command The ambulance material, as at Metz, was incomplete

and insufficient. In the Strasbourg arsenal there were two thousand cannon, but only four hundred or five hundred which were fit to serve There were cannon-shot or, rather, great stone bullets, which dated from the time of Louis XIV There were guns, but half of them were flint locks As to the camp equipage, everything was in the utmost disorder Even the most necessary articles were lacking, such as the halters for picketing horses An army corps of thirty thousand men needed one hundred and forty-four wagons in its train Strasbourg could furnish but eighteen Even in 1869 the population of Strasbourg, which had heard of the investigations of General Ducrot, was alarmed at the poorness of its defence, and the subject was eagerly discussed The quartermaster twice wrote to the Minister of War, at the request of the Strasbourg population, and indicated that something must be done to strengthen the town, which was in such an exposed situation In the ambulance department there was not one-tenth of the material which would be necessary in war time.

The negligence so manifest at Strasbourg was visible everywhere after the outbreak of the war M de Séganville, quartermaster of Marshal MacMahon's army corps, was literally in despair because of the condition in which the administration left him "I have nothing," he said, "for my forage department or for my hospitals "

Marshal Niel was deeply humiliated by the deplorable condition of the French army, and especially of its quartermaster's department Marshal Niel was one of the few French soldiers who had taken into account the change that two successive wars had brought about in Germany, and the dread silent organization that that country had been

undergoing for fifty years. The reforms which he began in France were wise, and, had they been fulfilled, would have placed the country upon an excellent defensive footing. In 1868 the new military law which had been prepared by him was voted, and its execution was begun. By the terms of that law the armed force of France was composed of the active, the reserve, the Mobile National Guard, and the navy. The reserve had for its mission the reinforcement of the active army, the occupation of fortresses, and furnishing garrison troops, while the National Guard Mobile, as it came to be called during the war, was to fill up gaps in garrisons on the national soil, and to form a substantial reserve. The principle of obligatory service, just now so firmly established under the Republic, was considerably extended by this law. Substitutes, however, were still allowed, but bounties were suppressed. The duration of service in the active army was brought up to nine years, five under the flag, and four in the reserve. The men of this latter category were to be called up only in case of war, and by Imperial decree. The old division of the annual contingent into a first and second portion was preserved. Under Marshal Niel's reform law the French army would, with the calling up of the contingent of 1875, have a war effective of eight hundred thousand men, and in the same period the National Guard Mobile would have reached the figure of five hundred thousand men. But death came to take Marshal Niel in the midst of his preparations for reorganization, and the country was left without his advice and counsel in the terrible moments of 1870.

It is said that the plans of the projected campaign in Prussia, which were being elaborated by the Emperor and his

councillors, were changed three times, after the most herculean labors had been performed on each plan, in order that the Empress's pet project of having General Frossard in a prominent post could be carried out. Marshal Le Boeuf continued to tell the country that it was ready for war, that its soldiers did not lack a garter-button or a strap. But the solemn truth became daily more and more evident. The Empire could not put in line an effective force equal to more than a third of the German numbers. Out of four hundred and seventeen thousand soldiers of the *Guard Mobile* only one hundred thousand were armed and organized. Half of the guns in the soldiers' hands were muzzle-loading. Although the Field Artillery had the material necessary for five hundred batteries, there were men and horses for only one hundred and fifty-four batteries. At the end of July there were but six hundred and twenty-four cannon, including the famous *mitrailleuses*, ready to enter into the campaign. Of the three million three hundred and fifty thousand guns which were on the artillery registers a great number were, on the opening of hostilities, undergoing repairs. The aiming and assembling of the Mobiles in the provinces was done in the most desultory and incomplete fashion. A French writer has drawn a curious picture of the departure of the 19th Regiment of Chet, which left Bourges on the 22d of September to go up to Orleans, and enter immediately into a campaign against the magnificently equipped regiments of Germans. "Not only," he says, "was this regiment badly equipped, but most of the soldiers, taken suddenly from the fields and away from their farms, were entirely unarmed. Some few of them had guns, which had been brought in great haste from estab-

lishments at which they were undergoing repairs." "At the battle of St Quentin," says another writer, "the battalions of a legion of Mòbiles were decimated by shell and shot, but they did not see a single enemy, the Prussians being carefully concealed on the surrounding woody heights, and the French soldiers had, for their defence, guns carrying only two hundred yards."

General Ducrot arrived with his division at the outset of the campaign in a village and found a captain of the *chasseurs à pied* representing the whole quartermaster's department. This captain was alone, without money, without employés, without carriages without workmen, without a single kilogramme of bread or meat. The troops ate up their reserve rations, then the general sent for the single representative of the quartermaster. This personage contented himself with saying, in reply to General Ducrot's remark that his soldiers had had nothing to eat, "Impossible! I have just been buying some things." General Ducrot, thoroughly angry, cried out, "My soldiers must have *something to eat*. I don't care what you were buying or going to buy, but you must forthwith produce bread and meat." Two hours after the frightened intendant sent in *thirty-six bakers*. These bakers managed to find some flour in the villages, and to get together some bread. Then General Ducrot hunted out some butchers in the regiments, got them to kill cattle taken at random in the neighboring stables, and so managed to get food for his hungry men. There were plenty of regiments which had no blankets, hundreds upon hundreds of the men in the reserve had never taken a *chassepot* in their hands, or ever seen one until they were called under fire. There were two *mitrailleuses*

batteries at a certain point on the frontier at the beginning of the campaign, but there was *only a single officer in the whole neighborhood who knew how to use them*.

The catalogue of the shortcomings of the military department of the Empire is so long that I may only touch upon it here. After the first battles on the frontier I had occasion to go from Frankfort-on-the-Main to Strasbourg on an excursion which I made in search of a military pass, — an indispensable document in those strange days of August, 1870. My companions in the compartment of the railway carriage were two respectable gentlemen, who looked like Germans, but I presently discovered that they were citizens of Strasbourg, and I could not help overhearing their conversation. One of them was reciting with great animation the cause which led, in his opinion, to the French defeat at Woerth, or Reichschoffen, as the French call it. He laid the whole fault on the quartermasters' departments. "The officers," he said, "act as if they were at a picnic. They pitch their tents, and the soldiers spread their tables with costly linen, with glass ware, and with innumerable bottles of wine. In the morning the soldier finds that he has no coffee to drink, and that his soup is not made. Where are our old generals who used to say '*Le soldat ne peut rien faire s'il n'a pas mangé la soupe*'?" — (The soldier is good for nothing until he has swallowed his soup.)

The quartermaster of the Sixth Corps is on record as having written "The chief quartermaster has asked me for four hundred thousand rations of biscuit and for field provisions. I have not a single ration of biscuit nor any field provisions." The Emperor, as soon as he got to the front, was much distressed

and, no doubt, greatly alarmed at the lack of food and arms. He wrote to the Minister of War "I see that we lack bread and biscuit for the troops." But that was not all. They lacked caissons, canteens, means of transport, revolvers in the arsenals, cartridges for the *mitrailleuses*, surgeons for men and horses everything, in short.

Meantime the magnificence of the Imperial household was by no means to be neglected, even in the field. The following plan, drawn up at the palace of St Cloud, the 8d of July, 1870, three or four days before the departure of the Emperor, by the Adjutant-General of the Palace, will give an idea of the manner in which Napoleon III expected to traverse Germany on his triumphal march —

"MAISON DE L'EMPEREUR.

"SERVICE OF THE GRAND MARSHAL.

"Notes on the Service of *MM les Aides-de-camp* and *Ordonnances* near the Emperor in the Field

"The *aides-de-camp* and *ordonnances* will serve in alternate order, beginning by priority of age and rank.

"There must be always two tables, whether at a bivouac or during long stays, so that the Emperor may have

the means of inviting few or many people to dine, as he pleases.

"At the table of the Emperor will sit the *aide-de-camp* who is on duty and the first groom, if the Emperor orders it thus. The second table shall be presided over by the adjutant-general, and there shall also sit *MM les aides-de-camp*, the *ordonnances*, the grooms, the officers attached to the *aides-de-camp*, and, if necessary, the secretaries of the Cabinet.

"The *valets de chambre* will bivouac or camp in shelter tents, carried in the wagons of His Majesty.

"The baggage of the Emperor shall be escorted by a brigadier and six generals of the squadron of the guard.

"There shall be allowed, on entering the campaign, to *MM les aides-de-camp*, designated to accompany the Emperor, 20,000 francs, and to the *ordonnances*, 15,000 francs. The first shall have four saddle-horses, and the latter three. These gentlemen can each take with them a *valet de chambre*."

Then follows an interminable list of the directions as to the Imperial kitchen, the wardrobe, the bedding, etc., all contrasting rather singularly with the simplicity which Napoleon I often affected when he was on active service.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Departure of the Emperor for the War — Volcanic Throes Renewed — Movements of the *Internationale* — The German Workingmen's Address — The Imperial Court at Blois — Foreboding of the Commune — M. Rothan's Revelations — Bismarck and His Views of the War — Alarm of the German People — Fears of a French Invasion — Emile Olivier's Account of the Manner in which Hostilities were Decided upon — M. Rothan and the Duke de Gramont — The French Minister of War is Surprised — Marshal Le Breton's Deception

ALTHOUGH the Emperor went away to the war with the air of one who was about to conquer his foes without difficulty, his heart was filled with many misgivings, for he knew that he left a powerful enemy behind him. The volcanic throes were once more clearly perceptible throughout the whole of France. The nation, which professed to believe itself upon the eve of a vast and unparalleled military triumph, was torn by internal dissension, and was on the very verge of civil war. The repeated manifestations against the Empire, in February, in March, and in May, 1870, had given the mysterious and audacious International Society of Working-men fresh courage. This new society knew that it had only to show its head to be struck down relentlessly by the Empire, which, while it professed most liberal sentiments with regard to the working-men, did nothing to ameliorate their spiritual condition. The strikes at the great metallic establishment of Creuzot, which were under the immediate direction of M. Schneider, one of the most important members of the Imperialist party in Paris, had been put down and had awakened discontent and open aggression among the working-men in such great industrial centres as Roubaix and Amiens. In June of 1870 thirty-eight members of the association, accused of being members of a secret society, which was an unpardonable

offence under the Empire, were tried and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The places of those who went to fill the prisons were rapidly taken by others who had sworn eternal hostility to the Empire, and not only to it, but to the whole organization of existing society. It now appeared as if the Empire must take upon its shoulders the burden of a great invasion, for no Frenchman fancied for an instant that a war would be anything but an invasion of places beyond the Rhine. Even the new apostles of the *Internationale* boldly showed themselves, and grouped about them all the discontented and dangerous in the ranks of the Radical Republicans. The *Internationale* rather inconsistently declared against the war, which it was not sorry to see begun, as it hoped that by embarrassing the Empire it might enable the workmen to carry out their purpose of complete emancipation. An address was issued by a group of French workmen, disclaiming all national hatred and repelling the idea of the necessity for a hostile invasion of a neighboring country. To this little group of toilers came, as powerful aid, men of high social standing and intelligence, like M. Agendor de Gasparin and Edgar Quinet. These eminent thinkers held a meeting, at Belleville, to protest against the declaration of war, and as members of the International League of Peace

might have had some influence under a free government. But freedom of speech within the boundary of France was not yet won, and the furious Imperialist war party stigmatized as Prussians all those who ventured to hint that there was really no adequate provocation to war.

To the address of the French workmen and to the other humanitarian utterances from France there was a strong and manly response from beyond the Rhine. The International Association of Working-men in Berlin signed a letter, which is worthy of being copied here, as tending to show how easily European wars could be prevented if it were not for the excess of power placed in the hands of the chiefs of the royal dynasties —

“TO THE WORKING-MEN OF FRANCE We also wish peace, labor, and liberty. This is why we associate ourselves heartily to your protest. Inspired with ardent enthusiasm against all obstacles placed in the way of our peaceful development, and especially against the savage practice of war, animated only by fraternal sentiments, we join hands with you, and we swear to you, like men of honor, who do not know how to lie, that we find in our hearts not the least national hatred, that we are submitting merely to force, and enter constrained and compelled into the hands of soldiers, which are about to spread misery and ruin through the peaceful fields of our countries.

“We also, like yourselves, are men of combat and action, but we wish to combat by the pacific use of all our forces for the good of our kindred, for the benefit of humanity. We wish to combat for liberty, equality, and fraternity, to combat against the despotism of tyrants, who oppress sacred liberty, against falsehood and perfidy, from whatever quarter they may come. We solemnly promise you that neither the

roll of drums nor the thunder of cannon, nor victory, nor defeat, shall turn us from our work for the union of the *Proletariat* of all countries. We also, like yourselves, no longer need any frontiers, because we are on both sides of the Rhine. In old Europe, as in young America, we have our brethren, with whom we are ready to go to the death for the aim of our efforts, — the Social Republic. Long live peace, labor, and liberty!”

It is not difficult to discern in the frank and courageous utterance of this proclamation a distinct advance in the character of the International Society of Working-men from the time when, in 1867, it published the twaddle from which I have given extracts in a preceding chapter. But the golden dream of the enthusiastic laborers on both sides of the Rhine was not destined to be fulfilled. The *Proletariat* was fated to indulge in the wildest and vilest excesses in France, and to be led away into the most dangerous follies of socialism, while the Germans were constrained, by the exigencies of national unity and the iron military discipline and despotism which had been inaugurated in their country, to put off their part of the great International Revolution and to fight their brethren with all the energy that they possessed. That there were scores of thousands of men in the German army who abominated the war into which they were thrust, and who were as ripe for a socialist revolution as were the wildest members of the Paris Commune, there can be no possible doubt. I myself heard a Prussian soldier say, at Ecouen, on the day after the capitulation of Paris, and alluding to the lengthy campaign which now seemed drawing to a close: “I wish that the accursed swindle were over, and that I had never been drawn into it.”

On the day, too, before the declaration of war was officially notified to Prussia by the confident and jubilant war party in France, a little procession of prisoners was brought up to the bar of the High Court of Justice, convened at Blois for the express purpose of stamping out with one vigorous movement the leaders of the working-men's opposition to the Empire. The indictment against the majority of these men was for participating in a conspiracy, having for its end an attempt against the safety of the State and against the life of the Emperor. Among the members of the counsel for the defence were such distinguished Republicans as Emmanuel Arago and Floquet. One of the persons accused was Megy, who had been the first Frenchman in the later days of the Empire to protest against the violation of his domicile by police agents, who could bring against him no accusation except that he was suspected of conspiracy. Megy had shot and killed a police agent who was forcing his way into his room, and desisted to exculpate himself on the theory that individual liberty must be respected, and that the members of the dominant party must be taught that in undertaking tyrannical measures they take their lives in their hands. The other prisoners were men who had participated in the various attempts at insurrection in the spring and early summer, and they were no little amazed at seeing as the principal witness for the government one of the men whom they had supposed to be their firmest ally, almost a leader, and who was nothing but a police spy. All the prisoners were aggressive and violent in their demeanor. The Imperialist magistrates began to realize for the first time that the *régime* of terror was over. Ferré, accused of conspiracy, declined

to answer the remarks addressed him by the presiding judge, and said. "I simply ask you to give the order to the *gendarmes* to take me back to my prison." This unwonted insolence so startled the magistrate that he told the prisoner to sit down and stop talking, whereupon Ferré said "You have the force now. That is all right. Use it. But when we get it look out for yourselves. I am a Republican." The sinister words of Ferré were well remembered during the anguish of the Commune, for he was one of its promoters and the prominent member of its executive force. After hearing this last remark the judge ordered Ferré to stand up and to be interrogated once more, but the prisoner refused. "Then we shall compel you," said the judge. "If I come here again," answered Ferré, "some one will have to carry me." Despite this violent attitude Ferré was acquitted of conspiracy, of which for that matter he was innocent enough. Megy and many others were sentenced to twenty years of hard labor each, and men whose only offence had been an incautious participation in a secret society were sentenced to three, five, ten, or fifteen years of imprisonment. But less than two months afterwards the majority of them were free, for the Empire had passed away like a vision of the night, leaving the country to suffer from the effects of the evil passions which the Imperial tyranny had roused, and which, when they found that they could not wreak their vengeance upon the fallen tyrant, turned it upon the innocent.

No journal in Paris, or in any part of France, ventured more than the mildest comments upon this wholesale trial and the savage sentences which ended it. And meantime the attention

of the public was thoroughly engrossed with the procession towards the frontier. Rarely has a great war been entered upon with more apparent gayety on both sides, until the miserable poverty and neglect of the quartermasters' departments were exposed. The French soldiers manifested all the traditional gayety of the Gauls, and the Germans, on their part, came up to the Rhine and began to climb the great hills of the Palatinate as if they were on a pleasure excursion. Every day the people of Paris were treated to a bombastic manifesto from the Imperial Ministry. Emile Ollivier, in describing to a friend the manner in which the army of Napoleon would vanquish the Prussians, says "We shall blow them away." The Empress Eugenie, who had when the war was first declared said, "This war is my war, and I must have it," inspired the whole Court with her brilliant pictures of the approaching success of the Napoleonic arms. But there were not wanting men who were serving the Imperial cause, who had clear vision, and whose hearts were filled with sorrow as they noted the approach of the catastrophe. M. Rothan, who was Consul of the French Empire at Hamburg at the outbreak of the war, has left on record an interesting statement of the illusions of his own government, illusions which he tried in vain to correct, and for venturing to doubt which he narrowly escaped the charge of lack of patriotism. It is to M. Rothan that we are indebted for one of the clearest and most concise accounts of the situation in North Germany in the early days of July. He thinks that Prince Bismarck was for a time after the question of the candidacy of Prince von Hohenzollern came up, in a very dangerous position, and that he might easily have been

precipitated from its high place. His policy was the subject of the bitterest criticism, even among his own diplomatic agents. "Bismarck could count," says M. Rothan, "neither on the assistance of Wurtemberg, nor that of Bavaria. If Prussia, during the first week of the difficulty, from the 8d to the 11th of July, had raised at Stuttgart or Munich the question of *casus federis*, she would have encountered a peremptory refusal. The neutrality of the southern kingdoms would have taken from the war its national character and would have maintained the road open between France and Austria, that would have meant one hundred and fifty thousand less combatants in the ranks of our enemies. Bismarck had never been caught in a more desperate situation. It needed his cool audacity, all the resources of his great mind, and the good-luck which has presided over his career, to get him out of his difficulty. He knew how to conjure the danger, and to beat us on the ground where we ought to have triumphed, by simply keeping his presence of mind. He speculated on our passions, on our *maladresse*, on the position of the Empire, on the chances of a revolution in France. He did not ignore the causes which had led the Imperial Ministry to adopt such a bitter tone with regard to the Spanish incident. He knew that the *Corps Législatif* was torn by parliamentary and dynastic intrigues; that the Extreme Right wanted at any price to upset the Cabinet, and that to carry out its purpose it had resolved to give to the candidacy of Prince Hohenzollern the proportions of a national question. He also knew of the hopes that were cherished at the Court of the French sovereign, where a large party flattered itself that a fortunate war would consolidate the dynasty, and would permit the repeal of the liberal

concessions made by the Emperor." This, it must be remembered, is written by a member of the Imperial Party, who thus sets the seal upon the incompetence and folly of his political associates.

From his corner of observation, at Varzin, Count von Bismarck followed all the phases of the crisis, and carefully watched the pretext which should bring him upon the scene. "He wanted war," says M. Rothan, "but he did not like to assume the responsibility of it. He so carefully manoeuvred as to bestow the odium of the provocation upon us. While he sent one envoy to Ems to tell the King of the irritation of public opinion, and the indignation of the military party in Prussia, because of the King's excessive mildness towards France, he was acting with great vigor at Vienna, Florence, and especially at St Petersburg. He corresponded constantly with Von Moltke, who was already preparing in his customary mystery and silence the mobilization of the German armies."

M. Rothan points out a fact, which all journalists, and other observers who chanced to be either in Germany or in France at the outbreak of the war, did not fail to notice, and that is, that the Germans were very much alarmed at the risk of a French invasion, expected it, and made their greatest efforts with a view of having the first battles fought as far as possible from the Rhine. But they did not for an instant seem to hope that these first battles would be fought only when the German army had got past the French frontier. Before the rupture of diplomatic relations there was a rumor in northern Germany that a French army corps was marching upon Luxembourg, and that the French *avant-garde* had already entered the Palatinate. There was a universally expressed fear that the

Prussian army would be surprised before it was concentrated.

M. Emile Ollivier, in conversation with a political friend, at the close of the war, gave the following account of the manner in which hostilities were decided upon. "I was sitting in my office," he said, "occupied in drawing up the conciliatory declaration which we had agreed on in the Council of Ministers after the withdrawal of the Prince von Hohenzollern from his project; and I intended to read this document to the Chamber. I felt glad that we had known how to avoid a conflict, which had been so imminent, and was congratulating myself on our success, when the Duke de Gramont, very much agitated, came into the room. He held in his hand various documents, and among others the telegraphic despatch that Count von Bismarck had sent to all his agents, to inform him that the King, after having been insulted by the French ambassador, had refused to receive him. 'This,' said the Duke, 'is a blow in the face of France given by Prussia. I shall resign my portfolio sooner than suffer such an outrage.'—"I," said M. Ollivier, "was anxious for peace. I worked silently for its maintenance without cessation. I had, in harmony with the Emperor, who used the whole weight of his authority, striven against extreme measures, and here I found myself constantly confronted with the necessity of war because of this grave provocation." M. Ollivier is renowned for his delicate artifice, and the ingenious manner in which he endeavored in this conversation to cast back upon Prussia the weight of the responsibility of declaring war will not escape attention.

Shortly after this conversation with the Duke de Gramont and the reproduction of Bismarck's despatch in the

papers, the French Council of Ministers was convoked in haste, in such haste, in fact, that two of the ministers did not get their letters of convocation in time to be present. The Emperor opened the session by saying that he was obliged to recognize the fact that he was a constitutional sovereign. "It is my duty," he said, "to submit to your wisdom and patriotism, to decide what course we shall take in view of the incidents we have just heard about." On the motion of Marshal Le Bœuf it was decided that the reserve of the army should then be called up. "When they heard this in Germany," wrote M. Rothan, "there was the liveliest apprehension all along the line. No one doubted that our preparations were all made for the instant invasion of Southern Germany, for the immediate occupation of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and it was expected that this would have a weighty effect. The Germans also thought that a French squadron would shortly appear off Copenhagen, with at least thirty thousand men ready for landing." He wrote at once a long despatch to the Duke de Gramont, giving the state of public opinion in Germany, and closed his letter with these significant words: "The newspapers say that Germany is now at last agreed, that the Germans are all united from the sea to the Alps. The King will leave for the army as the protector of the Federation of the North, but he will come back as Emperor of Germany." The Duke de Gramont must have mused upon these words at frequent intervals a few months later. On the 19th of July, at seven o'clock in the evening, the secretary of the Senate of Hamburg gave M. Rothan his passports, and he at once left the territory

of the Seven States, to which he had been accredited. "I left Germany," he said, "in arms, grave, solemn, full of hate for us, quite understanding that the supreme struggle was at hand, yet ready for all sacrifices. At Paris I found only tumultuous scenes, drunken bands of workmen giving themselves up to patriotic saturnalia. It was a poignant contrast." He went at once to the Duke de Gramont and asked for an interview. "I thought," he said, "that the government must be anxious to confer with its accredited agents arriving from Germany, and to get at their latest impressions, but I was mistaken. The Emperor, worn down by sickness, and overwhelmed with cares, gave no audiences. I found in the waiting-rooms of the Tuileries only a few orderlies, lazy and spiritless, they were playing at cards, while the sovereign, opposed to the war, given up to fatalism, yielded to the somber presentiments which a few days afterwards were reflected in his melancholy proclamation." When M. Rothan saw the Duke de Gramont he found him very haughty and disposed to be cheerful. He was loud in his praise of the French troops. He foresaw the complete crushing of Prussia, and drew a picture of her imploring peace after French victories. He said, "We shall have more allies than we shall know what to do with; we must have our elbows free at the moment of peace." But to another French diplomat he said: "You are wrong to suppose that we are anxious for the neutrality of the Southern German kingdoms. We do not want it. It would hinder our military operations. We must have the plains of the Palatinate to develop our armies in." These ambassadors from the front, who might be justly called, tried to point

out to the members of the ministry the magnificent military preparations of Germany and the defects of the French organization "Do you not see," they said, that the calculations of our staffs are not based on anything real and that we shall be obliged to modify our plan of campaign? We shall have to divide our forces instead of concentrating them. We shall perhaps have to take to the defensive instead of developing our armies on the plains of the Palatinate as the Duke de Gramont wishes to do."

M Rothan records with some bitterness that after dancing attendance upon one of the important personages for two days, when every hour was as precious as an ordinary week, the minister gave him two minutes, and said "If you wish to continue the conversation—I have no time to talk now—come to the theatre this evening, and see the *Grande Duchesse*. We can finish what you have to say there." M Rothan, several days after war was declared, sick at heart at the spectacle of such negligence and recklessness, betook himself to the Ministry of War, where he found General Lebrun, and tried to tell him of the rapid advance of the German armies. He reminded the General that Prussia had, since the campaign in 1866 in Bohemia, changed the principle of its original plan of mobilization, and would infallibly be ready for vigorous action in nine days after the declaration of war. General Lebrun was unwilling to admit that the Germans could possibly move more rapidly than the French armies. However, after observing the extreme agitation of M Rothan, and the emphasis with which he dwelt upon the danger, he said: "We will go and see the Minister of War, and you may tell him what you think fit." So they were admitted

to the cabinet of Marshal B. "What impression do you bring Germany?" said the Marshal. "A sad one. I fear that the Imperial Government has been badly inspired, that, in provoking Prussia, it has played the game of Count von Bismarck"—do not ask you for your remarks on government's policy. I am not a politician. Kindly tell me what you think about the German army," said the Marshal. "I merely want to know you know about the mobilization and formation of those armies"—"It is certain," answered M Rothan, "a few days ago, when I left Hamburg, on the 25th of July all the infantry, and on the 27th all the cavalry reserve were have joined their corps, and on the 1st of August, at the latest, the whole army would be concentrated. I will add, the Minister of Prussia in Paris, Bismarck, announced to the crowd, went through the railway station in Liverpool, that he was in a position to say that Germany had much the advantage and that she would surprise the French army in process of formation."

On hearing this statement, made with the resolute courage of one who knew what he was talking about and appreciated its gravity, Marshal Bismarck's face turned quite pale. He stepped back a few steps, like one awakening from a dream. "It was said," M Rothan, in describing the interview, "as if he felt that this unexpected news had decided his destiny." The questions that he asked were firing, and denoted a profound mental turbulence. Still he said he could be no such rapid mobilization of the enemy's forces. He had declared, before a semblance of his colleagues, that France had a clear advance of eight days over Prussia, and it would seem as if he re-

believed that the Prussian army would not be able to enter into campaign before twenty-one days, instead of nine, which M. Rothan set as the latest date, and which was, in fact, all that was required. There were but few in the Imperial party who, like M. Rothan, refused to allow their pride to interfere with their reason. Ollivier, Leboucq, Le Boeuf, the Duke de Gramont, all persisted to the last in disbelieving in the constant reports of the wonderful Prussian organization, and the overweening confidence and blindness of the party are summed up in the almost pathetic outburst of the Empress when she was told that Napoleon was a prisoner: "You lie! he is dead."

Marshal Le Boeuf was doomed to many deceptions at the outset of the war. It is told of him that on the evening after the battle of Saarbrück he sent for one of the citizens of Metz, who was somewhat renowned in the country for his topographical knowledge, and asked him if he knew the lay of the lands where Rhenish Bavaria touched the French frontier. The citizen answered modestly that he did. "Then I am going to confide to you a great secret," said Marshal Le Boeuf. "You will only have to keep it for

two or three days, for by that time my operation will be completed. You must know, then, that to-morrow morning I am going to send the Frossard corps to take Sarre and Sarrelouis. Then I am going to send MacMahon and de Failly to fall upon Landau, and the junction of the two army corps will be operated in the space between Landau and Sarrelouis. I should like to know from you if there is a military route practicable between the two military towns." The citizen of Metz stared at the Marshal of France. "Monsieur le Marechal," he said, "this junction is absolutely impossible under the conditions which you indicate. Between Landau and Sarrelouis there is a regular little Switzerland, a mass of mountains, which a handful of men could defend against the most powerful army in the world." The Marshal bit his lips. "But there is a railway in that direction and a canal," he said. "There is, indeed, a railway, but it passes through nine tunnels, and three pounds of powder could break up communication there in three hours." So Marshal Le Boeuf said nothing more about his plan, and this was the man who at that time held in his hands the destinies of the French army.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

The Race for the Rhine — Von Moltke's Mysterious Journeys before the War — Captain San-
glin — The German Advance — Scenes along the Historic Stream — At Coblenz — At Mayence
— The Road to Weisbaden — The Crown Prince at Speyer — In the Field — The Bavarian Troops
— Their Appearance — The Flight of the Inhabitants

IT is not wonderful that the French Minister of War turned pale, and stepped back as if he had been looking into his own grave, when M. Rothan told him, with the emphasis of conviction, that the Germans had the advance in the mobilization of their army. The curious and almost ferocious indisposition of the French military authorities to allow the correspondents of newspapers to accompany their troops was prompted by the fear of indiscreet exposure of their plan for falling upon the roads down to the Rhine, and making all speed for the historic stream in time to check the German advance. Both nations were for a few terrible, momentous days engaged in a race for the river, and for the roads and mountain passes opening upon it. But while poor equipments, lack of geographical knowledge, and the irreparable and criminal poverty of the quartermaster's department, at every step retarded and crippled the French, the Germans may be said to have been moved, despite themselves, resistlessly forward to the defence of their own, and the invasion of the enemy's, country by the operation of a machine which had been completely planned, thoroughly tried, and which was absolutely perfect. In fact, the Germans, in executing their tremendous forward march up the rugged spurs of the mountains, and through the deep valleys towards the French frontier, were but performing a feat which had

often enough been rehearsed by all the directors of it, and every step of which was prepared with most consummate knowledge.

As a proof of the thoroughness with which the German advance was arranged the following telegram, received at the French Ministry of War, from Forbach, on the 9th of April, 1868, is worth quoting —

"TO THE MINISTER OF WAR. Since Monday I have been following General von Moltke, who is visiting the frontier of France and studying the positions. On Monday I came up to him at Mayence, on Tuesday he stopped at Birkenfeld, and took notes on the heights near the ruins of the old castle. He slept the same day at Saarbrück, he there took the defensive position of the railway station and the canal. Yesterday he was at Sarelsous, where he is still staying. This morning, in spite of the frightful weather, he went out in a carriage to visit the neighboring heights. I suppose, according to what I hear, that he is going this evening or to-morrow to Treves, and that he will go down the Moselle. Shall I continue to follow him up? Answer at the telegraphic bureau of Forbach.

"CAPTAIN SAMUEL."

Answer from the Ministry of War
"Follow him."

This was but one of the many visits that the venerable Von Moltke made to

the positions along the road into France, and in 1869 he and his staff made a grand military promenade, without any concealment whatever, up to the very gates of the Alsacia which they were destined so speedily and so easily to conquer.

General Ducrot appears to have been the only man on the French side who studied the enemy's country with the same care and minute vigilance manifested by the general staff of the Prussian army. Many a time had he been through the Grand Duchy of Baden and all the country between the Vosges and the Black Forest, disguised as a peasant, now on foot, now driving a country wagon, examining at his leisure the construction of the forts which he perhaps hoped one day to take. General Ducrot was forewarned, but he could not make himself heard at the Imperial Court.

The Countess de Poutalès, a brilliant lady, descended from a French Protestant family which had to quit France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who was residing in Prussia shortly before the war, visited General Ducrot in 1868, and said to him, with the greatest energy and indignation: "General, the Germans are deceiving us, and hope to surprise us unarmed. In public they talk of peace and of their desire to live on good terms with us, but when they are among themselves they speak with a scornful air, and say, 'Don't you see that events are moving rapidly forward, and that nothing can hinder the *dénouement*?' They laugh at our government, our army, our *Garde Mobile*, our ministers, the Emperor and the Empress, and pretend that before long France will be a second Spain. Would you believe that the minister of the household of the King dared to tell

me that before eighteen months had passed over our heads our Alsacia would be incorporated into Germany?"

General Ducrot was so much interested with this lady's disclosures that he begged her to go to Compiègne and tell her story, but at the Ministry of War the General's revelations were looked upon coldly. It was too late for the Empire to profit by a warning.

The mention of this Countess de Poutalès brings to mind a striking anecdote which illustrates the mutability of human fortune. During the summer of 1873 this lady went to Chiselhurst, in England, to visit the exiled Emperor and Empress. While she was conversing with them some one brought to the Emperor a photograph of a beautiful castle in Scotland, with hunting and fishing grounds, and everything desirable for a rural retreat attached to it. The Empress was delighted with the picture, and spoke of leasing the property for the Prince Imperial. "What are you thinking of, Eugenie?" said the Emperor, "they want thirty thousand francs for the castle!" — "You are right," said the ex-Empress, "and I have not even a bed that I can call my own!"

When war was declared Marshal MacMahon was at Strasbourg, with what was known as the African army. General Frossard was at Saint Avold, with an army brought together hastily at the camp of Châlons. Marshal Bismarck was at Metz with the army of Lyons. General de Failly, who was a veritable hero at the battle of Solferino, and held out with one brigade against three Austrian brigades, but who utterly failed to accomplish anything in the combat of 1870, was at the fortress of Bitch. Marshal Canrobert was organizing the Sixth corps at Châlons, and the brave General Douay the Seventh at Belfort.

The Imperial Guard was at Boulay, under General Boubhais.

Passing rapidly in review these men who had attained the dazzling positions of Marshals of France, and then colleagues, it is difficult to find any one except MacMahon who was entitled to the name of a competent soldier. MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, was a true warrior, and the very first battle in which he engaged, in 1870, showed that had he had men enough, and men who were well enough fed and equipped, it would have gone hard with the Germans, magnificently managed and superior in numbers as they were. He had been a soldier from his earliest youth. There was in his character a bit of the old Irish dash and energy of the MacMahons, who accompanied James II. in exile into France, and it was manifest in all that he did during the campaign of conquest in Algeria, and in the Crimean war, where he had a most dangerous position in the grand and last attack on the Malakoff Tower. "Here I am, and here I remain," became famous words in France, and MacMahon's fame extended far beyond the boundaries of his own country. He was, at forty-four years of age, a division general who had seen twenty-seven years of active service. Had the Empire had a dozen men like him it might have turned the current of fate for the moment. Bazaine but showed the already confessed weakness of his character in his conduct at Metz. General Frossard was chiefly noted for having been the Prince Imperial's preceptor. It was expected that he would get the *baton* of a marshal at the first battle in which he participated, but, as it chanced, that first battle was the disastrous defeat at Forbach.

Let us see what an enlightened and patriotic Frenchman says of the Germans

opposed to this rather meagre array of French military talent. M. Jules Claretie, in his *History of the Revolution of 1870-71*, says: "The adversaries of these generals, some of whom were already troubled before they were in battle, and who marched to the combat with a cumbersome train of baggage-wagons, carriages, panniers of wine and fruit, like the generals of the time of Louis XV., — then adversaries were those rude mathematicians, inflexible calculators, patient, yet violent, warriors, like Count von Moltke, a cold strategist, with a geometer's glance, a thinker rather than a soldier, Prince Friedrich Karl, a kind of ferocious Blucher, a furious sabre-swinger, old Steinmetz, the conqueror of Machod and Skaltz, the ancient enemy of Waterloo. Manteuffel, who, in 1865, had, crossing the Eider and the Elbe, begun a campaign against Hanover allied to Austria, Von Weider, harsh and sinister, the future bombardier of Strasbourg. All these men were strong in their hate and in their jealousy, strong, above all, because of the military organization which allowed them to launch their army corps forward, swift as thought, to bring the fighters in railway carriages on to the battle-field, and by the same train to transport the wounded from the battle-field to the hospital. They were strong, did I say? — but because of our feebleness. They brought patience, coolness, principle, against fever, anxiety, and disorder. Those who know that victory depends upon the quartermaster's department more than upon anything else, and upon those engineers of the field of carnage who are called officers of the general staff, were overwhelmed with patriotic anguish when they measured, not the courage, — France is always sure to have her heroes, — but the organ-

ization and the mechanism of the two armies."

Never, should I live a hundred years, could I forget my impressions on arriving on the Rhine while the mobilization movement of the German armies was at its height. There can be nothing more impressive than a nation in arms. The aggregation of strong, resolute, handsomely equipped men is stupefying. One begins to think there are millions where he only sees thousands. The eye is but slowly trained to the appreciation of numbers. The uprising of the whole of Germany was an electric surprise to all Europe, and it is not astonishing that I was overwhelmed by what I saw. From the Belgian frontier to Cologne I was compelled to take a military train, all civilians being declared contraband, and being already looked upon with suspicion and contempt. A man out of uniform in Germany was a thing to smile at, or to be pitiful over. If a stranger he was looked at askance. But no one troubled the observer during those few days of striving for the advantage. The soldiers were too busy with themselves, and the civilians were too much engaged in gazing at them, to worry foreigners. From Cologne I followed the wave of soldiery to Coblenz, where there was naturally a great concentration of troops, with a view to the guarding of the Moselle valley. Beer and wine played their accustomed rôle. Rigorous as is the German discipline on the march, and in the enemy's country, there was not much show of it among those thousands upon thousands of lusty young men, who were packed as neatly as figs in a box into the snug railway carriages. At Bonn, the old university town, there were at least five hundred men on the railway platform, each one with a bottle

of beer under each arm, and such scrambling as ensued among the soldiers I have rarely seen.

At Remagen a few hilarious old gentlemen came with packets of sweet cakes, and beer-bottles innumerable, and as the train moved away sang patriotic songs in cracked voices. Here and there a man bade his wife and children good-by, and got quietly into the train, sitting into the place prepared for him in advance. The *Reveries*, coming in from the country-side, made the air ring with their songs, and cheer after cheer was heard from the wayside as the train went by.

If the hungry French soldiers on the other side of the frontier could have seen the spectacle which I saw at Coblenz they would have wept with vexation. The provision magazines were crammed, and long trains of forage wagons were coming in in the early morning from the other side of the Rhine. The Prussian system for the transportation of supplies was put to a severe test here, and proved amply sufficient. As soon as the movement of, or concentration of, troops, on the frontier began, the farmers in all the country along the line of march were notified that they must transport a certain amount of supplies to a given point. Each farmer owns, according to his circumstances, one or two forage wagons, all built very much alike, and subject at any moment to the government call. The burgomaster of a certain district receives notice from the army head-quarters that so many supplies must be at a certain point at a given time, and he gets them there, knowing full well that if he does not the consequences will be extremely unpleasant.

Of course the situation would have been greatly changed could a French

army of the old revolutionary type have gone rolling and plunging down the Moselle valley, living on plunder, and frightening the farmers and burghers into instant submission. But the Germans were pretty well assured that there was no danger of an extended raid in the direction of the Rhine. Cologne, at the time of my visit, was the headquarters of the general commanding the Seventh, Eighth, and Eleventh corps of the Prussian army. This command was one of the most extensive in the country, the Seventh corps occupying the whole of Westphalia, including Düsseldorf, the Eighth keeping guard on both sides of the Rhine up to Coblenz, and thence to Mayence on the side nearest France, and the Eleventh having Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassel in its care. The Eighth corps, too, guarded the whole section of country between Coblenz and the French frontier and Luxembourg, extending its lines up to Treves, Saarbrück, Sareburg, and Forbach. Counting the regiments on them was footing this command comprised about one hundred and fifty thousand men.

As I continued my difficult journey up the Rhine the spectacle of the military preparations became more and more impressive. The highways were filled with long lines of troopers, with resplendent cuirasses, and in gray and gold, or in shining helmets and pretty blue or red uniforms. At every railway station dozens of young men, almost boys, were waiting until they could be transferred to the various points where they were incorporated in their regiments. Nearly all were clad simply and carried little parcels, hurriedly made up, of provisions and clothing. Now and then a group walked in, singing a jolly marching song, and laughing and joking

going to a wedding. The newcomers from a village in the back country usually made a round of the shops, to buy a few things lacking for their outfit. Every second man was smoking a long porcelain pipe, and every third officer certainly wore spectacles. The fever of national patriotism found its vent in the singing of such songs as *Die Wacht am Rhein*. There was little cheering, a good deal of laughter, and liberal beer.

From Mayence I crossed the river and attempted to visit Wiesbaden, where a few of the annual French visitors were still lingering, half displeased, half stunned by the tremendous military energy displayed around them, but to get to Wiesbaden was out of my power. I had fallen upon abnormal times, and my carriage was ordered into a ditch, where I sat quite contentedly for three mortal hours, while a steady stream of the finest cavalry I had ever seen passed slowly by. Nearly every man of this grand body of troops was of more than average height. The officers looked like a superior kind of school-masters. They were harsh in command and faultless in equipment. They seemed as if they had come out of a line engraving, so irreplicable were they white-gloved, decorated, no creases or wrinkles in their uniform, the saddle appointments of their horses all perfect. It seemed almost too nice for soldiering. The whole land was swarming with troops. I went back to Mayence, and waited, before I could reach my hotel, while a boyish regiment went by, clink! clink! every foot striking the pavement in exactly the same way, every knee thrown out at the same identical angle. Under the hot sun down went a boy. His comrades swung their feet over him, and when the am-

balance. When he came he was picked up as automatically and mathematically as if it were done by a machine. Click! clack! On went the ambulance-wagon with the sick man, but the military movements had suffered no check.

The components of the Prussian soldier's uniform are very simple, tasteful, and convenient. He might make a drinking-cup out of his helmet, and carve meat with his spike. He wears a bluish tunic with red colored cuffs and lappels, and a stout pair of dark-colored trousers, carries a thick blanket, a canteen, a cooking-can, and a well-planned knapsack in undressed calfskin. His fatigue-cap is flat, bordered with red. He has an undress uniform of coarse flax cloth, and a pair of white trousers. His overcoat is long, voluminous, and does splendid service at night, when he bivouacs in the open air, for the German army has no tents. The pockets and folds of his clothing are so arranged that he can carry in them numberless little things, and he fully improves the opportunities.

When he bivouacs he plants his gun against his bayonet, places his side arms hanging over them, and caps them with his helmet. I have seen ten thousand of these helmets poised thus on a long plain, making one sheeny mass, which from a distance was dazzling as a golden sea.

On a country road, not far from Mayence, I saw a troop of Hussars. It was the most superb spectacle that I witnessed during the war. Each man sat erect and motionless as a statue, with one hand on the carbine laid upon his side pommel, and each beautiful horse was richly trapped. The cavalry has the greatest wealth of dress, and the rather gaudy splendor of some of the cavalry corps has a remembrance of the middle ages in it.

constant saluting of superiors by inferiors, the bawling of the orders to men, and the compactness of the provision and baggage trains, all strike strangely upon the foreigner's sense. Here was an organization which had evidently been going on and on for years and years, until the men who composed it did things as if by inherited motion, and yet this wonderful mechanism had been but little heard of until four years before, in 1866. As to the saluting, it is incredibly formal. I sat, one evening, during this German advance, in front of the head-quarters of Prince Augustus, of Wurtemberg, at Kaiserslautern, in Rhenish Bavaria, watching the common soldiers, who were carrying heavy sacks of bread or grain, and who were obliged to pass the sacred place where the little potentate was sitting. Although the poor fellows in their dusty fatigue-jackets were bent almost double with their loads, each one managed so to arrange his burden that he could carry one hand stiffly to his cap, until he had quite passed beyond the old prince. It was painful to see mature men stand sometimes for five minutes holding their hands to their hats, while a beardless boy, some aristocratic officer, was conversing with them.

Although the Germans had sacrificed much to order they had yet known how to combine elegance with it. The field equipage of Prince Friedrich Karl, which I saw at Kaiserslautern, was one of the most perfect that can be imagined. There was a train of six compact light carriages, stored with all the requisites for the Prince and his staff, and close behind it, a field telegraph and field post service. The telegraphic wagons are so arranged that a station can be established, and rapidly connected with an existing line within

reasonable distance. Couriers ~~went~~ behind the wagons in the order of march, ready at a moment's notice to go from the wagons to the staff, and back again, incessantly. As for the field post all journalists who followed the movements of the German armies learned to admire and respect the managers of that matchless institution.

At Carlsruhe, at Darmstadt, at Heidelberg, everywhere in the picturesque and poetic region in which the English and American traveller loves to linger in the soft mid-summer time, there was the same haste of warlike preparation. I pushed on to Speyer, a rather ugly old town, notable chiefly for its historic cathedral, and there found the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was the object of my search. Here were dozens of Bavarian regiments, indeed, all Bavaria seemed to have taken *tenderous* at Speyer. There was a general alarm among the inhabitants. The French were reported to have crossed the frontier, and the Bavarians had been so hurried to get up to this point that half-a-dozen poor fellows, in the square near the cathedral were dying of sunstroke, and hundreds were laid up with sore feet and with aching heads. The Bavarian Jaegers, clad in blue hunting suits, and with green plumes in their helmets, were quite imposing. Many of the poor boys had pallid faces, and the people of Speyer said that they would not fight, but they *did* fight like demons at the battle of Woerth. The English gentleman who was my companion in travel said they looked as if they would like to bolt, but none of them bolted.

After a night at Speyer my companion and I sent polite letters to the Crown Prince, asking for military passes into the field of operations, and during the

afternoon ~~the answer came to disappoint~~ and annoy us, couched in 'the following terms: "His Highness regrets that an order this morning arrived from Berlin that no correspondents should be allowed to follow the field army. He is the more sorry for this as he had already given orders, since the reception of your letter, for the examination of your credentials and such facilities as could properly be given."

It was evident that neither German nor French wanted observers on the frontier before the first battles, but we pushed on into the Pfalz, the rugged mountain country of Rhenish Bavaria, over which both French and Prussian armies have moved in hostile array in past times. All through this country the peasants were half frightened to death. Although thousands upon thousands of soldiers were passing along the country roads, in nearly every antiquated *doif*, filled with squeaking geese and crazy peasants we found the bedding and crockery packed for instant transportation. From every house a Bavarian flag was hung out, and in some of the country mansions of the better sort little hospitals had been prepared. At Neustadt we found that the general occupying the town had given orders that no civilians should be admitted to the hotel, but we were made exceptions by the landlord, who said that he would take the risk. At the railway station my English companion was collared for looking at a passing military train, — what right had he to look at it, indeed! — and he luckily escaped with a muttered apology.

We sat late that night in front of the little hotel, struck with astonishment at the continual succession of troops, coming, coming, coming, in endless procession and seemingly without fatigue, marching

on to the fields beyond and establishing their bivouacs with but little noise and with no confusion. The surprise I felt then at the national strength displayed was, however, no greater than that which I felt on the day after the capitulation of the forts of Paris, when I saw come marching into Versailles, click! clack! with the knees thrown out at the proper angle, a regiment of scaly-looking boyish troops, of fresh troops sent up from the depths of Germany, to fall in, if necessary, as readily and willingly as the first actives had fallen in. It may with truth be said that, from the beginning of the campaign to the end, Germany had fresh troops constantly arriving in France, and when the war was completely ended still had a few left to draw upon. The confederation of the North alone was ready at the beginning of the war to put on foot three hundred and eighty battalions of infantry, three hundred squadrons of cavalry, two hundred batteries of artillery, being one thousand two hundred pieces, thirteen battalions of engineers, thirteen train battalions, — in all, five hundred and fifty thousand active men, in addition to which it had a reserve of one hundred and eighty thousand men, and a solid *landwehr* numbering more than two

hundred thousand. The Bavarian army furnished one hundred and ten thousand soldiers, the Wurtemberg army, thirty-six thousand, and the army of Baden, about the same number. All these, in the last days of July, when hostilities were just to commence, were grouped into three armies the first, under the command of old General Steinmetz, the second commanded by Prince Friedrich Karl, and the third by the Crown Prince of Prussia. Under General Steinmetz, and, later, under Von Manteuffel, were the First, Eighth, and Seventh corps, the Seventh commanded by the famous Lieutenant-General von Goeben, under Prince Friedrich Karl were the Second, Third Ninth, Tenth, Fourth, and Twelfth corps, the latter the Saxons, commanded by the Prince of Saxony, and the famous Guard corps commanded by the Prince of Wurtemberg, and in the third army, which fought at Weissenburg, at Woerth, at Sedan, and was so conspicuous in front of Paris during the siege, were the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth corps. Three more formidable, better equipped, or more powerful armies never fell upon the frontiers of any unhappy country.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Spectacle in the Palatinate — A Visit to Landau — The Saxon Troops on the March — A Night Drive — Echoes from Weissenburg — Through the Glades to Kaiserlautern — The Narrative of strange Adventures which befell us — A Military Prison — Challenging a Denunciator — Arrested a second Time

THIS concentration of troops in the Palatinate was so remarkable a spectacle that we were willing to run greater risks than we were likely to be subjected to, for the purpose of witnessing it in all its aspects. It was noised abroad in the army, all too soon for our purposes, that newspaper correspondents, or "writers," as the Prussians scornfully called them, were not admitted among the guests of the moving camps, and wherever we went, therefore, we were eyed and scowled at as presumable members of some other profession.

We were not slow to discover that the inhabitants of the Palatinate were by no means in sympathy with the Prussians. On the contrary they seemed to cherish for them an especial dislike, criticised them severely, and laughed at their pompous air, their stiff uniforms, and then somewhat objectionable habit of combing their hair and whiskers while they sat at meals.

From Neustadt we went to Landau, the famous fortress-town, which the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg made a free Imperial city in the thirteenth century, and which was taken by assault and pillaged seven times during the Thirty Years' war. Landau was taken possession of by Louis XIV at the same time that he placed his hand upon Alsatia, and he had it magnificently fortified by Vauban. Back came the Imperial armies and wrested it from Louis XIV, after

eighty-two days of siege, but the following year it returned once more into the hands of the French, yet once again to be taken by the Imperials in 1704. Down swept the French upon it in 1713, occupying it a whole century, to give it up to Bavaria after the treaties of 1815.

It was from Landau that one of his Generals wrote to Louis XIV "Sire, we have taken more flags and standards than Your Majesty has lost of soldiers."

On the way to Landau, in the broiling sun, we had an opportunity to observe the conduct on the march of the young Saxon troops, who did not appear to great advantage at the outset of the campaign, but who behaved wonderfully well when in front of Paris, and did plenty of rough work. Evidently the Saxon military shoemakers were at fault, for the soldiers were seated by hundreds in the ditches, nursing their feet, and doubtless cursing the provocative French most heartily. At the gates of Landau we met a long train of ambulance-wagons, carrying to a hastily improvised camp two or three score of sunstruck youths. The poor fellows, thrown into the wagons with their heavy knapsacks and blankets still strapped upon them, presented a pitiable appearance. Within the town everything indicated that the mixed forces who were there assembled were on the alert, as was eminently proper in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. Regiments came and regiments

went, cavalry clattered back and forth, reviews were held; the sick were bestowed in proper houses. The general officers were quite magnificent at the *table d'hôte* of the principal hotel, dining and winning freely, yet with a certain preoccupied air peculiar to soldiers when action is impending.

We left Landau late at night, and just in time to escape the overhauling of an inquisitive officer of the day. Our teamster lost his way while we were making for Geimersheim, and, taking a long *détour*, left us in doubt as to whether we were in France or Germany, but with the pleasant consciousness that we were not far from the scene of battle. Night came on, so quiet that as we drove over the plains we could hear the cows pulling the short grass in the fields. Now and then we heard the tramp of hundreds of feet, and saw long black shadows, denoting the passage of a regiment. At last we came to the high road, and by and by to Geimersheim, where we were saluted by a vigorous invitation to halt, and a rather scornful intimation to "clear out" when we requested admission, the sentinel merely deigning to remark that it was *Festung* (a fortification), and that we could not enter after hours. So we betook ourselves to the highway once more, passing through many antiquated *doirs*, where the peasants were in a high state of excitement, and at the entrance of each of which little groups of cavalrymen sat motionless on their horses, wrapped in their long cloaks, not even looking at us as we passed. After various other adventures, such as straying into the old Rhine bed, and narrowly escaping wreck in the darkness and in the sandy, water-deserted reaches, we decided that it would be useless to return to Landau or to Speyer that

night, and coming, towards dawn, to a little group of houses, we rested there, hoping for better luck when the sun should rise.

When morning came we were startled by certain dull sounds, which came from the direction of France, and were somewhat amused at the perturbation with which the German villagers declared that these sounds were the echoes of the *mitrailleuses*, and that the French would soon be upon us. There was, however, no falling back on the part of the German troops, and, as we heard nothing further, we concluded that our ears had been deceived, and, after an hour of exploration in the direction of France, we returned to Geimersheim. Hence my English friend counselled an immediate journey to Kaiserslautern, from which point one might see something of the principal advance in that direction.

We had indeed heard the echoes of a battle, and of one which, though of no great importance or duration, opened the door of Alsacia for Germany. The army of the Crown Prince, with the Fifth corps, thirty-two thousand strong, the Eleventh with the same number, the First Bavarian corps, of thirty-eight thousand men, and the Second with thirty-two thousand, and the Bavarians and Württembergers more than forty thousand in number, with two divisions of cavalry seven thousand strong, — all these were thrown forward upon or near a point which was defended by a French division, only nine thousand in number. The French are right when they say that General Douay and his division at Weissenburg fought one against five, for at least eighty thousand Germans took part in the brief struggle on the morning of the 4th of August, which resulted in the retreat of the French and the occupation of Weissenburg. Had the French been

strong and quick enough to have pushed into Germany at this point, half-a-dozen days before the mobilization of the German army was complete, how different the results might have been!

But all the world knows the history of the surprise, for it *was* a genuine surprise, at Weissenburg. The French soldiers, in describing the battle, asserted that General Douay had to improvise his plan of action under the enemy's fire. A gallant French officer, M. Duruy, who was engaged in the action, said "We were halted for an instant to reform lines, while advancing to the heights from which the German fire had come. This halt of ours was like a signal for the enemy, who had been for some time silent and invisible. A horrible fusillade broke out all along our line of battle. The vineyards were literally filled with sharpshooters, ambuscaded there since the morning, or perhaps the evening before. They fired while kneeling down hidden among the leaves, and, if I am not mistaken, sheltered behind little hillocks of earth, which they had had time to throw up. By their position they had a great advantage over us, as we were on the open road."

The *naivete* of this recital is almost pathetic. It indicates a surprise, so great as almost to deprive this officer, who was doubtless brave enough, of military sense. He seems to imply that it was disloyal and improper on the part of the Germans to take advantage of their position, or to fortify themselves in it. The Crown Prince had rattled down from Speyer to Landau in a post-chaise, and thence on horseback to the outposts, to be present at this action. He directed the storming of the castle of Schafenburg by the King's Grenadiers, who were very badly cut up while

at their work, so that Weissenburg is qualified as a costly victory even by the Germans. The French resistance, although the troops were totally unprepared for such an overwhelming attack, was very creditable, and has always been praised by the enemy. It was better for General Douay that he should have been killed, for, generous and true-hearted as he was, he would never have forgiven himself for being the unwitting instrument for the admission of the Germans into the province which they had determined to take from their traditional foe.

We made the best of our way over the encumbered roads, now literally swarming with troops, up through the picturesque mountain passes to Kaiserslautern, near which pretty little town Barbarossa is supposed to be still lying in his enchanted sleep. Here a fellow American journalist and myself excited the suspicions of a patriotic inhabitant of the town, who at once spread the report that there were "French spies" taking notes among the troops, and towards evening, after our English friend had departed on a little reconnoitering expedition towards Homburg on the frontier, we were surrounded by six stalwart soldiers, accompanied by an officer, who, without any unnecessary politeness, informed us that we were arrested. We could not deny the soft impeachment, and were marched off through the town, escorted by a jingling procession of small boys and greasy Jews, to a huge barrack building, where we were initiated into the delights of a military prison. While we were not frightened we were deeply annoyed, because we had wished to push on that night to the frontier. Our companion in misfortune was a gigantic personage connected with the army, who was laboring under a temporary hallucination,

superintended by copper-~~smugglers~~, and who insisted, at intervals throughout the night, in threatening to exterminate us with his jack-boots, which he could certainly have done if he had persisted in attempting it. About midnight, our situation becoming intolerable, we clattered furiously upon the door, and made most vigorous protests, which brought to us a superior officer, superbly dressed, who took our passports and protests, and left us with the cool remark, that, whether we were right or wrong, there we must bide the night. We did bide there with as much patience as we could command, and were not a little startled when the door was opened in the morning to find six men and a sergeant waiting to escort us, whither we knew not. We were ordered to "fall in," and were marched, in the rain, which was coming down in torrents, through some back streets of the town, our escort proceeding with such solemnity that we began to fancy that we might be going to our own execution. My companion vouchsafed the remark that they "certainly could not shoot us." "But then," he added, "if they wish to, they have guns enough," and with this poor attempt at wit we were both satisfied for the moment.

When we were quite drenched the minions of an effete despotism deposited us in the hall of a large and dingy structure, and retired without bidding us good-morning, but not without seeing that we were properly looked in. As this hall was not especially inviting of aspect, we made bold to open a side door, and found ourselves in a comfortably warmed room, around three sides of which ran shelves filled with documents, and we concluded that we were in the office of some functionary. Seated at a corner was a portly man, with a sim-

gularly white face, and something so sad, yet proud, in his demeanor that we could not help observing him carefully. We learned during the day that he had passed fifteen years in a fortress, wearing a ball and chain attached to one of his legs, because he had been too free with his pen in his criticism of the government under which he lived. At present he was one of the large Liberal party in Kaiserslautern, men who hated, and who did all they could to oppose, the military policy and the crushing despotism which Prussia had imposed upon the whole nation.

After what seemed to us an interminable delay this personage came out of his corner, and informed us in the German tongue that some one would come presently to examine us, then followed another delay, which appeared like weeks, but it was only half an hour. An amiable gentleman, with a fiery complexion, arrived with a somewhat bewildered air, as if he had been suddenly awakened from his slumbers, and taking a chair, and drawing it up to the table in front of which we had ventured to seat ourselves, he laid before him a package, upon which he laid both his fat hands. Then he took a long look at us, after which he burst into a loud laugh, and said in English. "Vell, boys, I think you were in a scrape."

As there was no disposition on our part to deny this, and finding that he spoke his broken English in a manner which indicated a period of sojourn in America, we ventured to interrogate him, and found that he had, like many other Germans, returned to the Palatinate, after a long and prosperous stay in the United States, and that he was one of the members of the city council in Kaiserslautern. The military authorities, despairing of making spies out

of us, had handed us over to the town, and had given into our new friends' hands all the papers which had been found upon us. These papers were now returned to us with a courteous apology from the representative of the city's dignity and with the remark that the burgomaster would shortly call upon us to express his regrets at the unfortunate occurrence.

It was at the "White Swan" Inn that we had been arrested, just as we were sitting down to dinner, and I was somewhat amused at the vehemence with which our city councillor insisted upon our going to the "White Swan" with him and bestowing upon the landlord a few specimens of Anglo-Saxon invective. We declined to do this, and expressed a preference for bed. So we adjourned to the Prince Karl Hotel, where we were warmly received, and sent to the "White Swan" for our personal belongings. We had laid quietly down to rest when there came a loud knock at the bedroom door, and in walked a policeman. This we considered too much of a trial after the adventures of the night, but this functionary insisted upon our dressing and accompanying him. What was our amusement and amazement when we discovered that the landlord of the "White Swan" had summoned us before a magistrate, there to listen to his affidavit that he had had nothing to do with our arrest. Back we went to the hotel, and once more to bed, and at one o'clock, the hour when dinner is served in most German hotels, we went down to the long dining-room, in which perhaps one hundred officers were smoking and drinking, and there we encountered our friend, the city councillor, and were invited to break bread with him.

We had not been long in the room when we discovered that at its oppo-

site and was a party of gentlemen who were in no wise in sympathy with our city councillor, and who were certainly making merry at our expense. We inquired the reason of this, and our German supporter then told us that there were two parties in Kaiserslautern bitterly hostile each to the other. Prominent in one of these parties was a certain Christian Sind, who had a special dislike for all Americans, and for all the Germans who had returned from America bringing with them their criticisms upon the old and slow methods of doing business, and also bringing with them larger fortunes than Herr Sind and his colleagues had been able to get together at home. Herr Sind, in his wanderings through the town, had observed our movements, and had reported them as suspicious to the military authorities, hence our arrest. These facts had come out during the morning while we were sleeping off the memory of the cavalryman and his annihilating jack-boots, and our arrest was now to be made matter for a furious discussion between the contending parties in the city council. My companion, who had served through our civil war, was a bit of a wag, and fancied that from Herr Sind's appearance he might not relish the notion of a duel, so he sent a card to that suspicious gentleman, with an intimation that, if the report concerning Herr Sind's conduct were true, he had not behaved in a gentlemanly fashion, and hoped he would give him immediate satisfaction.

Herr Sind arose and came to our table in a state of anger which it would be difficult to describe. To my friend he said, in broken English, that he would not fight with a boy, whereupon, my friend, with an impetuous obstinacy born of the occasion, endeavored to stimulate the courage of Herr Sind with

one or two of those ~~epithets~~ ^{epithets} which are rarely received calmly. But the champion of the Conservative party in Kaiserslautern was not warlike. He belated defiance, but went no further. After a few war-dances about our table he retreated to his own, and there consumed the remains of his dinner in moody silence. The German officers, who had got wind of the affair, were delighted at my friend's conduct, and stood up in line, shouting innumerable "Hochs," holding out their glasses to him as a sign of approval of his conduct. Our friend of the fiery complexion was now reinforced by a number of his colleagues, and we completed our dinner with the feeling of having thoroughly triumphed over our enemies.

But this was not all. During the course of the afternoon we received an immense document from the city hall, signed by the burgomaster himself, and announcing that we were personally known to the city government of the good burgh of Kaiserslautern that our papers had been inspected and that we were entitled to protection military and

civil, wherever we might travel in German lines, in war or peace. Meantime we received a letter from our English friend, informing us that he had been safely bestowed in a small guard-house at the next town beyond Kaiserslautern, Herr Sind's denunciation having included him, and having led the military authorities to believe that they had bagged a trio of dangerous spies.

The recommendation from the city government of Kaiserslautern did not hinder us from being arrested again, at a small town near by a day or two afterwards.

Some years later I was conversing with the editor of a German paper in St. Louis about the Franco-German war, and happened to mention the fact of this second arrest.

"Ah!" he said, "that could not have happened in the section of Germany in which I was born."

"Where were you born?" I ventured to inquire.

"In Alzey."

Now it was in Alzey that our second arrest occurred.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

Germerheim — The Rhine Bad — Across the Frontier — Weissenburg — On to Worms — The Disaster to the French — The German Descent of the Hill under Fire — Charge of Gen. Bonnemant's Cuirassiers — The Valley of Hell — MacMahon's Defeat — The Honors of the Retreat — Frossard's Negligence — Bazaine's Jealousy

FROM Alzey we thought it worth our while to return to Landau and Germerheim, and so to get up to the line of the Crown Prince's operations. Germerheim stands on the Rhine at a point nearly opposite an important fortress in Baden. The Rhine, which formerly persisted in performing the letter S twice between Speyer and Germerheim, has now been considerably straightened, and the old bed of the river adds to the strength of the fortress by making it difficult to get within attacking distance. Immense sums of money had been spent on the fortifications of Germerheim within the thirty years preceding the war. The country round about is very beautiful. The little Queich river rambles and rushes through green fields and along the edges of pretty forests. Directly to the south of Germerheim lies Sonderheim and, further below, Hordt, two fortified towns of some importance. The Germans had anticipated that the French might attack from Weissenburg, using the railway between Germerheim and Landau to hasten the transportation of troops, and we found this road guarded at every mile with such precautions as only the German armies can take. Landau and Germerheim are the offsets to Lauterburg and Weissenburg on the southern French frontier to Rhenish Bavaria.

From Germerheim to the frontier we had an uneventful journey. We went

over the same road which we had taken on the night of our departure from Landau. The troops were pouring along the highways silently, and with that air of gravity which always settles down upon a marching army when it knows that an encounter is just ahead of it. The country was rough, broken by small, but difficult, hills, and on either side of the post road, by which we crossed into France, there were long rows of noble trees. The German outposts were scattered along the frontier at every few rods, and we heard wonderful stories about snipe-shooting which we took with the necessary grain of salt. At Weissenburg we found proclamations, posted on all the principal buildings, announcing that no inhabitant would be disturbed unless interfering with the progress of military operations, in which case he would be shot. The French peasantry seemed rather servile towards the invaders, and many men professed loudly that they were not at all in favor of the war. They rebelled in some instances against the unwelcome duty of burying the dead, which the invading Germans forced upon them, but they were compelled to do the work. There were but few instances of murders in cold blood in Weissenburg after the fight. One old man brained a Hussar, who was entering his house, and we were told that he would probably be shot for it, unless it could be proven

that ~~the~~ ~~warrior~~ ~~army~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~any~~ ~~way~~ ~~harm~~

No sooner had the Crown Prince won his extraordinary success at Weissenburg than he telegraphed to Berlin "Stop everything else, and send me provisions. Do not delay a moment." Pausing on the confines of the enemy's country, and glancing over its impoverished villages and bare fields, he saw that he must prepare to take with him all his means of sustenance. There was not even a potato to be found in the fields, and the peasants of Weissenburg and twenty miles around were at their wits' end to procure provisions for themselves. Had there been a certainty of plenty to eat for some days the impatient Prince would have engaged the French a second time before the 6th, but he was compelled to wait, and is said to have had grave doubts as to the results of this delay. He threw himself upon the task with unparalleled ardor, and was on foot in the town one whole night, comforting the wounded, and guarding by his presence the inhabitants against wrong.

Having received the news of the Saarbrück operations, of which we knew nothing at the time of our visit and doubtless, being aware of the determination of Prince Friedrich Karl to give battle in that vicinity, he pushed forward his men on the steps of the flying enemy. On the evening of the 5th of August he found that MacMahon's forces were not far off, but were said to be in a disorganized condition, the flight of the division which had been vanquished at Weissenburg having been communicated to the whole line. He therefore endeavored to crown the success of the invasion by a crushing blow, which would enable him to proceed to Metz and Nancy, driving MacMahon before him, and destroying all his hopes of

communication with the other army corps, which were just then, although the Crown Prince of course did not know it, about to suffer a defeat. But he was now in the midst of a broken and rough country, where forests covered the ancient hills from the sunlight, and his advance was difficult, slow, and full of suspicion. He went forward, feeling that he was not thoroughly supplied, and dreading to go far till supplies could come up.

On the morning of the 6th his advance was approaching Tiefenbach. Very early on that morning the sound of rifle-shots was heard, and before the sun was warm in the sky the Crown Prince with a few staff officers, rode hurriedly to the extreme front, and an engagement was at once begun. Marshal MacMahon had marched on the 4th of August upon Haguenau. The Emperor had placed at his disposition the Fifth corps of General De Failly, and it that General had been diligent on the disastrous day of the 6th the Marshal might, perhaps, have held out better than he did against the Germans. MacMahon had intended to join his forces with those of General de Failly, and to attack the right flank of the Germans on the 7th, but he was one day too late in his plans.

The Germans found that Marshal MacMahon had taken up his position between Langensulzbach on the north and Molsbronn on the south, a field full of ravines and patches of wood, and cut up here and there into hop-fields. The First division, commanded by General Ducrot, was at Froshweiler, the Third, between Froshweiler and Elsasshausen, the Fourth, facing the table-land of Gunttett, with its right on Molsbronn. A division of the Seventh, placed, like the Fifth, at MacMahon's disposition (it had

arrived in the morning, was put in the second line with the Douay division, which had just been in the Weissenburg fight. MacMahon had now under his command but forty-six thousand available men with which to hold his position against one hundred and sixty thousand Germans. The Second Bavarian corps began an attack on the Ducrot division, at the same time the Fifth Prussian corps attacked the Raoul division in the centre.

At seven o'clock in the morning, along a range of hills beyond Woerth, the batteries were playing their liveliest. The little village of Frohweiler, two miles from Weissenburg, was crammed with French troops, waiting to go into action. There was no excitement on the part of the German troops, who were jogging along the high-road, when they heard the advance body open fire. Everything was conducted in the most orderly and tranquil manner.

The picturesque town of Woerth stands in the basin formed by a circular range of hills, steep, wooded in patches and with vineyards scattered here and there. Beyond the town, on the north-west side, and in the direction of Frohweiler, is an old castle. A little brook escaped from the hidden bases of the hills, wanders through Woerth to lose itself speedily in the thickets. The French lines, as massed upon the hills opposite the Germans, were so extended as to form a species of semicircle, and from these lines there came a steady fire of shells, under which the Eleventh Prussian corps of Hessian and Nassau troops began, at perhaps nine o'clock, to descend the hill and to march steadily and unwaveringly, although they seemed marching to certain death. The tremendous clamor of the shells, and the occasional dry whir

of the *ballence* which was in position, the veterans groan, but could not ~~move~~ back. The slopes were strewn with wounded, and now and then a stout man would jump into the air and fall, dismembered and bleeding. The cries of the wounded, at one or two points in this march down the hill, were so terrible that the French thought a general retreat had begun, and the *artilleurs* stopped firing to gaze, astonished. But still the relentless march went on.

Part of the Fifth corps, composed entirely of Prussians from Posen, the Seventh, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth regiments, many of the men with the *Koenigraatz* medal on their breasts, were now also engaged in this solemn promenade towards death and victory, and the columns began to blacken the hill-side as far as the eye could see, back to the sombre line of wood. Now and then through the foliage were seen the bright helmets of the Prussians. In some places the piles of dead, left by advancing regiments, obstructed the progress of those coming on behind, and a long, patient halt under fire was made by men who expected every moment to be numbered among the slain.

Meantime the outer battle line of the French, the Turcos, the Zouaves, and the *Liners*, equally distributed, had advanced partially down the opposite hill, and were firing rapidly, but with lack of precision, at the resistless yet unresisting and on-coming men. The French soldier usually goes heavily loaded with ammunition, carrying twice the number of rounds allowed in other armies, and with the *chassepot* in his hands, and with his marvellous celerity of firing, he seemed on this day almost like a demon vomiting fire and smoke. One echo, one roll and crash, followed another so quickly that

the interval between the battle

The French soon was ended at or to which they were the name of that town to it. The Prussians called it the victory of Woerth, and as such it will probably be known in history. The struggle extended over a long tract of ground, and its shocks were felt in seven or eight villages. MacMahon had certainly distributed his scanty forces with admirable skill, with a view to covering the possible advance of the enemy from Strashbourg to Bitch. He had suffered great anxiety because of his poverty of forces before he had discovered the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. He was obliged to leave the town of Morshonn, which afterwards became one of the most important points in the battle, unoccupied, because he had not troops enough. At this place occurred the celebrated charge of the cuirassiers of General Bonnemain, who were thrust forward by Marshal MacMahon in a desperate endeavor to hurl back the dark masses of Germans who seemed to spring out of the very hill-side. This magnificent division of cavalry, which has been amply celebrated in song and story for the last decade in France, went crashing and clattering into the vineyards, where the men and horses were slaughtered by dozens. These men of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers were among the very best troops in the French army, they were fit antagonists for the colossal German troops, and, had they been properly matched against an even number of the enemy, would have held their own superbly. They had to go through the village of Morshonn to descend into the valley, there form anew, and charge. As they went through the village dozens of them were dropped

from the ~~houses and in the~~ ambuscaded in the houses and in the alleys, from the windows revolvers were fired upon them, and once outside of Morshonn the batteries filled the valley with the very fires of hell.

In the midst of this terrific hail of shell they managed to get into line, but when they charged they were decimated, stricken as if by lightning, and the movement which they had hoped to accomplish was rendered completely impossible. All along the French line from Elsasshausen, at which the right of the Second brigade of the Third division was supported, to where the broken line of the Fourth division faltered from the right of the Third, — to Morshonn, there was the most frightful slaughter. Marshal MacMahon, as I have since been told by French soldiers, had been in the saddle the greater part of the previous night, and had hardly taken food since he had heard the news of the Wissemburg defeat.

It was to turn the general position of the French, and make them change their front, that the terrible advance of the Germans into this valley of death between the hills bristling with artillery was made. When the Germans had reached the bottom of the hill they were naturally in full possession of Woerth. In the town itself there were no French soldiers. The unfortunate inhabitants were half dead with fright, and, after the Prussians had taken possession, many houses were fired upon by the French, and some of the inhabitants were badly wounded. A "lazareth," or sanitary station, was established, and the ambulance corps of the Germans were soon bringing wounded into the captured town at the risk of their own lives.

Just outside the little *dorf* the slaughter had been so great that dead and wounded

were piled together, and the living had to be picked out of the ghastly heaps of the slain, while shells were making fresh victims close at hand. Several of the surgeons were killed on the field. One prisoner told of being found at the very bottom of a heap of dead men, and a Prussian officer, whom I met afterwards at Versailles, told me with much gusto the manner in which the wounded rolled into the ditches of the valley to escape bullets. He himself, heavily wounded, rolled into a ditch. Presently there joined him another, who died in a few minutes. "By the time the battle was over," he adds, "I was in the midst of seven horrible-looking objects who had rolled into the mud, just as I had, from instinct, and five of us saved our lives."

Rushing in wild confusion through and around the town the German troops began charging up the steep hill where the French awaited them. By this time the first French corps had changed its front, and a number of infantry regiments advanced slowly down the hill to meet the enemy. Half-way up the declivity the number of German dead decreased rapidly, and the French began to fall like grain before the reaper. The Germans were determined to avenge the punishment received during their terrible preliminary march, and they ran forward to short range, then began firing with most methodical dignity, always hitting and generally killing. The Turcos and Zouaves were mown down rapidly, and such was the indignation of the Germans against *die Wilden*, as the Arabs were called, that when one fell a shout of triumph arose. One lieutenant of a Turco regiment, mad with the instinct of coming defeat, ran forward, accompanied by twenty of his men, plump into the arms of the Germans. A dozen

bayonet wounds were found on his dead body.

While this sanguinary struggle was in progress on the hill, and the staggering French reserve was hurrying up, a sharp fire was begun from the left bank of the Saucelbach by the Germans. This diverted the attention of the French, but was soon discovered to be a false attack, and did no great harm. Some of the French guns were presently dismounted by the artillery on the opposite hill, and the French line began to waver under the tearing and rending shocks of the German fire. Some of the officers of the line, seeing that there was every probability of being forced to surrender, marched into the thick of the bullets and fell.

Here on these slopes varying fortune dealt continuous death, and the advance gradually became more difficult, because not only of the piled-up slain, but of the hundreds, even thousands, of knap-sacks thrown away by both the combating parties. The vigorous attack on the extreme right of MacMahon's position was at last crowned with success. The Prussians, who had been hanging up artillery all the forenoon, had now about sixty pieces of cannon on the table-land at Gunstett, opposite Morsbronn, and protected their infantry, which charged in great numbers on the Second division and the Second brigade of the Thud division, at Elsasshausen. The Bavarians and the Wurttembergers were in this charge, and fought like demons, losing less killed than any other corps, "because," said a prisoner to me, "they never stood still long enough to be shot."

The powerful fire of the Gunstett batteries caused a wail to go up all over France two days after the battle. In and around the hop-fields and vineyards

at Morsbronn France, ~~was~~ a gallant gentleman and gay ~~man~~ ^{man} on that bitter August day, and it was a black hour and is a black memory.

The Prussians gradually poured upon the field three to one against the small band of Frenchmen, who now were fighting with the ferocity of despair. There was in the charge of Elsasshausen some hand-to-hand fighting, in which both sides manifested an animosity aroused by the mutual taunts before the war. It was when the tremulous bugles were sounding retreat and misfortune for the armies of France that there was a great rush on either side for a final struggle. When this was over, the French, vanquished on the hills back of Woerth, and with their central right cleft in twain, found Marshal MacMahon in a fainting condition, with his horse killed under him. A French friend, who was in this battle, told me that MacMahon narrowly escaped death a dozen times. Once his cravat was shot away. The Marshal, reviving, took a hasty view of the situation, and the melancholy retreat began.

A noble soldier of the Forty-fifth French line, who was in this battle, and who was killed at Sedan, has left on record his impressions of the frightful condition of the French army after the fight. "All the corps," he wrote, "were mixed up in a nameless tangle. The enemy, from its advantageous position, threw its hissing shells into the midst of this crowd, cutting bloody furrows through it. The ground over which we walked was covered with dying and dead men. The entreaties of the wounded to us not to abandon them, and to carry them along, were heart-rending. The pursuit was silent. Our rear-guard stopped from time to time to engage the enemy, and give our artillery

a chance to get a little ahead, and to the engineer corps to block up the routes. At a short distance from Reichshoffen" (this is another French name for Woerth) "our artillery fired its last shot, which the Marshal had carefully preserved, because, if we may believe an eye-witness, at four o'clock in the afternoon we were already without much ammunition."

It is said that Marshal MacMahon was, in a moment of despair and rage, inclined to engage in a last charge into the enemy's lines in the hope of winning a soldier's death, but his escort said to him: "Why get yourself killed? You must not go, you must come with us."

So, covered with dust, with his clothes filled with bullet-holes, poor MacMahon designated Saverne as the rallying point for his troops, and left the field which he had done his best to contest against overwhelming numbers. Saverne was eight leagues away, and eight leagues after such a day for this army, without proper ammunition, without food, and completely disorganized, was a terrible march. The French withdrew, leaving behind them wounded, all their baggage, six thousand prisoners, thirty-five cannon, six *mitrilleuses*, two flags, and four thousand wounded men. They had lost General Colson, the Marshal's General of Staff. General Raoul was dying. It was, as the French writers described it at the time, not a defeat; it was a veritable disaster, — the blotting out of the most vigorous corps in the French army.

The Germans admit that they lost about eleven thousand men, and the French claim that the German victory cost Germany sixteen thousand men. The Crown Prince himself was profuse in his expressions of respect for the enemy which he had encountered.

Thus, on the 6th of August, the

Crown Prince had advanced his offensive line almost in exact unison with Steinmetz, at and beyond Saarbrück, towards the most important fortresses of France. This very fortress France had not prepared properly to defend, since she had counted on cutting into the enemy's country.

While General de Failly had been hesitating between Bitche and Niederbrunn, hearing the cannon thundering, without hastening to the scene of combat, as he should have done, the Second corps, that

of General Frossard, had been attacked between Saarbrück and Forbach.

Marshal Bazaine should have sent to this point sufficient forces to help Frossard; but it is on record that Bazaine, when he heard of the scrape into which the Imperial favorite had got, said: "Let him earn his Marshal's *baton* all alone."

Poor Frossard not only got no Marshal's *baton*, but by losing the day at Forbach he lost the Moselle to France.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Great Battles in front of and around Metz — Friederich Karl — The Saarbrück Affair — Folly and Incompetence — The Brandenburg Cavalry — The Field of Bornville — Gravelotte — Saint Privat — Mai's La Tou

WHEN the decimated Prussian regiments gathered together, to sing their evening hymn, after the victory at Woerth, two gigantic German armies were already on the soil of France, and rapidly effecting a junction.

The Germans say that the splendid unity of the Crown Prince and of Steinmetz in action on the 26th was the first great success of the war. For three days after Woerth the Crown Prince gave his whole time to provisioning his army, putting the living into the most comfortable condition possible, and the dead into the ground. The forty thousand men in the quartermaster's department did their work well, and the supplies came rolling in from all directions. Except the Prince, not a man, save the dare-devil Uhlans, or Lancers, who went skimming about the barren country away from the army, suffered from hunger. The prisoners coming to the rear plucked up courage on the new diet, and took a jolly view of things.

What was Friederich Karl, whose armies I had seen moving up through the defiles of the Pfalz past Kaiserslautern, doing all this time?

In a letter to his wife, which was published in the Prussian papers of the day, he wrote. "I am a half-ragged man, for I cannot, with my accursed luck, find these Frenchmen. They are all gone away." But Steinmetz, the "aged terrible," with seventy thousand men, was pushing forward rapidly by the short ways north of Metz, towards

that virgin fortress, and Friederich Karl, burning with emulation and a bit of professional jealousy, cut in by Pont-à-Mousson, and came up by the other way. The Crown Prince, only forty miles from Metz, was beginning to make the good old town of Nancy quake with the visits of his adventurous Uhlans.

King William had taken absolute possession of the provinces wherein his armies were stationed, had given them military government, enumerated seventeen classes of people who would be shot without mercy if they interfered with military operations, made the inhabitants furnish six cigars per day for each soldier, so said the angry Alsacians, given them to understand that any soldier who abused them should be severely punished, and even had time to answer the Pope's letter praying for peace, politely telling him to attend to his own affairs.

The old King was often afield too, rode reconnoitering, attended only by half-a-dozen officers, sang hymns with the boys at the bivouacs, wrote pious little letters to his Queen, intended, of course, to thrill the country, devised even a gigantic scheme to catch Napoleon, and make him a prisoner in front of Metz, but failed.

The part played by the French Emperor in the campaign up to the time of MacMahon's retreat upon Châlons was not calculated to inspire his subjects with admiration for his military or political talent. The recital of the

Saarbrück affair caused a ripple of laughter at most of the European Courts, and the despatch sent off to the Empress the morning after the little engagement, and published immediately by one of the leading Paris journals, made the dignified military men of the capital bite their lips and scowl. In this despatch Napoleon spoke of his son's having received the "baptism of fire," of the shells and bullets falling at their Imperial feet, of the Prince Imperial's coolness, and how he picked up a bullet which fell near him, how the soldiers wept at seeing him so calm, and how all this glory was procured at the moderate cost of one officer killed and a few soldiers wounded.

"This *mise-en-scène*," says a distinguished French historian of the campaign, "displeased everybody." The fact was, that the campaign which had been opened on the 26th of July by a skirmish at Niederbronn, had its second episode at Saarbrück, which was occupied by a battalion of the Fortieth regiment of Prussian infantry, and three squadrons of cavalry, with a few pieces of artillery. The Germans were so confident that the French would make the first attack, and would cross the frontier, that they had ranged themselves in line of battle on the right bank of the Saar, had sent up two battalions to reinforce the troops in Saarbrück as soon as the advance of the French was reported, and a few miles back had strong reserves to protect the retreat of the little corps. The French took position on the heights of the left bank of the river, and their batteries swept the valley, and here the *mitrailleuses* for the first time made their hoarse voices heard. The action which began in the morning of the 2d of August culminated between eleven

and one o'clock, when the French troops went down from the heights, and opened a violent fire upon the town, for the first time getting a notion of the tactics of the Prussians, who, as usual in all their battles, were ambuscaded in the houses or behind their barricades. The Germans were obliged to retreat, which they did with so much deliberation and in such good order that the French troops openly expressed their admiration. A Prussian colonel, mounted on a white horse, braved the fire of the *mitrailleuses* so often that he was cheered by both sides.

Despatches announcing a "great victory" were sent off to Paris, but the German account, published the same day, and telegraphed throughout Europe reduced the incident to its proper proportions. It read as follows: "Yesterday, at ten o'clock in the morning, a little detachment of our troops at Saarbrück was attacked by three divisions of the enemy. The town was bombarded at noon by twenty-three pieces of artillery. At two o'clock the town had been evacuated and the detachment retired. Our losses are small. According to the report of a prisoner, the Emperor was in front of Saarbrück at eleven o'clock."

Had the men of the Second Empire not fully appreciated their weakness they might have had the courage to seize upon the little advantage which they at first gained at Saarbrück, and to push boldly forward into Germany, hoping that the nation would rise behind them, and that the armies, now coming rapidly forward, despite their miserable commissariat and other defects of equipment, might rush in and sweep the Germans back to the Rhine. But all the leaders of the Empire knew that the corruption and the lack of preparation were not to

be remedied. They must have foreseen disaster, and they determined to satisfy themselves with a vain show of resistance. Marshal MacMahon is the only one who can be exempted from this reproach.

No sooner had the Emperor sent off his despatch to the Empress than he went back to Metz, but not to remain there long. It is curious that his departure from the great fortress should coincide with the beginning of the battles around Metz. He left on the morning of the 14th, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, and was off again for Verdun as soon as the action at Longeville appeared to have turned in favor of the French. The Germans made much sport of the unfortunate Emperor, and their papers were filled with anecdotes about his journey. "At one place," says one account, "the Emperor asks for a glass of wine at a railway station, and drinks from the same glass as the station-master. The young Prince afterwards washes his hands in the goblet. Soon after the Emperor lives in a rough carriage, and refuses with great heroism the cushion offered him. It is not every day," adds the sarcastic German, "that one goes to or from a baptism of fire." Another account says that all Paris is grumbling because it hears that three regiments have been taken from Bazaine's army to guard the Imperial party to Châlons. A common remark among the French soldiers when Napoleon's name was mentioned was: "Do not speak of that donkey to us!"

Poor MacMahon's retreat upon Châlons occupied about fourteen days. As the Crown Prince's army was pushing on vigorously in pursuit, the French abandoned all along the route of march cases of biscuit, and forage wagons, and the Fifth corps left behind nearly all its provisions, which were not enormous.

The soldiers were in complete disorder. "Never," says one writer, "had a French army presented such a lack of discipline. The soul of the country seemed to have taken wings after departed victory." In the villages the soldiers sacked the barn-yards and hunted the poultry for their empty camp-kettles. An officer of high rank has recorded in his diary that he was attacked by two men of his own division, who endeavored to rob him, like veritable highwaymen. He was obliged to use his weapons against them. The rains were almost incessant during the retreat, the army had no tents, no knapsacks, for nearly all had been thrown away after leaving the field of Woerth. The men were covered with mud, their cartridge-boxes were thoroughly drenched, and, if they had been forced into a fight, they would have been overwhelmed by a new disaster.

The ablest German military critics were prodigal of condemnation for the Emperor's interference to prevent the retreat of Bazaine upon Verdun. "The motive," says one of these critics, "which prevented the Emperor Napoleon from ordering the army of Metz to retreat at once to join with that of MacMahon, after the 10th of August, still remains an enigma. On the 10th of August there were at Metz at least one hundred and eighty thousand good troops, able to fight vigorously, especially all those of the Imperial Guard, which was, without dispute, the *élite* of the French army. Metz was too poorly provisioned for such a colossal garrison, and hunger would naturally bring about its capitulation. But the place was sufficiently provided with food, for many months, for a garrison of fifty thousand men, and should thus have been practically unreach-able."

The folly and incompetence of the Imperial conduct of the war was again shown in forcing MacMahon, when he was installed at Châlons, and when his matchless talent for organization had pulled together one hundred and twenty thousand men and four hundred cannons and seventy *mitrailleuses*, to leave a place where he could have turned and fought the enemy which was pursuing him, to great advantage, and to make a roundabout tour across the country, perilously near the Belgian frontier, and so down to relieve Bazaine under the walls of Metz. "If MacMahon," says the same German critic whom I have just quoted, "did not wish, or was not allowed, to join the army of Bazaine at once after the surprise of Weissenburg, Woerth, and Spicheren, the best plan for him would have been to stay at Châlons, to defend the passage of the Marne, and offer upon that ground a battle to the armies of the two royal princes of Prussia and Saxony. He could there have concentrated about two hundred thousand men in the days between the 24th and the 30th of August. This army, in favorable positions along the Marne, would have been a very dangerous adversary for the German troops, and would have checked the march on Paris. If the French had been beaten they would still have had a line of certain retreat, falling back within the line of the forts of Paris. But if the Germans had been beaten their situation would have been desperate. In point of fact the Germans had at their back Metz and its one hundred and eighty thousand men, and Longwy, Montmédry, Thionville, Toul, Phalsbourg, Strasbourg, Langres, Bismarck, and Schlestadt, with their garrisons. A defeat of the Germans in the month of August in the neighbourhood of Châlons would have been the signal for a general uprising in

Alsatia and Lorraine, in the Vosges, and on the Côte d'Or."

It is well known in France that MacMahon yielded to the Emperor's tardy determination when he pushed on to Metz, where the fighting was pretty well over, with great difficulty, but he was a soldier, accustomed to obey, and his strong objections were stated only once or twice. That the Emperor was mainly responsible for the movement which culminated in the disgrace of Sedan, and in the blocking of Bazaine's army for months in Metz, is shown by a despatch sent from the Imperial head-quarters, on the 13th of August, 1870, to the then Minister of War in Paris. "I send you the result of a Council of War which will give you the measures that I have decided upon." As the result of this despatch the Minister of War telegraphed to Marshal MacMahon: "In the name of the Council of Ministers and of the private Council, I beg you immediately to succor Bazaine, profiting by the thirty hours' advance that you have on the Crown Prince of Prussia." MacMahon did not leave Châlons until the 23d of August, in the morning.

The Emperor, who seemed but little ruffled by the great events which had meantime taken place in the vicinity of Metz, went with him. The "man of destiny" once more shone forth in him, and, rattling along in his heavy campaign carriage, wrapped in his huge black cloak lined with red, he assumed his old Cæsarian air, and, doubtless, hoped for a few short days that fate would be propitious.

Meantime the great events above mentioned were destined vastly to modify the campaign. On the 18th of August the King of Prussia moved his head-quarters from St. Amand to Falkenberg, or Falkenburg, as the Germans

call it, and announced to Napoleon, by the reconnoissances that his troops then made, that he was but twenty miles from Metz. He spent the night still nearer, at Hermy, and was there on the evening of the 15th also. Bazaine, who had been engaged in hasty movements from the 10th to the 13th, was suspected by Von Moltke of being anxious to retire to Verdun, and thence to Châlons, where he could join the vast forces which MacMahon, who had not yet got his fatal orders to move forward was bringing together, and where battle could be given in earnest. Von Moltke at once decided to prevent Bazaine, if any cost from reaching either Verdun or Châlons, as he was naturally desirous of leaving the Crown Prince unobstructed passage towards Paris. He wished, also, to have Bazaine's army as thoroughly broken as possible before Metz, and then pushed back, so that Steinmetz and Friederich Karl could proceed forward to join the Crown Prince. It seems pretty evident that if Bazaine had not been occupied with squabbles with his officers in Metz he would have done all he could to hinder the movement of retreat, so necessary and so wise. It was, however, by the 14th so thoroughly organized that he could not well interfere.

"On the 14th," says a French officer, "our interminable processions began across the Moselle. Every soldier was bent double under the weight of his baggage. The army, which ought to have been as swift as the wind, might have been compared with its burdens and its absurd *impedimenta* to the army of Darius. The Emperor had gone off at noon, escorted by the *cents gardes*,

and by a squadron of the Guides, through a crowd of sad and silent citizens."

Steinmetz was already across the Moselle, and coming from the north in all haste towards Metz. Friederich Karl was hurrying up, but had not arrived on the morning of the 14th, when Steinmetz, whose duty it was to keep Bazaine's whole army employed until "Karl" should appear between Metz and Verdun attacked Prince Friederich Karl's



HEAD-QUARTERS OF NAPOLEON AT CHÂLONS

road lay along the very road that Bazaine's army must take on its way to unite with MacMahon, unless he was willing to give the united two armies battle. Bazaine endeavored to draw his forces from the right to the left bank of the Moselle as quietly as possible, so as not to attract the enemy's attention; but as such as the movement

was perceived (General Steinmetz pushed forward a part of the Seventh corps, under the command of General Gotz, to attack the rearguard of Decaen's corps. It was quite late in the afternoon, and the Prussians were so hasty in their attack that they once ~~or twice~~ came under the guns of the fortress, and were obliged to retire in disorder. General Frossard's corps at once went to assist Decaen, who was shortly engaged with all his men and a desperate fight ensued, during which Bazaine continued to operate his retreat across the stream. The slaughter was fearful on both sides, and the Prussian losses, through their own inattention in getting within range of the guns of Metz, were very considerable.

Bazaine soon saw that he could not continue his retreat, and sent General Ladmirault to combat the First Prussian corps. The Second Prussian brigade, under General Glümer, joined to the division of Generals Kameke and Wimpfen, finally drove the French forces in large numbers across the river and to the fortifications of Metz, up under their cover. General Von Manteuffel, who had been placed in the reserve, was then called into action, and for hours was occupied in storming the positions which the French had taken here and there. He finally forced them to quit each one, but not until he had suffered heavily. For more than an hour and a half he was within range of Metz, and his men were under a crushing shower of deadly hail, but they on no occasion flinched, and later in the day pushed on to Borny, still nearer Metz. The greater part of the battle was fought on a plain called Metry, between Vougy and St Baulec, two small villages. The French were very confident of victory, so great were the Prussian losses, and so telling was

the continuous fire from the forts; and General Coffinière telegraphed to Napoleon at Longeville, where the Emperor was waiting in his carriage "All along the line we remain victors. At half-past eight we are about to charge again." There was in fact a night charge, and the Prussian columns, which came back stubbornly to the fight, were repulsed. Napoleon was delighted, and, holding out his hand to Bazaine, who came up to his carriage after this last charge, said to him "Well, Marshal, you seem to have broken the chain." Meantime King William was telegraphing to Berlin that he had had a victorious encounter at Borny, near Metz, that the French had been driven back, and that he was just going on to the field of battle.

The French corps commanded by Ladmirault and De Failly had suffered worse than the others, as they were on the right bank of the river about four miles from Metz, and terribly scourged by shell. Bazaine sent over some of the troops, which were already in full retreat, to help them. Steinmetz had thus succeeded in hindering Bazaine in his retreat, but he did not attempt the dangerous task of following him up. The German troops were drawn off the field at ten o'clock, and marched to bivouac. There they were visited by the King and his staff, and from Von Steinmetz, Von Manteuffel, and others, the old monarch learned that Von Moltke's first requisite had been gained. Prayers were said, and a general season of rejoicing was entered upon. All night the watchers on the walls of Metz could hear the anthems and the chorals of the soldiers rising superbly clear out of the darkness and distance, and wondered how the armies which had suffered such terrible losses during that afternoon could muster courage to sing. The

losses on the Prussian side were roughly estimated at from eight thousand to sixteen thousand men at the time, the French on that day lost about thirty-four hundred men, killed and wounded. The vineyards, the ravines, the woods, were filled with Prussian bodies, and the slaughter would have been greater if the French artillery had not come to the end of its ammunition and been compelled to retire before nightfall. As in nearly all the battles of the war the French artillery opened with a terrifying fire, then, just at the moment it was most needed, had nothing to fire with.

All night the pale moon showed to the pickets of the reposing armies shadowy forms flitting about on the battle-field. These were the Prussians and the French delegated to secure the wounded and bury the dead. This was done in silence and in sorrow, no encounters occurring while the solemn duty was performed.

Monday, the anniversary of the birth of the great Napoleon, the 15th of August, usually celebrated in Paris with impressive ceremonies, brought bright sunshine to the fields covered with blackened and mangled corpses, and looked down upon the Emperor in swift retreat. Next day Steinmetz contented himself with skulishes, none of which rose to the dignity of a battle. The care of the wounded, the burial of the dead, and the repose of the fatigued army occupied most of the time. The King visited the field early in the morning and personally superintended the removal of many of the wounded. Then he wrote more despatches to his Queen.

On the 15th the army of Friedrich Karl was in full march on the road which furnished Bazaine his main avenue of escape to Verdun. There are two roads from Metz to Verdun, here and there

running parallel. That upon which Bazaine had decided to retreat is the old Roman road, which at Gravelotte one and one-fourth miles west of Metz, splits into two avenues, one leading by Doncourt to Verdun, the other through the villages of Rezonville, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, to the same place. Vionville, three miles from Doncourt, is two and three-fourths miles west of Metz. Gravelotte is nearly eleven miles from the fortress, and is a small hamlet of seven hundred inhabitants, built on a high bluff. This height governs on the east the valley of the Meuse. Vionville, a simple *Alsatian doot*, is six miles beyond. From Verdun to Metz the distance is thirty-five miles, from Mars-la-Tour which became an important point in the battle of the 16th, it is twenty-one miles from Gravelotte to Mars-la-Tour is six miles, on an excellent highway. Rezonville, from which point the King of Prussia sent his famous letter to the Queen on the 19th is about one mile directly south of Gravelotte. The country is broken and hilly, very charming, and full of scenic surprises. There are so many little villages through which the next battle was waged that the action of the 16th of August was called shortly after its occurrence by half-a-dozen different names. The French soldiers designated it either as Vionville or Doncourt. Bazaine's telegram, in which he said that he had fought the two great German armies from Vionville to Doncourt all day long, convinced the French that these were the proper names for the fight.

Bazaine's whole army was retreating in remarkably good order, on Monday morning, when the Marshal heard that Friedrich Karl, advancing from Pont-à-Mousson, had struck in on to the highway, and placed himself in a strong posi-

tion on Mais-la-Tour Bazaine could hardly believe that his enemy had made so rapid an advance, and continued cautiously, an enemy behind, an enemy in front, and an enemy ravaging the fair land to which he was endeavoring to retreat. He was right. Friederich Karl had not had time to gain this ground, he had, however, sent forward the magnificent division of Brandenburg cavalry to Mais-la-Tour, to hold the great column of nearly two hundred thousand men in check until he could come up with his main column. Bazaine saw the situation at once, and ordered an attack by divisions, — of Decaen's the Third corps, Ladmannault's the Seventh, Frossard's the Second, Canrobert's the Sixth, and the fine Imperial Guard, the pride of France and the flower of her soldiery. The Brandenburgers held the furious French in partial check for more than six hours, until Friederich Karl's Third and Tenth corps, successfully supported by divisions of the Eighth and Ninth, came up. During this time the German cavalry, according to the French authorities, had been fairly decimated, "almost blotted out," says one writer. But now came the fresh German troops into action, rushing out of the woods upon Vionville, and taking that village by storm. In front of Rezonville General Bataille had been wounded, and the Second corps, after having bravely withstood the attack, had bent back, and was protected in its retreat by the Third Lancers, and by the Cuirassiers of the Guard.

During this movement there was a charge of Prussian Hussars upon some artillery with which Bazaine was trying to cover the attack of the French cuirassiers, and the Marshal and his general staff were surrounded by the German troops. There was a little hand-to-hand fighting and the Marshal was for

a moment or two in imminent danger of being taken prisoner. But just then a wave of French cavalry swept up, overwhelming the Germans, and protecting the cannon which they were trying to take. If Bazaine had perished on that day he would have been accounted a hero.

The Germans were now massed with their right on Mais-la-Tour. They had taken Vionville, and they next directed their attention to the village of Flavigny. There took place one of the shapeliest combats of the war, the French batteries shelling the Prussians who were established in the woods near by, and killing them by hundreds. Much of the fighting was done in the large wheat-fields, and there the French drove back the assaults time and time again. The ripening grain was reddened with the blood shed in the awful shock of cavalry, and in the slaughter effected by the *mitrailleuse* batteries. At the west of the battle-field flows the river Orne, and the many little brooks tributary to this river were red with blood before the struggle was finished.

Although the French showed prodigious valor on this day, and on the whole fought with consummate skill, it is clear that they were taken completely by surprise in the morning. One of the Generals, who was in the retreat, affirmed that very day that there was not a Prussian on the whole line of march. When his division was attacked the horses were proketed and unsaddled. Prince Murat, in command of the first brigade, came out of his tent, and went into action, with his napkin in his hand. He had been breakfasting as tranquilly as if he were at the Café Anglais. The decisive and most formidable attack of the Germans was towards the end of the day, when fresh soldiers came up to grapple

with the exhausted French General von Alvensleben took two regiments of a cavalry division, and gave them orders to take the French batteries, which were causing such terrific losses in the German lines. These gallant troops swept down bravely to the attack on the position, passed through the French lines, and went up on to a little height, which had concealed from them one of the French divisions. Then they rushed at full speed along the wood of Vionville. This gave the French cavalry an excellent opportunity for attack, and a brigade of dragoons and the Seventh Cuirassiers hurled themselves down upon the Germans, who were stupefied by this sudden move. Two squadrons of the Tenth Cuirassiers came to harass the unlucky Germans from the rear, and the rout was complete. Oddly enough the Seventh Prussian Cuirassiers had a terrible conflict with the Seventh French Cuirassiers on this day. The Sixteenth regiment of Prussian infantry lost its flag, and at the close of the action had but one hundred and sixty men left out of three thousand. On the night, towards the close of the day, the French had the whole advantage. The Germans still maintained their position in the centre. The Ninety-third French line was driven in by the Prussian Cuirassiers. Its flag was taken, and one piece of cannon was being carried off when a detachment of French cavalry swept down from the heights of Vionville, chased the Cuirassiers, took back the flag of the Ninety-third, and the cannon also.

The day was finished with the last and magnificent charge of the Prussian cavalry on the French right, which resisted manfully, and the French, who had been so unhappy in all their efforts up to these days of mid-August, could justly claim that they were victors

when night fell upon the bloody field of Rezonville.

Next morning the troops were horrified at the ghastly spectacle of the hundreds of corpses piled in fantastic shapes, or here and there standing propped against each other, where a tremendous gap had been made in an advancing line of battle. The Germans had lost about seventeen thousand men, and the French were not much better off. The French claim that they had only one hundred and twenty thousand men in the action, and that the Germans brought one hundred and eighty thousand soldiers upon the field.

Bazaine at this time appears to have been more occupied with protecting his line of retreat upon Metz than in carving his way forward to his junction with MacMahon. He never, say the soldiers who were in the fight, manoeuvred as if he wished to get to Châlons. The army was intoxicated with success, and cried out to be led forward, but Bazaine paid no attention to their demands.

In these battles, as in all the others, the quartermaster's department was noticeable chiefly for its miserable incompetence. "On the 16th, in the morning," says a well known military writer, "the Second and the Sixth corps were almost entirely without food. The First was waiting for rations, which the quartermaster's department was to send from Metz, and had not a day's provision of biscuit. On the 17th another corps had nothing but rice. There had been no forage since the 14th for one of the cavalry regiments, which had to make two charges without food for men or horses, and yet we were in France, and only seven kilometres from a town like Metz,

supposed to be provisioned for a long siege.

The 17th was devoted, as the 15th had been to trifling skirmishes. King William was on the field as at Borny, soon after the fight, and addressed the troops, expressing his admiration of their conduct. If Bazaine considered himself victorious, the Prussian King also claimed the victory. King William is supposed to have urged on the battle of the 18th, which was to be a final effort to sweep Bazaine from all the positions he had gained on the high-road, send him back to Metz, and make the way clear for the march of the Germans to join the Crown Prince.

At the beginning of the battle on the 18th the French troops on the heights of St. Privat and Ste. Marie-aux-Chenes received the same surprise as at Forbach on the 16th. Whole brigades of Prussians suddenly emerged from the forests, which a few hours before the French had known to be vacant. But Bazaine was beginning to understand this manoeuvre, and was ready to receive the enemy. At eleven o'clock the fire opened from both sides all along a very extensive line. Gravelotte and Rezonville, where Bazaine had strongly entrenched himself, were the scene of the most sanguinary fighting. About noon the French soldiers saw a black mass of Prussian infantry coming down from Gravelotte. The artillery sent a storm of shells into these moving lines, and the slaughter was great. The loss of life in this encounter was probably greater than in any other battle of the century. The French soldiers had rapidly entrenched themselves, and kept up a tremendous fire upon the advancing Germans.

The three great roads, which radiate westward and northward from Metz,

mount the heights near Chatel, and between that town and Amanvillers the slopes are covered with trees, which run in an unbroken line from Vionville to Amanvillers. Eastward, behind these woods, lies Verneville, and between Verneville and Gravelotte extends another wood. Mont St. Quentin, between Chatel and Metz, has a fort on its summit, and is covered by the forest of Saulhigny, which runs behind St. Privat to the valley of the Orne. Early in the morning the Twelfth and Ninth corps of the Royal German Guard went towards Doncourt, followed by the Third and Tenth corps, while the Seventh, Eighth, and Second remained at Rezonville. As the first-mentioned corps went through the woods near Verneville and St. Privat the last-mentioned attacked Bazaine's intrenchment near Gravelotte, keeping up a mild attack until the others could come round by Chatel and Amanville. The Ninth corps was in the battle before noon, the others did not enter before four o'clock. The French held the woods so long as they were not outnumbered, and the Germans lost great numbers of men among the trees. The slopes, even on the 20th, were still covered with the wounded, and the unburied dead began to smell. St. Privat and Verneville were finally taken.

The general composition of the German army was as follows: the left wing was composed of the Twelfth Saxon corps, the Centre guard, and the Ninth army corps, behind these, in reserve, was the Brandenburg corps, whose artillery came into the attack between Amanville and St. Privat, and was attached to the Hesse-Darmstadt division, and the Schleswig-Holstein corps. The right wing was on the right and left of the main road leading from Mars-la-Tour towards Metz, and consisted of the

Seventh Westphalia corps, under Stenmetz, and the Eighth, behind which the Second corps stood in reserve.

The Prussian right first took up the fight at Gravelotte. Meantime the centre and left German armies swung to the right, and altered its front previously north-east, to east. The Saxons attacked St Privat, the Guards Amanville, the Ninth corps the woods of Verneville, afterwards taking the village of the same name. At last, after the most valorous fighting, during which the Prussians were repeatedly driven back, the French right was driven into the centre between Gravelotte and Verneville and then back was threatened at Châtel.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon the fatigued and almost broken French soldiers were swept down upon by sixty thousand fresh troops. Batteries were suddenly unmasked to sweep the ranks of Camoërt's soldiers, and the Royal German corps and the Tenth Prussian corps swarmed upon the breach made in the French ranks which the Saxons were menacing from the rear. This was the dead moment of the day. The French fought like demons. Here a battalion of the Twenty-eighth line stood valiantly in the trenches and perished to the last man. General Camoërt, sword in hand, was in the first rank, encouraging and pushing on the soldiers. He kept up this resistance for more than two hours. In the gathering dusk a severe attack was made on Gravelotte, but the French opened such a good fire that the ditches were filled with the dead of the Second Prussian corps, which was at the

head of the attack. This corps finally changed the position at the point of the bayonet, and after a hard fight, protruded until the combatants could scarcely see each other, Gravelotte was surrendered, and the French fell a little back. As the darkness stole over the land the cries of the wounded, the clashing of the cannon, the flames of the burning villages and farm-yards, and the long lines of troops moving silently, and almost stealthily, to strengthen the positions which they had taken, formed a spectacle as dreadful as it was impressive. Marshal Bazaine was not in this fight at all. No one knows why he was not in it, for no one ever accused him of being a coward, but he was at some distance from the scene of action, and seemed to take but little interest in it. The aged King of Prussia narrowly escaped amputation by mimical grenades twice during the fight, and his whole staff was at one time in imminent danger. After the battle in which he had seen one of his favorite regiments entirely cut to pieces, he slept all night on a hand ambulance wagon near a house in Rezonville.

Whatever the French thought of their stubborn resistance, the Prussians had succeeded in effecting their purpose. Stenmetz had made his junction with the forces of Friederich Kul. The road seemed clear to Châlons, thence to Paris. Bazaine could not now retreat to Verdun. He had inflicted terrible losses on the German armies, and his troops did not seem a whit demoralized, but nearly all the positions they had held and desired to maintain were now in German hands.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

French and German Rumors — The Jaumont Quarries — Truth about this Incident. — The Wounded at Frankfurt — Serving in an *Extemporé* Sundry Corps — Paris in Confusion — The Spy Scare — Dangerous to speak the Truth — A new Ministry — Comte De Palikao — Jules Favre's Campaign against the Falling Empire — The Evicted Crowds — The Empire ends, as it began, in blood

A SERIES of splendid and historic spectacles passed before my gaze during the next two months. The whole German land was filled with rumours of revolution in Paris, — rumours as untrue at that particular time as they were prophetic of the horror and ruin which were to come. The German press, too, was filled with sensational tales of the brief campaign around Metz. The carnage was ten times magnified, but one needed only to walk through the streets of the great towns like Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Karlsruhe, Mayence, Cologne, and to see the women clad in black and the houses filled with mourners, to realize that the shock of battle had been attended with tremendous loss.

In France the favorite pastime of the stay-at-home class was the invention of dreadful catastrophes which had befallen the Germans. The story of the quarries of Jaumont was one of these inventions. It was said, by the French, that in the terrible fight which took place around the St. Hubert farm Prince Friedrich Karl had sent a number of squadrons of his best cavalry headlong into some deserted quarries, where horses and men fell together to die in lingering torture. As there was no occasion to be exact in the statement of a loss which an implacable enemy had inflicted upon itself, the French accounts boldly declared that thirty

thousand men had gone down into these quarries, and asserted that after the battle wagons of quicklime were thrown upon them, and that Friedrich Karl was so affected by the terrible result of the false manoeuvre of his cavalry that he was almost insane for a day or two.

This story even got into the English papers, but it had no foundation whatever. In truth the quarries of Jaumont actually existed, but they were far behind the French lines on the day of the attack on St. Hubert, and the whole story came from the great slaughter of Germans near another quarry, on the left wing of the French army. General Zastrow, during the attack, had sent up by the highway three batteries of a reserve of the Seventh army corps, escorted by the Fourth Uhlan regiment, so as to protect his soldiers who were in full retreat. A few minutes afterwards, men and horses, rushing away from the frightful carnage beyond, were crowded pell-mell into the narrow gorge through which the road runs, and were riddled with shot from the French sharpshooters ambuscaded in the Genevieux forest. All those who had the bad luck to get into this defile, which was scarcely twenty yards wide, were either swept down by the fusillade, or crowded over into the quarries. The clearest accounts of this affair indicate that only thirty or forty horses, and perhaps

half a hundred men, were carried over the edge of the defile and perished below.

The Germans were not one whit behind the French in their inventive powers, and all the way down to Frankfort from the frontier I heard stories, which, while not calculated to cast doubt upon the valor of the French, were intended to show the unquestionable superiority of the German soldier. I was struck, however, with the singular absence of animosity against the French in any of the remarks of the German soldiers. Now that the tide had turned, and that the return match was to be played, not only the military, but the civil party, had taken on an air of dignity and seemed governed by a determination to say nothing ill of its ancient enemies. Besides, Germany was inspired by the knowledge that important political events were about to take place within her boundaries. The foundation of the Empire, the welding of the national life into one homogeneous mass out of the union of innumerable and petty States, the triumphant vindication of the wisdom of Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron," the uprising of an Imperial authority, which was to give the whole German land new burdens, but at the same time new strength and perhaps new liberties,—all these things were being pondered by the most intelligent nation in Europe with that gravity which is so characteristic of it, and there was little rejoicing,—little, at least, that a stranger could observe.

At Darmstadt we found that the regular trains had begun their trips once more; but as each engine had to draw back sixty or seventy empty carriages, which had gone off filled with troops, we were twice the usual time in getting to Frankfort. I had no sooner arrived

there than I received a notice from the police-office to appear at the railway-station at a given hour, and to be prepared to serve with the citizens of the sanitary committee in case of the wounded. This obligation was imposed upon all strangers staying more than twenty-four hours in the town, and at the appointed time, therefore, I went to the great Main-Neckar Station, where I received a red-cross badge, and was stationed, as if I had been a German all my life, at a certain point to await an incoming train. While I was observing a number of French officers and a few Zouaves, prisoners who were gloomily smoking cigarettes in a corner, a train of fifty odd cars, mainly freight-wagons, on the floors of which bountiful quantities of straw had been scattered, rolled into the station. In these cars lay in bloody, and sometimes hardly distinguishable, heaps, the wounded French and Prussians. The first few carriages were filled with dangerously wounded Frenchmen, and, whether by accident or by design, I was deputed to serve with a surgeon in succoring these prisoners. In a group was one Turco, a Zouave, a captain who had lost his epaulettes and was stretched on the floor, and a lieutenant who had been wounded three times, and whose right arm was already swollen to twice its natural size. The native courtesy of these unfortunate fellows was admirably exemplified by their feeble efforts to rise when we entered the car. I sat down by the captain, and when the surgeon had attended to his wound I wrote his letters, and then we talked of the battle,—one of the many in front of Metz. One officer said that in all his campaigns he had never seen such noble treatment of prisoners.

He was presently taken out of his blood-stained bed of straw, and given

new garments, plenty of breakfast, and even clean linen. Surgeons and physicians were few, as the great mass of them were at the front, so the non-professional civilians were compelled to trust to their own slight knowledge for the binding of wounds. Most of the prisoners were wounded twice, generally in the arm or leg, the majority of the Germans once only, either in the breast or the head, or the lower limbs. Among the German troops were a number of Bavarians, probably the boys whom we had seen leaving Speyer, and many of these were savagely wounded, as if they had indulged in much hand-to-hand fighting. The Bavarians are to the German race what the Yankees are to the American, and have the same whimsical, picturesque way of talking. One little fellow, scarcely tall enough to be a soldier, and with a childish face, had part of his right hand shot away. He hailed me for saviour, and when I asked him where he was hurt said, "Nothing but a little scratch in the hand and another in the leg. But I made him cold, the red-breeches, — he won't do it again!" Most of these Bavarians were light-haired, blue-eyed boys, fresh and pure from the world, but ferocious as tigers in battle. These boys had heard before leaving Bavaria that the Turks carried knives, and despatched the partially wounded with them. One whole regiment, therefore, provided itself with the short, flat knives made in the mountains of Upper Bavaria. Then colonel heard of this, and commanded them to leave the entrenchments behind whereupon they refused to march until they were threatened with sharp punishment unless they immediately obeyed.

In this railway station at Frankfort Frenchmen generally received all along the line better care than the Prussians

At Frankfort keen resentment was still felt against Prussia, but there was no open expression of it. The excited crowds were kept carefully back, and when a wounded man was strapped and held down to have a festering or suppurating wound probed, he was cared for as tenderly as if he were a son of Germany. Field-post cards were distributed, and gratified the prisoners more than anything else. They were simply pasteboard cards, with space for an ordinary letter, and printed directions how to send them. They were also during the campaign freely distributed to the wounded on the field or in far-away hospitals in a hostile country. The Prussian field post took them to the army lines, and then they were passed on.

In the carriages where Prussians and French were crowded together the best of feeling seemed to prevail, with one or two noteworthy exceptions. A Prussian stalked up in front of a car filled with Zouaves, and showed them the bullet-holes in his overcoat, they looking on sternly. Again, a blundering German surgeon cried out against treating the enemy so well. But no one could have believed the Germans so emotional and excitable as this throng of civilians proved itself to be in Frankfort. The spectacle of one stout Frenchman supporting a poor Bavarian lad, who was shot through the face, and was evidently fast sinking, brought forth a storm of sobs from the ladies, and strong men shed tears. We had in our charge one Frenchman who had been wounded three times, being shot once through the body. That he was alive at all was a miracle, but he persisted in being taken out of the car and allowed to walk across to sit down in the fresh air. He was surrounded by a dozen Germans, who ran hither and yon to procure whatever he

needed, and tears ran down their faces when he was put upon a stretcher and carried away to the hospital, the surgeon declaring that he could not last the day out. The Frenchman and German who had lain on the wet earth together all night, with the voice of the wind and the rain, and the shrieks of dying men, proclaiming to them the necessity of peace and good-will, shook hands as they parted to go to different hospitals in Frankfort. The spectacle was impressive and suggestive.

"*Tenez-vous !*" said one French officer to me, "these Prussians lie at very short range. They keep advancing, though it seems certain death and yet they always aim deliberately. They have lost double the killed that we have, but there are not so many badly wounded Germans as French. The Bavarians clubbed their muskets, — the rascals ! — and they were as bad as our Turcos to beat off." There was a tragedy in epitome in one of the railway carriages, where a tall and handsome Hanoverian officer, who was accused — I know not whether rightly or wrongly — of having given intelligence to the enemy, was being taken under guard to Berlin, where, if the accusation were proved against him, I dare say his stay upon earth was very short.

When the wounded were all cared for, and the train had backed out of the station, I, with the other civilians, was relieved from service, being dismissed in half-military fashion. Next day I continued my return journey to France. The drain of the gigantic mobilization was beginning to tell upon the country. There were but few horses in the streets. I shall not soon forget the droll mixture of pathos and humor with which one old gentleman told me, "My two sons and my two best horses are now in France.

God help me !" In ~~one~~ street in Frankfort I saw at a very early hour in the morning, a regiment of rather rustic-looking young men march in and ground arms. The commanding officer, passing down the line on a tour of inspection, was dissatisfied with the appearance of some of the troops, and, stepping up briskly to the offenders, he gave them sharp blows over the head and face, to which they submitted with the lamb-like placidity of men who could not help themselves. To this beating and thrashing in the German army I soon became accustomed, seeing plenty of it during the long period of the siege. I remember, on the day of the capitulation of the forts around Paris being struck with the peculiar brutality of one fat officer, who, reviewing a line of troops on a hilly street in Lecon, caned and struck the erring ones so vigorously that I wondered they did not step out of the ranks and riddle him with bullets. But it was precisely this quality of passive obedience and endurance, of submission to punishment for the smallest infringement of detail, which made the German army so dangerous and powerful an instrument of invasion.

In the fields the women were busily at work. The few men who had not been summoned across the frontier were miles away with cattle and forage teams providing for the army. Most of the peasants in the sections through which the armies had passed had received ten or fifteen soldiers nightly for a period of two weeks. The compensation for billeting is very small, and the effect on the poor people in the little doirs must be quite ruinous, although they never complained. Each soldier on the march received every day half a pound of meat, such vegetables as could conveniently be got, bread, black coffee, a little

brandy, and some cigars,—always cigars. The “tobacco cais,” after the capitulation of Strasbourg, ran regularly from the towns beyond the Rhine up to Lagny, the point from which supplies were forwarded to the vast mass of troops composing the three lines stretching around Paris. In the field the furnishing of provisions is organized by battalions. Each company has its cooks, who follow it everywhere, providing then laiter in the adjacent cities or villages or by force or requisition in the enemy’s country. Anything classable as luxury the soldier must procure of his company’s cooks, paying cash in all cases. Tobacco was never classed as a luxury. The French were amazed that the Germans ordered it for officers and men by requisition, and this small exaction incensed them more, I have sometimes thought, than the payment of the five milliards. In bivouac each soldier usually cooks his own supper,—if there is time for any cooking at all,—and I have often seen rows of little fireplaces dug in the banks extending for two or three miles along the road. The cavalry-men carry strapped behind their saddles rolls of coarse bread, which both they and their horses eat. When a long halt is made, thousands of cavalry-men will be seen cutting bits of bread and feeding the horses.

The most marvellous feature of the German military discipline which I observed during the mobilization was the celerity with which troops, and especially cavalry, were disembarked from railway trains. At Landau we saw a regiment of cavalry, which had journeyed fifty-five hours steadily from Posen, cleared from the train in eleven minutes. It was as if by magic. The moment the ~~arrivages~~ ^{trains} stopped, men and horses came out with automatic precision

and soon were bivouacked on a plain beside the station as tranquilly as if they had been there a week. While the battle of Woerth was at its height fresh regiments were being brought up and landed with wonderful quickness close to the scene of action. The Germans are justly proud of their railway system, so admirably and adroitly planned for concentrating the nation on any frontier which is menaced. The French under the Empire had begun a system radiating from Châlons towards the frontier, and which, so far as it went, was as good as that of Germany. But when it was well under way, the corruption and negligence of the governing powers infected the military administration, and the system was never completed.

From Frankfurt I returned, via Cologne and Brussels, to Paris, where everything was in wild confusion. Every second man met upon the street or in the shops or restaurants was in uniform. Every stranger was supposed to be a spy. The French, ordinarily, in outward manifestation at least, the most courteous and obliging of European peoples to foreigners, had suddenly become infected with suspicion. At the first this was amusing, but presently it became intolerable. It was dangerous to tell French friends or acquaintances the truth. They received the news of the battle of Woerth and the retreat therefrom with a scepticism which was painful to witness. Although the news from their own agents confirmed the truth, they still maintained that it was from German sources. An occasional staggering telegram from the Emperor was published broadcast in ~~large~~ ^{small} ~~and~~ ^{newspapers} little journals, but it was none of these despatches of victory. “Disorder in Paris,” said a circular published early in August,

"would be victory for the Prussians" The fear of a Communistic outbreak was already plainly defined, and with reason Night after night tumultuous crowds went to the ministries to sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Girondins," and to ask for news Now they heard of the taking of Landau, now of the total defeat of the Prussians, and now of a vigorous French advance to the Rhine But, as a Frenchman of distinction has confessed, at first no one was willing to believe these rumours A kind of secret presentiment restrained even the most confident; but after a time they were carried away on the top of popular enthusiasm Then came the first news of the defeat, brought by foreigners returning, like myself, from Germany, or by letters which escaped with difficulty from the clutches of the officers of the Black Cabinet, as the Imperial Inspection Bureau of the post-office was called The Emperor with his broken phrases—"Everything may be right yet;" "The enemy has ceased pursuit;" "The night was calm," "The river was in good order,"—began to annoy and worry the capricious Parisians. At the first news of the defeat, the Empress had returned from St Cloud, where she had been summering, directly to Paris, and assembled the Council of Ministers, and sent forth a proclamation which she signed as the Empress Regent. Although this document was extremely clever, it displeased everybody This foreign woman, who spoke with such lightness of the flag of France, suddenly became obnoxious The ladies who would have fallen at her feet a few weeks before now criticised her openly and boldly Then came new decrees placing Paris in a state of siege, incorporating into the National Guard all valid citizens between the age of

thirty and forty, and convoking the Senate and the *Corps Législatif* After this, Minister Olivier thought fit to issue a proclamation announcing that the arming of the nation and the defense of Paris were being prepared in great haste. The minister added that all those who were anxious to have weapons had only to present themselves at the Bureau of Enlistment, and they would at once be sent to the frontier.

The *Corps Législatif* met on the 9th of August, and M Schneider, the president, had begun to read the decree of convocation, as this was an extraordinary session, and had just finished these words "Napoleon, by the Grace of God and by the National Will, Emperor of the French,"—when a prolonged and singular cry burst forth from the whole assemblage of legislators It was as if the nation, by the voice of its representatives, suddenly protested against the absurdity of this statement as to the means of Napoleon's selection to his position of Emperor M Schneider, who was a man of great dignity, was so much astonished and so indignant that he crossed his arms over his breast and stood looking for some time defiantly at the assembly Presently he finished the reading of the decree, but it was noticed that he omitted, as if he were very much disinclined to give it forth, the reading of the name of the Empress, signed at the bottom of the document Minister Olivier next tried to make a speech, but the Republican Opposition was in force that day, and interrupted him with such violence, and clamored so for his immediate disappearance from the ministry, that he stammered and blundered, and, in his trouble, spoke of an army of four hundred and fifty millions of soldiers, when he meant four hundred and fifty thousand. He continued speaking, al-

though shouts of "Less talk and more action," "We have no more confidence in you," "It is you alone who have lost the country,"—almost drowned his voice, which was trembling with mingled fear and indignation. Jules Favre succeeded the unfortunate minister in the tribune, and made one of his most eloquent speeches, finishing with offering a resolution for the immediate organization of the National Guard, and the distribution of arms to every inhabitant of Paris who demanded it for the defense of his hearth-stone. This was a terrible measure for the Empire, since the possession of weapons in the people's hands meant the overthrowing of the Imperial dynasty. President Schneider protested feebly, that the resolution was unconstitutional in its character, when a voice in a corner was heard. "We are not considering the constitution, we are talking about saving the country."

The Ollivier ministry, which had been built upon lying promises and was the work of incompetent hands, crumbled to pieces at this session. A cruel Order of the Day thus worded—"The Chamber, decided to sustain a cabinet capable of organizing the defense of the country, passes to the Order of the Day"—was adopted by a great majority, and M. Ollivier went home feeling that he had lived in vain. Ample proof of his unpopularity was given a few minutes afterwards, when M. Jules Simon was passing through the Place de la Concorde. Returning home from the session his carriage was stopped, and the crowds clamored for news. "Citizens," said M. Simon, "I should like to have much good news to give you, but I have only one bit,—the Ollivier ministry lasts no longer." A great shout of joy went up from the waiting crowds. Next day,

the Chamber voted a law calling under the flag in the active army all valid citizens between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and increasing from four to twenty-five millions of francs the credit which had been accorded by the law of July 24th to families of soldiers of the regular army, and of the Mobile Guard. General Count De Palikao, whose most brilliant exploit had been the sacking of the summer palace at Peking, became the new chief of the ministry, which was still Imperialistic in flavor. M. De Palikao has been very well described by a brilliant French dramatic critic, who wrote an excellent book on the siege, M. Francisque Sarcey, in the following words: "The Count De Palikao was a wily old gentleman, who had no trouble in making us all dupes. He had noticed the bad effects that the boasting and lying remarks of the fallen ministry had produced, so he adopted just the opposite method. He gave no news at all of the military operations. Every day, after the session, he took aside two or three of his familiars, and mysteriously whispered in their ears these enigmatic words: 'If Paris knew what I know, it would illuminate this evening.' Or, when a member of the Left, impatient at his silence, asked of the Chamber some more positive information, he would answer, 'I can say nothing, except that everything is going on well. I can speak no longer to-day. I have had a bullet in my chest for twenty years, and it prevents me from making long speeches.'" In this ephemeral ministry, which was destined to disappear in the great, glad, and pacific tumult of a few days later, M. Clement Duvernois, a journalist of some distinction, who had been won over to the Empire, and who had been paid enormous sums, as the Imperial documents

at the Tuileries afterwards showed, for writing up the Empire in his journal, was minister of agriculture Baron Jerome David, devoted to the Empire, and a determined enemy of liberty in all its forms, was in a prominent post, and the ministry of Foreign Affairs was held by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. But the populace cared for nothing but the ministry of war, and poor Count De Palikao led a sad life until he was dismissed out of public notice by the declaration of the Republic.

The first definite outcropping of the Commune was in mid-August, when an energetic attack was made on some firemen's barracks on the Boulevard de la Villette, and the insurgents were almost successful in getting possession of some rifles, but, failing in this, retreated upon Belleville, calling the citizens all along the roads to arms. Oddly enough they were mistaken for Prussians, for the women and children of the Belleville quarter were firmly persuaded that the Germans were close at hand, the moment they saw guns and pistols and signs of fighting. In this foolish, almost criminal effort to provoke civil war the veteran revolutionist Blanqui, who had spent the greater part of his life in prison, was implicated. The chief actors in this little insurrection were court-martialled, and six of them were sentenced to be shot, most of the others to different terms of imprisonment. Michelet and George Sand both protested against the execution. During the second week in August, the Parisians managed to catch a veritable Prussian spy, after having arrested innumerable foreigners in their search for spies, and this officer was shot in one of the courtyards of the Military School on the Champ de Mars on the 27th of August, at six o'clock in the morning. He boldly

declared that he had been sent by his government to secure the plans of fortresses and the preparations of defense in the south of France, and, a moment before he was shot, he slowly pronounced the words, "*Fur Vaterland.*"

Meantime scattered and imperfect news of the gigantic battles around Metz came into the capital, but it was so indisputably true that the French had in the majority of these encounters held their own bravely and inflicted tremendous losses on the enemy that these later reports were not considered discouraging. The Parisians of all classes lived in constant expectation of a despatch which should announce the crushing of the Prussian invaders between two great French armies and the close of the campaign in the hasty retreat of the Germans across the frontier which they had violated. M. de Guadalupe wrote in his journal about conducting the Germans back to the Rhine with the blows of musket-butts on their backs. The only man who seemed to have a clear and definite notion of the situation, and to have the courage to speak the truth about it at all times, was the aged M. Thiers. He became a member of the Committee of Defense, on the 27th of August. I sometimes think that he had private sources of information, which he did not avow, for he was certainly better informed than nine-tenths of the politicians who surrounded him. When the question of sending MacMahon with his army of Châlons into the north-east was discussed, he spoke out earnestly against it. "This," he said, "is taking our last army and sending it to perish in the Ardennes. You have got one marshal blockaded," he told them,—"you will soon have two."

The discussion as to the movements

of the armies in the field was renewed with much violence for several days after this debate of the 27th, and M. Thiers has left it on record that, while he was making an energetic speech about one o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 3d of September, M. Jerome David took him by the hand and whispered in his ear, "M. Thiers, do not go any farther at present. I would like to speak with you a moment." The session of the Council was at once brought to a close, and M. David and M. Thiers stepped down into the street together, when the former said, "The Emperor is a prisoner, MacMahon is mortally wounded." M. Thiers stood quite still for a few minutes, struck with consternation, and quite stupefied, but he could, without fear of reproach, truly have said, "I could have told you that this would happen."

In the morning a Council of Ministers was held at the Tuileries, and a despatch, coming through the Havas Agency, brought the news from Brussels, but it was carefully kept from the people. There was another session at five o'clock, and then the Empress, who had refused up to that time to believe the unlucky truth, herself laid before the minister the despatch of the Emperor, saying, "The army has capitulated, and I am a prisoner." All this time, the populace was rejoicing at the Stock Exchange over telegrams announcing that the French army had gained another advantage upon the enemy, but the popular sentiment was reflected in a remark made to me on that morning by a Parisian, who said, with a bitter smile, "If we gain such great victories, why don't the generals send a few prisoners to the capital?" This was Saturday. On Friday evening, as I walked through the city, I felt that some great calamity was overwhelming

Paris. A thrill of excited suspense was visible on all sides. Every body bought papers, papers, papers, and read the flaming editorials, printed in huge letters, with a line and a half to each paragraph, until they were tired. The theatres were deserted, despite Madame Agar's attractive rendering of the "Marseillaise." Even the Théâtre Français had but a slight audience. The environs of the *Corps Législatif* were crowded with news-hungry people. On Saturday, about noon, numerous processions of workmen, moving quietly, were observed with some apprehension. But these people explained that they were organizing themselves into military companies for the defence of the city. Now and then a man was heard violently declaiming against the government because it had not given the people guns. "Here are eight hundred thousand men in Paris," said one speaker, "native to the soil, strong-armed, intensely patriotic, asking for guns to drive the invaders from the doors, and the government says, 'You must fold your arms and be shot down.'"

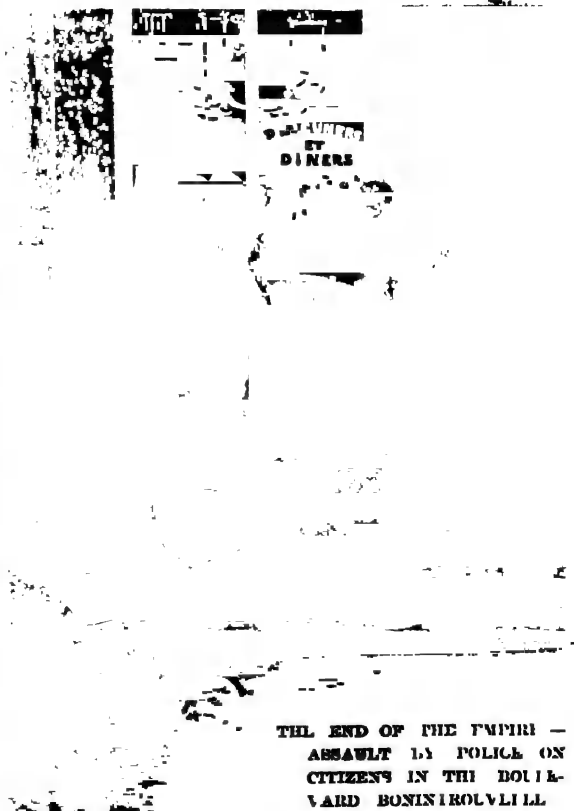
Late in the afternoon, the terrible news began to be known. First came a report, which ran through the *cafés* and along the boulevards like a flash of lightning, that Belgian neutrality had been violated, that French and Prussians had fought on Belgian soil, and that new complications were likely to arise.

Presently, pale-faced messengers began to arrive from the Place de la Concorde at the great universal rendezvous of the Parisian leaders of distinction, the section between the *Café de la Paix* and the *Café Riche*, announcing that the *Corps Législatif* were going into secret session, that the whole of MacMahon's army had been taken, that he himself had been shot through the body, that General De Wimpffen had disgracefully

capitulated, and, finally, that the Emperor was a prisoner.

Meantime the Empress had sent M Merimée, a literary man of infinite talent, and who was her intimate friend, to supplicate M Thiers to take the government into his hands. As M Merimée did not succeed, she sent in M de Metternich, but he had no better luck with the fiery old man, whose diminutive figure was now beginning to assume the importance it deserved in the eyes of his disorganized countrymen. MM Jules Simon, Jules Favre, Picard, and others urged M Thiers to accept the Empress's proposition when he came down to the session of the *Corps Législatif* on the 3d. But M. Thiers was deaf to all entreaties, and seemed to be looking beyond with prophetic gaze to greater events, for which he wished to save all his stock of strength. At the session, the Count De Palikao astonished all his colleagues by the refreshingly cool manner in which he climbed into the tribune, and announced that Marshal Bazaine, after a vigorous fight of eight or nine hours, had been obliged to retreat under the walls of Metz. He added, as if it had been a matter of trifling consequence, that there had been a battle at Sedan, "and we have thrown a part of the Prussian army into the river Meuse; but finally we were, it

appears, overwhelmed by numbers, and some few of our soldiers have been crowded over into the Belgian territory." This effrontery was speedily unmasked by Jules Favre, who said that



THE END OF THE EMPIRE —
ASSAULT BY POLICE ON
CITIZENS IN THE BOULE-
VARD BONAPARTE

the time had come to know where the government was. "Where," he said, "is the Emperor? Is he in communication with his ministers? Can he give orders to them?" The minister of war answered "No." "Then," said Jules Favre with his finest irony, "the answer that the Minister of War has

given me suffices, and we may leave this great question out of the debate, the government having ceased to exist." Here the president of the assembly thought it his duty to protest against such words, whereupon Jules Favre turned upon him like a lion, and said "Protest as much as you wish, Mr President. Protest against fate, which has betrayed us, deny events, say that we are victors, do as you like, but what we want now, and what is indispensable and wise, is the effacing of all parties before one name representing Paris, a military name, the name of a man who can take in hand the defense of the country." These remarks produced great agitation, and shortly afterwards the session broke up, after having voted a night sitting.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the deputies met again. Outside the palace of the *Corps Législatif*, thousands upon thousands of men and women were waiting,—waiting for they knew not what, too anxious, lest the next few hours might bring the horrors of civil war, for it was no secret that Blanqui, Delescluze, Félix Pyat, Vermorel, Milhère, and others, who were destined to be so famous or infamous in the Insurrection of 1871, were hard at work trying to organize a popular revolt. Without any preliminary rhetoric, the Minister of War made an official announcement to the deputies of the capitulation of the army, and the fact that the Emperor had delivered himself up as prisoner. Without making any suggestion or apology he stepped down from the tribune and took his seat. Jules Favre immediately arose, and, taking the place left vacant by the Minister of War, asked permission to make a proposition. As soon as he had received permission, he said, "We ask of the Chamber im-

mediate consideration for the following motion —

"ARTICLE 1. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty are declared divested of the powers that the Constitution had conferred upon them."

"ARTICLE 2. There shall be named by the *Corps Législatif* a government committee composed of a certain number of members taken from the majority, who shall be invested with the powers to govern, and who shall live for their express mission resistant to the uttermost to the invaders, and the delivery of the territory out of the enemy's hands."

"ARTICLE 3. General Trochu is maintained in his post as Governor-General of the city of Paris."

This motion, signed by all the members of the Republican Opposition, was at first received in profound silence, but M. Favre, before he left the tribune, recommended the deputies to sleep over it, and "to-morrow," he said, "at noon, we shall have the honor to give you the impetuous reasons which appeal to us to recommend the adoption of the measure to every good patriot." The night session had lasted just twenty minutes. "It seemed," said one of the men who was present, "as long as a century."

A singular thing happened on this morning of the 4th of September as Jules Favre was going home, the crowd followed him, shouting out insults for the fallen Empire, and clamoring for the declaration of the downfall of the dynasty. When Jules Favre had passed along, the crowd remained shouting, discussing, singing, and quarrelling, until the police thought it necessary to clear the people away from the Pont de la Concorde. This provoked the people, who were already in a state of tremendous excitement; there was some rough handling of the police agents, an alarm was sounded, the gates of the Tuileries,

the Place du Carrousel, and the Louvre were closed, the troops were confined to barracks, the agitation reached the grand boulevards, and opposite the Gymnase Theatre, a squad of police, who evidently thought they were to be attacked, discharged their revolvers into a dense crowd, and then fell upon the

people, sword and club in hand. There were numerous victims.

"The Empire," said one of the eye-witnesses of this affair near the Gymnase, "was destined to finish as it had begun, — with an attack upon an unarmed mass."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Declaration of the Republic — Exciting scenes on the Place de la Concorde and the Boulevards — Invasion of the *Corps Législatif* — Gambetta Pronounces the Downfall of the Imperial Family — The Procession to the Hotel de Ville — The Flight of the Emperors

SATURDAY night was an anxious time for the members of the Republican Opposition in the *Corps Législatif*. They plainly saw that they were to be left alone to build up a government on the ruins into which the Empire had suddenly crumbled, and they dreaded lest some sudden excitement, some misunderstanding, should bring about civil war and anarchy, which the disciples of the repressive theory had predicted as certain the moment that the weights were removed. As you cannot touch pitch without being defiled so the Republicans of ardent convictions and firm principles, by the very necessity of neighborhood during the long period of the Empire, had become in some measure infected with the Imperial notions of "order," and they were almost inclined to distrust themselves at the moment that power was to be placed in their hands.

Nothing dreadful, however, happened during Saturday night. Policemen were hustled and bouneted, and some of them might have been thrown into the Seine had they not, in obedience to the dictation of the crowds, thrown away their rapiers and fled to their homes to get rid of their hated uniforms as soon as possible. Pietri, the Imperial Prefect of Police, who was almost universally execrated, was loudly called for by the masses, and, had he been imprudent enough to show himself, might have been torn to pieces. I heard his name

mentioned hundreds of times during a walk through these excited crowds on the Saturday evening in question. Singularly enough no one seemed to know where Pietri was. Some said he was with the Empress at the Tuileries, others that he was arrested with Napoleon at Sedan, and that the German government was to give him the worst fate that could befall him, — delivery into the hands of those whom he had so long persecuted. Foreigners were not much to the taste of these crowds, and Americans and Englishmen sometimes found themselves surrounded by mobs, who insisted on hearing them sing a bar of the "Marseillaise," and shout for the Republic. In case they refused to give these proofs of their good-will, they were hustled and sometimes carried off to the police stations as presumed spies. Many people in these throngs had guns, and some were armed with revolvers. This wearing of weapons by people who would have considered such a proceeding as improper had they been living under a different system was adopted as the first symptom of liberation from the régime which had now been definitely condemned, and was soon to be succeeded by a more liberal one.

The Empire, which had made so many objections to letting private citizens bear arms or keep them in their houses, had in 1868 done the very thing which rendered the insurrection of 1871 so easy. It had created the National Guard Mo-

bile, which was about five hundred and fifty thousand strong, divided into battalions, companies, and batteries. This force was created by Napoleon III on the proposition of Marshal Niel, who was then Minister of War, and in virtue

the capital. There were comprised within the limits of this organization all classes of society,—the rich shop-keeper and professional men of the Rue de la Paix and the Opera Quarter, the house-owners and the retired merchants of the



THE IMPERIAL POLICE PROTECTED BY THE REPUBLICAN GUARD

of a law voted by the *Corps Législatif* on the 1st of February, 1868. The maximum effective of each battalion of this National Guard was two thousand men, forming eight companies of two hundred and fifty men each, at the time of the downfall of the Empire, and for nearly the whole of the period of the siege of Paris and the Commune, almost three hundred thousand men of this National Guard were within the walls of

Place Vendôme and the Champs Élysées as well as the half-educated and ambitious artisans of Belleville and La Villette. These elements, hostile to each other,—the same elements, which by their inharmonious clashing in previous periods of trouble had caused bloodshed and temporary anarchy,—were to be cooped up in a besieged city for long months, their really splendid forces never to be utilized against the enemy because their

commander feared that if they won a battle against the Germans they would turn about and proclaim a government of their own in Paris. It is not astonishing that these classes, hating, almost abominating each other, finding themselves equally well armed, and having had their senses excited by the continuous spectacle of the ravages of war, should have come together in hostile collision after the great struggle against the enemy was over, and while the wreckage of the war was being cleared away.

Representatives of the upper and of the lower classes of Parisian society, equipped in their uniforms of the National Guard, and with their muskets on their backs, were very numerous among the crowds on Saturday night. The property-holding class was on the alert, and had taken possession of all the approaches to the *Corps Législatif*, and managed to keep its ground on Sunday morning, although M. Jules Simon tells us that when he came to pick his way through the throng waiting in front of the Palais Bourbon, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 4th of September, the adherents of Blanqui and Delescluze, the Communists, in short, were very thick about the gates and door-ways. In the eyes of these passionate and vindictive apostles of a socialistic government, the members of the Left, who were very popular among all other classes, were condemned as "Moderates," and as men to be despised. Many an artisan, who afterwards appeared behind the barricades of the Commune, hurled scornful reproaches at Simon and his colleagues as they made their way into the mid-day session.

The impression on the grand boulevards, which were blocked with immense throngs of the wealthy and prosperous class on Sunday morning, was that there

would be civil war before nightfall. To walk through these collections of chattering, gesticulating, pale-faced people, and to hear them furiously disputing each other's notions, enabled one to place but moderate reliance upon their combined action, if such action were necessary. The enemy was at the door, Mont Valerien was insufficiently armed, General Vinoy was coming to Paris with an army which must be taken care of, the cartridges in the Imperial arsenals were filled with sand—what was to be done? Would the movement for a Republic degenerate into mere noise, and bloodshed, and stupid effervescence of ignorant enthusiasm? A little before noon, on this 1th of September, the papers made the announcement of the Emperor's surrender, very generally, and nearly every man and woman whom one met on the boulevards or on the Place de la Concorde had purchased a paper, and was reading it intently. There was no laughter, but little noise, and no jostling. The crowds grew in numbers momentarily. Every one was in an attitude of suspense, to which was added a certain fear, the fear of that spectre which had arisen so many times with bloody hands to push back that liberty, so longed for, but seemingly so unattainable in France.

Jules Simon says that at noon on the 4th of September a single misunderstanding, an angry movement on the part of a commander of any troops, would have been sufficient to occasion a general massacre. "What we had to avoid at any price," he says, "was civil war, the people of France against the French, while the soil was invaded by the stranger. This was the opinion of the Left, who, felt that the throne had tumbled to pieces, and it was also the opinion of the majority,

who understood that the throne could no longer be defended, and who had ceased to wish that it might. It was doubtless this thought, that there was no longer any Empire, and that the supreme duty was to avoid a collision, which tempted the deputies of the majority to demand that the regular troops should be removed from the Palais Bourbon."

This measure having been executed, the National Guard was placed in possession. The officers and soldiers of the regular troops were in a delicate position. They had heard that the Republic had already been proclaimed at Lyons and Marseilles, and that there the army had fraternized with the people, but they were still under the shadow of their oath of allegiance to the Empire, and, ignorant of the real course of events beyond the walls of Paris, they were incapable of forming a speedy decision. Still, at the Napoleon Barracks, the crowd which had cried out "*Vive la République!*" to the soldiers at the windows was answered by the same words. A little later on, a regiment which had been sent to the square of the Hôtel de Ville disbanded, turned the butts of its muskets into the air, and mingled with the crowd. This was soon heard on the Place de la Concorde, and hundreds of soldiers broke ranks and disappeared right and left.

Now came in long procession thousands of workmen and workwomen from La Villette, the women marching arm-in-arm with the men, singing loudly, and generally carrying a flag in one hand. Tricolored badges began to appear, and were sold by thousands, the boldest putting them on at once, others carrying them in their hands, as if waiting for a decisive moment. I saw a young man climb on to the statue of

Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde, and crown the rather gloomy figure which personates the ravished city with laurel. This was the origin of the custom which has since been so religiously maintained — that of decorating with wreaths and *immortelles*, with flags, and with crowns of laurel, this statue year by year.

Along the great Place the rumor ran that the *Corps Législatif* was to receive the abdication of the Empress at one o'clock. "Why," said a huge market-woman, dressed in her best, and with an umbrella which was large enough to cover a dozen people, "why should the woman abdicate when we have abdicated her?"

Every half hour or so the crowd surged back from side to side, leaving a path clear for regiments just coming in from Lyons, or Turcos, newly arrived from Algeria, — men who had been hurried up to be thrown against the Prussians and who were destined ingloriously to remain inside of Paris or just outside its walls for months thereafter. Towards one o'clock, ten thousand men from the Faubourg St. Martin came down the grand boulevards, each man with a gun on his shoulder, and the shop-keepers immediately began to put up their shutters. Inside, in the great courtyard of the Palais Bourbon, the members of the Opposition and of the majority stood trembling with excitement, while Jules Favre, with his long black hair thrown back, and his brows covered with perspiration, made a tremendous radical speech, intended to ingratiate the blue and white bloused men swarming up to his extemporized platform, which they at last broke down. The Deputies were informed that at least one hundred and fifty thousand men were assembled on the Place de la Concorde; that fully

one-fourth of them were armed, that the faubourgs were out, that blood was up, that the people had come to claim its own peaceably or with clamor and bloodshed, as they might decide.

In the great Salle des Pas Perdus, Jules Favre towered up above the other deputies who were inspired to calmness by the serenity of his face. It was observed that many members of the Lite triumphant and Imperial Right were missing. Many had fled under various pretexts, some, that they had gone to learn the real facts of the affair at Sedan, others, to look after their property, which was in danger as it lay on the line of the German army's march. But few of them had, like the members of the Senate, the courage to disappear without any bravado. By-and-by the doors of the legislative hall were thrown open, and the Left entered tranquilly in a body, with Father Raspail blowing his nose very like a sonorous trumpet of defiance. The session was opened shortly after one o'clock and M. De Palikao with his usual coolness, stepped briskly into the tribune, and proposed that a council of government of National Defense should be constituted, consisting of five members, each member being named by an absolute majority of the *Corps Législatif*, that the ministers should be named under the auspices of the members of this Council, and that General Count De Palikao should be the Lieutenant-general of the Councils. The tempest which this piece of effrontery raised is better imagined than described. The uproarious and contemptuous laughter with which De Palikao's project was finally greeted must have convinced him that it would be injudicious to press it. The Left took immediate advantage of the situation,

and, after a speech of Jules Favre, M. Thiers offered his project of law, which was, "that, in view of the present circumstances, the Chamber shall name a commission for government and national defense, and the constitutional assembly shall be convoked as soon as events will permit."

It was at this moment that Gambetta, who had not played a very conspicuous part in the proceedings of the last few days, appeared upon the scene, and in a vigorous speech insisted that the Chamber should decide upon M. Thiers's proposition forthwith. He took into his hands the business of the day. As the result of his speech the Chamber voted urgency on the propositions, and sent them before a committee. Meantime the session was suspended. It is probable that on this Committee of National Defense certain members of the old Imperial party would have been placed, if, while the proposition was under consideration, the crowd had not stepped in and given the final tumble to the card-house of the Empire.

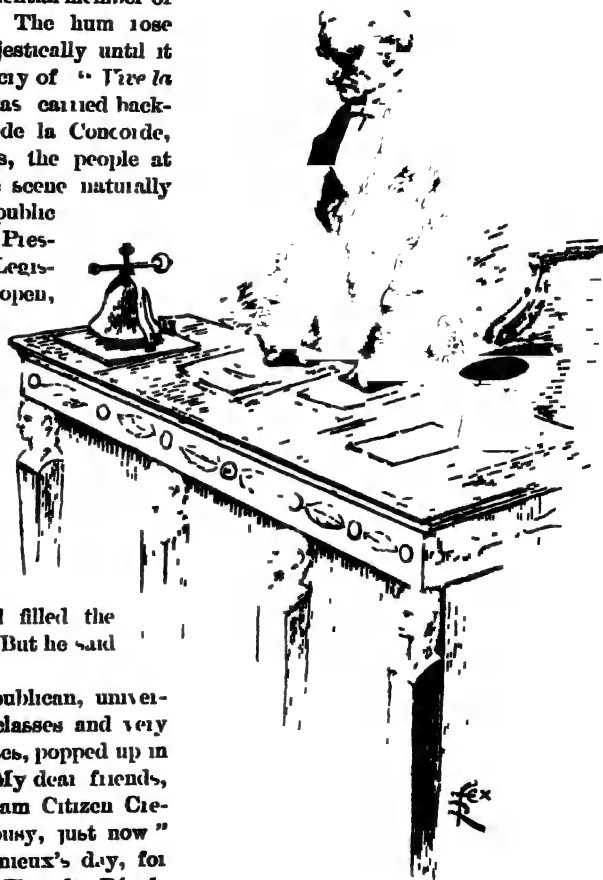
The manifestation which ended in the invasion of the *Corps Législatif* was begun by a company of National Guards, who were standing near the non railing in front of the palace, and who cried out '*La Déchéance! La Déchéance!*' or the impeachment of the Imperial family. While they were shouting, they beckoned to other National Guards nearer the bridge over the Seine at this point to come and join them. The Municipal cavalry, which were posted at the entrance of the bridge on the quay, drew its sabres, and for a moment there was danger of a sanguinary collision. But the battalions of the National Guard kept crowding on and on, without regard for the naked sabres, and the crowd pressed behind them, now murmuring,

The soldiers saw that it was dangerous to resist them

At the head of the National Guard were many men of distinction and position, among them M. Edmond Adam, later a senator and influential member of the Republican party. The hum rose slowly and almost majestically until it burst out into a great cry of "*Vive la République!*" This was carried backward across the Place de la Concorde, and up the boulevards, the people at some distance from the scene naturally supposing that the Republic had been declared. Presently, the doors of the Legislative Palace were burst open, and the impetuous throngs rushed in, pushing aside, as if they had been made of straw, the few guardians at the doors. The president, M. Schneider, pale as a ghost, stood looking down on the motley collection of individuals, who suddenly had filled the space in front of him. But he said no word.

M. Crémieux, a Republican, universally respected by all classes and very popular among the masses, popped up in his place, and said, "My dear friends, you all know me. I am Citizen Crémieux. We are very busy, just now." But it was not M. Crémieux's day, for there was a roar of "*Vive la République!*" and he sat down, looking somewhat disconcerted. In the galleries, which were now thronged with men in blouse, and with men in broadcloth, the same cry of "*Vive la République!*" was heard, and the graceful folds of a tricolored flag were waved above the assembly.

Gambetta next came forward, and with a few skilful sentences brought order out of this chaos, which promised



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF
WATCHING THE INVASION

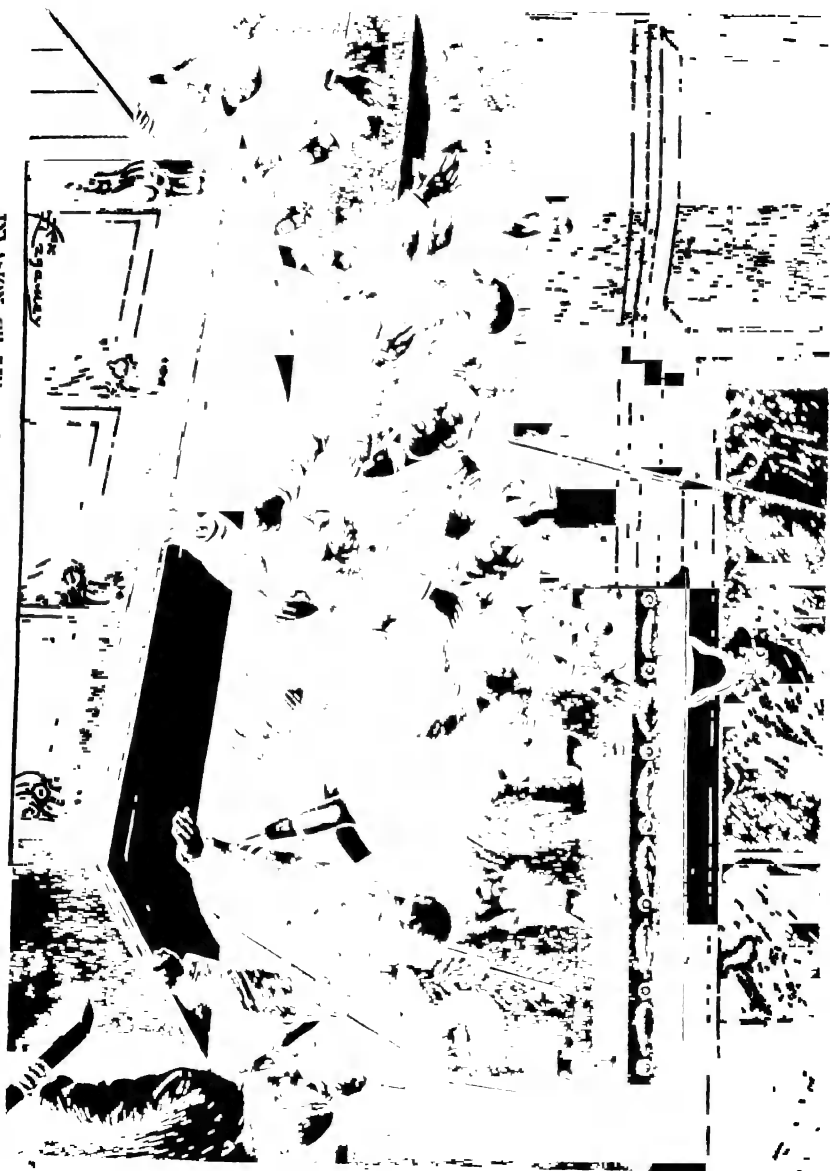
to be so dangerous. "Citizens," he said, "you can now offer a grand spectacle — that of people uniting order with liberty." He then gave a quick and

picturesque sketch of what the assembly expected to do, and suggested that a group of citizens should take the responsibility of maintaining order into its own hands, so that the deputies might not be disturbed in the discharge of their duties. President Schneider thought it proper to second the proposition of Gambetta, but when he added that he thought he had also rendered to the country and to liberty service enough to have the right to address them, there were derisive cheers, which were echoed through the halls outside, and which left him no whit in doubt as to his loss of prestige. Presently, the great door opposite the tribune, which had defied the efforts of the invaders, opened, and the deputies who tried to keep back the crowd, were upset, many of them were hurled over the desks, and nothing could be heard but "*Vive la République!*" M. Schneider thought it imprudent to remain longer, and he was scarcely out of his presidential desk before half a dozen citizens were in it, and they would have done him mischief could they have got at him. It was said, on the afternoon of this day, that he had received a blow on the head from a citizen who was somewhat the worse for *absinthe*, and that he fell covered with blood and was taken away by his colleagues, but this was subsequently proved to be untrue. There was much ringing of the presidential bell by young workmen, who wanted to make speeches to the crowd, but Jules Favre drove out all these intruders, and, finally, Gambetta, in his most impressive tones, cried, "Have you any confidence in your representatives?" to which the rather illogical answer came, "Yes, yes, we have confidence enough in you." — "Well, then, retire when I ask you to do so, and be sure that we shall pronounce the downfall!" — "Yes, but

how about the Republic?" cried a voice.

Eye-witnesses of this singular scene say that at this question Gambetta, who had been halting between two opinions all the morning, and who was intensely anxious that this revolution should be accomplished within the strict limit of the law, suddenly assumed a new demeanor, as if he felt that the mantle of his mission had fallen upon him, and, stepping forward and commanding silence by that imperious gesture which afterwards became so familiar to the people of France, he said, "Citizens,"—and at his first word the silence was completely reestablished,— "considering that the country is in danger, considering that the proper time has been given to the national representatives to pronounce the downfall of the Imperial family, considering that we are and that we constitute a regular power issued from universal suffrage, we now declare that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty have forever ceased to reign in France."

These ringing words, uttered by the man who had been the first to brave the anger and the vengeance of the Empire, and who had begun the revolution which now culminated, were saluted with bravos innumerable and with renewed shouts of "*Vive la République!*" "No more Empire," "The Empire has fallen forever," "The *Déchéance* first, the Republic afterwards," etc. Now the drummers of the National Guard, who had been standing at the entrance of the Chamber, began to beat their drums, and to clamor for immediate departure for the Hôtel de Ville. This sounded ominous, and Jules Favre made an earnest speech, which he finished by saying, "Do you, or do you not, want civil war?"



VIEW OF THE CORN-TRADING ON THE 4TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1890

Hundreds of voices answered, "No, no, not civil war, war with the Prussians only" — "Then," said Jules Favre, "we must have a provisional government forthwith" — "To the Hôtel de Ville! To the Hôtel de Ville!" cried a voice. M. Favre continued speaking until a youth suddenly appeared in the tribune behind him, and shouted at the top of his voice, "The Republic! The Republic! Let us declare it here!" A few of the National Guards tried to make this enthusiastic youth come down, but he pounded the desk and continued to shriek, "The Republic! The Republic forthwith!" Presently, a voice below took up the refrain; and then it was that Gambetta stepped forward, and said, "Yes, long live the Republic! Let us go, citizens and proclaim it at the Hôtel de Ville!" Down upon their knees went quick-witted citizens, marking upon great sheets of paper that they had taken from the deputies' desks, "To the Hôtel de Ville!" "The Republic is declared" One gentleman even wrote — and Heaven and himself only know why, — on a placard, this statement "The Republic is proclaimed by 185 votes against 113" But there was really no voting at all. No one ventured to vote against the people's wish.

As the men in blouses bearing the placards came toiling up the boulevards, the excitement was very great. Returning hastily from the Place de la Concorde, I was at the Grand Hôtel just in time to see a regiment of soldiers, which was marching steadily down the boulevards, met face to face by a solid mass of blue-bloused and solid-looking men, singing loudly and brandishing their guns. No one knew what was the intention of either party, and people on the sidewalks were beginning to run away,

when suddenly the leader at the head of the crowd of workmen reversed his musket. His example was followed by the thousands behind him, and in a minute the regiment of soldiers coming the other way had done the same thing. In less than two minutes, soldiers and people were fraternizing together with twigs of laurel in the muzzles of their guns. Hands were clasped in token of friendship, and an old Frenchman near me said, "This is the grandest spectacle ever seen in France."

The relief from suspense was very great, and when it became generally known that the army had made no endeavor to prevent the accomplishment of the Revolution, men, women, and children, delicate aged ladies, shopkeepers, professional men, foreigners — all went pell-mell to the Tuileries, where the people had gathered in its might, as it had gathered twice before at the downfall of arbitrary power within less than ninety years.

At the Tuileries there were very few signs of life at the windows of the Imperial Palace, but there were anxious hearts within. The Empress had maintained her courage remarkably well up to the last moment. She had been determined from the first that the Emperor should not return to Paris. "He would be murdered," she said. Yet she appears to have had little fear for herself until this Sunday afternoon. The people sent their spokesman with a flag of truce to parley with the colonel commanding the forces before the Tuileries. He finally consented to withdraw, only reserving to himself the right to fire upon the crowd if any violence were done. But nobody paid any attention to the conditions which he wished to impose. He was pushed aside, and the throngs ran through the gravelled alleys

of the garden, past the statues, up the steps, and to the innermost rooms of the palace. Guards wearing the tricolor were posted at each side of the main entrance, and as the tumultuous masses pushed their way in, they begged them to be calm and do no mischief, and members of the sanitary corps stood on the steps collecting money for the wounded. The flag that ordinarily denoted the presence of the Imperial family at the palace was taken down, and on the pedestals of all statues, and over the gates of the Rue de Rivoli, was written up in chalk, "*Vive la République!*" "Apartments to let," "M. Napoleon has gone to a German watering-place," and, finally, 'Death to robbers and thieves!' a sentence which was intended as a gentle hint to the rabble to behave. Hundreds of women of all classes crowded into the private apartments of the Empress, and curiously examined everything that was left. The rooms were in great confusion. Boxes were scattered about, and servants were engaged in packing, paying little attention to the angry comments of the people. The Emperor's private cabinet was the next room visited, and there the public found everything methodically arranged.

It had been Napoleon's habit for many years to work in a room quite shut off from any part of the palace, almost impermeable to noise. There, with the little Prince, he had spent hours, daily, for the last few years when in Paris. The book in which the Prince had taken a history lesson before his departure was open on one of the tables, and his exercise had been the commission to memory of the fact that, at a certain epoch of the First Empire, frivolity, corruption, and lust prevailed in high places. On the Emperor's desk were maps of Prussia and some toy-figures of German

soldiers, — dangerous toys they had proven to the Empire!

The Count d'Hérisson, an able and gallant officer, who was in the first French expedition to China, and who was a member of the general staff during the defense of Paris, has left on record the best account, published quite recently, of the flight of the Empress from the Tuileries. It appears that the Empress was decided, by the entreaties of Prince de Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra, who often visited her at the Tuileries during the last terrible days, to leave Paris and the remains of the Imperial wreck. About two o'clock of the afternoon on the 11th of September, Prince de Metternich and his colleague, and M. de Lesseps, who was a pretty constant visitor to the palace, succeeded in prevailing on the Empress to depart. "The last two weeks that the poor lady passed in the Tuileries," says the Count d'Hérisson, "had been a long torture, a veritable mortal agony. Scarcely an hour passed without bringing a despatch confirming the news of a disaster. Thus her mind and her body, through these days consecrated to weeping, despair, and labor, and followed by nights without sleep, and even without repose, had both been badly shaken. She kept herself up only by the aid of strong coffee, and could get a fitful repose only when saturated with chloral. She had, for that matter, consumed such an immense quantity of that medicine that she had fits of somnambulism, during which, with her great eyes open and staring, she seemed foreign to all that was passing round about her, and not even to understand those who addressed her."

The Empress made a hasty toilet, and took as her only package a little travelling sack, which some of the suite urged her to leave lest it might betray

her, and it was afterwards found on a toilet table when the officers of the Republic invaded the Tuileries. The little party set out, with many misgivings, from the Tuileries, through the great, empty halls, and across the Louvre, and went down into the street opposite the old church of St Germain l'Auxerrois, from the belfry of which the signal for the massacre of St Bartholomew was sounded. The Prince de Metternich gave his arm to the Empress, and Chevalier Nigra accompanied Madame Lebléton, the Empress's reader, who was greatly devoted to her. The lady stepped hastily into a cab which had been hailed, and Prince de Metternich said to the coachman, "Boulevard Haussmann." A *gamin* who was going by stopped, and dawdled out, with the peculiar accent of the low-class Parisian, "That is a good one, sure enough that is the Empress!" Luckily no one paid any attention to the boy's remark. The Prince and the Chevalier then got into the cab, which drove briskly away, and on the Boulevard Haussmann they thought it prudent to dismiss the coachman, and presently to take another carriage, in which they went to the hospitable mansion of Dr Evans, in the Avenue Malakoff.

The Count d'Hérissou says, "Dr Evans was not only a specialist, who had been able to acquire a European reputation as well as an enormous fortune, but he was a good hearted man. A few weeks later, when the sufferings and the privations of the siege began, he established and maintained, out of his own purse, an American ambulance

. . . When the accounts were made up, after he had distributed succor to the prisoners of war in Germany, it was found that the generous American citizen had given 1,200,000 francs to his French home." "Dr Evans," says the

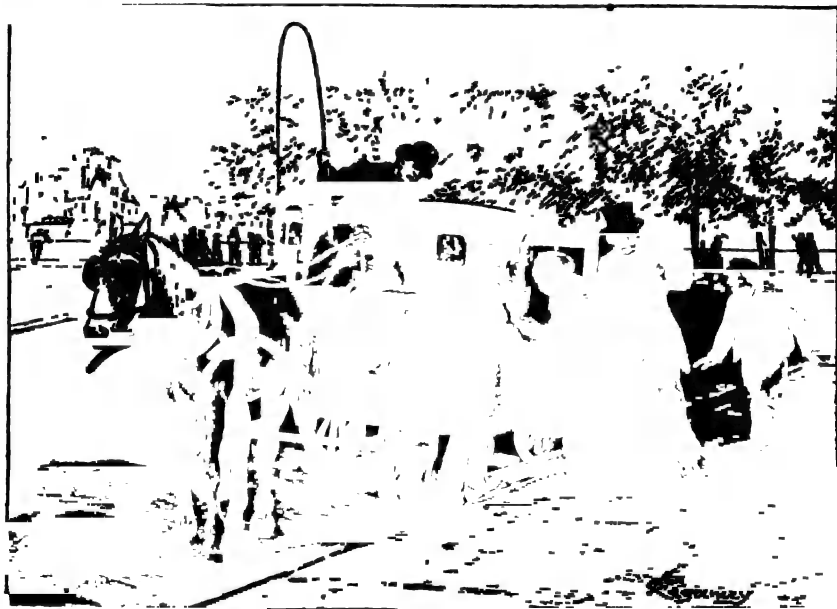
Count, "had known the Empress as a young girl, and had always found the doors of the Tuileries wide open to him. He now placed himself at her disposal with entire devotion." The Empress, being determined not to enter a railway carriage, fearing that she might be recognized and arrested, spent the night at the doctor's house, and the next day, in company with Madame Lebléton, Dr Evans, and Dr Crane, she set forth in a landau for the coast at Deauville, from which point she hoped to get to England."

At the Porte Maillot Dr Evans leaned half-way out of the window, under pretext of asking some information of the National Guards, who were stationed there, and thus screened from view the Empress, who, when she found that she was outside the walls of Paris without having been recognized, wept, but whether from joy or grief the Count does not say. The party went comfortably forward to Mantes, where the horses, completely fagged, refused to budge another step, and the fugitives were obliged to get into a clumsy country wagon, drawn by two ill-tempered beasts. Some future Carlyle may make out of this journey of the Empress a chapter as picturesque as that which describes the attempted flight of the king in the last century, and he can use the following incident, told with much effect by the Count d'Hérissou —

In a little village called La Commanderie the new relay came to grief, and the horses stood stubbornly under a shower of blows from the driver's whip. So Dr Evans set out in quest of other cattle, and presently discovered in a shed a *calèche*, which might have been new at the time of the invasion of the Allies. A peasant offered to go into the fields and catch some wild-looking horses.

His offer was accepted, and presently two old, broken-down steeds were attached to the aged wagon. The woman who furnished this equipage found it so good that she said to the doctor, "You see that a queen might be satisfied with such a fine outfit." The Empress trembled, and believed that she had been

interrupted save by break-downs, the party arrived at Deauville. The Count d'Hérisson, with a charming attention to small details, informs us that during the journey the Empress had wept so much that she had no pocket-handkerchiefs left, whereupon the doctor proceeded to wash out the handkerchiefs,



THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS

recognized, but this curious remark, which fell from the lips of the good old woman, was due entirely to hazard.

At Evreux the crazy vehicle lumbered through the great square at the moment when the new Prefect was proclaiming the Republic in the presence of the whole population. No one even turned to look at the Empress and her faithful escort. At six o'clock in the evening, after thirty-six hours on a journey un-

and to get them rough-dried by the sun. "The Empress," said the Count, "refused at first, then accepted, and the doctor, getting down by a little brook which ran beside the highway, washed out the linen, then set the handkerchiefs to dry in the sun at the window of the carriage."

There were two yachts lying in the port of Deauville, one of them was called the *Gazelle*, and belonged to Sir

John Burgoyne, who was a personal friend of Napoleon III. Dr. Evans went to him, and asked him if he would save the Empress.

The doctor pleaded his cause so well that finally, towards eleven o'clock in the evening, Sir John Burgoyne, or, as the Count will have him, Sir Burgoyne, accepted the perilous mission, and on Wednesday, the 7th of September, at six in the morning, the Empress saw the soil of France receding from her view. She had, with her little party, embarked the night before, realizing that every moment she remained in France added to her danger. The *Gazelle* was only about forty-five feet long, and had a small cabin, in which the Empress, Madame Lebreton, Dr. Evans, and "Sir Burgoyne" passed twenty-three hours in one of the most frightful tempests that ever raged on the Channel. Great waves swept over the yacht every minute. All the members of the party did their best to comfort and console the Empress, and presently the yacht came into the port of Ryde, where the passengers, deluged by salt-water and pale with their long exposure, looked so forbidding that they were refused rooms at the Pier Hotel, and they finally took refuge in the York Hotel, whence Dr. Evans accompanied the Empress to London. It was he who rented for her at Chiselhurst the mansion of Camden Place, where Napoleon III. was destined to breathe his last, and from which the young Prince Imperial was sorrowfully escorted to his grave by his school-mates from the military institution at Woolwich.

Count d'Hérissou has the slightest details with regard to the historic occasion carefully set down. We need not, perhaps, question the taste of Count d'Hérissou in stating that the Empress

entirely forgot to thank Sir John Burgoyne for the use of his yacht, and that it was more than a year afterwards, when Lady Burgoyne expressed her astonishment about the matter in a conversation with the Empress, that the omission was repaired. In leaving the Tuileries the Empress had taken absolutely nothing but the clothes which she had on. Count d'Hérissou himself was charged with the duty of bringing to the Empress such of her personal belongings as he could obtain. He was authorized by the new authorities to go into the Empress's private apartments in the Tuileries, and thus describes them —

"The great *salon*, which served as a kind of study for the Empress regent, her boudoir, her oratory, her bed-chamber, her toilet-room were all in a long suite, overlooking, and getting their light from, the garden of the Tuileries. All these rooms were furnished with the refinement of modern luxury, and this luxury hardly seemed in its place. It was out of character with the rather severe grandeur of the Tuileries. It was a parlor of Madame de Metternich transported to the old palace. I feel certain that if the famous ambassadress had lived in these Tuileries her parlor would have been of an entirely different style. I have never seen the private apartments of the Queen of England, nor those of the Empress of Russia, but I would wager that they are strangely different from those that the Empress Eugénie had arranged for herself at the Tuileries."

Among the despatches lying in disorder on the Empress's table was one which M. d'Hérissou read, and which has an historical interest. It was addressed to Napoleon III., and was thus conceived. —

"TO THE EMPEROR Do not dream of coming back here if you do not wish to let loose a frightful revolution. This is the advice of Rouher and Chevreau, whom I saw this morning. People would be sure to say here that you are flying from danger. Do not forget how Prince Napoleon's departure from the Crimea has shadowed his whole life."

"EUGENIE"

The Count also indulges his public in a sketch of the dressing-rooms of the Empress, the mannikins upon which her costumes were exhibited before she condescended to place them upon her Imperial person, and many other items which we need not here recite. Some idea of the luxury of the Empress's wardrobe may be gathered from the fact that M. d'Hérisson took away from the crown furniture-keeper 600,000 francs' worth of costly furs, and that the Empress had as many more deposited with her personal friends. He estimates the total value of the Empress's furs at 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of francs.

When the Republican deputies set forth from the Palais Bourbon for the Hôtel de Ville a vast shout went up from the enormous masses of people on the Place de la Concorde. Jules Favie was stopped at every moment by people who insisted upon shaking hands with him, or affectionately embracing him. M. Simon was quite worn out with endeavors to rescue his colleague from the too demonstrative populace. At last it was necessary to surround Favie, who was, for the moment, more conspicuous than Gambetta, with a few National Guards, and so, by-and-by, he came with his friends to the historic Hôtel de Ville.

Paris had, in no less than half an hour, completely regained its equanimity. The news of the Republic's declaration

had spread like lightning from quarter to quarter, and everybody seemed, in the general joy, to have forgotten the Prussians, and the siege which was tightening its iron bands round the town. Jules Simon says that he heard one workman say to another "They won't dare to come, now that we have got it." "They" were the Prussians, "it" was the Republic. The deputies did not stop at the Tuileries, — although they were dying to know what was going on within the walls, — but pushed on, here and there, seeing workmen mounted on ladders knocking off the N's and Imperial eagles from signs, and demolishing everything which tended to recall the memory of the recently ruined government.

At the Hôtel de Ville there was new danger, and all the politicians knew it. There the Communists rallied, as they rallied later to such deadly advantage. There was Millière with his men, Delescluze arrived shortly afterwards. Millière had been busily at work drawing up lists of members for the projected new government, and these lists were already being circulated in the Place de Grève when the deputies arrived. The names of Blanqui, Delescluze, Flourens, Félix Pyat, and Rochefort had been placed upon these lists. There was a plan to proclaim Rochefort Mayor of Paris, and a strongly armed delegation had been sent off to Sainte Pelagie to take him out of the captivity from which he was freed by the disappearance of the Empire. Had any guardian ventured to resist this delegation he would undoubtedly have been shot. One of the leading members of the Republican group affirmed that, unless some one had had the good sense to cry out when the procession was nearing the Hôtel de Ville, "Make the Deputies of Paris members of the government!" the Commune would have broken

out in all its hideousness on that very day, and the Prussians would have been in Paris eight days afterwards.

Rochefort arrived from his prison in a carriage ornamented with red flags, and followed by a crowd which yelled, "Rochefort for Mayor of Paris!" This question of the mayoralty was a burning one, and, as we see by this incident, was brought forward the moment it was possible. Paris had ardently desired the autonomy of the capital for many years, and, had the inhabitants been accorded that autonomy, would never have made the Revolution of 1871. But the time had not come for Rochefort to be Mayor of Paris, so he had to content himself with a post which was offered him in the new government, henceforth to be known through the days of difficulty and despair in the siege as the government of National Defense. Undoubtedly Paris owes much to these men who acted with so much gravity, vigor, and tact at a time when delay or hesitation might have caused infinite bloodshed.

On the way to the Hôtel de Ville the deputies had met General Trochu galloping along, followed by his general staff, and Jules Favre had made a sign

to him to halt, taken him by the hand, and informed him of all the events of the day. "I am going with my friends," he said, "to constitute a government at the Hôtel de Ville, so we will beg you to return to your quarters, and there wait our communications." General Trochu said he had no objections to doing this, and in fact he did it. Before nightfall Paris had its new government, with Gambetta as the delegate for the Interior, Jules Simon for Public Instruction, Jules Favre for Foreign Affairs, General Leflo as Minister of War, and General Trochu, Eugène Pelletan, Emmanuel Arago, and Rochefort as delegates without special missions. The new government's proclamation, issued in haste, told the people that the Republic had saved them from the invasion of 1792, that the Republic was proclaimed anew, and that the Revolution had been made in the interests of public safety.

A day or two afterwards the exiles, who had for twenty-one years watched the course of the Empire from their retreats in the mountains and islands, were on their way home. Victor Hugo did not lose an instant in making preparations for his departure after he had heard the news of his enemy's downfall.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

SEUR — The March to the Ardennes — The Headstrong Palikao — The Crown Prince of Saxony's Army — General De Failly at Beaumont — The Retreat to Sedan — General De Wimpffen comes upon the scene — The Prussians Open Fire in Front of Sedan — Drivets to MacMahon — Slung by Invisible Enemies — The Battle at Bazailles — De Wimpffen's Foolish Hope

WHAT had taken place at Sedan? We pass over the painful and unwise march of Marshal MacMahon, with his poorly equipped and badly fed troops, from Rheims to the point at which he was met by the advance corps of the Crown Prince's army. Some idea of the confusion and disorder of his march may be gathered from the statement, made upon good authority, that the army, which left Châlons one hundred and forty thousand strong, could not put seventy thousand men in line on the great day of the decisive battle at Sedan. It is now clearly established by General De Wimpffen, and by other gallant officers, that if they had been allowed to have their way, they would never have let the sun set on the battlefield of Sedan without a final and a brilliant struggle for victory. The government in Paris, acting upon the insufficient information which it had, insisted with the greatest energy, while MacMahon was hesitating at Rheims, that he should march to a junction with Bazaine. General De Palikao, whose conduct can be qualified only as headstrong, went to see the Empress, and threatened that, unless MacMahon started at once for Metz, he would have it posted up all over France that the Emperor was the cause of the disasters which must result from the delay in bringing the two great French armies together.

MacMahon, like a gallant gentleman,

took the blame for this fatal march, at the time that he was criticised with the greatest vivacity and harshness, upon himself, but history will place the responsibility of the disaster of Sedan on the shoulders of the Emperor and the Regency in Paris. General Leblond and others have given what they thought are sufficient proofs to indicate that, in spite of all the follies committed by the Imperial army, the Germans were taken very much by surprise, and that the concentration of their troops around Metz was not due at all to the marvellous perspicacity of Von Moltke, or to the German military genius, but rather to a happy accident, which, in addition to the disorganization of the French, gave them a comparatively easy victory.

On the 27th of August, at half-past eight in the evening, Marshal MacMahon addressed to the Ministers of War the following telegram: "The first and second armies—more than two hundred thousand strong—are blockading Metz chiefly on the left shore. A force estimated at fifty thousand men is said to be established on the right bank of the Meuse to hinder my march on Metz. We hear that the army of the Crown Prince is to-day on the move towards the Ardennes, with fifty thousand men. It is said to be already at Ardenul. I am at Chênes, with a little more than one hundred thousand men. Since the 9th I have had no news from

Bazaine. If I go forward to join forces with him I shall be attacked in front by a part of the first and second armies, which can lodge in the woods a force superior to my own, at the same time that I am attacked by the Crown Prince's army, who can cut off my line of retreat. To-morrow I move up to Metz, whence I shall continue my retreat, according to events, towards the west."

Back came a telegram from the Minister of War, saying "If you abandon Bazaine we shall have a revolution in Paris, and you will yourself be attacked by all the forces of the enemy. Paris will take care of itself against the Germans, and it appears to me urgent that you should join Bazaine as rapidly as possible. Shall follow you with the greatest anxiety." When Marshal MacMahon received this despatch, he renounced his movement on Metz and marched towards Montmedy, having lost a precious twenty-four hours, during which time the German army was undertaking one of its terrible forced marches like that which decided the battle of Sadowna, and MacMahon, who fancied that in the neighborhood of Montmedy he was going to operate his famous junction with Bazaine's forces, found himself face to face with a division of the Germans, which formed, as it were, a fourth German army, and had been organized in great haste, in view of the change in the French plan of operations, and placed under the orders of the Prince of Saxony. This army was composed of the Prussian Guards, magnificent troops, the Saxons, and one of the Alvensleben corps, and two divisions of cavalry.

At Buzancy the French cavalry and the chasseurs of General Brialmont suddenly found the German shells falling

in their ranks, and were obliged to retreat before a deadly fire, which came from forests along the route. The Fifth French corps, under General De Failly, was thus pushed back to Chatillon, where it camped in the greatest confusion for the night.

Poor General De Failly committed faults enough in the war to be pardoned the unfortunate remark attributed to him by many historians of the campaign, and never, so far as I know, contradicted by him.—a remark made when he was in full retreat. He was breakfasting at Beaumont, where a fresh disaster was destined to fall upon the French, when he was informed that the Prussians were approaching. "Oh, well," said the General, "we punished them severely enough yesterday. It is only fair that they should put a few of our men *hors de combat* to-day, so let us open another bottle."

In the leafy avenues of the Ardennes the Germans found facile shelter, and made sad havoc among the French on this day of the 27th. The next day the French resumed their march in a pouring rain, and there were no hostile operations. But on the 29th two squadrons of Prussian hussars, coming up to a little village, took it by storm. Further on, at Nouart, the French were unlucky in a collision with the Germans. Near this point the French opened a formidable artillery fire upon the German troops, who were peaceably defiling through a valley about a league away, but no French General had had the forethought to block the route over which the Germans were passing, by placing an army corps across it. On the evening of the 29th of August General De Failly's corps, which had been the *avant-garde* of the French army, was now the rearguard. General Félix Douay, with the

Seventh corps, was in the rear, on the right, near Buzancy. The First corps, commanded by General Ducrot, formed the centre, and was at Raucourt, and the Twelfth corps, under General Leblun, was in camp on the left. "To accomplish this movement of concentration," says a clever critic of the Empire, "which culminated at Sedan, the French army had made eight leagues in three days!"

Unless the French army could rapidly gain Montmedy, or retrace its steps to Mézières, it was placed in a position of great danger. Through this wild, woody country, full of ravines, the river Meuse takes its sinuous way. Montmedy is the principal stronghold of the department of the Meuse. Not far away are Mouzon, on the same river, and Carillon on the Chères. Beyond them, and just back of the confluence of the Meuse and the Chères, is situated the old town of Sedan, at the bottom of a kind of sleepy hollow, surrounded on all sides by green and wooded hills. A little farther away is Mézières, the only really important stronghold of the section. "Here," says M. Jules Claretie, "in this kind of triangle, formed by the two rivers, the Meuse and the Chères, the destinies of the country were to be jeopardized."

On the evening of the 29th General De Failly passed through the forest of Dieulet and camped at Beaumont. It is perhaps too much to say that he camped, for all night long his troops were straggling in in little parties, without the smallest attention to discipline. The rear-guard of the Fifth corps did not get into camp until five o'clock in the morning. At seven o'clock Marshal MacMahon came up to the camp, stopped at the head-quarters, and ordered General De Failly to march upon Mouzon. Here there was a delay, which seems to have

characterized all De Failly's movements, and nothing was done until nine o'clock, and then, after a short march, there was a halt until noon, by which time all was lost. Poor Marshal MacMahon had gone off confident that his orders would be obeyed and that De Failly would keep ahead of the enemy, for this seems the utmost that the unfortunate French hoped. At a little after the hour of noon, General De Failly found his corps surrounded by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

The first Prussian shell, it is said, caused a veritable stupor in the French camp. Neither generals nor soldiers had the least notion that the enemy was so closely upon them. There was a call to arms, many of the soldiers were in their shirt-sleeves, some of them were lying down asleep. There was a whirl of batteries along the hill above the French, then a rain of shell, which did terrible execution. Presently, three French regiments of the line and the Fourth battalion of the *Chasseurs à Pied* got a position on the hills, and were pushing back into the woods the Prussians who were just appearing, when a new storm of shells came out of the thickets, and the valiant liners looked in vain for their own artillery to second their efforts. The Germans, seeing that the corps was completely at their mercy, broke cover, and with loud shouts advanced on the enemy. The French, in desperation, then attempted a bayonet charge, but they were met with such a frightful fusillade that they were obliged to retreat. On the left the French were thrown back on Mouzon; their centre was broken, and carried by the Bavarians, and their retreat upon Sedan was a veritable *sauve qui peut*.

All night long the discouraged and demoralized troops were pouring into the

gates of Sedan, and next day the roads about the town were covered with retreating men, worn out with hunger and fatigue. Towards nightfall of the 29th one of the French cavalry regiments, the Fifth cuirassiers, had attempted a brilliant charge on the enemy, but was badly cut to pieces by the artillery.

The Thirtieth regiment of the line, when it retreated across the Meuse, after sunset on this disastrous day, had not a single round of cartridges left.

Meantime General Douay's Seventh corps had arrived on the battle-field, and General LeBriun, with his infantry, had made a splendid defence of the passage of the Meuse, but the day was veritably lost, and the whole army had finally received orders to retreat upon Sedan along the left shore of the river Chères.

Here the army was close to the Belgian frontier, and entire regiments, wandering recklessly hither and yon, crossing the frontier without knowing it, found themselves in presence of the neutral Belgian line of troops, and, with despair and rage in their hearts, were compelled to throw down their guns, and also to recognize that they had thrown away their last chance for the defense of the country in that campaign.

While the confusion and agony of this retreat was at its height, the Imperial train of carriages made its appearance on the high-road to Sedan, and the lackeys compelled all the wagons which were filled with wounded and dying men to be ranged in regular order at the side of the road while the Emperor passed by. Napoleon had spent the day at Beaumont, lying on the grass, surrounded by the officials of the general staff, and listening with seeming indifference to the noise of the cannon heard beyond the woods. He preserved his usual calm while on the road to Sedan, and tele-

graphed from Carignan to the Empress that there had been an engagement of no great importance, and that he had been on horseback for some time.

On the morning of the 30th of August, General De Wimpffen came upon the scene. He was coming in all haste to take the place of General De Failly, who had proved himself so notoriously incompetent, and his energies were doubly awakened because he was a native of the province in which this great and decisive struggle was going on. When he arrived at Metz, on the morning of the 30th, he was horrified at the appearance of the army corps confided to his charge. Perhaps, if he had been in command at Buzancy, Sedan might not have occurred. "I rushed down," says General De Wimpffen, in his own published account of the operations around Sedan, "on to the plain to reason with the flying men. I could hardly make them understand me. It was in vain I cried to them, 'Look behind you, if you do not believe me! The enemy's cannon is still a long way off; you have nothing to fear.' They would not listen to me in their panting retreat. I finally succeeded in stopping a few and partially reassuring them. Little by little this example was followed." It must be admitted that no General ever took command of an army corps under more trying conditions. "Just at the moment when I was busiest in getting things into shape the equipage of the household of the Emperor came up along the road near me. The servants pretended that everybody must stand aside to give them passage. I gave some of them a formal order to profit by the freshness of their horses, and to take a side-road, and clear out as speedily as possible. All the troops were half dead with hunger," says the General. "No distribution of

bread had been made for some time. They were howling for food."

The misfortunes of General De Wimpffen at Sedan have a touch of pathos in them. This brave man, who had heard his praise ringing throughout Europe at the close of the Italian campaign,—the man whose grenadiers of the guard had swept down upon the Austrian army on the day of Magenta, and who, sword in hand, had been in the thickest of the fight, was now condemned by the strange caprice of fate to command a broken and a useless army, and to sign his name to the most inglorious capitulation of modern times. That he was able to bear himself with the greatest dignity under these trying circumstances reflects the highest honour upon his character, and his countrymen are now unanimous in the belief that, had he arrived in time, he could have changed the current of events, nay, they even believe that, had it not been for the inexplicable feebleness of Napoleon, towards the close of the decisive day, De Wimpffen would have given Marshal Von Moltke a genuine surprise.

But it was not to be. General De Wimpffen arrived at Sedan, with what was left of poor De Failly's corps, on the night of the 30th. The next morning he looked over the camp, and, after a rather cool reception from Marshal Mac Mahon, he went to pay his respects to the Emperor. On seeing General De Wimpffen, Napoleon's icy surface of calm melted, the tears came into his eyes, he clasped the General by the hands, and said, "Do explain to me, if you can, why we are always beaten, and what can have brought about the disastrous affair at Beaumont." Then he added, "Alas! we are very unlucky."

General De Wimpffen did not undertake to explain, but contented himself with

a few commonplace, and hasty, remarks to patch up matters as best he could. He found in Sedan neither provisions nor ammunition in any quantity of consequence. The French army had lost twenty cannon, eleven *mitrailleuses*, and seven hundred prisoners at Beaumont; and the Prussians and the Saxons were still pushing back the French soldiers nearer and nearer to Sedan, down into the deadly hollow between the hills, which were so soon to be crowned by the fatal circle of artillery. Towards Mézières, the Crown Prince's army had cut off retreat in the direction of that fortress, and the Bavarians were massed before Bazeilles. The crowning satire upon the misadministration of the Empire was the crossing of the Germans over the Meuse on bridges already mined, which the French engineer corps had not taken the precautions to blow up.

General De Wimpffen issued a vigorous proclamation to the inhabitants of the department of the Aisne, in which he said, "One of your children who has just arrived from Algeria, gives himself the satisfaction of visiting his family before he faces the enemy. He begs you to show yourselves the worthy children of those who in 1811 and 1815 joined themselves with our soldiers to fight against invasion."

Marshal Mac Mahon, it is said, had never had the least idea of giving battle in such a ruinous position as that in which he was now placed. He spent a great part of the day of the 31st of August in examining the roads leading into Sedan, to determine by which one he would effect his retreat. There were three roads: one to the west, towards Metz, which was, as we have already seen, rendered useless; another to the east to Carnugan; a third to the north into Belgium. Mac Mahon sent a strong party to cut the

bridge over the Meuse at Donchéry, and that night left things to be decided by the position in which he should find the enemy at dawn. General Lebrun asserts, however, in a recently published work, that MacMahon had, on the evening of the 31st of August, given up all hope of taking the defensive, and that the disposition of the four army corps around Sedan indicates that he was preparing for advance.

Marshal MacMahon did not have to wait for the morning's sun to decide what he would do for the Prussians opened a tremendous fire at half-past four on the morning of the 1st. The Marshal jumped upon his horse, and went out to get an exact idea of the enemy's position. While watching a lively fusillade, in front of Bazeilles, a splinter from a shell struck and killed his horse, and the Marshal fell heavily under him. At first he thought he was only bruised, but when he was taken out from under the animal's body he swooned, and found that he was so badly hurt that he must transmit his powers. He sent at once for General Ducrot thinking that this General was better qualified to judge of the German movement because he had had so wide an experience of their tactics. Ducrot hastened to the Twelfth corps which was already very badly cut up, and pointed out directly to General Lebrun that the enemy was moving slowly up the heights, which would give them the advantage over the left of the First French corps. "The enemy is proceeding," he said, "according to its usual tactics. It is going to surround us on all sides. We must not hesitate. The army must beat a retreat post-haste for Mézières."

Meantime there were two French commanders on the field. MacMahon had appointed Ducrot, but General De

Wimpffen had in his pocket the commission of the Minister of War, giving him the general command of the army in case that MacMahon were killed or wounded. When General De Wimpffen learned of General Ducrot's appointment he was at first inclined to keep his own commission in his pocket, but as soon as he saw that General Ducrot was operating a retreat on the centre and on the left, so as to throw the whole army back to Mézières, he thought it was his duty to take charge, and bringing his troops back under the cannon of Sedan, he announced himself as General-in-chief, showed his commission, and at once sent orders to General Ducrot to take up his old position, sending to General Lebrun, who was fighting at Bazeilles, all the troops which he could dispose of, to confirm the success that the valiant Lebrun was getting on the right.

"It would have been," says M. Jules Simon, "possible at the beginning of the day to operate a retreat at Bouillon, to reach Belgium, and thus to save part of the army, but then the troops would have constituted themselves prisoners without having fought. Neither Marshal MacMahon nor General Ducrot nor General De Wimpffen thought of this for a single instant. With few illusions as to the result of a battle, if they were forced to accept it, they would hear of retreat only in passing over the enemy, which was hemming them in. The German report states this to their honor, and France will remember them gratefully for it."

It was now nine o'clock in the morning. General De Wimpffen, ranging over the field of battle, met the Emperor, who had come back from the hills near Bazeilles. Napoleon had been for a short time under the enemy's fire, and one of his orderlies had been killed near him.

When he met General De Wimpffen he was going quietly to take his breakfast. General De Wimpffen tells us in his pamphlet on the battle that he himself had had nothing to eat that morning but a crout, that he had pulled in the field, and that thousands of soldiers had had nothing to eat for twelve hours. The Emperor asked for news of the battle. General De Wimpffen answered that things were going well, and that they were gaining ground. Napoleon thought it proper to point out that the enemy was massing very considerable forces on the left, but De Wimpffen said: "We are going to busy ourselves with throwing the Bavarians into the Meuse, then, with all our troops, we will face our new enemy." These words, spoken in haste, were afterwards brought up against De Wimpffen by the Imperial Party as presumable evidence of his incapacity. But the German military report does full justice to De Wimpffen's tactics, and condemns those of General Ducrot. General De Wimpffen's plan was to try first to win a defensive battle, then to undertake a surprise by a sudden and general onslaught on the Bavarian corps, forcing them to open the road to Cugnin, which the movements then in operation were leaving quite undefended by the German troops. He meant to hold out until night-fall, not only for the honor of the French arms, but because he thought it would be easier than to find a passage for himself and his army as far as Cugnin and Montmedy. As for General Ducrot's tactics, the Prussian generals have repeatedly said that his movement, which had been begun at half-past seven o'clock, had led them to hope that they would have the whole French army safely caged by nine. They admit that they were very much surprised at the sudden offensive movements, and especially at the prolonged resistance.

The Emperor had definitely given up all participation in the command of the French army some fifteen days before the battle of Sedan, and neither he nor General Ducrot took any part in the command after De Wimpffen had shown his commission. After Napoleon met De Wimpffen on the field he went to his quarters in Sedan, and was seen no more until the battle was over, at six o'clock in the evening.

General De Wimpffen was determined at all hazards, to avoid a capitulation. His personal pride, his sense of the country's dignity, and his fresh ardor, which had not yet been blunted by the spectacle of the long series of disasters and the horrible exposures of negligence since the defeats in Alsacia,—all forbade him to think of surrender. He plainly saw that he was fatally, hopelessly outnumbered, but he set his heroic soul upon the task of breaking the line of iron and steel after he had inflicted all the punishment he could upon his enemies, and getting away out of this horrible valley, where he could undertake new movements in more advantageous positions. It was almost impossible to move about upon this field of battle, which was swept from ear to ear by four hundred German cannon. The German batteries, while the Prussian corps were manœuvring with a view to closing up the road to Belgium, sent down upon the French troops continuous and converging fires. "Wounded," says one French writer, "by invisible enemies firing from unknown distances, the demoralized troops fell into a kind of dumb rage. Our artillery, inferior in range to the German guns, replied as best it could, but, while our shells could not always reach the enemy,—and a good many of them went off prematurely,—the number of the enemy's guns was

triple ours, — we were simply crushed ! General Félix Douay's troops were terrible sufferers from this fire. The cavalry could not even get into line, and to maintain the infantry in line of battle was next to impossible." The German artillery dismounted three French batteries in less than ten minutes. Here the *mitrailleuse*, on which the French had counted so much, was quite useless, because of its short range.

All the military writers on the French side, describing the battles, say that the German circle formed around the French seemed to grow smaller and smaller every few minutes, and this weird and terrible movement of closing in had the most demoralizing effect upon the French troops. General De Wimpffen had not a single *aide-de-camp* at his disposition. From a hill on which he had established himself, he looked down upon General Ducrot driven out of Givonne, and General Douay half crushed by the German artillery-men, and the Fifth corps artillery fighting here and there. At Bazailles, the maimes posted in the houses were giving the Bavarians a terrible punishment, and General Von der Tann had to be reinforced with troops from the Prince of Saxon's army, from the Prussian Brandenburg regiment, and from the Fourth battalion of Prussian chasseurs, as well as by a new battery, before he could sustain combat.

It was just at this point that De Wimpffen hoped to break through the enemy's lines, so he gave orders to General Lebun to undertake the operation. At the same time he ordered General Ducrot to cover the movement, General Douay to march to La Moncelle, near Bazailles, and one of the divisions of the Fifth corps to throw itself upon the same point. Then he hastily wrote a letter to Napoleon, sending two copies

of it by two officers whom he managed to haul on the field, saying to his Imperial master that he had decided to force the line in front of General Lebun and General Ducrot sooner than be taken prisoner at Sedan. "Let Your Majesty come and put himself at the head of his troops, they will engage upon their honor to open a passage for him." This letter was written at a quarter-past one, but just then General Douay was falling back before the Prussian artillery, and the French troops, who had supported with real heroism the terrible fire from the steel cannons of the Germans for more than two hours, were wavering. The Prussian Infantry was rushing down to sweep away the French left when General Ducrot sent General De Marguerite with his cavalry division to charge the Germans. This General executed a brilliant movement, and dispersed the first mimical lines, but found himself rushing on troops formed in squares and firing at one hundred and fifty paces deadly volleys into the galloping squadrons. The French cuirassiers turned and returned to the charge with the splendid energy shown by their unfortunate comrades at Frohweiler.

The Crown Prince of Prussia afterwards told General Ducrot that the old German king when he saw this white line of French cuirassiers come, breaking like foam upon a rocky shore, against the black squares of German Infantry, from time to time, could not restrain his admiration, and cried out : "Oh ! the brave fellows." General De Marguerite was mortally wounded in this magnificent charge, but his place was taken by M. De Gallifet, so soon to be rendered celebrated by his energetic action during the great Paris insurrection, and new charges, all superb but all un-availing, were made.

This final effort of De Galliffet's closed the French resistance on this side of the battle-field. The army began to retreat, still decimated by the fiendish shell-fire. General Ducrot got his soldiers to rally three times, and each time the shells sent them back. Companies disbanded, and began to fall away towards the old camp near Sedan. They neither knew whether MacMahon was alive or dead, whether the Emperor had fled or was still at his post, who was in command, or anything else. They finally were panic-stricken, and swept into the streets of Sedan and hung round the base of the pedestal, upon which stood the proud figure of Turanne, who had taken and sacked many a German town.

The battle was lost. Von Moltke on the heights, was jubilant at the success of his cool and adroit calculations, but there was still a duty left for the poor General De Wimpffen to perform. His conscience rebelled more than ever at the thought of surrender, and he clung to his idea of opening a gateway towards Caignan. While De Wimpffen was impatiently awaiting the answer to his letter, he was horrified and ashamed to hear that the white flag of capitulation was hoisted upon the rampart of Sedan. Yet he could not believe that the Emperor would not answer him, and he waited for an hour at the head of five or six thousand troops of all sorts, a kind of epitome of the whole army, the bravest and the best, the men who were too honest and brave to retreat, and who were willing to sacrifice their lives for the maintenance of their honor. With this little body he had made one or two attempts to continue the resistance. When he learned from an officer of the Imperial household about the appearance of the white flag, it is said that he fell into a terrible passion.

When he read the letter from the Emperor, ordering him to capitulate, he shut his teeth, and said, "I do not recognize the Emperor's right to hoist the flag of parley. I refuse to negotiate." He crushed the letter in his hand, hastened to Sedan, and furiously addressed the soldiers who were hanging about the Place de Turanne. "What!" he said, "will you give up your arms and be made prisoners? Not a bit of it! Follow me and open a passage by shoving the enemy aside!" This vigorous manœuvre seemed at first likely to succeed. General De Wimpffen got about him several thousand men from all the corps. There were found courageous inhabitants of the town among those who offered to die or win with him, and they set forth upon one of those forlorn hopes about which, in process of time, nations weave the garlands of tradition, and make of that which was foolish a sublime and heroic thing. Hundreds of De Wimpffen's little body of men were swept away, but others rushed upon the Bavarians, succeeded in taking the square of Bazailles, and swept the enemy out beyond the church where it had been in strong position, and, vainly hoping for reinforcements, stubbornly maintained their place—it was all that they could do—until nightfall. General Labrun was in this glorious little body of men, and fought side by side with De Wimpffen. But in the evening, the commanding general, finding that he could not hold out, felt it his duty to return to Sedan. He had twice refused to treat with the enemy, which Napoleon had wished him to do. He went slowly and despairingly to the little hotel, where he had taken a room on the night of his arrival, and sitting down at his desk, wrote a letter offering his resignation as commander-in-chief. It was then about half-past seven o'clock.

At eight, he received a letter from the Emperor, saying "General, you cannot give your resignation, because we must ~~try~~ and save the army by an honorable capitulation. I cannot, therefore, accept your resignation. You have done your duty to-day, continue to do it, you will render a real service to the country. The King of Prussia has accepted an armistice, and I am waiting his propositions."

If General De Wimpffen had known that the King of Prussia had not accepted a proposition for an armistice, but instead had received from Napoleon III an offer of surrender, his energetic character might have led him to some very radical decision. But Napoleon was careful to conceal from him the real state of the case. He had sent an *aide-de-camp*, the Count Reille, to carry to the King of Prussia a letter, in which he said that "not having been able to die at the head of his troops, he placed his sword at the feet of His Majesty." That he was not able to die at the head of his troops was due to the care with which he secluded himself in his hotel during the whole afternoon.

Of how much avail he could have been at the head of his troops may be judged from the fact that he did not even know what German armies he was confronted with. When he met the King of Prussia he began talking about the army of Friedrich Karl. The old

King remarked that he did not understand the observation of his Imperial Majesty. "It is," he said, "the army of my son that you have been fighting to-day."

"But where, then, is Friedrich Karl?" said the Emperor.

"Blockading Metz with seven army corps," was the answer of the King.

The story goes that King William sent down to Sedan, after the reception of Napoleon III's letter, a certain Bavarian lieutenant-colonel, a veritable dandy, tall, thin, wearing gold-bowed spectacles. This gentleman, as, in company with the French officers who had brought Napoleon's letter, he had reached a point just outside the Prussian lines, was not a little startled by the explosion of a shell from the German batteries, which fell scarcely ten yards from him. He brushed the dust from his clothes, and turning to the French officers, said, "Gentlemen, I beg a thousand pardons for this lack of courtesy on the part of our artillery-men. Our batteries certainly could not have seen the white flag." This "lack of courtesy" cost two poor soldiers their lives, and the officers saw them carried off on "ladders" made of crossed muskets. This Bavarian officer, Von Bronsart by name, took back to the King of Prussia from Sedan Napoleon's formal offer of capitulation.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX



The Quarrel between Ducrot and De Wimpffen — The Interview with the Conquerors — The Question of Alsatia Raised — Divergence of Opinion between Bismarck and Von Moltke — The French Council of War — Nipokon's Departure from Sedan — Nipokon as a Prisoner — Bismarck's Interview with him — Over the Battle-field — Singing a Appraisal of the Dead — King William on the Field — His Meeting with Nipokon — The M's in the Bonaparte History

WHEN the brave General De Wimpffen discovered that he had been deceived by the Emperor he went at once to the Imperial head-quarters and demanded an audience. He was told that this was impossible, as His Majesty was in conference with the Prince Imperial.

Thus the General knew to be a lie, as the young Prince had been for two days at Metz. Besides this was not a time for equivocation, so he cried out angrily that he must see the Emperor at once, and at last he succeeded in passing all the guards.

As soon as he entered the Imperial presence he said, "Sure, if I have lost the battle, and been conquered, it is because my orders have not been executed, because your generals refused to obey me."

No sooner had he said these words than General Ducrot, who was seated in a dark corner of the room, and whom General De Wimpffen had not seen when he came in, jumped up and stepped directly in front of his commanding officer. "What do you say? We refused to obey you? To whom do you allude? Is it to me? Unfortunately your orders have been only too well executed. If we are on the brink of a frightful disaster, more frightful than anything we have ever dreamed of, it is your foolish presumption which has brought us there."

General Ducrot was in a terrible passion, and went on to say that if General De Wimpffen had not stopped his movement of retreat the French troops would now be safely at Metz, or, at least, out of the clutches of the enemy. Upon this, General De Wimpffen said that if that was the opinion of his friends, it was evident that he should no longer retain the position of commander-in-chief.

But here a fresh surprise awaited him. General Ducrot was not at all of his opinion. "You took command this morning, when there was honor and profit to be got by it. I did not stand in your way, though I might, perhaps, have done so, but, at present, you cannot refuse to keep it. You alone must shoulder the shame of capitulation."

"*Monsieur le Général Ducrot était très exalté*" says General De Wimpffen, in his account of the events at Sedan, and he was, perhaps, excusable for his excitement, for, to be appointed to the command of a great army on the morning of a battle, and, before one has time to get it into action, to be relieved of that command, is certainly enough to try the best of tempers. General De Wimpffen saw that he had a cross to bear, and that he might as well pick it up and go forward bravely with it. He was full of contempt for the feebleness of the Emperor's character in this critical moment, and did not hesitate to show

his feeling during the whole afternoon and evening

Nevertheless he went off, as he was ordered to do, to the German headquarters, where he found Count Von Bismarck and the venerable Von Moltke. He had taken with him General De Castelnau, one of Napoleon III's *aides-de-camp*, the mission of this gentleman being to ask for Napoleon personally the least unfavorable conditions. This interview has been reported in diverse versions by General De Wimpffen, General Ducrot, and by Bismarck himself. But all agree in saying that it was during a conversation at that time that the Germans first raised the question of the cession of Alsatia and of the German part of Lorraine. "After some preliminary remarks, Count Von Bismarck coming to speak about the probabilities of peace," says General De Wimpffen in his account, "declared to me that Prussia had a very firm intention of exacting not only a war indemnity of four milliards of francs, but more than that—the cession of Alsatia and German Lorraine. 'This is the only guarantee offered us, because France is always threatening us, and we must have as a solid protection a good advanced strategical line.'"

It is probable that a good advanced strategical line was of more importance in the eyes of the military and political authorities in Germany than the sentimental aspects of the Alsatian question. This cool statement of Bismarck—that he intended to wrest from France one of her fairest provinces and a goodly portion of another—was not at first taken seriously by the French populations. But, when they fully understood that it was the conqueror's wish to take Alsatia, a cry of horror and rebellion went up. It was this which made the feeling dur-

ing the rest of the war so terribly bitter on the part of the French.

Had peace been made at Sedan, and had the German armies retired without pursuing their march towards Paris, and without exacting territorial compensation, they would perhaps have been hailed by large classes of the French people as the deliverers of the country from the nightmare of the Empire. But the pride of the French was touched to the quick when Germany talked of taking Alsatia, and, reckless as it was to declare, as the government did later on, that France would not yield up a stone of her fortresses or a handful of her territory, the declaration represented the unanimous opinion of the nation at that moment. General De Wimpffen conducted himself with becoming dignity during this difficult and vexatious interview, and asked for his troops which had fought so well the conditions which had been given in days gone by to the garrisons of Mayence and Genoa and of Ulm, but Count Von Bismarck set this severe condition: "The French army must lay down its arms and be sent into Germany." Count Von Bismarck added that, if this condition were not complied with, fire would be opened at six o'clock in the morning. "Resistance," he told the unfortunate French delegates, "is quite impossible, you have neither food nor munitions, your army is decimated, our artillery is established in batteries around the whole town, and could blow up your troops before they could make the least movement of consequence." General De Wimpffen told the conquerors that France had not wished the war, that she was drawn into it by an agitation which was entirely on the surface, that the French nation was more pacific than the Germans were pleased to believe, that all its aspirations were

towards industry, commerce, art, and, possibly, a little too much towards well-being and luxury "Do not," he said, with significant emphasis, "force France to learn anew the trade of arms. If you exact only a just indemnity, and do not wound the patriotic fibre of France by asking for territorial cession, you will act well for the durable peace between our countries." But De Wimpffen, despite his eloquence, could obtain from the Germans no promise, save that the fire should be opened from the batteries at nine o'clock in the morning instead of six, if the conditions demanded were not complied with.

At this juncture the Emperor's *aide-de-camp* begged to be heard, and Count Von Bismarck said he was now ready to listen to him. "The Emperor," said General Castelnau, "charged me to make the observation to His Majesty that he had sent him his sword without conditions, and had personally given himself up absolutely at his mercy, but that he had acted so only in the hope that the King of Prussia would be touched by so complete a surrender, that he would know how to appreciate it, and that in consideration of it he would be good enough to accord to the French army a more honorable capitulation, to which it had won the right by its courage."

Count Von Bismarck thought a moment in silence, then he said, "Is that all?"

The General answered that it was.

"But whose is the sword that the Emperor Napoleon III has given up?" said Bismarck. "Is it the sword of France, or is it his own particular sword? If it is that of France, the conditions can be singularly modified, and your message would have a very grave character."

"It is only the sword of the Emperor," said General De Castelnau.

At this point, according to the recital of General De Wimpffen and numerous other French versions, Count Von Moltke broke out quite joyfully "In that case, nothing is to be changed in the conditions," and he added, "the Emperor will naturally obtain for his person whatever he is pleased to ask for." The French officers thought there might be a secret divergence of opinion between Count Von Bismarck and Count Von Moltke, that the diplomat was not sorry to see the war nearing its close, while the General, on the contrary, was anxious to continue. The French delight in picturing Von Moltke as a sinister and cruel old man, whose ambition is tempered in no sense by mercy, and who, to justify one of his mathematical calculations, would wade breast high in blood.

When General De Wimpffen went back to the half-crazed inhabitants of Sedan they got down upon their knees to him and clutched his garments, and begged him not to sign the surrender. It was one o'clock in the morning on the 2d of September when he knocked at the Emperor's door. The Emperor had gone to bed. Outside, the chain of hills was covered with corpses, the burning village of Bazailles sent up its smoke to heaven, the French flag was dishonored, the enemy's invasion was triumphant, the road to Paris was open, the Empire was lost, but the Emperor had gone to bed.

At six o'clock in the morning General De Wimpffen called a council of war of the generals commanding army corps, those commanding divisions, and those at the head of the artillery and engineer corps forming a part of it. The commanding general briefly told his comrades

the result of his mission "From the very first words of our conversation," he said, "I recognized that Count Von Moltke, unfortunately, had a complete knowledge of our situation, and that he knew very well that the army was out of food and munitions. Count Von Moltke told me that during the whole battle of yesterday we had fought an army of two hundred and twenty thousand men, which had surrounded us on all sides. 'General,' he said, 'we are disposed to give your army, which has fought so well to-day, the most honorable conditions, but they must be amenable to our government's policy. We demand the capitulation of the French army. It must be prisoner of war. The officers shall keep their swords and their personal property. The weapons of the soldiers must be deposited in some specified place in the town, to be given up to us.'" General De Wimpffen then asked his comrades if they thought it was possible still to go on with the fight. The majority answered no, two Generals only expressed the opinion that the army should either defend itself within the fortress, or cut its way out at all hazards. They were told that the defense of Sedan was impossible, because of the lack of food, that the roads and streets were so crowded with soldiers and baggage and ammunition wagons that if the enemy's fire were brought to bear upon the town there would be frightful carnage, without any useful result, and so the two officers went over to the majority.

Shortly after this council of war broke up there was a murmur in the crowd, and a carriage made its way slowly through the throngs. This carriage contained the Emperor with three Generals, who were conversing with him in subdued tones. The Emperor was in uniform,

wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. He was quite pale, but betrayed no emotion, and his attention was absorbed by a cigarette, which he was tranquilly rolling. For a moment after the carriage had appeared it seemed as if the crowds of soldiers and citizens who were thoroughly enraged against the Imperial occupant of the vehicle were about to spring upon the author of their woes and tear him to pieces, but no one made a movement. A footman in green livery pushed his way insolently through the masses. Behind the carriage came grooms covered with gold lace and braid, in fact, the Emperor went to his imprisonment in the same style with which he used to arrive on the lawn of Longchamps on the day of the Grand Prix.

One single voice cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" A citizen threw himself in front of the horses, seized by the legs a corpse which was stretched in the middle of the street, and dragged it hastily aside. Napoleon passed on to his surrender.

At ten o'clock General De Wimpffen returned to the Prussian head-quarters, and there found Napoleon, who had not yet been able to see the King of Prussia, and who was waiting for the signature of the capitulation before he could have his interview.

Although the terms of this most important surrender of modern times have been often published, it may be well to quote them here.

PROTOCOL

BETWEEN THE UNDERSIGNED—

The chief of the general staff of His Majesty King William, Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, and the General Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, both furnished with full powers from their Majesties King William and the Emperor Napoleon, the following convention has been concluded—

ARTICLE 1 The army placed under the orders of General De Wimpfen being at present surrounded by superior forces about Sedan is a prisoner of war

ARTICLE 2 Considering the valorous defence of this army, exception is made for all the generals and officers, as well as for the special employés having the rank of officers, who will engage their written word of honor not to bear arms against Germany and to act in no manner against its interests up to the close of the present war. Officers and employés who accept these conditions shall keep their arms and their personal property

ARTICLE 3 All other arms, as well as the material of the army, consisting of flags, eagles, cannons, horses, army equipage, munitions, etc shall be delivered up at Sedan to a military commission appointed by the commander-in-chief, to be given over immediately to the German commissioner

ARTICLE 4 The fortress of Sedan shall next be given up in its present condition and not later than the evening of the 2d of September, and placed at the disposition of His Majesty the King of Prussia

ARTICLE 5 Officers who do not make the engagement mentioned in Article 2, as well as the disarmed troops, shall be conducted away as prisoners classed with their regiments and corps and in military order. This measure will begin on the 2d of September and finish on the 3d. This detachment will be conducted on to the banks of the Meuse, near Igny, there to be handed over to the German commissioners by their officers who will then give the command to their sub-officers. Military physicians, without exception shall remain behind to take care of the wounded

Given at Fresnois, the 2d of September, 1870

Signed

DR WIMPFEN
VON MOLTKE

This was the end of the military history of the Second Empire

"This surrender," says the eminent German writer Von Wickedé, "is the most important known in military history. It is a greater one than that of the Saxons at Königstein, of the Prussian General Fink, at Mayence, in the Seven Years' War, of the Austrian Gen-

eral Mack, near Ulm, in 1805, of the Prussian General Prince Hohenlohe, at Prenslau, in 1806, of the French General Dupont, in 1809, at Baylen, or of the Hungarian General Goergey, in 1849, at Villagos." The French, in short, gave up to the enemy at Sedan the Emperor, one French marshal, thirty-nine generals, two hundred and thirty officers of the general staff, two thousand and ninety-five officers, eighty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-three sub-officers and soldiers, four hundred field-pieces, one hundred and eighty other cannon, and thirty thousand quintals of powder. The Germans did not succeed in attaining this result without the vigorous employment of two hundred and forty thousand troops, assisted from first to last in the most intelligent manner by the operations of a tremendous artillery corps with five hundred cannon

Both Count Von Bismarck and King William have given to the world their impressions of the curious events of the 2d of September. Bismarck, in his report to the King of Prussia, written from Donchéry, says that General Reille came to him at six o'clock in the morning to say that the Emperor wished to see him, and had already left Sedan to come to him. Bismarck went forward about half way between Donchéry and Sedan, near Fresnois, to meet the Emperor. "His Majesty was in an open carriage. Beside him were three superior officers, while several others were on horseback near the carriage. Among these Generals, I knew personally Generals Castelnau, Reille, — Moisan, who seemed to be wounded, — and Vaubert. When I reached the carriage I got down from my horse, stepped up to the door, and asked what were His Majesty's orders. The Emperor expressed his desire to see Your Majesty. He ap-

peared to have thought Your Majesty was also at Donch  y. I told him that Your Majesty's head-quarters were at Vend  esse, three miles away. Then the Emperor asked if Your Majesty had fixed a place to which he could go, and what was my opinion about the matter. I answered that I had arrived here in complete darkness, that the country was, consequently, entirely unknown to me, but that I placed at His Majesty's disposition the house I occupied at Donch  y, and that I would leave it at once. The Emperor accepted my offer, and went on to Donch  y. But he stopped a few hundred paces from the bridge over the Meuse, leading into the town, before a workman's house, which was completely isolated, and he asked me if he could not stop there. Count Von Bismarck had this house examined, and found that it was a miserable hovel half filled with wounded and dying soldiers. But the Emperor halted there, and invited Bismarck to follow him into the house. There, in a little room, furnished with only a table and two chairs, the fallen Emperor and the successful diplomat had a conversation of an hour's duration. The Emperor insisted on his desire to get the best terms for the capitulation. Bismarck told him that he could not negotiate about such matters, as the military question had to be entirely decided between Generals Von Moltke and De Wimpffen, but he asked the Emperor if he was disposed to negotiate for peace. The Emperor said, as a prisoner, he was not in a situation to enter into negotiations. Bismarck then asked him what, in his opinion, was the representative power in France at that time, and the Emperor suggested the government existing in Paris, meaning the regency of the Empress with her advisers.

After a further conversation, in which Napoleon plainly saw that he had little to hope from the flexibility of his adversary, he went out and sat down in front of the house, inviting Bismarck to sit beside him. He then asked Bismarck if it were possible to let the French army cross the Belgian frontier, so as to be disarmed by the Belgians. "I had discussed this matter the previous evening," wrote Bismarck, "with General Von Moltke, I therefore refused to enter into this matter with the Emperor. I did not take the initiative in the discussion of the political situation. The Emperor only alluded to it to deplore the evil of the war, and to declare that he himself had not wished for war, but that he had been forced into it by the pressure of public opinion in France."

Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, the *ch  teau* of Bellevue, near Friesnois, was chosen as the place to receive the Imperial prisoner. Count Von Bismarck accompanied the Emperor thither, preceded by an escort taken from the King of Prussia's cuirassiers regiment. Here General De Wimpffen and most of the members of Count Von Moltke's staff were assembled, and here Napoleon remained until the capitulation was signed.

The old King of Prussia, who had been saluted everywhere throughout his army on the previous evening with the echoes of the national hymn, and with impromptu illuminations, went out at eight o'clock in the morning to look over the field of battle. As he arrived on the field he saw Von Moltke coming to meet him, and there learned of Napoleon's departure from Sedan. "About ten o'clock," he says in his account, "I came out upon the heights near Sedan. At noon, Count Von Moltke and Bismarck came to me with the treaty of capitulation. At

one o'clock, I started with Fritz (the name by which he always mentioned the Crown Prince) escorted by the cavalry of the general staff. I got down from my horse in front of the *château*, and the Emperor came out to meet me. The interview lasted about a quarter of an hour. We were both very much moved by meeting under such circumstances. I cannot express all I felt when I remembered that three years before I had seen the Emperor at the very height of his power."

After this brief interview, the old King, followed by his brilliant staff, continued his journey across the battlefield. From Bazailles to Ill, the hills and the fields were literally covered with dead men. Everywhere were dismantled cannon, broken guns, pillaged *baggage* sacks, ruined drums, here in the fields of beet-root or in the lines between the gardens, were heaps of men with their heads blown into fragments or their entrails escaping from gaping wounds in their abdomens. Here were men who had been struck dead in the act of kneeling to fire their guns, and a writer, who went over the field of battle on this day, says that many of the corpses occupying still in death the attitude of life made the field of battle resemble a field peopled with wax figures. A visitor went up to a captain of the Twentieth of the French line, who was seated at the foot of a tree, holding his head in his hands, and apparently bending over a letter which he was holding open. The visitor touched the man on the shoulder, and the body fell forward. The officer had been dead for hours.

Those who have been witnesses of a great battle, or who have been over a battle-field shortly after the collision, remember how they shrink instinctively from the first spectacles of horror, but

how readily they became accustomed to the evidences of carnage, and how, little by little, a thirst for the accumulation of honors stole upon them. One becomes rapidly accustomed to the sight of piled-up heaps of corpses, to the carcasses of horses torn and harrowed by shell and by bullets, to the village street with its evidences at every step of a sanguinary, hand-to-hand encounter, and to the little rivulets into which the blood has poured so as to turn their gurgling currents a pale-red. On the field of Sedan, death was in hundreds of cases hideous, and beyond description, for the shell-fire had been something more terrible than was known in any previous modern battle. Hundreds of heads were torn off, limbs were rent from their bodies, brains were scattered on the ground. Down by Bazailles, companies had been literally torn to pieces.

The French, for a long time after the battle of Sedan, published horrible tales of the massacre of women and children in Bazailles by the Bavarians, and continued to assert that hundreds of innocent persons were burned alive when the village was set on fire. That there was a frightful carnage in and about Bazailles, no one would presume to deny, but that the Germans deliberately burned any of the inhabitants is not susceptible of proof. General Von der Tann felt called upon to defend himself and his troops from the charge of supreme cruelty which had been brought against him, and his official report shows that, out of the total civil population of Bazailles during the fight, the number of dead, wounded, and disappeared was thirty-nine, and the only persons burned or suffocated during the conflagration were two bedridden women, three men, and three children.

General Von der Tann is the personage who, when he was asked by his

Bavarians if they might sack a certain town in the south of France, in the Lône district, where they had been rather roughly handled, answered, "Sack it moderately ' Sack it moderately " I was told this at Versailles by a person who heard it said

On the 3d of September, at seven o'clock in the morning, the fallen Napoleon set out from the Château of Bellevue for Germany by way of Belgium His road led him past the most frightful part of the battle-field, and he must have been struck with the irony of destiny when he remembered that not a great many years before he had affirmed in a speech in a French city that the Empire meant peace The greeting of the Emperor on his way through Belgium was, on the whole, cordial, and he was repeatedly cheered, though in one or two cities he was hooted He arrived in Bouillon at five o'clock in the afternoon on the 3d of September, and from thence went by rail to Liege, Cologne, and Cassel, where the beautiful castle of Wilhelmsheide had been made ready for him Among the Generals who accompanied him into his captivity were Generals Douet, Lehmann, Castelnau, De Reille, De Vaubert Prince Ney, Prince Murat, Prince Moskowa, and twenty other officers of various grades A number of high Prussian officers were also in his train His servants, carriages, and about eighty-five horses followed in a separate train The carriage in which the Emperor travelled to his captivity was simply a saloon belonging to the Luxembourg railway, and often used by the Prince of Flanders It was divided into three compartments, one chief central saloon, and two small *coupés* The Emperor occupied one of the latter, and rarely left it during the journey He wore the

uniform of a French general, his breast was covered with a number of orders It was said that he had to borrow from the Prussian general who accompanied him to Cassel 10,000 francs, in order to give gratuities in the manner customary to emperors under any circumstances This was certainly a sad fall for a monarch who, three weeks previously, had enjoyed the largest civil list in Europe

The reception of the Emperor in Germany was respectful, though at Cologne the officers who accompanied him had to restrain the crowd, who were inclined to a hostile demonstration Some of the German papers remarked that Napoleon was treated with singular kindness by a people who had, through him alone, lost 150,000 sons, brothers, and husbands The papers were filled with joyful quips and jests, all bearing more or less upon the captivity of the Emperor At the beginning of the war a German sent two louis for King William's *Verem* for the wounded in Berlin, adding to his contribution these words, which became prophetic "I give two louis with a will to King William's good *Verem* He who will send the third *Louis* in is King William, I opine " This doggerel became very popular in Germany, and the *Verem* in time acknowledged the receipt of the third Louis

The selection of Wilhelmsheide, or William's Height, as a residence for the ex-Emperor during his captivity was the subject of much comment in the German press This is one of the most beautiful residences in Germany It is sometimes called the Versailles of Cassel The palace is a low but extensive building, full of beautiful works of art, paintings, tapestries, marbles, just as they were left by the Elector of Hanover in 1866, when he fell a prisoner to

King William of Prussia. It was here, too, that Napoleon III's uncle, King Jérôme, stayed during his sojourn in Westphalia from 1807 to 1813.

Jérôme had done much to make Wilhelmshöhe resemble Versailles. On Napoleon's arrival at the railway station at Cassel he was received with royal honors. A company of the Eightieth regiment of infantry saluted him just as they would have saluted the King of Prussia. The heads of the civil and military departments met him and gave him an official welcome. Napoleon looked weary and as if he suffered from liver complaint. His eyes were dull and his walk was heavy. A single hussar rode before his carriage as he was taken to the castle. Soldiers turned out and received him with drums sounding and presented arms. Dinner was laid for twenty persons, and Napoleon and his suite did ample justice to the viands spread before them. The King of Prussia sent down his own cook and first chamberlain and several of his servants from Berlin to Wilhelmshöhe, and all were ordered to pay the greatest attention to their guest. Here Napoleon seemed suddenly struck with old age. He passed entire mornings, now bent over in an easy-chair napping and musing, now in a long gallery of the conservatory, leaning upon a cane or on the arm of his faithful doctor, Combeau. As in the words of one who saw him at Wilhelmshöhe only a few days after his arrival there, he had grown old, weak, spare, and his hair was gray. The Napoleonic curl had disappeared, the characteristic Napoleon moustache had

lost its kink, and hung loosely down to the corners of the mouth. The man of the 2d of December had become the man of the 2d of September, after a reign of eighteen years, less one quarter, neither a day more



NAPOLEON III PRISONER AT WILHELMSHÖHL

not a day less, as old Nostadamus prophesied.

The German writers, indulging in various caprices about the war, discovered that it was not strange that *Moltke* should have vanquished Napoleon, because the letter M plays a great rôle in

the history of the Napoleons *Marbais*, say these plodding Germans, was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon I in the young military scholar *Marengo* was the first great battle of General Bonaparte, *Malus* cleared out of Italy before him, *Mother* was his favorite general. *Moreau* betrayed him, *Murat* was his first martyr, *Marie Louise*, the companion of his greatest fortune; *Moscow* his deepest abyss; and *Melleun* a diplomat whom he could not master *Massena*, *Mortier*, *Marmont*, *MacDon-ald*, *Murat*, and *Murcey* were among his marshals, and twenty-six of his division generals had M as the initial letter of their names His first battle was at *Montermolt*, his last, *Mont St Jean*, at Waterloo He won the battles of *Mides-*

nmo, *Mordovi*, *Marengo*, on the *Moskova*, *Mineil*, *Montepenn*, and *Montenau*. *Milan* was the first and *Moskova* the last place which he entered as victor At St Helena *Montholon* was his first chamberlain, and *Murichant* his companion. He lost Egypt through *Menon*, and took the Pope prisoner through *Meirolles* He was conspired against by *Mallet*, and three of his ministers were called *Maret*, *Montalivet*, and *Mallevu* His last residence in France was *Malmaison* Looking up the M's in the history of Napoleon III, the Germans begin with what they call the French defeats at Metz then the disaster at Sedan under *MacMahon*, then the generalship of *Moltke*, and so they go on in their innocent array of alliteration.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

A Solemn Situation — Return of the Exiles — The Spoils at the Tuileries — Advance of the Germans — The Military Strength of the French Capital — The Sixteenth Siege of Paris — Closing in — Curious Fights in the Capital — General Trochu's Review — A Visit to Asnières — Prisoners in Prison — The Fight at Châtillon — The French Retreat — The Occupation of Versailles — The Crown Prince of Prussia visits the Old Home of Louis XIV

A GREAT silence fell upon Paris for a few days after the declaration of the Republic. People came and went as if they were carrying heavy loads. The responsibilities of the moment weighed upon every one's shoulders alike. Men had awakened from a dream, and were facing a harsh reality, the enemy was in front and civil war, despite the greatest vigilance and adroitness on the part of the political managers, was beginning to appear in the background. "France," said a writer in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," in describing these days, "has taken possession of herself once more, without battle, without bloodshed, and by a kind of sudden effort of patriotism and despair in presence of the enemy."

Gambetta's proclamation announcing the formation of the government of National Defence was received with general favor, but without much applause in Paris. The great capital had spent all its enthusiasm on the day of the 4th, Marseilles went wild with joy, Montpellier, Havre, Valence, Nantes, and Lyons gave themselves up to rejoicings, which were perhaps reasonable enough, as all these cities fancied that Paris would now take "the deliverance in hand," and would carry it triumphantly to a close. The city of Lille sent a despatch to the capital saying that the population of Paris had deserved well of the country. Gambetta

sent the new representative of the people to penetrate into besieged Strasbourg and take his place there as prefect of the Republic. Victor Hugo came home from exile, and had a temperate ovation at the Northern railway station, where he had made a speech saying that "Paris could never be captured by assault," and it is noteworthy that the Prussians did not try to demonstrate the untruth of this remark. The old poet had said, before his return, "I shall inscribe myself as a national guard in the ward where I shall take up my abode, and I will go on to the ramparts with my gun on my shoulder." He brought back with him the almost old-fashioned phraseology, which was considered so vigorous and manly when he left France after the *coup d'État*. In his train came the other men who had been proscribed during the reign of Louis Napoleon, Edgar Quinet and Louis Blanc, whose first visit was to Jules Favre, who had been instrumental in getting him sent into exile. The more enlightened Radicals forgot their own quarrels with the moderate Republicans, and rallied with them to the defence of the country. The recognition of the new Republic by the minister of the United States was eminently gratifying to the little group of deputies who had undertaken so formidable a task.

A committee was intrusted with the

examination of the great number of private papers found in the palace of the Tuileries and was instructed to publish them for the information of the public. But the papers found had no relation to the mysterious scandals or the social dramas so frequent under the Empire. The committee discovered that in Napoleon's library an elaborate memoir destined to enlighten the Emperor of the French on the state of the military forces of the Confederation of the north of Germany had scarcely been touched, but that Roman medals, bits of history and inscriptions, calculated to figure in the work on Cæsar with which the Emperor had amused himself, and romantic projects like that for annexation of Belgium, had absorbed the Imperial attention. In the library of the Empress the evidence of the ultra-clerical turn of her mind was to be found on every hand. The bones of saints and pious relics were hung upon the walls, and contrasted strangely with the painted ceilings filled with Cupids and figures of gods and goddesses. The works of Proudhon were side by side with the fantastic romances of the eighteenth century or severe treatises on religious duty. "There was," says a French writer, "a curious mixture of rice-powder and incense in the Empress's boudoir, quite characteristic of this Spanish piety."

All this time the Prussians were coming rapidly on, and provincial troops were pouring into Paris the only great rallying point now left. These country folk,—the Bretons, the Bourguignons, in their blue blouses, the stalwart men of Auvergne, and the lithe and snawy children of the south, felt a new confidence as they set their feet within the walls of the capital. For how could it be taken? Had it not sixteen hundred regular siege-guns? and could not five thousand can-

non, if necessary, be mounted on its walls? "A simple line of soldiers placed outside the reach of the guns, and parallel to the outer works," said the military authorities, "would require ninety-six thousand men!" How then could the Prussians bring up a force tremendous enough to establish a siege of Paris? The city was divided into five great military centres internally, and each of these centres was in itself a detached fort. Within and without, the noble citadel was strong. Besides, could not the hundreds of thousands of men within the walls swoop out by night and crush the daring invader? It was evident that before the walls of Paris the country was to be avenged. Whether on the side towards the Maine—where were the formidable redoubts of Noisy, Martreuil, Boissière, and Fontenay, and where the famous camp of St. Maun was entrenched, whether away beyond on the corner made by the junction of the Seine and the Marne, where stood the proud fort of Charenton, including within its walls a space for the encampment of two hundred thousand men, or whether, again, upon the southward line, on the left bank of the Seine, where stood in stout brotherhood the forts of Ivry, Bicêtre, Montrouge, and Vanves, or, yet again, upon the western line, strong by nature, and stronger still with its proud Mont Valerien, the prince of Parisian strongholds, controlling all the country round about—there might be an attack, there seemed no cause for apprehension. Here was a grand "circumference line," thirty miles long, around which there was complete telegraphic communication, and from which there were subterranean passages for sorties.

Citizens and the soldiers felt a kind of joy in the prospect of the coming conflict, and never dreamed of failure.

General Trochu began to talk about the "useless mouths," and to send out of the city day by day large processions of vagabonds, of suspected persons, of women and children who were likely to fail of means of support. Every one who remained was expected to contribute heartily to the sturdy defence, and, possibly, to offensive movements.

This was the sixteenth siege of Paris. In the year 53, B C, Labienus, the energetic lieutenant of Julius Cæsar, laid siege to the island on which the Lutetians had built the Paris of that day, and so worried them that, after a time, they burned their town and retired as best they could. Five hundred and thirty years after this siege the Romans held the town and Chluderie, the first chief of the Franks, cast covetous eyes upon the long rows of noble buildings spread out on either bank of the Seine, and by-and-by, he laid siege with success. Then came the Normans in 865; and they pillaged church and monastery, and threw many of the inhabitants into the flames. Driven out they came again shortly after, and this time, the Parisians repeated the trick of their forefathers, the Lutetians,—they burned their own town, and retreated. Once more, in 861, an enormous band of Norman brigands arrived to pillage Paris, besieged it, and took it but found little therein. About this time, the idea of extensive fortifications arose, and walls were built in haste, but before they were completed, back came the persistent Normans, with an army of thirty thousand men, and laid a siege which lasted two years. As the Normans were about to retire, Charles le Gros capitulated, to his own dreadful disgrace, and made a shameful peace, whereupon he was impeached and lost his throne.

In 1358 the Dauphin tried in vain to take Paris, and in the following year the King of England tried, and had also to give it up. But in 1425 the English had better success, and Lutetia bowed her neck to them for fourteen years. In 1427 Charles VII tried to reconquer the city, but the English laughed him to scorn. In 1462 the Duke of Burgundy ravished all the country around, and sat down to a siege, but had poor luck. In 1464 the Comte De Charolais surrounded the city with his men-at-arms, but soon went away crestfallen. In 1536 Charles Quint, the then king, battered down the walls. Under Henry III and Henry IV Paris sustained the world-renowned siege of 1593, and in 1811 the allies, after a short delay outside the gates, stumbled at their own sweet will through the avenues of the town.

One of the sights in the gardens and public parks during these few days, between the declaration of the Republic and the final investing of the city, was the daily drill of the citizens. Thousands of men dressed in their every-day clothes, with blue sashes tied about their waists, and numbers on their breasts, went awkwardly, but with great determination through the military evolutions under the directions of angular sergeants, who never smiled, no matter how ridiculous the butcher and the baker looked in their soldier clothes. The National Guard, in its stiff, tall hats, and its blue uniforms, daily did twelve hours' duty on the fortifications. The hotel-keepers, the merchants, the tradesmen of all classes, shut up their shops, and renounced all idea of profit. The Tucores and the Spahis, some eighteen thousand strong, were praised and *spotted* wherever they went within the city. Hundreds of refugees from the environs of Boulogne, fugitives from Sedan, people who

were half-starved, covered with dust, and in many cases with mud, their garments in tatters, came staggering in. I saw men who had been without food for days, and who sobbed over the bits of bread. The most affecting spectacle was the daily arrival of the peasant families from the little towns around Paris. They came in by hundreds upon hundreds, General Trochu growling, and announcing his intention to pass them on through the city to a safer part of France. But, poor things! they never left the comfortable shelter of the walls when once within. They camped in sheds, in granaries, in railway carriages no longer in use, in *cafés*, which the proprietors generously offered them. There were ten thousand refugees from Strasbourg alone.

All the beggars drove a thriving trade in tricolor Republican "liberty-trees" and caricatures of the deposed Emperor. If a wounded soldier stopped on the street to talk, he was surrounded at once by hundreds of eager listeners, and he usually got a hatful of money. The populations refused to believe that MacMahon was not dead. The story that he was a prisoner was distasteful. On the Champ de Mars thousands of troops paraded, along the river opposite Trocadéro a huge stockade was placed, and on the heights of Passy fortifications bristled.

On the 14th of September General Trochu held a review, and the array of forces was certainly imposing. Even the Parisians, with their tendency to exaggerate the numbers of their defenders, had not believed that the town contained such a gigantic army. The line of troops extended from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bastille, and numbered three hundred thousand men. And what a chattering, motley, noisy line of troops it was! Every complexion and

every accent and dialect in France were represented. Jules Favre and the other members of the Provisional Government, as it was then called, had wished to accompany General Trochu as he rode along the line, but he had objected, and said, "You cannot ride, and you do not want to make yourselves ridiculous before the Parisians." *Si non é vero é ben trovato*, for Favre and Gambetta would have looked rather absurd canoeling before the National Guard and the Communists *in esse*. Immense crowds of women, all wearing the tricolor, and all babbling like magpies, followed the General and his staff, commenting and chaffing the workmen and the *bourgeois*, and indulging in lively curses upon the invading Prussians.

On the day after the review I went out at dusk to Asnières, to discover whether the bridges over the Seine were to be blown up, and I found thousands of men, half-naked, toiling on the outer works of the fortifications. As yet there was no water in the ditches, but it was only the work of a few hours to fill the moats. The walls looked more formidable than ever before. Here the approaches were distinctly difficult. As I arrived outside the walls the sunset had cast a certain glory on the western sky that threw everything into relief, except the dark outlines of the gigantic fort of Mont Valérien, and this rose through a kind of tremulous mist, frowning and sombre. The hills and woods beyond made a black background, into which the great mass of masonry slowly melted, and was lost to view. For the first time I realized that Paris is a fortified city. On whichever side I gazed I saw a grim, high wall, with a black-nosed cannon leering from its top, stretching away, and the sentinels prom- enading, — vainglorious cockneys, no

doubt, but willing to do their best for the defense of their country. Asnières was deserted; the pretty water-side villas were empty, there was nothing to eat in the town. I had to satisfy two or three venerable fanatics that I was not a spy, after which they told me that the Prussian Lancers had been seen the day before in the neighborhood of Bas Meudon and Sèvres, and that the treasures of porcelain had been brought in great haste from the factory at Sèvres into Paris.

Next morning, when I went out upon the street, I found all Paris in emotion. All my French friends were livid with excitement. The advance of the German army had appeared close to Paris, some Prussian prisoners had been taken, and were now on the streets, being paraded up and down. I went to see them. Near the Café Américain stood one of eight Uhlans, who had been dismounted, wounded, and captured. He had been allowed to retain his lance, as his captors fancied that this would give him an artistic flavor. The crowd, above which he towered like a Brobdignag, was enormous, and some of the market-women, who had been having a perpetual holiday since the declaration of the Republic, cried out: "Down with them! Death to them!" But no one offered violence. Some of the prisoners afterwards complained that they had had their decorations torn off, but none of them were hurt. The moment any one attempted to incite to bloodshed, a man would climb up to the nearest elevated point and "entreat his brethren not to bring disgrace on to the Republic," whereupon everybody would shout for order, and the amiable goddess, Reason, would resume her throne.

As soon as the Germans were signalled in the immediate vicinity, fires were set

in the forests as a warning to the populations that had not already retreated. This measure was misunderstood in Paris, and was attributed to the vandalism of the Prussians, and thousands of people flocked up to the heights of Montmartre to see the fires and to proclaim that the Prussians as they came in were burning all the villages right and left. In the wood of Montmorency, at Stams, and at Le Bourget, the fires raged for hours. All along the route from Drancy to Bondy, innumerable small fires, like ground stars, were twinkling. The rumors were magnified as they drifted down from the heights of Montmartre to the grand boulevards, and the Parisians went to rest that night convinced that the Prussians had burned at least a hundred towns, whereas they had really burned nothing at all.

On the 15th, as a passenger train rolled into the station of Senlis, it was taken by the Prussians. On the same day, near Chantilly, another train was shot at by Prussians posted along the line, and in the afternoon the governor of Paris received a despatch from Vincennes, saying that the advance-guard of a large German column had been seen between Cretail and Neuilly on the Marne. This looked very much as if Paris would shortly be invested.

On the 16th the Orleans line was cut. On the 17th a Prussian detachment crossed the Seine at Chouilly-le-Roi, on the 18th a strong column crossed the river at Villeneuve St Georges. Here there was an encounter, which the journals of Paris at the time called the first battle near the capital. I found, on the evening of the 18th, that I had to choose between imprisonment in Paris during the siege, and the chances of witnessing the operations from without. I determined to visit the lines in front of

Strasbourg, and then, if possible, to make my way through the occupied country, to the German head-quarters, a trip which, I thought, would occupy at best three or four days, but which proved much longer and more difficult than I had imagined.

I left Paris on the evening of the 18th by one of the last trains which went out of the capital, and the last words I heard within the walls were "It will all be over in a fortnight. The Germans will be pushed back. They cannot resist the tremendous forces within the capital." I went to Rouen, from thence to Dieppe, thence to Dover, thence to Ostend, and so presently found myself again in Germany and on the way to Strasbourg.

If it had not been for the unfortunate affair at Chatillon, the prophecy which I heard as I left the walls of Paris might have proved true, but the rapidly advancing enemy, which ought to have received a severe check, was allowed to effect an easy victory in its endeavor to take the plateau of Chatillon, and it was not only successful in doing this, but it created a veritable panic among the poorly disciplined troops with whom it came into contact. On the 18th of September, General Ducrot, who had already escaped from the Prussian lines and got safely back to Paris, occupied, with four divisions of the infantry of the line, the heights of Villejuif and those of Meudon. In the evening, he made a cavalry reconnaissance to see what were the movements of the enemy. He was naturally anxious to hinder the Germans from continuing their march upon Versailles, which seemed to be their objective point. At daybreak on the 19th there was a general engagement, in which the division of General d'Erée took a part, sustaining some of the Franco-Tu-

who had attacked the German column as it was moving along the highway. The forests in the neighborhood of Sceaux, Bagneux, and Clamart had not been thinned away to allow of military movements, and the Germans readily found shelter there. "Ambuscaded behind the trees," says Claretie, "the Prussians fired exactly as they did at Forbach, directly into the masses of advancing French troops. The disaster was great. Some of our Mobile battalions fired into the 16th French line, while the Zouaves, formed out of the remnants of the regiments of the Ardennes, fled in disorder, panic-stricken, throwing away their guns, and dragging with them in this precipitate retreat the greater part of the army. A regiment of cavalry composed of cuirassiers, of carabiniers, of chasseurs, of gendarmes, a mixed regiment, which, in its picturesque amalgamation gave a melancholy idea of the few forces left to France—the regiment tried to stop the runaways. The artillery kept its position, and bravely answered the German batteries, but it was all in vain: the troops wavered and fled. From the heights of the redoubt of Chatillon, so hastily abandoned by us, the German batteries sent then shells into our disordered regiments."

M. Francisque Sarcey, the celebrated critic, who saw this retreat from the plateau of Chatillon, thus describes it: "I shall never forget the dolorous sensation which pierced my heart like a sharp arrow. Here was a retreat in all its hideousness. Soldiers of all branches of the service came disbanded, staggering, or in broken platoons, some without their haversacks or weapons, some still armed, but all stamped with the stigma of desertion. Ambulance wagons, masteless horses, broken ammunition carriages, strayed to and fro in a dis-

ordered crowd. On either side of the road, on the sidewalks, there was an enormous mass of women and children, anxiously asking about the survivors, or heaping reproaches and menaces upon the drunken and discouraged soldiery, because there were wretches in uniform who were intoxicated and who staggered along against the walls. Cries, songs, imprecations, laughter, weeping, the groans of the wounded and the oaths of the wagoners, and, over and above all, the indistinct growling of the crowd, the far-off thunder, like that of the ocean in days of tempest, was most impressive. We came back to Paris in despair. On the boulevards we heard that twenty thousand of our soldiers had been completely crushed by one hundred thousand Prussians, near Clamart, that the whole army had thrown away its weapons, declaring that it could fight no longer, and that the victorious troops were pursuing the retreating French.

The National Guards, furious, took the deserters by the collar, called them cowards, and carried them off with many blows from their musket-butts, to the police stations, or to the Place Vendôme. The exasperated crowd spat in the faces of the miserable men who had dishonored their uniform and the name of Frenchmen. There was a universal cry against the Zouaves and the Lancers, and their execution was clamored for.

Meantime the Prussians had installed themselves in Versailles. They had surrounded the old town on all sides from a distance, as early as the 18th, and the Uhlans had had confided to them the task of discovering the condition of the town, and entering it for a requisition. The enemy appears to have had a very correct estimate of the number and quality of the forces there, and to have determined to have the head-quarters

of one of its armies at Versailles, both for the romance and the practical advantage of the thing. The Mayor of Versailles, rejoicing in his new-found Republican dignity, was assembling the wise men of the place for a parley concerning precautionary measures, on the morning of the 18th, when it was announced that three Hussars, each of whom wore a skull and crossbones on his cap, were outside the town, and desired to speak with His Honor the Mayor.

These bold horsemen came up through a long line of the National Guard, few of whom had any guns. But the Mayor refused to see them unless they could present the authority of some General; therefore they were withdrawn. Early the next morning an *aide-de-camp*, followed by a single horseman, came again to see the municipal authorities. He spent the greater part of the morning in conversation with the Mayor, representing to him the uselessness of resistance. But his talk emphatic though it was, perhaps did not produce so much effect as the thunder of the cannon, which was now heard between Versailles and St. Ouen. This cannonading appears to have convinced the good Mayor that there was a large Prussian army at hand, and he was wavering between capitulation and a hopeless resistance, when there suddenly arrived from the same direction as the *aide-de-camp* a captain of engineers also an aid of the General commanding the Fifth Prussian corps. The keys of the magazines, in which provisions and forage were stored, were now given up, and by this time cannonading was heard on the farm of Villa Coublan, only a very short distance from Versailles. This noise came from General Vinoy's valiant attempt to defend the heights of Meudon, — an attempt which was unsuccessful. The railway trains, to and

from Paris had been suspended the day before. About noon the Mayor appeared before the gate at the end of the Avenue de Paris, and read the text of the capitulation of the city and the forces in it. A striking passage in this document was that strictly specifying that all monuments in the historic town should be respected. The French probably remembered the furious tilt of the Prussians up the *Champs Elisés*, in 1814, and how they broke the statues at Malmaison.

The enemy entered by the *Place d'Armes*, the *Rue St Pierre*, the *Avenue de St Cloud*, and the road from *St Germain*, the inhabitants, overcome by curiosity, gathered in great crowds to see them.

All heads were uncovered as a little band of *Zouaves*, bareheaded and wounded, made prisoners, just at the close of the fight, were hauled along by the dusty Germans, who were munching bread or unconcernedly smoking their pipes. There were a few cries of '*Cinq*



FRENCH GUARD MOBILE IN THE CAMP OF ST MAUR

One of the Lieutenants of the National Guard, stationed at Versailles, was then invited to a parley with the Prussian General. He was obliged to pass over the field of battle, and, while there, he saw the Prussians lifting the wounded into ambulances marked, "*Hospital of Versailles, Palace.*" "*This for the Tuileries.*" etc. The effect of this upon him can better be imagined than described. He next saw the immense Prussian column filing away from the positions it had succeeded in holding in the wood, and rapidly enter Versailles. There were about twenty-five thousand men in this column, although the French put the number as high as forty thousand. As

la République!" to which no objections were made, and in an hour or two, the spiked helmets of the Bavarians and their crests were seen throughout the woods and the gardens of Versailles. The city placed at the disposition of its captors twenty-six oxen, ten hogsheads of wine, and three hundred thousand francs' worth of grain and forage. Large numbers of the German troops passed directly out of the city to go forward to positions near *St. Germain* and *St. Cloud*; and others inaugurated an *extempore* feast, and, having goined themselves, took the usual precautions for their own safety and that of their captured goods.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Enemies Face to Face — Jules Favre and Bismarck at Ferrières — Personal Characteristics of the German Chancellor — His Notions about Peace — A Portrait of him by Favre — His Opinion of Napoleon III — "He Deceived Everybody" — The Caustic Terms Demanded of France. — The Force of Censure — M. Favre considers his Mission at an End

DURING those terrible days of the 18th and 19th of September, days which brought such anxiety, and were full of so much bitter suspense for Paris, an interview destined to prolong the resistance of the great capital, and to give it the character of implacable fierceness which it gradually assumed, had taken place. Jules Favre had been selected for the difficult and delicate task of advancing to meet the victorious enemy, and soliciting from it such concessions as might render the lot of the conquered more tolerable.

We heard M. Favre much criticised in those days, and especially by those who were anxious to found upon the ruins of the government of which he was a member a tremendous insurrection, and a social revolution. At the close of the war, too, when hearts were still very sore, Jules Favre was condemned by many because he had not been able to meet the triumphant Bismarck with that unruffled demeanor assumed by M. Pouyer-Quertier when that eminent financier and economist came into contact with the Prussian Chancellor. Pouyer-Quertier, it was said, rather staggered the coolness of Bismarck: met him on his own ground, assumed the swagger that the great man affected when he was in France, and drank with him his atrocious mixtures of lemonade and white wine, keeping his head when other Frenchmen would have succumbed.

Jules Favre approached the Prussians with the feeling that neither he nor his colleagues were in any respect blameworthy for the declaration of the war, and that the terrible condition in which the French nation now found itself was due solely to the incapacity of a régime which he and his followers had always condemned. He therefore neither felt the shame nor the revolt of pride by which an Imperial envoy would have been agitated under the circumstances, but he was a true patriot, and, as such, his heart was torn with grief which he could not conceal. The war, if the victorious Prussians now chose so to consider it, was at an end. The government which had declared hostilities was overthrown, the enemy had successfully vanquished the most aggressive of the French forces, and virtually held a great part of the country at its mercy. To precipitate the horrors of the siege upon a population of two millions of persons, upon hundreds of thousands of helpless women and children, upon the vast numbers of people who lived from hand to mouth, and who could not be expected to have provision for the long months of inaction during investment, was a responsibility which neither M. Favre nor his friends felt that they could meet without an effort to disengage themselves.

So on Sunday, the 18th, Jules Favre set out in pursuit of Bismarck. He had

much difficulty in discovering that illustrious diplomat. When once outside Paris, he was himself quite lost. Lord Lyons' courier had stated in Paris that the German head-quarters was at Lagny, and would be moved next day. Lord Lyons himself told M. Favie that Bismarck was at Grosbois. M. Favie, therefore, made a pretext of a visit to the fort near the Charenton gate, and so had got out of town without exciting the suspicions of the jealous National Guards, who were already beginning to assume a menacing attitude with regard to the newly constituted government. Presently M. Favie, accompanied by two or three other officials and a French staff officer, came to the last village occupied by the French troops. All the houses round about had been abandoned by their inhabitants.

A priest came from a church near by to warn M. Favie that he would be made prisoner if he went on, but the little troop set forth across the deserted country, and, after an hour's march, they came to some German soldiers posted on either side of a long, tree-bordered alley. Here the French officer had his eyes bandaged by the enemy, and as soon as the soldiers learned who M. Favie was and what he wanted, an escort took him and his companions to Villeneuve St. Georges, where, M. Favie tells us, he was ushered into a deserted house, and a guard was placed at his door, with orders under no circumstances to let him go out. That evening M. Favie was the unwilling guest of a German General, who did his best to be civil to the Republican envoy, and, meantime, M. Favie dictated a polite note to Count Von Bismarck, who was then at Meaux. An officer set off post-haste for Meaux with the message, and the officer came back at six o'clock on the morning of the 19th. In his answer,

Count Von Bismarck stated his willingness to receive M. Favie, and promised him safe conduct through the lines. But it was not until late in the afternoon that the two diplomats met. The head-quarters had been hastily moved from Meaux to the magnificent château of the Rothschilds, at Ferrnières; and Count Hatzfeldt, Bismarck's private secretary, was sent to hunt up M. Favie, and tell him of the change.

"So we turned back upon our steps," says M. Jules Favie in his "simple recital" of the events of the war. "When we reached the little village of Monty, we were forced to stop there: our team could go no farther. We found two peasants wandering about the ruins of a farm, which, they told us, had been *pillaged three times*, so that they had nothing left. Everything, even to the sills of the windows, had been destroyed. We sat down on a heap of rubbish. After waiting half an hour we saw three cavaliers, followed by an enormous vehicle, approaching. One of them, very tall, had a white cap with a large rosette in yellow silk. This was Count Von Bismarck. He dismounted at the gate of the farm, at which I stood to meet him.

" 'I regret,' I said to him, 'that I cannot receive Your Excellency in a place more worthy of him. Perhaps, however, ruins are not entirely without some relation to the conversation that I have had the honor to ask for. They show with eloquence the extent of the misfortunes to which I would like to put an end. We will, if Your Excellency will allow, try to install ourselves here 'to begin our conversation.'

" 'No,' said Count Bismarck; 'there is probably a house in a better condition somewhere in the neighborhood, and one that would be fitter for our conference.'

" 'Yes,' said one of the peasants, 'about ten minutes from here is the Château de la Haute Maison. I will show you the way there.' As they walked towards the château, Count Von Bismarck said, 'This spot seems as if it were made for the exploits of your Franks-Franks. The neighborhood is infested with them, and we hunt them down pitilessly. They are not soldiers, and we treat them like assassins.'

" 'But,' said M. Favie, with animation, 'they are Frenchmen, who are defending their country, their homes, and their hearth-stones. They rebel against your invasion, they certainly have a right to do so, and you override the laws of war in refusing their application to these Franks-Franks.'

" 'We can only recognize,' said Bismarck, 'soldiers who are under regular discipline—all the others are outlaws.'

M. Favie reminded him of the edicts published in Prussia in 1813, and the "Holy Crusade" preached against the French. "That is true," said Bismarck, "and our trees have kept the marks of the ropes with which your generals hung our citizens upon them."

When they reached the château they sat down in one of the rooms, but Bismarck was ill at ease. He said, 'We are very poorly placed here. Your Franks-Franks might get good aim at me through these windows, and' writes M. Favie, as I expressed my astonishment and my incredulity, 'I must beg you' continued he, 'to tell the people of this house that you are a member of the government, and that you order them to keep a strict watch, and that they must answer with their heads for any criminal attempt.'

After these little precautions, natural enough on the part of the Prussian Chancellor in an enemy's country, the

two gentlemen proceeded to business. M. Favie briefly stated that his situation and that of his colleagues were perfectly clear. They had not overthrown the Emperor's government. He had fallen by his own folly, and though they came to power as his successors, they only did it in obedience to supreme necessity. 'It is to the nation,' said M. Favie, 'that it belongs to decide upon the form of government that it wishes to live under, and on the conditions of peace. It is for that reason that we have called upon it for an expression of opinion, and I have come to ask you if you are willing that the nation should be interrogated, or if you are making war upon it with the intention of destroying it, or to impose a government upon it. In this case I must oblige to Your Excellency that we have decided to defend ourselves to the death. Paris and her forts can resist for three months. Your country naturally suffers by the presence of her armies on our territory, a war of extermination would be fatal to both countries, and I think that by a little good-will we can prevent further disaster by an honorable peace.'

Count Von Bismarck said that he asked for nothing but peace. Germany, for that matter, had not troubled peace. "You," he said, "declared war upon us without any motive, entirely for the purpose of taking a portion of our territory. In doing that, you had been faithful to your past. Since Louis XIV's time, you had never ceased to aggrandize yourselves at our expense. We know that you will never give up this policy. Whenever you get your strength back you will make war upon us again. Germany has not sought this occasion, but has seized upon it for her security, and that security can be guaranteed only by a cession of territory. Strasbourg is a

perpetual threat against us. It is the key of our house and we want it."

M Favie said

"Then, it is Alsace and Lorraine, Count Von Bismarck?"

"I have said nothing about Lorraine, but, as to Alsacia, I will speak plainly. we regard it as absolutely indispensable to our defence."

M Favie remarked that this sacrifice would inspire in France sentiments of vengeance and hatred, which would fatally bring about another war. Alsacia wished to remain French, that she might be conquered but could not be assimilated, and that the province would be a source of embarrassment and, perhaps, of weakness to Germany.

Bismarck said he did not deny this, but he repeated that, whatever might happen, and even if France were generously treated by the conqueror, she would still dream of war against Germany. She would not accept the capitulation of Sedan any more than that of Waterloo and of Sadowa. "All our country is in mourning, our industry is suffering greatly, we have made enormous sacrifices, and we do not mean to begin again to-morrow," he concluded.

M Favie endeavored to modify the harshness of Bismarck's opinions, asking him to bear in mind the great change in national manners since the beginning of the century, and that wars were, by modern science and by the obligation of international interests, rendered more and more impossible; that France had received a cruel lesson, by which she would profit all the more because she had been forced into this adventure against her will.

Count Von Bismarck objected to this, affirming that France wanted the war against Germany. He passed in review the old vindictive feeling, the attitude of

the Press, and the wallike enthusiasm in the *Corps Legislatif* when the declaration of war was made.

M Favie, having ventured rather timidly to inquire whether the Prussians were aiming at a Bonapartist restoration, Bismarck spoke out impetuously. "What concern of ours is your form of government? If we thought Napoleon most favorable to our interests, we would bring him back, but we leave you the choice of your internal administration. What we want is our own safety, and we can never have it without we have the key of the house. That condition is absolute, and I regret that nothing in it can be changed."

From this point the conversation took a sharper turn. M Favie continued to dwell upon the necessity of bringing the war to a close, and preventing the enormous losses which both nations must suffer if hostilities were prolonged. Bismarck insisted that all this had been foreseen by the Germans, and that they preferred to suffer it rather than to have their children take up the task. "For that matter," he said, "our position is not so difficult as you seem to think it is, we can content ourselves with taking a fort, — and no one of them can hold out for more than four days, — and from that fort we can dictate our terms to Paris."

M Favie cried out against the horrors of the bombardment of a huge capital filled with innocent and defenceless people as well as with soldiers. "I do not say," said Bismarck, "that we shall make an assault on Paris. It will probably suit us better to starve it out, while we move about in your provinces, where no army certainly can stop us. Strasbourg will fall on Friday, Toul, perhaps a little sooner; Marshal Bazaine has eaten his mules; he has now begun on

his horses, and pretty soon he will have to capitulate. After investing Paris, we can cut off all its supplies with a cavalry eighty thousand strong, and we have made up our minds to stay here as long as is necessary."

M. Favre continued to plead for the convocation of a French assembly with which the Germans could treat, and begged him, in the event of such a convocation to offer acceptable conditions and to make a solid peace.

Bismarck answered that an armistice would be necessary to do all that, and he did not want one at any price.

By this time it was quite dark, and the two gentlemen separated. Bismarck, as he was taking leave of Jules Favre, said, "I am willing to recognize that you have always sustained the policy that you defend to-day. If I were sure that this policy were that of France, I would engage the King to retire without touching your territory or asking you for a penny, and I am so familiar with his generous sentiments that I could guarantee his acceptance of such terms in advance. But you represent an imperceptible minority. You spring out of a popular movement, which may upset you to-morrow. We have no guarantee, therefore. We should not have any from the government which might take your place. The evil lies in the mercenary and unreflecting character of your country. The remedy is in the material guarantee that we have a right to take. You had no scruples about taking the banks of the Rhine from us, although the Rhine is not your natural frontier. We take back from you what was ours, and we think that we shall thus assure

train from indulging in a few personal impressions of Count Von Bismarck. "Although he was then," says the Republican Minister of Foreign Affairs, "in his fifty-eighth year, Bismarck appeared to be in the full force of his talent. His lofty stature, his powerful head, his strongly marked features, gave him at once an imposing and a harsh aspect, which was nevertheless tempered by natural simplicity, amounting almost to good-nature. His greeting was courteous and grave, absolutely free from any affectation or stiffness. So soon as conversation was begun he assumed a benevolent and interrogative air, that he kept up the whole time. He certainly looked upon me as a negotiator unworthy of him, but he had the politeness not to manifest this sentiment, and appeared interested by my sincerity. As for myself I was immediately struck by the clearness of his ideas, the rigidity of his good sense, and the originality of his mind. The absence of all pretence in him was not the least remarkable. I judged him to be a politician, far superior to all that had been thought of him, taking into account only what *was*, preoccupied with positive and practical solutions, indifferent to all which did not lead up to a useful end. Since that time I have seen much of him, we have treated many questions of detail together, and I have always found him the same. . . . He is fully convinced of his own personal value. He wishes to give himself entirely to the work in which he has had such prodigious success, and if, in order to carry it on, he must go further than he would like, or not so far as he could wish, he would resign himself to the situation. Nervous and impressionable, he is always master of his subject. I have

M. Favre, in giving an account of his mission to his colleagues, could not re-

often heard reports of his excessive sharpness, but he never deceived me. He has often wounded me. I have revolted against his exactions and his harshness, but, in great as in little things, I have always recognized him as straightforward and punctual."

The interview was resumed at Ferrières, in the evening. "I was received," said M. Favre, "in a great parlor on the ground floor, called the *Salle de Chasse*. The Prussian field-post was already established there. The registries, stamps, the letter-boxes were all arranged with the same precision as in Berlin. Everything went on without noise, without confusion, each one had his place. Bismarck was still at table. He came down to ask me to partake of his repast, which I declined. Shortly afterwards we began to converse together."

Among Bismarck's remarks that evening many were very noteworthy. He seemed to attach great importance to the violence of the French press, the offensive caricatures and raileries of Germany, and to draw from them the conclusion that the nation was persistently hostile, and could not be corrected in its sentiments. After a time, M. Favre, speaking with extreme frankness, accused the Chancellor of being the instrument of the Imperial party, which he had the design of imposing anew upon the French nation.

"You are entirely mistaken," said Bismarck. "I have no serious reason for liking Napoleon III. I do not say that it would not have been handy for me to have kept him in his place, and you have done a bad turn to your country by upsetting him. It would certainly have been possible for us to treat with him, but, personally, I have never been able to say much good of him. If he had wished it

we might have been two sincere allies; and we could have handled Europe at our will. He tried to deceive everybody so I trusted in him no longer, but I did not wish to fight him. I proved it in 1867, at the time of the Luxembourg affair. All the King's party clamored for war. I alone repelled the notion. I even offered my resignation, gravely injured my credit. I only mention these things to prove to you that the war was not my making. I would certainly never have undertaken it, if it had not been declared against us."

Then he gave M. Favre a picturesque account of the negotiations in which M. Benedetti played so disastrous a part, called the Duke of Gramont "a mediocre diplomat," said that Emile Ollivier was an "orator and not a statesman," finally, he added that if the Germans had any interest in maintaining the Napoleonic dynasty they would put it back at once, the same for the Orleans family, the same for M. De Chambord, who would be much more to their taste. "As for myself," said the Chancellor, "I am entirely out of the question. I am even a Republican, and I hold that there is no good government if it does not come directly from the people, only each people must shape itself to its necessity, and to the national manners."

The question of an armistice was again raised that evening, but no further progress was made than this, that Bismarck would consult the King, and that he personally wanted a guarantee for the neutrality of Paris during an armistice in which an assembly should be invoked.

The next day, at eleven o'clock, M. Favre anxiously waited the result of Bismarck's interview with the King.

"At half-past eleven," says M. Favre, "he sent me word that he was at liberty. I found him seated at a desk,

in a large and magnificent parlor on the first floor of the *château*. He came forward to meet me, and, leading me up to his desk, showed me the *Journal pour Rue* and another paper, which had not been placed there without a motive.

"Here," he said, "look at the proof of your pacific and moderate intentions!" and he showed M. Favre numerous caricatures representing Prussia in the most hateful shapes. After he had dwelt on this long enough to rouse M. Favre's temper, the latter said that he wished to come to the point at once. "You have spoken with the King, I would like to know the result of your conversation."

"The King," said Bismarck, "accepts an armistice under the conditions and with the object that we have agreed upon. As I have already told you we ask for the occupation of all the fortresses besieged in the Vosges, that of Strasbourg, and the garrison of that place as prisoners of war." This led to an animated discussion, which, at two or three points, was in danger of being interrupted by violence of feeling. On each of these occasions Bismarck would say, "Let us try a new combination, let us look for a combination."

M. Favre told him that the people of France would never consent to the surrender of the troops in the garrison of Strasbourg, in view of the heroic defense which they were then making. "It would be cowardly," he said.

Bismarck declared his willingness to talk over the matter again with the King, and went to do so. While the Chancellor was gone, M. Favre sat at a table and wrote out the substance of the conditions of an armistice as he had understood

Bismarck to lay them down. In a short time the Count returned, also with a written statement, and they compared notes.

M. Favre had set down as a guarantee given by Paris of her continued neutrality during the armistice these words: "A fort in the neighborhood of Paris."



BISMARCK (MILITARY) 1870

"That is not it at all," said Bismarck, quickly. "I did not say a fort, I might ask you for a number of forts. I want particularly one that controls the town, — Mont Valerien, for instance."

M. Favre made no answer. Bismarck continued. "The King accepts the combination of a meeting of the Assembly at Tours, for instance, but he insists that the garrison of Strasbourg shall be given up as prisoners of war."

At this point, by his own confession,

M Favre's courage broke down. He rose, and turned away his head, that the enemy might not see his tears. "But," he says, "it was the affair of a second, and, recovering my calm, I said, 'Forgive me, Count, this moment of weakness. I am ashamed to have let you witness it, but my sufferings are such that I am excusable for having yielded. I must now beg permission to retire. I have made a mistake in coming here, but

pulsion, and be here to-morrow, in the contrary case, I shall have the honor to write you. I am very unhappy, but full of hope.'"

Bismarck himself appeared somewhat agitated. He extended his hand to Favre, addressed him a few polite words, and M Favre turned his back upon the enemy.

He reached Paris just in time to hear the excited comments of his colleagues upon the shameful retreat of the French troops from Chatillon.

But the decision that Bismarck's terms were too harsh, and could not be accepted, was unanimous, and next day the Prussian Chancellor received a note, stating this fact.

On the evening of the 20th of September, the famous proclamation, in which the government of National Defense declared that it would yield to the enemy "neither an inch of French territory nor a stone of French fortresses," was posted on the walls of Paris, and on the 21st of September Gambetta, as Minister of the Interior, issued an address in which he reminded the people "That seventy-eight years before, on that day, their fathers had founded the

Republic, and had taken a solemn oath, in the presence of the invader, to live free or to die in combat. They kept their oath, they conquered, and the Republic of 1793 has remained in the memory of men a symbol of heroism and national grandeur. The government installed at the Hôtel de Ville, amid the enthusiastic cries of *Vive la République*, could not let this glorious anniversary pass without saluting it as a great example."



BISMARCK (CIVILIAN) 1864

I am not sorry. I obeyed a sentiment of duty, and nothing less than imperious necessity could have made me suffer the tortures imposed upon me. I shall faithfully report to the government all the details of our conversation. Personally I thank you for the kindness with which you have received it, and I shall remember it. If my government esteems that there is anything to do in the interest of peace, with the conditions you have laid down, I shall overcome my re-

So wrote Gambetta, who was so soon afterwards to undertake his mission of organizing the national defence in that part of the country as yet free from the invader.

For four months thereafter the city of

Paris suffered siege. Within the walls and without a constant succession of tragic and romantic events occurred. Let us now pass the most important of them in review.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Army of Strasbourg — General Flich and the Fortress which he had to defend — The Forts — The Cathedral — Fire and Bombardment — The Tyranny of the Mob — Immense Destruction — Loss of one of the most Valuable Libraries in the World — German Siege Tactics — The spectacle after the Surrender

WE have already seen that Jules Favre, in his report made to his colleagues of the government of National Defence, after his visit to Count Bismarck at Ferrières, spoke of the Chancellor as very stern in all his remarks about Strasbourg "It is the key of the house," said Bismarck, "and I must have it." Jules Favre was not slow to perceive that Bismarck meant by this that Strasbourg was to be comprised in the new Germany which he was carving out, with so much labor and at such an expense of blood and treasure. Time and time again, as the pitiless German laid down his conditions for the armistice which the French felt was necessary to their cause, the occupation of Strasbourg, of Toul, and of Phalsbourg was insisted upon in the sharpest terms. Once M. Favre lost patience, and said, "It is much more simple to ask us for Paris," but Bismarck, speaking of Strasbourg, said, "the town is sure to fall into our hands. It is no longer anything but a matter of calculations."

I went down from Frankfurt to Strasbourg in September, when the German bombardment had been in progress for some twenty days, and was no little surprised to find that I was only one of thousands of pilgrims. The inhabitants of Baden, Wurtemberg, and the sections in the neighborhood of the Rhine, looked on with grim delight at the steadily prosecuted operations for the recovery of the

city, which they regarded as belonging to Germany. Day after day the little German papers published extravagant announcements of the coming assault upon Strasbourg, — an assault which never came. At Appenweiler, where the railway branches off to Kehl and Strasbourg, I found the transportation of troops to and from the front in rapid progress, and the delays for civilians were interminable.

To travel through the lovely land in the peaceful September did not remind one much of war-time. The dark high lands of the Schwarzwald loomed up peacefully to the left, and on the right in the broad, fruitful valley of the Rhine, few soldiers were to be seen. At Rastadt there was a solitary sentinel, but on the broad plain before the town an immense number of earth works showed what tremendous preparation had been made for the French whose first entry into Germany was expected to be upon this vale, so often devastated in past times by French armies.

The people of Baden were so delighted at being relieved from the threatened invasion (for during the days following the battles of Weissenburg, Saarluck and Woerth they were in mortal terror that they emptied cellar and kitchen in order to bring the passing troops refreshments and to cheer them on to the fight. What the French might have done

Baden if they had been better prepared, it was easy to see, but they contented themselves with cutting the bridge over the Rhine and waiting the onslaught of their enemies.

A little rough riding in a peasant's wagon was necessary in order to get to Auerheim, whence the best view of "Strasbourg in flames," as the Badeners called it, was to be had. The journey occupied about two hours, across a well-cultivated country, and, although it was quite late, the villagers came out from all the sleepy little *doirs* to stare at the strangers who had come to see the bombardment. The scene was, indeed, worth a rough day's ride on the railway and the fatigue. At nightfall the whole sky above Strasbourg was illuminated by fires raging in one of the poorer quarters. It was a fearful sight to see, though the peasant driver said that a few evenings previous no less than half-a-dozen quarters had been blazing. The flames had been seen for over twenty miles. He also said that in Auerheim the screams and the lamentations of the inhabitants of Strasbourg were often heard. This sounded somewhat apocalyptic, but he insisted upon the truth of it, gesticulating with his long porcelain pipe as he pointed to the great tower of the cathedral, which loomed up vast and dim against the lurid background. Now and then a blaze of more than ordinary intensity was seen, denoting the fall of some building, and this would be followed by a momentary gloom. The regular booming of the cannon was faintly heard.

About ten at night we drove forward to the entrance of the little village of Auerheim, where there was a picket stationed. This picket halted the driver, but was easily pacified by cigars and small coins. The only hotel in the

village was occupied by officers, and the police had kindly issued orders that no strangers should be allowed to remain there over night, so, had it not been for the kindness of a neighbor, we should not have been able to secure our sixth of the one sleeping-room, with quarters on some doubtful straw. All night the village streets resounded with the hum of the voices of the peasants and strangers, who were coming and going on their excursions to the best points for seeing the conflagration. The following morning broke bright and fresh as spring, and I engaged my host to lead me as near as possible to the German batteries at Kehl. The little river Kinsig flows hard by, and from its high banks a good view of a portion of Strasbourg and of Kehl is obtained. The highest spire of the cathedral, four miles distant, was superbly illuminated by the glow of the morning sun. I had been told in Frankfort that it had been destroyed, and, indeed, the German officers confessed to me that it had been fired upon from Kehl, but only because the commandant of the city had persisted in making the platform at the foot of the single tower the place for an observatory. So accurately had the shot been sent that it had passed over the platform without damaging the tower. "This was," said my informant, "the only time the sacred edifice had been fired upon, and this was a case of necessity, since by this means the French commandant might have held communication with the mountains in the rear of the city, and overseen the entire movements made by the forces in Baden and Alsacia. The platform is two hundred and twenty-eight feet above the ground, commanding every part of the city and fortifications, and the mountain passes of the Black Forest and the Vosges."

The famous tower of the Strasbourg Cathedral reaches a height of four hundred and eighty-six feet above the pavement, and is, next to the Pyramid of Cheops, the highest edifice in the world.

The German guns were busy, although it was scarcely dawn, and were pounding away at the citadel, which lay nearer to them than the church, but the peasants were at work in their fields, or engaged with the hemp in the standing waters, and sentinels, with a business-like air, warned the visitors not to enter within the line of fire. Kehl was but a few hundred yards to our left, and the firing from the batteries there could be easily followed, the sound of the explosion of shells falling in the streets being distinctly heard, although we could not observe their effect, because of the long rows of poplar trees. Across the Rhine the Prussian batteries in Schiltigheim, Ruprechtsau, and Bischheim kept up a monotonous refrain. The officer with whom I was in conversation said that nearly five hundred cannon and mortars were in position, although at that moment the firing was very slack. Fifty thousand Baden and Prussian troops were constantly under arms, waiting for a breach to be made in the walls. They seemed to have little confidence in General Urich's defiant statement that he would hold the town so long as a soldier and a biscuit were left.

Strasbourg had at the time of the bombardment a population of over eighty thousand souls, half of whom were Protestants, and was justly considered the most important fortress in Alsacia, securing the latter's possession, and, in the hands of the French, being the base of operations for the campaign in Baden and the Palatinate. It was the farthest-most outpost in France towards the East, the protectoress of Alsacia, and the

watcher on the banks of the Rhine. Vanhan secured the possession of Alsacia to France by laying out a number of fortified places, forts, and citadels in the south, against Switzerland, Hunningen, which was raised in 1815, in the north, Weissenburg, and the so-called Weissen line, and the centre of the whole system of fortifications was Strasbourg. The chief disadvantage of the city as a military fort was the fact that it was on a plain. The German military authorities say that, had it been placed about fifty kilometres further back, somewhere in the neighborhood of Saverne, the declivities of the Vosges would have been a protection, and would have naturally given it a dominant position. The only means of getting a wide view from the town is by climbing the minster tower. The town's only advantage is that it has an entire command of the Rhine, though distant about seven and one-half miles, and situated on the Ill, one of the tributaries of that river. The Rhine is here divided into three arms, and Strasbourg itself is built upon an island formed by them. A canal connects the city with the Rhine, and, by obstructing the former, water is sent into the ditches of the fortress, thus making the city more capable of defense. The fortification system was generally thought to be excellent, especially the fortified *enceinte* and citadel. Towards the Vosges there was a strong line of defence, with two projecting bastions and two forts at the ends, in the north, Fort Pierre, and in the south, Fort Blanc. This part of the fortress was only entered by the railway and by the Saverne gate, the latter being well protected. The two side lines of the city, which is almost triangular in shape, were about equally protected. The southern one, from Fort Blanc as far as the cita-

del, was provided with natural protections. The ramparts were built on a level, cut by the Ill and the ditches, the entrance into the fortress being through the Hospital and the Austerlitz Gates. Behind the ramparts lay the forage magazines, the military prison, and the Austerlitz Barracks. The northern side, from Fort Pierre to the citadel, commanded the two suburbs of Robertsau and Les Contades, and a small island.

The citadel, built by Vauban in 1682-83, was separated by an esplanade from the city, and could contain defensive material for a number of months. But, as we have already seen, it was too poorly equipped with arms, artillery, etc. It was pentagonal in shape, provided with five bastions, had barracks for ten thousand men and fifteen hundred horses, and at the beginning of the siege is said to have had within its walls about four thousand National Guards, two thousand Gardes Mûbles, two thousand artillery, fifteen hundred men from regiments of the line, a great number of mules and Arab horses, which had been collected with the view of an expedition into Germany, and, upon its walls, had some three or four hundred rather antiquated cannon.

When the army of MacMahon had been defeated in the two battles of Weissenburg and Woerth, the commandant of Strasbourg was requested by Lieutenant-General Von Werder to capitulate. In truth a less brave man than General Ulrich might have hesitated to undertake the defence of a city which had for its garrison only the rabble of retreating liners, *chasseurs-à-pied*, artillery-men, and Turcos, who had been routed in the terrible night after Woerth, and had fled to the nearest fortress. The summons to surrender was issued on the 8th day of August. The reports of MacMahon's

defeat were sent to the commandant of Strasbourg, in the hope that he might be influenced to yield the town. But he had received the most encouraging promises of immediate aid from Paris, and to all the threats of bombardment and assault responded by a cool and continuous negative. General Von Werder at once began the bombardment. The town was invested upon the 12th of August, and for nearly forty days thereafter a rain of shell and shot from the iron throats of more than five hundred cannon fell upon the terror-stricken inhabitants. Commandant Ulrich sent word to the German commander that he felt called upon, as an act of reprisal for the bombardment of the city, of which he had not been notified, to direct his guns upon the little town of Kehl, which contains about two thousand inhabitants, most of the houses being small peasants' cottages. The Germans had one battery at a short distance to the left of this village, which was otherwise totally unfortified. In the little church were a number of wounded. From the roof the flag of the sanitary corps was floating.

The Germans were unanimous in saying that on this building the first shots of the French guns were directed, and that in a short time the church was set on fire. Had it not been for the heroism of the local farmers the wounded soldiers would have been burned alive. All the inhabitants of the village fled, leaving their houses and property unprotected. Many houses were blown to pieces by shells, and the public buildings were completely wrecked.

General Von Werder then sent a protest to the commander of Strasbourg, saying that his guns, in violation of the law of nations, had been directed against the unfortified and open town of Kehl without previous intimation. Such a

method of making war, he continued, was unheard of amongst civilized nations, and must induce him to make General Ulrich personally responsible for the consequences of the act. Apart from this he should cause the damage done to be assessed, and should seek compensation for it by means of contributions levied in Alsatia. This note was issued on the 19th of August, and greatly embittered the feeling on both sides. The damage done in Kehl was, in fact, assessed, and a report was sent in to the German government. The Germans had not, up to this date, made preparations for a long or serious siege, since large forces were at their command, and the army of defense opposing them consisted, as they knew, of but ten thousand men. The Strasbourgers had been wise enough to call in immense quantities of provisions from the neighborhood before the investment was complete, but they found themselves embarrassed by the presence of thousands of villagers and mountaineers who flocked in. It was estimated that in three days before the 19th of August twenty thousand villagers came in for protection. General Ulrich found himself with a hundred thousand people under his protection, and with an overwhelming force of besiegers, assembled before his town.

On the night of the 18th and 19th of August heavy cannonading was kept up on both sides, and immense damage was done to the city of Strasbourg. The guns threw into the fortress a perfect hail-storm of bombs and cannon-balls. On the evening of the 19th the fortification caught fire in many places, but the Strasbourg garrison worked well, the guns being valiantly manned and directed by artillery-men who had served their time in the French army. On the 20th a powerful siege train arrived from

Northern Germany, and the city was placed under fire on all sides.

Thenceforward, from the date of my visit until the surrender, the condition of the town, the garrison, and the inhabitants was frightful. The soldiers were no longer subordinate, and the better class of citizens, seeing a threatened danger, pleaded that their city might be spared, but the mob ruled everywhere outside the fortress. The commandant began to take measures for the expulsion of the Germans, who formed a part of the population, and, on the morning of the 21st, one hundred Germans, who had been serving in the Algerian Foreign Legion, were ordered to leave the city. The gates were opened, and ten were sent out at each gate, so say the German accounts, with the threat that if they looked back they would *at once* be shot down. These unfortunate men were placed in an insecure position. They found themselves between two fires, being dressed in their French uniforms; they wore marks for the Germans, and if they attempted to regain the French lines they were sure of being shot. Most of them saved their lives by running straight into the German lines. Two of them were natives of Pomerania, and, oddly enough, fell into the hands of a Pomeranian regiment. The children in the streets pointed out the Germans who did not speak the dialect, and all these were arrested as suspected of possible collusion with the enemy. Among the persons thus arrested were many Pomeranian brewers, — men who were taken off their wagons and sent immediately to prison. Men sent out by the Charitable Society of Lausanne, in Switzerland, were arrested as spies, and imprisoned. A young German officer, who was captured by some French pickets, and escorted into the city, was

literally torn to pieces by the excited mob. His head was cut off and stuck upon a pole, and carried in triumph, the mob following, shouting, singing, and cursing the besiegers.

It was a fearful time for the peaceably inclined citizens, who desired anything rather than the unchecked license of their own mob. The stories of the cruel treatment of German prisoners reached the besiegers' lines, and hundreds of shells were thrown into the populous quarters, where they were expected to reach and punish the rioters.

On the 22d of August the Germans received reinforcements from Rastadt, and more heavy guns came also from Cologne and from Ulm. Commander Ulrich was informed that a breach would be shortly made in the walls, and the city stormed, that an assault would be postponed as long as possible, since the German victories elsewhere must show the uselessness of longer obstinacy, and King William had ordered that the commander of the besieging forces should spare his men as much as possible, and should do the city and its inhabitants the least amount of injury consistent with coercion. It was at this time that the Germans noticed the splendid point of observation which Commander Ulrich had on the cathedral, so he was informed that if he did not at once clear his instruments away from the church, the grand old edifice would be bombarded, despite its sacred character. On this day General Ulrich asked that the women and children might be allowed to pass out, but, as the German commander desired to exercise moral pressure upon the garrison, he refused to allow this. He permitted General Ulrich to send a letter to his wife. A great number of Germans were at this period expelled from the city. The 24th of August was an anxious day

for the little group of besieged, for, on the morning of the 24th, no less than five hundred cannon outside were manned, and fifty thousand troops awaited the signal for assault. The Germans, with singular, although perhaps with unconscious, insolence, asked General Ulrich to come out, or send one of his officers, to see the preparations which had been made for the bombardment. This he refused to do, saying that it was never possible for him to inspect the German forces until those forces had capitulated. He added that he was determined to defend himself to the last man and the last cannon-ball.

During the whole of the 24th a terrific cannon duel was kept up, and at five o'clock on the following morning the firing ceased, from pure exhaustion on both sides. The right side of the citadel of Strasbourg was almost entirely destroyed, and half-a-dozen fires were burning in various quarters. The next night the Germans sent ten or fifteen shells per minute into the city. All night the sky was lighted by the flames of burning Kehl, Robertsau, Schiltgheim, and Konigenhof, which had been fired by the French, and at midnight the moon was obscured by the smoke above the burning city of Strasbourg. The peasants of the surrounding villages assembled in thousands to watch the flames and to listen to the cannonading. The fires were seen, nearly forty miles away, by the inhabitants of the Black Forest. The whole of the Steinstasse, the Blau-Volkenstasse, and the new church of St Peter were in flames. From time to time it looked as if the old church were burning, the tower seeming to be glowing red, and the flames appearing to run along it as if sporting with the sacred building. The soldiers of Kehl could read ordinary

print at a distance of four miles from burning Strasbourg. The wind blew westward, carrying the flames into the most populous quarters. Firemen and citizens worked desperately to stay the progress of the flames, while the mob, completely beyond control, ran through the streets, robbing and plundering the unprotected, and breaking into deserted houses.

This night of the 24th of August made a profound impression upon the besieged inhabitants. The leading local newspaper, in its issue of the 25th, contains the following: "What ruin and mourning! At eight o'clock last night the enemy began a terrific fire, destroying fortunes, treasures, and grand works of art. What losses shall we mention first? The Public Library, the Temple Neuf, the Museum of Painting. Most splendid houses, in the finest quarter, are now only heaps of blackened ruins. The Public Library, so famous throughout Europe, contained books and manuscript, the most unique in the world, the result of centuries of labor, patience, and perseverance. Nothing now remains but a few parchments. The site is covered with ruins, and all that we can find is the carbonized cover of one or two books in a corner. Of the Church of the New Temple, which was the largest Protestant place of worship in Strasbourg, with its splendid organ and renowned mural paintings, the four walls alone remain. The Art Museum at Aubette is entirely destroyed. The Cathedral has hitherto only escaped by miracle. This morning, again, some fragments of sculpture and stone from the walls were found scattered about the ground, showing that a cannon-ball had struck our magnificent Monument, — one of the glories of the world. The Notre Dame Asylum, one of the noblest monuments of the middle ages, has been in-

jured by shells. The Hôtel de Ville is shattered, the Council Hall is devastated, many private residences have become the prey of the flames. Shells last night fell by dozens and by hundreds in a single street, and as soon as a fire was lighted up projectiles were poured like hail upon the spot, no doubt for the purpose of preventing the workers from getting the flames under. The whole city is heaped with wreck, and the roofs, chimneys, and façades of the houses are damaged on all sides."

Even this pathetic description fails to give an idea of the reality during the dreadful night. The citizens fled into their cellars, many into the very sewers, in order to save themselves from the shells. Thousands, however, had no such place of refuge. They ran about the streets half crazy.

During the night the heroic little garrison made a sally, which was repelled by the Germans with great loss to the French. In the morning the commandant sent a *paulementaire* to ask for lint and bandages for the wounded, since he had none, and he added that from five to six hundred citizens had been wounded by exploding shells, and by the beams from falling houses. Many lay buried beneath the ruins, where they must remain, as there was no time to rescue them. A shell fell into a gulls' school, killing seven gulls, and severely wounding many others. Still the commandant would not listen to the word capitulation, but demanded to be allowed to leave the fortress with all military honors. The citizens sent the bugmaster to the citadel to plead with General Urich, but the General sent him back again with the intimation that he would shoot any citizen who attempted to resist his authority.

On the 26th of August the inhab-

stants of the city sent the Bishop of Strasbourg to plead with the German commander. The bishop entered a little village where he was met by the chief of the Prussian staff. The good bishop first expressed his conviction that the bombardment of the city was not justified by the military code, and begged that it should be brought to a speedy termination. The chief of the Prussian staff replied that if France had ever entertained the intention of uniting to the defense of the city the greatest possible care for its safety and that of its inhabitants, she would have built the fortifications so that the great points of defense would have been concentrated in the outer works. The old method of laying out the defence placed great difficulties in the way of storming, which could only be removed by simultaneously firing upon the city. He added that, in order to give the Imperial French prints something to say, the little undefended town of Saarbrücken had been bombarded. The bishop, discovering that there was not much hope of an agreement with the obstinate German, timidly requested that all the civilian inhabitants of the city might be permitted to leave it. But this was sternly refused. Finally the bishop requested the cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours. The chief of the Prussian staff answered that this could be granted only on the assurance that General Ulrich would enter into negotiations, whereupon the bishop and the chief parted in a friendly manner. But, according to the German accounts, a moment later a platoon fire was opened upon the chief of the Prussian staff, although he held in his hand the parliamentary flag, which he brought back into the lines literally pierced through and through with bullets. On

his return to the lines the German batteries at once opened fire upon the fortifications and the city as a retaliation of what they considered a very grave breach of military law.

And in the midst of such horrors the month was slowly wearing away. General Ulrich was, indeed, made of heroic stuff, for the bravest heart must have faltered now and then as it saw that all the promises of help from Paris were in vain, and that in front was a constantly increasing inimical force, — a whole nation, to take back what it considered its own, and pitiless because of the memories of past defeats and humiliations, which had been inflicted upon it by the enemy now in its power.

The very elements seemed to be against the unhappy citizens of Strasbourg. Thunder-storms raged and poured daily over the doomed city, and the wretched people who had been living in cellars were driven out of them by the rising of the Rhine. Hundreds fled to the cathedral, and took refuge within its massive walls. A Strasbourg lady, who fled to Basle with her two children after the night of the 24th, described the citizens as without courage and livid with fear. Every night was a prolonged terror, and few of the inhabitants slept during the night hours. The German fire was generally strongest from one in the morning until five or six.

On the 29th a tremendous sally was made by the Strasbourg garrison, but it did nothing save inflict a little damage on the German troops, who were employed in making trenches. Still the bells in the city were rung, as if in celebration of a victory. But they were funeral bells, and General Ulrich must have begun to foresee the end. On the night after this courageous sortie the first parallel was opened by the Germans,

and nineteen batteries were placed in position. Another sally made by the French, to take an advance battery, proved unsuccessful.

On the 30th of August the bishop again appeared in the German lines, and said that he was willing to undertake negotiations with General Urich. The Germans gave the bishop the English and Belgian newspapers to read, which contained accounts of the German victories around Metz, and then had him escorted back to the town. That night all the German batteries increased their fire. But Strasbourg was silent, and remained so for three days thereafter, as its ammunition was almost gone.

At this time within the walls of Strasbourg potatoes were sold at 24 francs per hundred pounds, peas, at 14 sous per pound, and the only meat to be had was horseflesh, sold at 5 francs per pound.

The last and crowning misfortune of General Urich was the cutting off of his direct telegraphic communication with Paris. This was accidentally accomplished by a mine in one of the German trenches, who cut the subterranean wire with his pickaxe.

On the 31st of August the energetic deputy, Keller, was haranguing the *Corps Législatif* in Paris, and declaring that a commission should be sent into the department of the Upper Rhine to arouse the populations to a man. But no help came to the valiant Urich and his starving men. "I will," he said, shutting his teeth hard, and glaring at the messenger whom the bishop had sent to him — "I will hold the place to the last stone. If I must withdraw into the forts I will blow up the city if it hinders my defense."

The leading Strasbourg paper, on the 2d of September, published a tremendous

despatch, announcing a great French victory, in which both Steinmetz and Prince Friederich had been taken prisoners, and the Crown Prince was severely wounded. A second report announced a victory at Toul, in which forty-nine thousand Germans had been killed, thirty-five thousand wounded, and seven hundred cannon taken. Marshal MacMahon was said to be at Châlons, with four hundred thousand men, and Alsacia was to be saved in two days. The French soldiers, said the despatch, are making ramparts of the Prussian dead.

It was on the day following this imaginary comfort, in which the poor people of Strasbourg indulged themselves, that the fall of Sedan was announced in Germany, but the people of Strasbourg knew nothing of this event until several days afterwards. The German besiegers had celebrated the victory by firing off twenty-one guns. The editor of the Strasbourg paper wrote "Yesterday the enemy's batteries fired many shells into the city at regular intervals. Our batteries made a vigorous reply. After the twenty-first shell was fired the Prussian guns were silenced."

On the 11th of September a delegation of Swiss gentlemen arrived in Strasbourg with permission from the Germans to take in their train some fourteen hundred persons, chiefly aged women and young children. These visitors brought to the besieged the startling news of Gravelotte, of Sedan, of Bazaine blocked up in Metz, of MacMahon defeated, and Bonaparte a prisoner in Germany, and of the Republic proclaimed in Paris. The Imperial Prefect was at once impeached and deprived of his office, and a municipal commission called to the *maire* of the city the wise and good M. Kuss, — a Republican, who was much beloved, and who was to be

the last mayor of French Strasbourg, and to have a pathetic fate, as we shall see later on

On the 20th of September arrived in Strasbourg the new Prefect of the Lower Rhine, appointed by the government of National Defense in Paris. It is doubtful if any prefect ever had such difficulties in arriving at his post, as fell to the lot of this brave envoy from the capital, or such ingenuity in overcoming them. Disguised as a peasant he succeeded in reaching Schiltgheim. There he ran the Prussian lines, after having worked for several days on the entrenchments of the Germans in order to lull any suspicions that they might have, and, making his way towards the city walls, swam across the moat, and walking up to the sentinel, who shot twice at him, called upon him to desist. The stupefied sentinel halted him until the officer of the guard came to take him into the town to General Uhrich. When he was alone with the General, the new prefect ripped up one of his coat-sleeves, and from the rent in his garment extracted the official decree which named him Prefect of Strasbourg.

The Germans had arranged to storm the city on the 30th of September, the anniversary of Strasbourg's loss to Germany in 1681. A pontoon bridge for crossing the ditch had been prepared, and, as the storming party would have been splendidly protected by the German guns, an actual attack would probably not have been long resisted. General Uhrich, as commander of the fortress, well knew that the French military code forbade him, under penalty, to give up the trust confided to him without a proper and a long resistance. To surrender without a breach in the walls of Strasbourg would have been treason to France. But on the evening of the

27th of September the white flag was hoisted. General Uhrich's proclamation, announcing the surrender of the town, stated his belief that resistance was no longer possible. The poor, half-starved inhabitants crept out from their damp cellars, from the churches, and from the board houses along the canals where they had taken refuge, and flocked around the Cathedral, from the topmost spire of which the flag was flying.

On the 28th the Mayor issued his proclamation, announcing that the garrison would be allowed to go out with the honors of war, and that the German occupation would at once begin. On the day of the capitulation the public squares of Strasbourg were literally strewn with arms, which had been broken and thrown away by the angry and humiliated French soldiers. Most of those men who behaved with so little good-sense were members of African regiments, though the Mobile Guard and the National Guard, composed of the citizens of Strasbourg, maintained their dignity. General Von Weider and his staff did not enter the city until the 30th of September, when Strasbourg was opened, as the Germans maintain, by treason, to the forty thousand invading French in 1681.

The spectacle that met the eyes of the Germans at the close of the bombardment exceeded in extent all previous conception. The two northern suburbs of Strasbourg, for a space measuring seven thousand feet long by eighteen hundred feet wide, according to the estimate of the celebrated architect, Demblér, of Mecklenburg, were one mass of ruins. Only here and there a solitary wall stood up like a monument amid the desolation. Herr Demblér, in his inspection of the town, discovered that there were scarcely one hundred houses uninjured,

four hundred and forty-eight were totally destroyed, and more than three thousand were riddled with shot and shell. About fifteen thousand in the suburbs, before the ramparts, were almost entirely destroyed. Of the civil population three hundred persons had been killed, and seventeen hundred wounded, by the bombardment. Nearly twenty thousand persons were left without homes or money, and the most moderate estimates made by the Germans themselves of the losses, on buildings, furniture, goods, schools, churches, the museum, the theatre, the prefecture, the Hôtel de Ville, the court-house, the bridges, etc., were 200,000,000 francs. The value of the art collections, and especially of the library, is incalculable. Truly the game of war does not pay.

That which contributed most to keep

alive the French hatred of the German troops invading Alsacia was the story published throughout France shortly after the triumphal entry of the Germans into Strasbourg. It was to this effect: that the commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, in billeting his officers and employés upon the starved and ruined inhabitants of the city, issued the decree that each one of the persons billeted should have in the morning a breakfast, composed of coffee or tea, and bread and butter, at noon a second breakfast, composed of soup and a solid dish of meat and vegetables, and in the evening a dinner, composed of soup, two dishes of meat, vegetables, dessert, and coffee, and, during the day, two bottles of good table wine and five cigars.

This was the crowning stroke

CHAPTER THIRTY

Through the Conquered Country — Strasbourg after its Fall — Railways Journeys under Prussian Military Rule — Nancy — The Bavarians — Epinal — The Story of Prie Jean — Getting up to Vesoulles — The Voices of the Forts

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning, some days after my first view of Strasbourg under fire, I arrived at Kehl, where plenty of ruin had been wrought by the French shells. The old railway station was gone, and I stood shivering in the cold night air until we were permitted to cross the Rhine on the pontoon-bridge, which was guarded by dozens of soldiers, as if the Germans anticipated the return of the French forthwith. A carriage soon brought me to the interior of Strasbourg. The drive from the Rhine bank to the town was through a scene of the rudest desolation. Great trees a century old lay to right and left, stripped of their branches, where once they had stood the lofty guardians of a graceful avenue. Houses to right and in front were all burned and seared by hot shot and shell, and the customs buildings were entirely ruined. A gentleman who occupied the seat next me had been beleaguered in the city three weeks, and said that at least twenty-five hundred people were either killed or wounded during his stay there. I took coffee hastily in the little hotel next the ruined museum, and proceeded at once to the railway station to encounter the "Etapen Commando." The streets were crowded with the stout soldiers of Baden, whose uniform was none of the nicest, and who compared very unfavorably with either the Prussians or the French.

My pass from the general staff in Berlin was fortunately worded so as to ig-

nore the fact that I was a "newspaper writer," else I should have been looked upon with profound disdain by the official whom I now encountered. He soon gave me a *legitimations-Karte*, good for the journey to Nancy, and by aid of this I secured a place in the military train. The carriages in use were nearly all Prussian or Southern German, the Eastern French railway having succeeded in removing its rolling stock before the invasion had reached its line. All distinction of classes was abolished for the time being, by tacit consent, and Alsatian peasants occupied first-class compartments in the railway carriages for the first time, probably, in their lives.

We moved very slowly, with frequent stops between stations, and it was with much difficulty that the Prussian officials succeeded in making the French understand the various new regulations. A railway staff had been brought from Germany, and either could not or would not communicate with the French in the French language, and there were misunderstandings and vexations innumerable. The train had a guard of forty or fifty soldiers in a front carriage, and the other travellers were officers, telegraph and postal couriers, and special messengers going to the front. All through the great passage of the Vosges, and in the fertile valleys at the foot of the mountains, there was an atmosphere of neglect. There were no workmen in the

fields, save now and then an adventurous ploughman with a solitary noise. The great forests and leafy glades were mystic with checkerwork of light and shade, and we might have imagined that we were on a holiday excursion, if at every station we had not seen the watchful guards, and stuck behind them the needle-guns, which guaranteed the forcible possession of Alsatia and Lorraine. The officials, red-capped and jauntily dressed, joked and laughed with the peasant guls who sold refreshments for the officers, and whenever a soldier took anything without paying the proper price, an officer was promptly called to redress the wrong and correct the offender.

On all the roads along the hills we could see long processions of army teams, wagons drawn by powerful horses, slowly winding their various ways like huge serpents. Before them rode the Liliacs, gay and ringing, then white and black lance pennons waving gracefully. Here and there across the mellow fields spurred a Bavarian or a Saxon officer, carrying orders from one dole to another. Sometimes, in descending from the carriage, I met a peasant, who cursed me fluently while I purchased his bread and wine, and once an old woman was so violent in her language that I bent a hasty retreat. But in general the population was resuming its normal mood. Occasionally one cursed you roundly and sold you his goods at the same time, or chatted pleasantly and asked eagerly for news. After seven hours of tedious riding we arrived at Nancy. I wished to push on to Versailles, but was told that the trains did not run nights in wartime, so I went through the surging masses of soldiery into the town.

General Von Bounn, the commander of Nancy and the neighboring districts, was one of the few Prussians who have

been whipped in recent times. An Austrian General gave him a thrashing in 1866, and he had never risen to the level of combative success since that occasion. But he seemed to have succeeded well in his difficult mission at Nancy. I heard no word of complaint uttered against him, and the towns-people seemed to have a certain admiration for his qualities. I called on him, and received my instructions for the next day's journey, then entered the restaurant of a hotel and suggested the serving of dinner, as I had had nothing to eat for fifteen hours.

"You must wait," said the *garçon*, "until seven o'clock, until the regular dinner. We have very little and must economize what we have. You cannot get much here." Whereupon I succeeded in persuading him that I was a neutral, and must be fed then and there. "Do you pay, or have you a *billet de logement*?" said he. "My friend I pay, of course."

"Ah, well," said he, employing a slang Parisian phrase, "that is another pair of sleeves, and I will see." I had rarely been better served, and at dessert the *garçon* brought me a noble cluster of grapes, of which I am sure the unhappy officers who boarded at the *table d'hôte* saw none.

It was amusing to find the Prussian soldiers, who received only seven and a half thalers per month, besieged by peasants and old women, miserably clad, and trembling with the cold, who insisted upon having alms. I looked in at the cooperative store at Nancy, and found that there was serious distress among the poor. The German soldiers gave, but not without grumbling. An old woman cursed me from a third-story window during one of my walks in the town, because I was hard-hearted towards a little gul who insisted upon charity.

In the Place Stanislaus, one of the

finest squares in France, I saw several companies of Bavarians drawn up, waiting for billets of lodging. A few also were in a neighboring shop endeavoring to follow the rules relative to the exchange between Prussian and French money. Notices, amply explanatory, were posted in every place of business, and the *thaler* and *pfennig*, — words almost unpronounceable to French lips, — had entirely replaced the *franc* and *centime*. The walls were covered with immense staring notices, enumerating the things that must or must not be done. The *Mouvement Officiel*, for this department, issued by the Prussians, and printed in French, was posted on the bulletin boards. There was no news in it, but the reader was invited to the contemplation of a series of ordinances relative to the cattle plague. From the Place Stanislaus, I went down to the fine old Palace of Justice, where Marshal Canrobert once made his home, and the peasant who accompanied me said that the story of the capture of Nancy by five Uhlans was true.

"I was in the square myself," he said, "when they rode in, and there was no serious talk of resistance. One or two peasants whispered, 'Let us knock them on the head,' but the more prudent at once restrained them. We were not afraid of them, but of what they represented."

The principal cafés in Nancy were filled with German officers, quietly sipping their beer, and reading their letters from home. The politeness of these men towards the inhabitants, who entered was curious to observe. None of the soldiers were overbearing, and made way in some of the public places somewhat as if they considered themselves intruders. Regiments of Bavarians were constantly pouring into the town,

and hastening to seek their quarters for the night. Here, as in most of the occupied towns, a little notice was conspicuously posted, and the citizens had good reason to be thankful for it. It read thus:

Any arbitrary requisition, whether by word or by sign, calculated to intimidate any inhabitant, will be punished in a severe manner.

Signed,

THE ETAPEN COMMANDO

This effectually prevented much injustice on the part of the soldiers, but many comical misunderstandings arose between conquerors and conquered. In the evening, I saw a French peasant woman in a frightful passion against a young Bavarian officer, who, she said, had been twice quartered in their house, and who now returned to insult them by insisting on staying a third time. But a little inquiry disclosed the fact that the officer had simply returned to express his gratitude for the handsome manner in which he had been treated, and to leave a small gratuity. At the Hôtel de Paris, where the commander had established head-quarters, most of the officers appeared to have won the favorable opinion of the landlady, who, to sum all up, said, "I thoroughly believe they have only one fault" — "What is that?" — "They are Prussians."

Naturally enough all the theatres and amusements were at an end. There were no restrictions to traffic between one town to another, and the Etapen Commando gave "safe conducts" to all peasants who asked for them. The farmers and crop-growers of the vicinity had but one aim, — to keep within the pale of Prussian law.

At Nancy we found the journals which had come down from Rheims, and

Soissons, and the other towns in that section. These were little scribbly half-sheets, printed on poor paper, and entirely devoid of news. In the *Independant Remois*, at the head of the first column on the first page, in large type, was the following: "The German authorities communicate to us, with an order to insert it, the following despatch." Then came one of King William's brief but sententious accounts of a Prussian victory. Telegraphic despatches were all distinguished as follows: "From German sources," "Despatches of Foreign Origin." It must have been trying to the inhabitants of Nancy to submit to the arrival among them of the crowd of Hamburg, Frankfurt, and Strasbourg Jews, by no means of the choicest kind, who had followed the army, and hung out their signs in every street. The tobacco trade had been mainly accorded to the Hamburgers, who were driving a brisk trade with the soldiery. Many of the business places had been rented by the Hebrews, with the stipulation that the leases should last until the withdrawal of the German troops.

In the morning, when I went to the train for Epernay, I found the station crowded with troops all bound up the line. There were the stout, rotund Prussian, shining in blue and gold, jaunty, saucy, and defiant, the light-mustached, thin-lipped, high-shouldered boy from the hussars, full of wine, and patting every peasant girl on the shoulder, the ponderous Landwehrman, sedate and sullen, looking sadly at the children playing about the station, the lumpy and clownish Bavarian, the ethereal Saxon, resplendent in sky-blue, and the northern Polish, Breslau, and Posen Lancers, gliding about among their comrades, who looked like dwarfs

beside them. Veteran colonels, in fur robes, which rose to their shoulders, and fell to their heels, rushed to and fro, snarling their orders. A wounded French officer crawled along on his crutches, and asked to be directed by the quickest route to Reims. The brawny men of the army gang from Switzerland, Saxony, and the Rhine shouldered through the mass, singing their dialect songs, and a village *curé*, with a red cross on his arm, told me terrible stories of the recent battles around Metz. The peasants produced their safe conducts, and received yellow tickets printed in German in exchange. Post officials, with huge red bands round their caps, hugged their courier bags, and fought for the best places in the train, and at last we got off exactly three hours behind time.

In my compartment I found a Prussian doctor, attached to the fifteenth division of the Eighth army corps, which was then stationed at Rheims. He had seen much of the fighting around Metz, and had been ill with that terrific scourge of the Prussian army before the fortress of the Moselle, the typhoid fever. He had been sent home to die, but a sniff of the fresh air of Berlin had brought him back to life, he said, and so he was on the road again. He gave a picturesque description of the burning, by French shells, of a house in which there were many French wounded, and the impress of truth was in all that he said. He testified readily to the truth of the general supposition that the Prussian losses in killed, during the war, had thus far exceeded those of the French. But he spoke with particular earnestness of the superiority of the German soldiers over others in withstanding fatigue. "Typhus, bad water, and, sometimes, bad liquor," were the main enemies the

German trooper had to encounter. The wounds made by the *chassepôts*, he thought, were very deadly, and, if not attended to shortly after they were inflicted, the consequences were nearly always grave. "Mere pain," he said, "does not wear out the German as it does other soldiers." He was especially eulogistic of the French troops which his corps met before Metz, and recounted an instance which spoke volumes. A captain with a handful of men was cornered and called on to surrender. "We all stood and looked on," said the doctor. "But the captain cried 'Forward to die!'" and they went in again, but they never came out."

In this same train was the *aide-major* of the French department of the military hospital at Versailles. He had cared for the wounded there until he was selected to undertake the difficult mission of escorting the *prized* convalescent French through the lines to a point whence they could reach their homes, and to take the prisoners as far as Nancy *en route* for Germany. Exposure and fatigue had quite broken him down, and he was so worn out that he fell twice during an hour's walk which we took in one of the long stoppages of the train at a small station. The Etapen Commando, when we stopped later in the journey over night, said, "Poor fellow! give him a good lodging. He is worse off than those he cares for." But the *aide-major* clung on to overloaded carriages, to baggage trains, to filthy carts crowded with troops, until he was back at his post. He was seven days in making his way from Versailles to Nanteuil with one hundred and thirty convalescents, not long before I had met him. They were compelled to walk the whole distance, the Mayors of the little towns through which they passed not

daring to give them conveyances. Once, in order to procure a vehicle for one or two discouraged members of his troop, he was compelled to threaten the Mayor with the Prussians. "I got my carriage," he said with a smile, "in ten minutes."

The traveller from Strashbourg to Paris, on his arrival at Epernay, in the pleasant country of Champagne, used to be set upon by a dozen peasants, who insisted upon selling him forthwith the red nectar of the gods at the cost of 25 cents per pint. The credulous traveller who imbibed this compound was for days afterwards troubled with singular sensations in head and stomach, and finally discovered that he, as well as the basely adulterated drink, had been "sold." On my arrival this time at Epernay, I found the same peasantry driving a brisk trade among the sturdy German soldiers, who, under the influence of the cheering fluid, insisted upon kissing every girl who came within their reach. At Epernay is the branch line leading to Rheims and Soissons, and here were hundreds of cars rolling away with supplies for the Eighth army corps. All along the route from Strashbourg up, we had met a great variety of trains, showing the richness of the Prussian military resources. Sometimes trundled by us a hundred empty carriages, all marked with a red cross. At one station, I counted sixty baggage-cars filled with disinfectants alone for the camps around Paris. At Nancy and Epernay were great heaps of hospital bedding and sacks of lint, for which there was as yet no room in the overcrowded hospitals beyond. Thousands of barrels of petroleum were safely stored in many places, and as for grain there were countless sacks of it, and mountains of forage, and the blue-bloused peasants

were working night and day to carry it to the army.

The Prussians had lost great numbers of horses in the campaign, the climate strangely affecting them, and new instalments were constantly brought up from northern Germany, while buyers for the army were everywhere in Hamburg, Scotland, Ireland, and England. I slept at Epernay, and rose before the dawn, expecting to leave by an early train for Nanteuil, at which point, because the French had blown up the great tunnel under the mountain, railway communication was at an end. From Nanteuil to Versailles there were six posts, and I was told that if I made two daily I should be lucky. In order to reach Versailles it was necessary to take a long and wide sweep around Paris, through a host of the pretty suburban villages. Visions of mud and endless army convoys rose before my eyes. I waited four hours at Epernay, and was finally compelled to clamber on to an open truck of a construction train, and on this shaky vehicle I reached, late in the afternoon, a high plateau, from whence there was a charming view of the placid Maine, winding its way through the greenest of fields and amid vine-clad hills. In the distance nestled two brown picturesque villages, Nanteuil and Crouttes.

Bivouacs were numerous all along the hillsides, and fires gleamed among the forests. The little railway station was almost literally covered with mountains of mail matter, delayed in transit to Versailles. I walked around one of the heaps, twenty feet long and six feet high, another rose to a height of twelve feet. The "field-post" wagons were loading, hub-deep in the mud, and the sturdy Pomeranians were singing as they swung the sacks on to the trucks. Here neither

carriage nor horse was to be had for money or persuasion. The Etapen Commando advised me to sleep over my disappointment for that night, and in the morning he would appeal on my behalf. In company with two fellow-travellers I walked a mile to the town under the hill. Nanteuil was crowded, and a peasant woman informed me that I was none too good to sleep out of doors. I went to see the Mayor, a little Quilpy man with a greasy coat, protruding upper lip, and a wondrous pair of spectacles. He was willing, but incapable. Slept on the floor himself, used to it. No floor for us to sleep on? No, he rather thought not. Inquire at the next village, another mile away, on the bank of the Maine.

Crouttes looked inviting, but no one offered a lodging. In the middle of a long street stood a little group, — a bent and feeble old man, a hale, brown, and scholarly looking fellow at his side, and some county humpkins in wooden shoes. We asked them if French money would buy us lodging. "No," said the old man, "not here. I have thirty horses in my stable and eight postilions in my house, and I can do no more. Have you billets of lodging?" — "No" — "Well," said the scholar, "in that case, Père Jean will see what he can do for you." He insisted on the old farmer's finding us a place, and it was not until after he had departed that we discovered we had made the acquaintance of one of the most famous of Parisian painters.

The old man was sixty-two years of age, and had worked in the fields among the vines ever since he was ten. It is a rude life, because you must be up in the morning before four o'clock, and twist and pet your vines before the sun comes to look at them. Then, because your wife has worked by your side all

day, — that is the fashion in vineyard land, — you must help her in the kitchen, and it is ten o'clock at night before bedtime comes. "It rattles your old bones," said Père Jean. But for the last month Père Jean had done but little work in the fields. He had been busy with the reception and care of soldiers of the Prussian government, and both he and his old wife were nearly worn out. Every evening a corporal arrived with six men for *Équitation*, and the household had been nightly upset.

Père Jean passed for a rich man among his simple neighbors. By fifty years of industry he had amassed 25,000 francs, and owned a huge old stone farmhouse and a large court with capacious stables. "When the first Prussians came they made a requisition on me which quite discouraged me, but since then, *voilà-ça*," he said, "I have become used to it. They took from me thirty casks of wine, my best cattle, and pretty nearly all my linen, which was my wife's especial pride." He said that it was hard for him to believe that it consisted in taking his cattle and his wine, as well as his first-born and his dearest son.

While our dinner was cooking over a huge open fireplace we went into the stables, and saw the beautiful, strong animals, which served the royal despatch-bearers, and here the Prussian postilions were moaning over a number of superb beasts which were dying from the effects of hard work and the climate. After many difficulties we arranged to leave the next morning with the post-wagon bound for Corbeil, whence to Versailles we could push on alone.

All through this champagne country the peasantry are of the simplest habits. Their ideas of comfort and elegance are primitive in the extreme. In one corner

of the huge old kitchen, into which the farmer ushered us stood an enormous curtained bed. One or two chairs, some benches, and a table were all the remaining furniture. Above, the bed-chamber was of Pompeian simplicity. The floors were of stone, and the beds were hard and small. The house stood at the bottom of a huge court-yard which opened on the street by means of a large door, to which was appended a heavy knocker. We were given a great chamber, only used in times of peace for weddings, funerals, and rustic balls, and there we deposited our mattresses on the floor, the only couch in it being covered with the remnants of the good wife's linen-chest, and our host evidently disliking to displace them. The old woman, whose limbs were stiff with long labor in the fields, informed us that she had not strength to serve, and we were obliged to wait upon our own table. Towards eight o'clock arrived the usual complement of German soldiery, who brought their own provisions with them and cooked them, then sat quietly before the fire-side late into the night, singing quaint hymns and soldier songs, in which we could find no taint of vulgarity. By midnight all was still, and the trumpets of the postilions, blended with the chant of a cavalry troop going past, aroused us in the morning.

Old Père Jean was very explicit in his reproaches against the Emperor. "Now, then," said he, taking a spoonful of coffee in his trembling hand as we were leaving in the morning, "if I could buy the Emperor back with that, I would not do it. I have long enough voted and labored for him, but now, after what he has done, I cannot think of any fate bad enough for him." He thought that the people of his section might revolt one day unless the rigor of the requisitions

was softened "We have patience," he added, "because France has in a measure brought this war on herself, but we must not be pushed."

A little after dawn we went away at the head of a long train of wagons loaded with the royal mail. Each of these wagons had a comfortable *coupé* in front with room for authorized passengers. But the transportation of civilians was forbidden. Our military passes seemed to entitle us to the privilege of journeying with this postal train, and presently we got away through a country much frequented by *Francs-Tireurs*, without any guard of soldiers, and we observed that the postilions carried no visible weapons. There were sixteen wagons, each drawn by three horses. The drivers were all from North Germany. They wore a handsome uniform of dark blue, bordered with red. Each carried a horn suspended at his side. Of these men there are several thousand in the Prussian service. The Bavarian and Saxon armies also have their field-post. The orders were never to halt save when the horses must rest and be fed. Two conductors, who rode some distance ahead, marked out the routes for the journeys, taking always the shortest and least crowded way. Despite their adroitness we were often hindered by long teams of munition-wagons, which were slowly making their way along the muddy hills. For half a mile along the road from Nanteuil we saw nothing but immense heaps of cannon-balls. In many places rude booths for the sale of provisions to passing soldiers had been established. We went on through *Laferté-sous-Jouarre* to *Coulommiers*, where there were many hundreds of soldiers quartered, and where, for the first time since the declaration of the Republic, I saw these words inscribed on an edifice

"The French Republic, 1870 Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Here, for the first time also, we saw sentinels at the entrance of a town. They were sheltered in little straw-covered boxes, and were continually on the alert to salute the officers and question the peasants who passed in and out. Towards dusk we came to the gate of a chateau, thirty-two kilometers from Paris, and in front of the gates the postilions began playing cheery tunes upon their horns.

The chateau stood in the midst of a fertile plain, with gently sloping hills in the distance. It was one of those ancient manoirs upon which, in all old countries, generally hangs a dirty and sordid dependency of a hamlet, notable chiefly for its hovels and narrow streets. As we entered on the turf-carpeted green of the castle a body of Württemberg soldiers marched out to meet us, and the chorus of horns from the old servants' hall of the domain made the night-air melodious. There was a whiff of rain in the atmosphere, a light wind tugged at the masses of dead leaves in the forest, seeming to urge them to fantastic dances. A Pomeranian, decorated with all the colors in the Prussian military chrome, came out to meet us. "You are just in time," he said, "there was an *alerte*, as the French call it, on your route about an hour ago, but no one was hurt." He invited us to stay and sup with the postilions, but we sought lodgings outside the chateau gates at the hostelry. It could only afford us one room and no bedding, so we slept on chams as best we could, much disturbed by the boisterous songs sung by Pomeranian troopers, who were drinking in the room below. The burden of the principal song was "Jesu, Maria," whence I concluded that our military friends were religiously disposed.

Our host came to talk with us late at night, saying, when asked if he could furnish provisions, wine, etc., that he had nothing left. But when he found that we were neither Prussians nor French, and were certain to pay him, he filled our baskets from a well-stocked larder.

We were off again at sunrise, clattering through a blinding rain, and *en route* for Tournai, a quaint and pleasant town. At each *étape*, or post, our passes were *visé*, and we were often questioned concerning our business at head-quarters. About noon we passed through a great forest, and saw numbers of horses with their throats cut lying by the road-side, where they had fallen from fatigue. One or two were not dead, as we passed them, and it was piteous to hear them neigh faintly as they heard the sound of hoofs. Then butchers, some Bavarians, were just ahead, and from them we learned that a heavy fight had taken place three days before, at Dieux. Here, also, we saw some Uhlans foraging. Two of them rode up to a village at a little distance from the road, and presently overtook us with some fat hens tied to their saddle-bows. An old woman ran out after them, looking wistfully at her poultry, — perhaps not the first she had been called upon to furnish. The rain came rolling down in great sprouts across the plain on which we now entered, and some of the weaker Prussians and Bavarians — part of a marching column which we were passing — sank down by the road-side. Our drivers heeded none of their appeals to be taken up, and told us that it was against orders to carry a soldier. Many of the younger men were so stiff that they could not move their limbs, and some French peasants, overcome by pity, put them into their carts, and thus they jolted wearily along. We passed, this day,

about one thousand wagons at different periods, all laden with sick and wounded, coming down from "Voi Paris." These were most pitiful to look upon. Many of the men were half dead with fever, others so grievously wounded that at every jolt of the rough carts cries of pain were wrung from them. Three or four of these wretches were always huddled together under a little canvas covering, and lay groaning, a mass of sickness and desolation. Beside these processions always rode a guard of the watchful Uhlans. Towards evening we reached Corbeil, where the French, in a frenzied horror on learning of the approach of the Prussians, had blown up one of the finest bridges on the Seine. The Prussians insisted that the French should have this repaired by a certain date, or pay a heavy fine. The date was passed when we arrived, but the work was not completed. Two temporary bridges allowed the army free passage, and here at Corbeil the Prussians had established a strong *dépôt* for military stores. As we descended the steep hill leading into the town the thunder of the Prussian cannon was plainly heard. All Corbeil was in excitement. The cannon had not been heard before for many days, and the inhabitants concluded that a general action was taking place. Montionge was barking furiously in return, and now and then the sonorous voice of Mont Valerien was heard clamoring for war. To this music we sat down to supper. Finding that if one went into the streets after seven o'clock he was liable to arrest, we rolled into the first comfortable beds we had seen for three days. Here were also mountains of mail matter, and here the roads were worn out with the constant passage of heavy army trains. The mud was so deep that, a

wagon once fixed in it, the united efforts of a whole company could scarcely start it. It was evident, that for the good lady of the inn where we stayed the war had its revenge, for her customers were all officers of superior grade, and paid roundly for what they had. The railway station had been closed for two months. The clock was stopped at ten minutes past eight, the hour when the last train left the town. Towards noon of the next day my companions departed for Lagny, and I climbed alone into the post wagon of the Third army corps, said post wagon being a dilapidated omnibus which formerly ran to Lagny. We took two soldiers as a guard, and clattered away over the hills, shortly to meet a convoy of unhappy French prisoners marching from Dreux down to the railway of Lagny, thence to be sent into Germany. This was one of the saddest spectacles I had seen. The whole ghastly mass of men, faltering past, hurried forward rather brutally by cavalry, the wounded crowded in carts, and hanging down their feverish heads, the women standing in the doorways, and calling on God to crush the Prussians, the hungry looks of the officers as they saw through the open windows their enemies feasting in *cabarets*,—all this left a pang in my mind, and cut to the heart.

The nearer one approached Versailles, the more evident it was that the Germans had come for a long stay. "Not even if Paris makes peace to-morrow," said a Wurtemberg officer to me, "will the troops be withdrawn until the caution money"—as he called it—"is paid." Some of the villages along the road presented quite a holiday appearance: a regimental band was giving a morning concert in one, in another, there was a review of cavalry, at which the inhabi-

tants were witnesses without expression of approval or discontent. In every town there was a battery and a sanitary station. All the important places of business were closed, and at Villeneuve St. Georges, a beautiful suburban resort for Parisians, there were only a few people left. The houses which had been closed by their owners remained untouched,—no troops were quartered in or near them.

We drew up before the chief bureau of the Prussian military post-office, having made out nine leagues from Corbeil to Versailles in three hours and a half. There was a sullen, ominous roaring in the direction of Paris, which, at first, seemed to be steadily approaching, but I soon became accustomed to the voices of the forts.

In the hotel, where I succeeded after many entreaties in getting a lodging, all the soldiers who had been quartered there for the last two months had pet names, and took part in the household drudgery, as if they were sons of the family. On the evening of my arrival a wretched sneak of a Bavarian, newly arrived, had stolen a little spaniel, which was one of the household treasures, and a whole company's guard was turned out to bring him to justice. The dog was found, and the officer, in investigating the case, made as much ado as if it had been theft of an object of art from the palace. The landlady, who was highly confidential, informed me that two of the best of her invading friends, August and Heinrich, were to go to Orleans to-morrow. "It is a burning shame," said the old lady, "to send such handsome boys as that to be slaughtered," and she looked quite disconsolate. "When the Prussians are gone," she remarked shortly afterwards, "it will be very lonesome at Versailles: there

will be nothing but you casual strangers "

The invaders bowed not only to the claims but to the authority of the French serving-maids. In the front parlor of the inn, on this evening in question, I remarked four stalwart fellows who had just arrived with their billets all in proper order. In hearty German style they began to clamor, "Madame! Here! Attention! Bed! A light! Supper!" Upon this, the beautiful housemaid came upon the

scene, withering them all with a glance.

"Silence, you noisy dragons! You! one with a white cap, take off your sword, and sit down! Silence, all of you!" Cowed and overwhelmed, although not understanding a word, the hungry fellows sat down, nor dared to stir until Agnes found time to serve them, an hour or two later. If one presumed to proffer gallantry he had good reason to remember the avenging aim of Agnes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The Period of Hope — Splendid Improvisation of Defense — What Paris did under Pressure — The Forts and then Armament — The Despatch of Gambetta in a Balloon — Outcroppings of the Commune — Fights outside the Walls of the Capital — The Defense of Châtillon — A Bright Page in French Military Annals — A Panic at Versailles — Von Moltke saves his Papers — German Preparations for Defense.

NO doubt the Government of National Defense received a severe moral shock from the tone of the interview which its representative had had at Ferrières with the exacting and uncompromising enemy, still, the period of the siege of Paris comprised between the occupation of Versailles and the first days of November may be characterized as the period of hope. The position of the Germans for forty days after their arrival was by no means secure. They had but a comparatively small army at their disposition, with which to undertake the most formidable investment of the century. So long as Strasbourg and Metz delayed before their fortifications the other German troops which were so necessary to the investment of Paris, Von Moltke could scarcely have felt certain of accomplishing his task. The fortunes of war might have placed him in a humiliating and inextricable position, and the King of Prussia might have found himself prisoner in France, while the Emperor of France was a prisoner in Germany. Of course the Germans had a perfect plan for laying the siege, as they had plans for everything else, prepared and practised for half a generation.

While they were doing as best they could with the forces at their command outside, the besieged Parisians were working with an energy all the more

honorable because it offered such a striking contrast to their negligence, carelessness, and want of thought under the Empire.

The government found that it was no small task to man the walls of Paris. The chain of forts from Charenton, stretching entirely round the city, covered a distance of no less than thirty-nine kilometres, without counting the detached works, some of which like Mont Valerien, were enormous and formidable fortresses. These forts, — Charenton, Vincennes, Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, Aubervilliers, Est, Double Couronne du Nord, La Brèche, Mont Valerien, Issy, Vanves, Montrouge, Bicetre, and Ivry, — sixteen in number, were from three to four thousand metres apart, with the exception of La Brèche and Mont Valerien, which were separated by a gap of more than twelve thousand metres, and Mont Valerien and Issy, seventy-five hundred metres apart. None of these forts were more than five thousand, and some of them were only fifteen hundred, metres from Paris proper. To guard the ninety-four bastions of this tremendous circle of stone and iron more than one hundred thousand men were necessary. Of regular troops, the Committee of National Defense found that it could count upon scarcely sixty thousand of all branches, most of them brought back by General

Vinoy from the neighborhood of Sedan. But there were the three hundred and fifty or three hundred and sixty thousand National Guards, and to them it was thought, despite the fears that they might undertake an insurrection of communistic character, necessary to confide the defense of the fortifications.

But this was not all. The men were found, the guards of the ramparts were found, but each bastion ought for safety

find a garrison, well controlled, well equipped, and full of fight.

The astonishing energy of our northern towns in our civil war was more than paralleled, it was fairly outdone by the gigantic and swift efforts of the Republican government in Paris to build up the material for defense.

The committee organized a corps of from sixty to seventy thousand men, soldiers or artisans of the better class, whose special duty was to make the



CAMP OF THE FRENCH MARINES AT ST VIERGE

to be armed with seven pieces of cannon. Paris ought, in short, to have two great parks of artillery, each with two hundred and fifty cannon, in its reserve, but the Empire had left it next to nothing. There were in the magazines neither shells nor the elements necessary to manufacture them. There were only about two million pounds of powder, or scarcely ten rounds apiece, to the cannon which Paris would have to possess if it made a respectable defense. In some of the forts there was only a guardian to watch over the material, where the Republican authorities had expected to

cannon, the powder, and the other instruments of defense, and to put them into position. Without and within the city the activity for more than a month was incessant night and day. More than two million sacks filled with earth were placed upon the most exposed portions of the ramparts, in the bastions, great hogheads, packed with sand, so arranged that they might serve as a second line of defense, were placed. Seventy powder magazines were improvised. Six of the principal forts were occupied by marines, taken from the ships which had proved so useless in the

first part of the campaign Electric lights, destined to prevent operations in the fields round Paris by the enemy during the night, were established on all the forts. The Seine was barred. The dozens of villages round about the capital were entrenched, the houses were loopholed, the streets were filled with barricades, and eighty thousand men were put upon this work of fortifying the villages in a single day. A fortnight after the committee had begun its work two thousand one hundred and forty cannon were placed in position, and the store of powder had been increased to more than six million pounds. The public service of water had been cured for, so that the enemy could not reduce the fortress by thirst; and the commission of civil engineers had ordered from the manufactories, hastily installed, more than one hundred *mitrailleurs*, of different models, one hundred and fifteen Gatling and Chittophe guns, three hundred and twelve thousand cartridges for these cannon, fifty mortars with their accessories, five hundred thousand shells of various calibre, five thousand bombs, three hundred cannon of a special new model, intended to carry as far as the German guns, which were said to be coming up for the threatened bombardment, and, finally, there was a commission of barricades, over which M. Rochefort had been called to preside, and which was supposed to be planning a net-work of barriers to constitute a third and final line of defense in case the enemy successfully undertook an assault and was willing to indulge in the dangerous game of street-fighting.

So, in this period of hope, the whole city was transformed into a vast camp and factory. The whole *ensemble* of the fortifications was divided into nine sec-

tions, seven of which were commanded by admirals, under whose orders were the National Guard of Paris, divided into a first line on the ramparts, and a reserve. Behind these were the National Guard Mobile, as a second reserve, and the troops of the line as a third. The artillery on the left bank of the Seine was commanded by a division-general named Bentzman, and General Pellissier commanded that of the right bank. After a time, a service of gun-boats on the Seine was organized, and did considerable damage to the enemy. The fatal weakness of the defense was not to be remedied, for the Germans had done their best as soon as they could get to the point where it was manifest to prevent the Republic from repairing the neglect of the Empire. The fact that the heights of Montretout and Chatillon were not properly fortified enabled the Germans to bombard without difficulty all the forts on the southern side of the fortifications of Paris, and finally the whole southern section of the capital. If Chatillon had been provided with a decent defense it is probable that the bombardment of Paris would never have occurred.

It took the Parisians some time to realize that they were actually hemmed in, but they were brought to complete realization of their position about the 9th or 10th of October, when the supplies of fresh meat began to fail, and all classes were reduced to horse-flesh and to a variety of ingenious pretexts for meat, which reflected much credit on the skill of the cooks of Paris, but which did little for the nourishment of the human frame.

"October the 9th," writes a Parisian, in his journal, of the siege, "a chicken was sold at 25 francs; vegetables taken from the fields just within our picket lines and brought in and sold in the streets by marauders who had stolen them were

sold as quickly and for as high prices as if they were rare fruits "

The first cloud that came over the period of hope in the siege was on the day when the regular ration — one hundred grammes per person — of fresh meat gave out, and it was publicly announced that no more could be had. The Communists tried to take advantage of the situation. Cynical writers in radical papers spoke of a possible revolt of the people, and used the sinister phrase "Hunger justifies the means."

Félix Pyat, the old and dangerous

People heard of "delegates of committees of safety." This Communist movement had its head-quarters at Belleville and Montmartre, two sections of the city where the working class is in great majority. The National Guard, recruited from these quarters, was watched with grave anxiety by the Government of National Defense, for it was felt that from them would come the first attempt at civil war.

Every day this faction grew bolder, finally it sent a delegation headed by Flourens whose history has been re-



RUNNING AWAY FROM THE SIEGE

offender against the laws of property and society, began to prate about the unity of goods as well as the unity of danger. The central Republican committee of the twenty wards of Paris, recently constituted, began to publish its manifestoes. It was highly patriotic, but from the outset it was observed that all its efforts tended directly towards the establishment of the Commune. In one of its circulars it even demanded the immediate transfer of the control of municipal affairs from the general government to that of the "Commune of Paris." The jargon of the old Revolution began to appear. The ministers were called "citizens"

counted in a previous chapter, at the head of some battalions, to demand of the government a certain number of arms, which were lying in the magazines of the State to insist that they should call for a *levée en masse*, and that an immediate sortie against the Prussians should be decided on. This was the outcropping of a revolution with a vengeance, and General Trochu and his colleagues were unquestionably alarmed. But General Trochu behaved with much cleverness, reproached Flourens for having provoked the movement at such a time, and begged him to go back to his duty. Flourens immediately resigned his com-

mission as an officer of the National Guard, and a number of his fellow officers followed his example.

Nothing came of this manifestation, except that Flourens declared in the circles where he was popular that, in order to save Paris, "they would have to finish with these people at the Hôtel de Ville,"—meaning the members of the Government of National Defense.

Meantime Gambetta, after issuing a fiery proclamation announcing that the *levée en masse*, which the Communists had asked for, was already an accomplished fact in the provinces, stepped into the car of a balloon, and at the risk of his life, or at least of his liberty, set off on a voyage through the air, in the hope of reaching Tours, where a delegation was doing its best to create a solid army. This aerial trip of Gambetta's struck the popular fancy with great force, and his successful arrival within the French lines outside and the occasional reports of his energetic labors did much to keep up the spirits of the Parisians.

Gambetta was a determined enemy of the Communistic faction, and the Communists rejoiced when he had left Paris. They made two or three attempts to capture the Hôtel de Ville at different times. These abortive insurrections were speedily reported to the Prussians at Versailles, and exaggerated accounts of them spread about in the German lines, and served to explain that which the Germans had at first observed with astonishment,—that none of the great masses of forces within the walls of the capital moved out to assail the audacious enemy.

At last military operations were begun by the Parisians, who now had heard of the fall of Strasbourg, and who felt that determined efforts to break the German

circle must be made before it was strengthened. But the various sorties at Bondy, at Malmanson, where General Ducrot expected that he would find the Germans, but did not discover them, in front of the Fort of Montrouge, and at that same Chatillon which was already associated with so many disasters,—were productive of small good to the French cause.

On the 11th of October General Trochu thought that, from the great movements which were going on among the German troops in the rear of the south-eastern forts of Chatillon and Bagneux along the route from Versailles to Chouisy, the Germans must have evacuated the plateau of Chatillon, so he made an effort to retake it. He pushed on General Blanchard with about twelve thousand men, divided into three columns, to a point above Clamart, Chatillon, and Bagneux. These troops, supported by the forts of Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy, went up through the village of Clamart on to the road uniting Clamart and Chatillon, took the village of Bagneux, where the brave commandant Dampierre was mortally wounded. But when these troops came to undertake the assault on Chatillon they found that they had been entirely mistaken. They all beat a hasty retreat before the masses of the enemy, which had not the slightest intention of giving up its vantage-ground in the neighborhood of the capital.

The death of the commandant Dampierre made a great sensation in Paris. His body was placed in the Pantheon, with the sword of combat laid upon his breast, and there was a military demonstration at his funeral.

Two days after this fight the Parisians saw great jets of flame leaping up skyward in the direction of St. Cloud. This denoted the burning of the Palace,

set on fire by shells from Mont Valerien, because the French believed that the Prussians had there established an observatory for their general staff. "In less than six hours," says M Jules Claretie, in his "History of the Revolution of 1870-71," "this palace, which had received so many distinguished guests and seen so many strange fortunes, was entirely consumed." M Claretie is in error in this statement. The château of St Cloud was but partially burned at that time, and hundreds upon hundreds of shells were fired into it weekly until the capitulation in January.

Around this Palace, and all through the Park of St Cloud, as far as Ville d'Avray, the fire from the French forts was particularly effective, and many a stout German was struck down duly by the death missiles coming from the unseen enemy. On the day before the surrender of the forts I rode to Ville d'Avray, and thence walked through the Park of St Cloud, here and there groping my way in the trenches rooted with tree-boughs, in which the soldiers had then been living for more than two months, and came out near the ruins of the Palace just as the Crown Prince of Prussia, attended by a staff of forty or fifty officers, rode up the hill from the banks of the Seine, and turned to look at the French sharpshooters, who were very numerous along the other bank, and who were making great efforts to inflict damage. The position was not one to be chosen for comfort. The shells came crashing into the ruins and along the trenches every minute. I counted fourteen which fell in close proximity to the staff while the group of horsemen halted upon the brow of the hill. The ping of the bullets from the French lines was incessant, but the Crown Prince, with his usual disregard of his own personal

safety when there was any duty to perform, had ridden along the whole avenue where the fan of St Cloud is usually held, and had thus, while quite within range, exposed himself to the inimical bullets of two or three hundred soldiers.

The palace of St Cloud has never been rebuilt. It stands a picturesque ruin in the midst of the exquisite forest, and the Republican government, which has a sense of the fitness of things, has repeatedly declined offers from capitalists for its conversion into casinos, civil palaces, or gambling-hells. It was to this palace that the first Bonaparte came after Buena Vista, that the victorious Blücher entered after Alma, from this palace that the Empress of the French returned in haste to perturbed Paris after she had heard the news from Sedan, and the Germans say that the Prince Von Hohenzollern, who had been the innocent cause of the whole war, rode up to the doors of St Cloud and straight through the deserted palace on the day after the caging of Napoleon III at Sedan.

It was from St Cloud that Napoleon III announced his intention of declaring war against Germany.

On the 14th of October the Prussians asked for an armistice to bury their dead, and there was much rejoicing in Paris over the fact that the enemy's losses were severe. Every night, and generally by day, for the next few days, the cannon on the walls of Paris roared unceasingly, wasting hundreds of thousands of francs' worth of ammunition, as those of us who were outside with the besiegers could observe. The principles which guided the action of the French artillery-men were a mystery to the besiegers.

During the occupation of Versailles I used frequently to ride through that town to St Germain, and at a certain

point on the road came out on a bare hill-side directly facing St Cloud. This hill-side was not within range, and the gunners of Mont Valerien must have found it out at least a month before my frequent journeys back and forth. But they never failed to salute my appearance, or that of my horsemen on that point upon the route, with half-a-dozen cannon shots, which cost much money, and were not of the slightest avail.

On the 21st of October a second *sottie* of importance took place, about twelve thousand men, under the orders of General Ducrot, being engaged in it. It was a *reconnaissance*, but prepared for offensive operations. The troops went out by Rueil, Buzenval, Bougival, and Malmeson. This was a vigorous *sottie*, and was so well kept up at first that there was a slight panic at Versailles. The Germans, for half an hour, were occupied with vigorous preparations for departure. The French artillery had opened a heavy fire on Buzenval and Malmeson, and the troops had carried the first German positions. But when they had turned Malmeson, and gone up the slopes of Jouchère, they found the enemy ambuscaded in the woods or in the houses of the village too strong for them. They asserted, with truth, that a short time after the announcement of the battle, all along the line, even up to Montretout, they had a distinct advantage. The Germans lost heavily, the Forty-sixth Prussian regiment being quite cut to pieces. The Parisians were very indignant at the manoeuvres of the Germans, who, while standing under a heavy fire, threw themselves down in great disorder, as if they were nearly all killed, or about to crawl away. This ruse deceived the French, who dashed forward, thinking that they could rush over the enemy, but when they were at three

hundred paces the Germans arose, and poured a tremendous fire into their ranks, and from that time forward the *sottie* was checked. At nightfall General Ducrot ordered a retreat, and the Prussians pursued the retreating French with a very disastrous fire.

The French accounts of the panic at Versailles have been but little exaggerated. The Germans began to get ready the reserve batteries which had been ranged for more than a month in long lines on the Place d'Armes, at Versailles, and to station them so that they would sweep the avenues of St Cloud, of Paris, and of Sceaux, in case the French troops arrived. The gates of the city were closed. Von Moltke, it is reported, destroyed a large number of his papers and important despatches, had others hastily done up in sheets and towels, and ready to be carried off, jumped on to a horse, and went out to look at the fight. It was, probably, his presence and the few cool bits of advice which he gave on arriving on the scene of action which saved the day. In their retreat the French lost two cannon, which the Fiftieth Prussian infantry took from them.

In the provinces, the army of the Loire, which was destined to such a sad fate, was by the end of October in fairly good condition. There had been a battle and a French defeat at Orleans, where an army corps composed of Bavarians and Prussians under the command of General Von der Tann, and a detachment of cavalry commanded by Prince Albrecht of Prussia, were operating. The little town of Châteaudun had made a defense so heroic against overwhelming numbers that the renown of its exploits penetrated into every circle in Europe and even won the admiration of the enemy. The anniversary of this

defense has become a commemorative *fête* in France, and the "Francs-Tirans," or irregular volunteers, who held this town until it was almost burned to ashes, against a Prussian division of twelve thousand men, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, deserve to rank beside the heroes of the Alamo.

Châteaudun was pillaged first and burned afterwards by the angry enemy, which had not seen any such resistance since it had entered the country. The German accounts of the bombardment and sacking of the town furnish sufficient accusation against the victors who in this case, abused their power. A statement in the official journal of Berlin shortly after the fact thus describes the condition of the town of Châteaudun: "Demolished walls, overturned gateways, and pierced roofs make the streets nearly impassable. The church itself has been almost destroyed by shells, immense blocks of stone are torn from its wall, the tiles are scattered like leaves in a forest, and a grenade has blown the belfry half away. Entire streets were in flames when the troops entered. The extent of the conflagration and the violence of the storm of wind which carried the flames hither and yon rendered any idea of extinguishing the fire impracticable. There was scarcely a decent room to be had in the town for Prince Albrecht and the commanders of

his division. The officers bivouacked with the troops in the open air. During the engagement of the previous night the French had neglected then wounded, a great number of whom remained in the streets, and were burned alive. On the morning of the 20th, at five o'clock the Prussian division took up its march again. The flames which still came from the ruins were so strong that they lit up the horizon as clearly as if it were day."

Châteaudun thus became celebrated in French annals. The government issued in its favor the customary decree: "Châteaudun has merited well of the country." Paris named one of its streets after the unhappy town. Victor Hugo, when some huge cannon were going on to the fortifications, demanded that one of them should be called Châteaudun.

St. Quentin, in the north, had also made an heroic resistance. The period of hopefulness was not yet over, but it was greatly clouded by the unfortunate termination of the brilliant affair at Le Bourget by the announcement of the fall of Metz, by the government's determination to propose an armistice, and by the Communistic insurrection of the 31st of October, when Paris seemed to escape civil war by nothing less than the interposition of Providence.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The Siege of Metz — Its Tragedies and its Humors — Steinmetz the Terrible — Bazaine's Curious Indecision — The Guerrilla Warfare around the Forts — The Poisoned Wells Legend — Starving the Citizens — The Odor of Death — General Changarnier's Mission

IN the north-western part of that picturesque and rich department of France known as the Moselle stands an almost impregnable fortress, which for seventy days occupied the attention of the whole civilized world. The battles which were fought near its walls were such as were never seen upon the windy plains of Troy. — battles which cling in the memory like a hideous nightmare, redeemed here and there by some act of purifying heroism, some sublime example of duty and faith and patience. One hundred and seventy-three thousand men at last surrendered there to barely two hundred thousand, and the shameful campaign seemed at its climax. Bazaine had stained his name with ignominy, and Camobert, whether or not he were culpable, was at last doomed to do penance for being so long in bad company. These two were most efficient witnesses to the truth of the assertion that the Empire was not able to raise up men to protect France. The stronghold of the country, the much-coveted gate, was unlocked, and who now could check the descendants of the Brandenburg pirates? Not even the army of the Loire, not even Garibaldi, nor yet the fiery, untamed Gambetta, seemed able to stay the avenging hand which had been stretched over France.

The Germans were wont to say that Metz was the *sortie* gate for France, as indeed it might have been to Prussia's humiliation, had Napoleon spent in or-

ganizing foreign expeditions one-half of the time he had given to the protection of himself from his own enraged countrymen. The Romans, with their rare eyes, found Metz a stronghold of strongholds, and named it Divodorum. Here the Mediomatrici, a powerful and warlike tribe, then lived, and from the corruption of various dialects in pronouncing their name finally arose the *sobriquet* of Metz. In 452 the Huns destroyed the town, but as this was before it had risen to a walled fortress, the Metzians boast that it never has been "taken." It is near the north-eastern Franco-Prussian frontier, and the country around is strikingly beautiful. The Prussian soldiers, who could not be hindered from pausing to admire nature's beauties, even when they were making their first memorable march into Austria, in 1866, must have lingered often by the way when approaching the environs of Metz. The city, set down in front of a noble background formed by hills tinged with brilliant colors and crowned with thick forests, the great spires of the Cathedral looming high in air, and to the front the fertile plains, with the silver threads of the Moselle and Seille winding through them, make a perfect picture. The heavy masonry, the castellated towers of the *Porte des Allemands*, and the huge elbow of the ramparts, which projected into the Mosenthal, — the Moselle valley, — reminded every approaching visitor that Metz was eminently a

fortress town West and north-west led away the two roads on which the terrible battles of the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August, 1870, were fought, and near by are the heights which were stormed at such dreadful cost The villages in the vicinity are, with rare exceptions, miserably poor The farmers give more attention to their fields than to their homes, and there is small evidence of culture of the grace of hospitality

Metz was the capital of Lorraine even as early as the time of Clovis, the first of the French kings It was later a free city, called Imperial In the 11th century it was German, and remained so until 1648, when it became French by the Treaty of Westphalia The fortress was begun in the 16th century by the Chevalier de Ville, and constant improvements have been made since that time The Germans are pounding away at it even now, and they have metamorphosed the names of streets and ramparts, forts and gateways, in the same manner as at Strasbourg Vauban strengthened and enlarged the work The model of the fortress was one of the treasures of a military museum at Paris, was taken by the allies in 1815, and is now preserved in Berlin The city stands on the right bank of the Moselle, at a point where the river is about two hundred paces wide The Moselle and the Seille are crossed by seventeen bridges, few of which are architecturally fine There are seven gates in the walls, all immensely thick and strong

In 1866 France began hastily to increase the strength of Metz, but the Germans must have smiled in their sleeves as they reflected that this precaution came too late Germany made no distinct claim on Metz as upon Strasbourg, but the Germans recall with pride the fact that German arms are

still to be found on the chapel and in the Place Napoleon, as it was called at the time of the war There are three islands in the river, — St Symphonien, Sauley, and Chamblère On the east, at some distance from the city, stands the great fort of Belle Croix, renamed by the Germans, and to the west the bridges were guarded by Fort Moselle Here also was an entrenched camp, capable of containing many thousands of men The outermost fort was perhaps a mile from the city proper, and the circumference of the whole work was about six miles Metz was most important as an arsenal town, having for many years contained the principal stores of weapons in France Its hospitals were also the finest outside Paris, and its manufactures of cloths, woollen wares, needles, etc., are still celebrated in both hemispheres

The trade between Metz and all parts of Germany was always extremely brisk, and its interruption was not one of the lightest burdens of the war Many of the old churches date from the twelfth century St Stephen's cathedral is remarkable for the beauty of its stained-glass windows At the outbreak of the war the town was undoubtedly French in spirit The finest German writers admit this

One morning Marshal Bazaine, survivor of the Empire and Mexican speculator, found that formidable forces had hemmed him in on every side, as the result of the five days' fights the terrible encounters at Mars la-Tour, at Gravelotte, and Borny, of those sanguinary events which led to the catastrophe of Sedan Bazaine and his men discovered that Metz was really invested; that the enemy lay *perdu* all around them, but no one could discover why Bazaine chose to remain besieged when he might, with a great army, have cast

his fortune upon the adventure of a few hours and tried to cut his way out. The Prussians harried him night and day, and wearied his broken soldiery very badly. Meantime General Steinmetz had been removed from the important post which he had for some time held in the Prussian army, because the venerable King of Prussia had declared that he would not always have bloodshed the only means of arriving at position. The dashing veteran general, a compound of Blucher and Sheridan, had won great praise by the rapidity, not to say recklessness, of his movements in August. He had begun that chain of battles which resulted so favorably to the Prussian armies by crossing the Moselle and advancing under the gates of Metz. But it so happened that he had disobeyed the positive orders of his commander, — to pass over the Moselle on the south side instead of the north. It was claimed that a great sacrifice of life in the Seventh and Eighth German army corps was due to this disobedience of orders, as, by the movement commanded, Steinmetz would have avoided the French positions near Moscow and St. Hubert, and the Germans would have had the advantage of higher ground than their enemies. It is also argued that Bazaine's return to Metz on the morning of the 19th of August would have been impossible. So, although the aged General Steinmetz won an almost incredible victory at Borny, he was reprimanded very severely by the King, who scowled upon him as Washington did upon Lee at Monmouth. Steinmetz received the rebuke in grim silence, and evidently did not appreciate it. The King then ordered him to report to Prince Frederick Karl, which made him very angry, and his relations soon became so bad with that general that he was recalled, and made Governor of a Prussian

province. The soldiers in front of Metz regretted this movement, and it is an open secret that there was much sulking and even incipient mutiny for a short time, but it was soon forgotten amidst stronger excitements.

Prince Frederick Karl, now made commanding-general in front of Metz, established his head-quarters at Doncourt, to which point the "Battle of the five days" had extended, and there, while suffering from a tedious illness produced by excessive labor, he carried on his besieging operations. Nearly a quarter of a million men were stationed round about the fortress, and holding at bay, as it were, a well-provisioned, healthy, and reasonably resolute army of nearly two hundred thousand men. Three marshals of the French Empire were also imprisoned in this living ring. From time to time rumors of brilliant attempts on the part of these great marshals to cut their way through the Prussians reached the besieged residents of Paris. But the ring was never cut.

Bazaine gave plenty of advice to his men. He was always a good talker. An ex-confederate, who had met him in Mexico, once said to me of Bazaine: "*C'est un causeur adorable quand il a deux verres de Cognac dans le ventre*." But of real knowledge he had little, and his geographical acquirements were ridiculously small. He told his men in Metz how to get out of the position into which he seemed to have forced them. He said, "You must be constantly on the alert to harass the enemy. He must have no rest. With a few biscuits and a great many cartridges, you must creep upon him at all hours, and shoot at him from all positions. Offensive reconnoitring must be your strong point. This must be done by columns, which can never get seriously injured. Very soon

you will know the enemy's positions You will keep up your own good-humor by constant adventures against him and you will eventually be able to get provisions, and even cannon You must never be long away from camp Your pickets must be on the *qui-vive* You must live, eat, hope, and dream on a battle-field for, God knows, how many weeks and months yet " In conclusion he said, on one occasion, "A most important thing is to win as much time as possible, for here, as in England, time is money "

In view of Bazame's utter failure in Metz how suspicious does this twaddling advice sound! It is not difficult to believe the accusation so often brought against him after the fall of the Empire, that he was a traitor, and that he had deliberately made up his mind to sacrifice his army rather than to strike a blow which should profit the newly born Republic

Skirmishes and *reconnaissances* were frequent enough in front of the old town from Aug. 20 until late in September. A column of Angus-eyed Frenchmen, hard-headed old boys, wary as Indians, could any morning be seen filing out of the gate of the city, the watchful sergeant at the head frowning if a man stepped on a twig. These little parties would fall suddenly upon a German out-post, spread an alarm along the line, hack, burn, plunder, and destroy, and sweep back again under cover of the forts. Then would come a retaliatory charge of Uhlans but these generally left their bodies to repose in French soil, for there were sharp-shooters everywhere, and it was unsafe some mornings for the Germans even to go a few steps outside the place of their encampment. Death came on wings, and lighted even into places apparently most secure

Men were found dead in spots where it seemed as if no enemy and no enemy's bullet could have penetrated. The vendetta of Metz began to have grave terrors for the bravest.

The Germans had excellent facilities for observing the condition of the town, but they could not forewarn troops against these perpetual *sorties*. Up to the 30th of August it seemed to the French as if Bazame were still making efforts to free himself from the mimical ring into which he had voluntarily retired, and just before the surrender of Sedan the army of Metz gave the besieging armies a severe shock, and, for a few hours, seemed certain of victory. This was the fight in which a German division was so severely cut up that a wail went out throughout all Germany. The losses on the German side were the most tremendous of the war. Extra efforts were at once made for the reduction of the town after this little experience. The Germans were very strongly entrenched but now hastened to make their position stronger, and began to imitate the French plan of constant *sorties*. The Moselle valley rung with the clash of arms. The Germans were sometimes surprised at breakfast, and mown down before they could wink. But this only happened when the out-posts were kidnapped and carried away without noise. Little by little, however, the endeavors of Bazame himself to promote *sorties* became less conspicuous, but the imprisoned defenders rebelled against the policy of inaction and so all round the vast lines the annoying rushes and the mysterious murders went on. On the east lay the German troops which had been under Steinmetz's command, — the First and Seventh army corps, on the south and west, the Guards, and the Second, Third, Fourth, Eighth, Ninth,

Tenth, and Eleventh army corps, the Saxon corps, the Twelfth, guarded the north

There was, say the German accounts of the siege, at this time, a heavy, moist odor of death in the air night and day. It came from the hastily buried dead. The men threatened to mutiny on both sides after the battle of Borny, because they were not allowed to bury the fast-decaying horses, which had been left uncovered, and which were breeding a plague. But there was only time to throw a thin covering of earth over them. As for soldiers who were killed at Metz during the siege, in most cases their graves were dug but a foot deep, and, in many instances, the feet and the hands were left sticking out of the ground. The market tenders, as the sutlers are called in the German army, observing that the troops drank more while this horrible smell endured, used numerous efforts to prevent them from buying the bodies, and even invented false alarms to divert burial parties from their work. This statement was seriously made in letters written to Germany from the camps of the besiegers. A few sutlers being shot, however, by order of the commanders, this kind of enterprise was checked. Dysentery came to rage in the camp. Prince Frederick Karl was struck down with the disease, and his death was announced many times. Meantime Sedan had become known to all the world save to the besieged, and it was not long before the sinister news got through the German lines, and determined Bazaine upon his sinful policy.

The French forts kept up an astonishingly brisk fire, slaughtering a few men every day at an immense cost of shot and shell, which justified the old proverb that it takes a ton of iron to kill a man. Forts Quellan, Quentin,

Moselle, and all the other dogs of war barked constantly. Sometimes a German soldier on picket duty at the entrance of a little village was blown to pieces, and little was found to signify that he had not deserted his post save a gun, a helmet, or a glove. Patrols and pickets became so used to dodging death that they invented nicknames for the expedients they were obliged to pursue. So the slow weeks passed. Then came the sharp fighting at Morcy-le-Haut, south-east of Metz, and gradually September waned without results on either side. The Prussians found it difficult to get enough to eat, and both besiegers and besieged fell upon captured knapsacks and shook out of them the pieces of bread which they contained with the eagerness of starvation. But Germany began to send up provision-trains full of love gifts. October arrived. The besieging troops heard that the King and the Crown Prince were in front of Paris. One or two more disastrous collisions,—disastrous to both sides,—and the siege entered upon its final phase, that of sullen endurance of privation by the invader and the invaded.

The German soldiers, during their long stay in front of Metz, contented themselves with simple diversions. They carved on many a wooden cross, piously erected above the grave of fallen comrades, the old German military legend:—

*Dies Salven gibt man mir
Ins Kühle grab hinein,
Das ist Soldaten manier—
Weil sie allzeit lustig sein.*

Some inscriptions had a rough humor in them, recounting the exploits of heroes in the same manner that an Indian chief might recite the number of his slain. But these of course were only

temporary, no trace of them can be found to-day

Here is the *menu* of a cook attached to the first company of the First Rhenish Jager Battalion —

MENU 17TH SEPTEMBER TO OCTOBER 1ST

At sunrise

Coffee without milk Chassepot bullets in the earth-works

At noon

Dessert after dinner, — distant roaring of cannon from Fort Quentin Grand concert, immediate neighborhood hot Beginning of symphony serves to hasten meals and assist digestion

Evening

Black-bread for supper Spectacle —burning villages smoking to all corners of the heavens, and St Quentin's guns shying shot at the embankments until midnight

Dancing

Towards the enemy's works through wood and meadow until daylight, when the murder of patrol parties begins as usual

The camp literature was sometimes exceedingly good There were seven German poets killed before Metz, and, in the battles which preceded the actual siege, a gentleman who had made a fine translation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" fell to use no more A Sanscrit scholar sent home a report of an action in which he was engaged written in Sanscrit In his regiment there were three others proficient in that tongue Out of the German bodies of soldiery might any day have stepped one hundred accomplished linguists, as out of the Massachusetts regiment during the Rebellion stepped at call a hundred men, each of whom could construct a locomotive

Some rather complaining Prussian pickets, one day having expressed dis-

appointment because much-needed food had not come to hand, were taken by a number of their comrades to a neighboring village, where they were informed that provisions carried off from the French were stored The greedy and half-starved fellows rushed into a room where they discovered nothing but huge piles of splinters of French shells Of these they were coolly invited to partake, and thenceforward they complained no more

Within Metz they were not given to joking, but to serious endeavors to live. The locust armies were rapidly eating the citizens out of house and home On the 13th of October, nearly ten days after Paris had done a similar thing, the commandant issued the following order concerning bread —

From Thursday, October 16, only one kind of bread will be baked—made from corn This bread costs nine *sous* for two pounds Every baker will receive from this day forward flour enough to supply the district which he serves The daily portion for every inhabitant of the city is established at four hundred grammes for an adult, two hundred grammes for a child, and one hundred grammes for infants under four A baker can furnish bread only to those who have a paper from the mayor, and no one can receive more than the regular portion

This arrangement met with universal favor so long as the corn lasted, but corn began gradually to give out, and when Bismarck capitulated, there was neither bread nor salt to be found in his whole army nor in the town Expedients for food were of the most astonishing nature Men and women constantly came to the commandant with propositions for the manufacture of articles miraculous in their sustaining power, and by which the whole army and the honor of France could be saved But the very materials

with which to make these substances were lacking. The horses that were killed had been themselves so long without proper food and attention that the little flesh remaining upon their bones afforded small nourishment. Early in October this horse-meat became the only flesh available. The faces of the men began to show their sufferings, and the scurvy manifested itself here and there. The Germans were even moved to tears by the exhibition of mingled pride and greed given by French prisoners occasionally brought into camp. Now it was a slight but wiry *chasseur*, who could not refrain from filling the pockets of his baggy trousers with bread and salt, that he might luxuriate in these, to him, unwonted blessings, and now a gigantic *cuisinier*, who ate enough to have maintained a squadron, but who proudly stated the fact that there was no hunger in Metz. The French officers, who came as *parlementaires* to arrange some truce for purposes necessary to both sides, always proudly refused any invitations to dinner. The great hospitals at Metz were overcrowded with sick and wounded, and there was fear of pestilence in them. The Bridge of the Dead, over the Moselle, had a new meaning in its name so many sorrowful processions had gone out over it day by day to bury their comrades in the fields beyond. When the Emperor Napoleon was leaving Metz he shook his head as the driver asked him if he should go over the Bridge of the Dead, and told him to take the one next below it. By the river-side stood a little child as the Imperial *cortège* passed on its runaway course, and the voice of that child was the only one in the town which cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" But the Emperor touched his hat with the same dignity that he would have shown in saluting an immense crowd.

German soldiers had many privations to undergo which were unknown to the French. The Lorraine peasantry were filled with the bitterest hatred for their conquerors, and many a picket lost his life through the poisoning of the wells in his neighborhood. No musketeers were posted at every well and brook from Saarbrücken to Metz, and all around the besieged city, and whenever a peasant was found near a well he was made to drink from it, to prove that he had not been poisoning it. Notices were also posted announcing that if a peasant belonging to any village in the surrounding country was found to have attempted treachery against the troops, a number of the inhabitants of that village would be shot. On one occasion the Mayor of a little town was brought before a German officer, charged with having been seen to put something into a well. He was dragged to it and made to drink repeatedly from it. As he approached it, he staggered, and turned pale from excitement, not from guilt. In an instant a hundred guns were levelled at his breast, and he would have been shot to pieces had he not recovered himself and been able to demonstrate that the well-water was still pure. The peasants were in the habit of denying that they had grain or food of any kind when foraging parties visited them. After a time this enraged the Prussians, who burned the houses of refractory farmers, and thereafter everything was at their disposal. Great stores of grain were sometimes found hidden in the most ingenious manner, and considerable sums of money buried in the earth by owners who had fled away were brought to light. But these were never appropriated, the general orders of each day making it the duty of every soldier to report things found at head-quarters.

The burning of villages seems to have been very common, and yet no good reason could be assigned for it. Visiting Metz just after the siege one often came upon blackened heaps of cinders running in two long parallel lines in beautiful fields bordered by poplars. These sinister relics denoted the site of some hamlet which had met with the rude fortune of war.

The majority of the frontier villages were composed of low, one-story cottages, built on each side of a long street. There was but little variety in the architecture, and the public buildings were few and dingy. In ordinary times the notable figures of these little communities were the priest, the mayor, one of the gorgeous country police, a rich farmer or two, fat, chunkish, and wearing huge blue blouses over their broad cloth coats and their capacious waistcoats.

But on the avenues of these frontier towns, after the siege, there were no signs of country prosperity, nothing but a few sentinels lazily strolling up and down, a spy being conveyed in a cart to the place of his trial, a few women brooding over the loss of husband or home, or a squadron of cavalry riding

through to inquire if anything could be had to eat.

One day, old General Changarnier, weak and trembling with his age and fatigues, went to see Prince Friedrich Karl at Doncourt. To this step—a most humiliating one—the condition of Bazaine and the Metz army had driven him. Bazaine, generally reserved and frosty in his manner, hailed Changarnier's proposition with much delight. Such humiliations were mere preliminaries. The commander of Metz was indeed full of gloomy forebodings, and since the declaration of the Republic had been confirmed he had not scrupled to say that the fortress was lost. He had seen the declaration of the Emperor's fall received with acclamations by many of his own men. Desertions began; men stricken with fever, men whose scrawny limbs trembled under them, and who loathed the sight of the unwholesome food given them, went boldly into the enemy's camp and asked for protection and provisions in exchange for their liberty and their arms. The German prisoners brought into Metz were accustomed to taunt the men with stories about the well-fed prisoners and deserters in the German lines.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

The surrender of Metz — The Suspicious Nature of Bazaine's Negotiations — The Envoy from the Fallen Imperialists — The Affair of the Flags — The Prisoners in Front of Metz, and in Camps in Gen-

GENERAL CHANGARNIER found Friedrich Karl sullen, angry, and not over-polite. To tell the truth, this warrior's temper had been spoiled by the fact that he had been compelled to stay, as it were, on the outskirts of France, when he wished to have been flying through the country, terrifying a new city every day, sleeping in the saddle, living on a crust for a week, making forced marches, etc. He adored hard ships, but he wished to confront them in the midst of stronger excitements than those of a siege.

So he had but few words of comfort for, and asked many exactions from, Changarnier. The old general went back sick at heart, murmuring that the Prince had maltreated him, and said no more. He had given up the campaign.

Just outside the range of the shells from Fort Quentin stood the beautiful *château* of Fiescati, deserted by its owner at an early stage of the siege. The Pomeranians were posted there, and the weary watchers in Metz nightly heard them roar their northern songs. These same Pomeranians were the rough-and-ready fellows who went post-haste across the country when their work was done at Metz to plunge into the southern campaign. The *château*, surrounded by one of the finest parks in France, had long been the glory of the suburbs of Metz, and to-day is one of the most interesting of European castles, for there the greatest capitulation of modern times was

signed. There the man who had shown such astonishing indecision that he was suspected even by his fellow-Imperialists, long before his policy had become plain, of wishing to deliver his army into the hands of the Germans, gave up his prisoners, — sixty-seven regiments of infantry, and thirteen battalions of *chasseurs*, of which there were ten regiments of cuirassiers, one Gudenon regiment, eleven of dragoons, two of lancers and three of hussars, six of *chasseurs*, three of *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and six garrison squadrons, as well as one hundred and fifteen field batteries and seventeen batteries of the famous *mitrailleuse*, which was, by the way, a complete failure in the field. The army of Bazaine had originally two hundred and twenty-one battalions, the garrison of Metz, consisting of eighteen battalions, and one hundred and sixty-two squadrons, the guard of the Grenadier regiments, three cavalry regiments, a guard of the lancers, a guard of *chasseurs* and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, but some of these latter constituted the personal guard of the Emperor, and had left Metz with him. They, with the *Cent Gardes*, were included in the Sedan capitulation. Bazaine had at first two hundred and ten thousand able men, but when the time of capitulation came he had thirty-six thousand sick and wounded on his hands.

Right glad were the German troops when they heard that surrender was certain, for they had had enough of *ex tem-*

pore living A soldier, writing a day or two before Changarnier's attempt to treat with Prince Friederich Karl, said, "We are seeing hard times, but exercising and dress are attended to just as if we were in a garrison My quarters are in a hay-loft, where I have provided for my comfort as best I can For food we have biscuit and bacon only My clothes-brush serves my company as boot, tooth, rifle, nail, and garment cleaner Our handkerchiefs are used as coffee-stainers, bandages, and neck-cloths alternately Mantles serve as table-cloths, swords as beefsteak choppers, then hilt as coffee-mills and hard-tack breakers" The journals of the besieged town, printed on paper of all colors, — chocolate, gray, and brown, — had evidently given the inhabitants and the army but small hope One and all spoke very discouragingly of the condition of the French provinces They also announced, on the 25th of October, that the raw weather had caused the death of immense numbers of horses, and that a great party among the inhabitants was German in demanding peace "The only nourishment now in the town," sadly recorded one paper, "is salt meat and fresh water."

Old General Changarnier only went out on his mission to the Germans after urgent solicitation on the part of his comrades, and not until Bazaine had been urged to attempt an escape with a part of his army in the direction of Gravelotte "Even if you do not escape," urged the generals, "and if we are made prisoners, we shall save the garrison and the fortress by giving them a little more time" But Bazaine would not hear of this, and so old General Changarnier went blindfolded to the Château Frascati When he came back to Metz, after an interview of an

hour and a half with the Prussian commander, his aged frame trembled and tears streamed down his face He said, "Gentlemen, we must fall, but with honor. I hope that you and your brave soldiers may never experience such anguish as I have felt" On his way back, after he was in the French lines, he saw some soldiers groping for potatoes in the fields, and stopped to tell them that the Germans were splendid antagonists, and that they must show their best qualities against such an enemy

So, on the 27th October, Prince Friederich Karl came down to the Château Frascati to be near at hand for a consultation A French division-general represented Bazaine, and General Von Stiehlé, the Prussian army The articles were signed, after a severe struggle, about eleven o'clock at night The King sent to request the French officers to retain their swords Food was at once sent forward to the town, and the German soldiers heard much shouting, as of men begging and hustling about the provision carts, until early dawn And so it came to pass, that in October Germany had as prisoners within her boundary one hundred and forty-eight French generals, six thousand officers, and three hundred and twenty-three thousand men of rank and file, while as yet France had taken but two thousand one hundred Germans as prisoners of war

So it happened that, in the dullest of weather, with death in their hearts, and with very little food in their stomachs, the Imperial Guards, which had marched out of Paris scarcely three months before to the sound of inspiring music, on the beginning of their triumphal march to Berlin, defiled through the great fortress gate and past Prince Friederich Karl and his generals assembled.

So it happened, that the dreary pro-

cession began, one army, conquered, defiling past another but little larger than itself.

So it happened, that the marvellous German railway organization came once more into play. All civil trains on the Baden and Palatinate routes were suspended, and ten thousand Frenchmen, daily, were expressed into Germany, with the same precision and skill with which the Teutonic troops were sent upon to the French frontier a little while previous. The French marshals, Bazaine, Canrobert, and Le Boeuf, were sent on to Cassel to tell the story to their captive Emperor, and the German press of the day recorded, with a grim satire, that in the French marshals' train were twenty thousand pounds of luggage.

So it happened that the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Karl got to be marshals, and Von Moltke became a count, that long trains of food from England, from Belgium from the Rhine, were hurried through the battle-stricken country to relieve the starving people in Metz, that the Pomeranians took up their tremendous line of march to the south, that a flaming farewell order was issued by the German commander to those veterans who did not go on farther into the campaign, that the peasants stole out from wood and down from mountain to resume their work, that the ploughshares now and then probed a grave so new that it was horrible, that the dull battle stench for miles around gradually went away, and that by night the fields echoed no longer to the screaming of shells and the rattle of musketry fire, but to cheery German soldier songs.

Many wonderful military events in the history of France and Prussia have occurred in this same sinister October. In 1806, in October, the victorious Em-

peror, Napoleon the Great, stood before the grave of Frederick, at Potsdam; in October, 1812, was the Battle of Leipsic, October, 1815, saw Napoleon I at St Helena, October, 1830, saw Louis Napoleon's attempt to proclaim himself Emperor at Strasbourg, October, 1840, saw him sentenced to imprisonment, and October, 1871, brought the capitulation of Metz, and the coronation of King William of Prussia as Emperor of United Germany and Conqueror of France at Versailles. It was also, in October, in that wild year 1552, that Henry II sent his army to seize upon Metz, Troyes, and Verdun, while Charles V was troubled with religious wars in Germany. Up came the fiery Emperor with a tremendous army at his back, when he heard that the French were in the *Trom-Euechés*, and down he sat before Metz and began his operations with a formidable park of cavalry for those days. But he went away in the winter of 1553, leaving his tents behind him, convinced that he could not overcome the valor of François de Guise, and so great was his anger and humiliation that he cried out "I see, now, that Fortune is indeed a woman. She favors the young and disdains the old."

Bazaine, and all the members of the Imperial Party, have insisted, ever since the trial of the unlucky Marshal in 1873, that he was the victim of circumstances, that the French, horror-stricken and humiliated by the crushing series of defeats which had come upon them, felt it necessary to assert that they were betrayed, and hurled all the fury of their accusation upon the soldier who was in command of the head-quarters-general of the army. French pride was indeed more bitterly hurt by the surrender of Metz than by any other event of the war. That the town around which so

many glorious remembrances clustered, and which had been associated with so many striking events in French history, could have been handed over without a final valorous effort for its relief seems incomprehensible, unless its commander were influenced by unworthy motives. It seems clear — reviewing with the utmost impartiality the course of Marshal Bazaine from the 12th of August, 1870, the day on which he took into his hands the chief command of the army of the Rhine, up to the evening of the 27th of October, when the capitulation was signed — that Bazaine did not do his duty. Whether it was because he desired for a consideration to betray the immense army under his leadership to the Germans, or hoped that the forces of the broken French Empire might ally, and that he might, by some clever combination, contribute to the weakness of the Republic and help to restore the Imperial throne, the world will probably never know. His conduct, whatever might have been its motive, was pitiable. He might, by joining forces with MacMahon in the closing days of August, have prevented the disaster of Sedan, and, in response to the pressing despatches which were sent him, urging him to be ready to affect the junction, he responded only by puerile excuses. At one time he said that he could not move because of lacking ammunition, and, on that very day, in curious illustration of the absolute disorganization of the army, four millions of cartridges, the very existence of which in the arsenal had been ignored up to that time by the general commanding the place, were discovered. To all the appeals for the powerful aid which his well-disciplined and vigorous army could have given, his only answer was, that the army ought to remain under the walls of Metz,

because it thus gave to France the time to organize resistance, and to the armies in course of formation time to be brought together.

That he was unpatriotic and partisan seems clearly proven. On the 23d of September, a Prussian *parlementaire* presented himself at the French picket line, bearing a letter from Friederich Karl for Marshal Bazaine. A little behind him was a man on foot, with a white pocket-handkerchief tied to the end of a stick. The Prussian *parlementaire* delivered his letter, and was about to ride away, when the French officer who had come out to meet him said, "Who is this man with you?"—"He is not with me, and I do not know him," replied the Prussian officer, galloping off. The individual then declared that he had a mission for Marshal Bazaine, and wished to speak with him at once. So he was brought into the lines. When he reached the town the French officer who was conducting him asked him whom he should announce to the Marshal. "You may say that it is an envoy from Hastings," was the answer. It was at Hastings that the Empress Eugenie had taken refuge after her flight from Paris. Marshal Bazaine at once received this person, whose name was Regnier, into his private office, and there, according to testimony furnished at the trial of Bazaine, Regnier declared that he had come to propose either to Marshal Canrobert or to General Bombardier to go to England to place themselves at the disposition of the Regent, as the Empress was then called. But the testimony clearly establishes that Regnier appeared to have brought to Marshal Bazaine a proposition that he should sign a treaty permitting the army of Metz to retire into a neutral zone, and that he should be allowed to leave the fortress with

military honors on condition of no further resistance to the Germans during the course of the war. Bazaine, it is true, resolutely declared at his trial, that neither he nor any of his comrades would have consented to any conditions such as those which would have divided the National Defense. Regnier, who was called as a witness in the trial, took care to keep out of the way. It is variously supposed that he was an agent of Von Bismarck, or that he was a real envoy from the Imperialist Party, whose aims were furthered by Bismarck, because that wily diplomat saw that if Bazaine were allowed to believe himself the arbiter of the defense of France he could be duped in any manner desirable. Regnier certainly made a definite offer to Canrobert and to Bourbaki to go to the Empress, and Bourbaki accepted and went. On the 10th of October Bazaine, instead of cutting his way out of Metz and going to help the regularly constituted government of his country in its resistance to invasion, sent General Boyer to Versailles, where that general entered into a long series of interviews with Count Von Bismarck relative to the surrender of Metz. All that General Boyer got out of Bismarck was that the conditions imposed for the raising of the siege were that the fidelity of the army of the Rhine to the Empress Eugenie should be fully affirmed, that a manifestation of this fidelity should be publicly made in Metz on the part of the army, and that even the signature of the Empress to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace should be obtained. General Boyer returned to Metz with these conditions, laid them before a council, in which Bazaine, General Ladmirault, Marshal Le Boeuf, and many other important officers, took part, and then went over to England

to communicate with the fallen Empress.

All this was certainly enough to make Republican France believe that the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, who ought to have fought his way out of Metz two months before, was nothing less than a traitor. When General Changarnier was sent to treat with Prince Friedrich Karl, he was charged by Bazaine to demand the neutralization of the Army of the Rhine, and the territory that it occupied, and an armistice, during which an appeal was to be made to the deputies and to the constituted powers, under virtue of the constitution of May, 1870, for a treaty of peace between the two antagonists. There is also a fine flavor of Imperialism in the phrase in which Bazaine asks that he be allowed to fulfill a mission of order, meaning, of course, that the obliging enemy should let him pass through its lines and go to put down the new Republic in Paris.

The affair of the flags at the time of the surrender of Metz put the finishing touch to Bazaine's disastrous career. The Republicans stoutly claim that, had it not been for his stupid hesitation, and for the multiplicity of his orders and counter-orders, all the flags of the garrison would have been burned, and the French nation would have been spared the shame of knowing that hundreds of its banners are exhibited in Berlin. As it was, many a valiant general and colonel, with that reckless defiance of military discipline which came with a disgust for Bazaine's course, burned the flags of their commands, or broke them and trampled them into the earth, and sent word to the commander of the place to say that they had done so. Shortly after the capitulation of Metz a gentleman resident in Germany wrote me as

follows: "Were it not for the presence of so many prisoners and the wounded, Germany would have some difficulty in realizing that she is now carrying on a tremendous war hundreds of miles away in the centre of a formidable enemy's country, for our streets are as thronged as ever, business is about in its normal condition, and the high schools and universities are filled up with youth, despite the many scholars, doctors, and professors now on the battle-fields. A visit to the unblinded French guests and their encampments in the various cities tells us what the Germans are doing in France and have done. They sent in 1,000 prisoners from Weissenburg; 6,000 from Woerth, 2,500 from Spicheren, 1,377 from Saargemund and Haguenau, 200 from Vionville, 3,000 from Gravelotte, 8,050 from Vitry, 2,800 from Beaumont; 84,450 from Sedan, 2,280 from Toul, 15,000 from Strasbourg, 5,000 from before Paris, and 173,000 from Metz. Altogether this makes a grand total of about 330,000 men, including 10,000 officers and 1 marshals.

"Three hundred and thirty thousand! This is nearly the whole of the grand army of the Rhine, with which Napoleon set out to conquer Germany and take possession of the Rhine provinces, and to sign the treaty of peace in Konigsburg or Berlin. It is not difficult to explain why Germany made this immense number of prisoners. First, the Germans themselves had special inducements to capture them alive, especially poor Turco, who had many a prize set upon his black head. Something in the following style of telegram was received by Count Bismarck: 'One thousand good rags for the first German soldiers who capture the first live Turco.' But the hearts of the French do not seem to have been in their work. A French

writer indeed cries out that these are not the soldiers of France, not the successors of the men who followed Napoleon the Great, who never allowed themselves to be taken prisoners by wholesale, as do the present generation. This is true enough, but the soldiers of the old Napoleon, beaten as they were at last, had always something to fight for, and leaders whom they could always trust; while in 1870, from Weissenburg to Sedan, the campaign on the French side was a mass of confusion, imbecility, and unskillfulness of the leaders, and fighting of the men without purpose to be achieved. Napoleon himself complains that his generals would not obey his commands, while the prisoners here constantly repeat the reproach: 'We have been sold, we have been sold.'

"I have visited a number of the French camps in Germany, and arrive at the conclusion that these very prisoners will be a great help to Germany when they return to their native land. The French soldiers started for the Rhine, expecting to find, as the most ignorant had been told, a people something akin to the Cossacks of the Don, or, as a French school-book informs the youthful mind, savages upon the sand plains of Hanover, Pomerania was to them a wilderness. They knew nothing whatever of Germany except Prussia, but they will return home with vastly different opinions of Germany and the Germans, for they have been treated with a kindness as surprising as it was generous. The first batch of one thousand coming in from Weissenburg was received with silence by vast crowds, and was the recipient of favours which even the German soldiers did not obtain. The greatest good feeling has been produced between citizens and prisoners, for, although excursion trains are run

every Sunday to the French camp, the people who go only go to do good offices, and not merely to stare. The German ladies have been somewhat censured for the great desire they manifest to give their French an airing. The opportunity to speak French with a native does not come every day, and the fair beings may therefore be excused. Especially among the wounded, where the French and Germans occupied the same rooms, the latter have at times a cause of complaint that German ladies should have preferred to notice the French. In a Saxon hospital two good fellows determined, not long ago, to take advantage of this curiosity on the part of their lady visitors, and as one of their number could speak French like a Frenchman, they dressed him up as a prisoner, and every one desiring to see the French wounded was at once referred to him. One lady was so charmed by his story and his language that she not only took his address, but made him a present of some money. No sooner had she disappeared than loud laughter burst forth. The supposed Frenchman rose a stout Saxon, and the money thus won was distributed among the comrades."

This good-natured letter, in which the German feeling is fairly represented, unfortunately does not convey the entire truth. There was great suffering, moral and physical, among the thousands of prisoners, especially after the cold weather set in, and many accounts published shortly after the return of the prisoners indicate that, while the treatment by the civilians was uniformly kind and reasonably courteous, the military authorities were harsh and sometimes vindictive. The tent encampments, outside fortresses like Magdeburg, Coblenz, Mainz, Stettin, Glogau, Erfurt, Posen, and Wesel, each containing from five to ten thousand prisoners, were the scene of much misery, and sometimes of the most tragic deaths. High-spirited men, like General Ducrot and others, would not stand the long-inflicted humiliation, and boldly made their escape. Ducrot was bitterly accused by the Germans of having violated his word of honor in thus escaping, but he has sufficiently defended himself against this charge in his able work on the early part of the campaign.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The Desperate Battles at Le Bourget. — Remarkable Valor of the French — Episodes of the Defense — The Charge of the Marines — Thiers and Bismarck — The Insurrection of the 31st of October — Brilliant Conduct of Jules Ferry

THE Parisians, despite their numerous disasters, had lost none of their traditional gayety of speech, and were able to say, when they heard that General Aurelles de Paladines had had his army cut in two, — "That will make two armies instead of one, and makes us just so much the stronger." But light and pleasant sayings do not always go with light hearts, and after the terrible affair of Le Bourget the resistance of Paris lost its hopeful character. M. Jules Favre says that it precipitated the insurrection of the 31st of October.

The village of Le Bourget was a very important situation for an army investing Paris, and the Prussians had seized it and held it until the 28th of October, at which time the *Frances-Tireurs* of the press made a descent upon it, and, surprising the Prussians in their sleep, took possession, making many prisoners and killing large numbers of the enemy. It was not at all to the taste of the Germans to see the batteries which they had established at Pont Iblon and adjacent places seriously menaced, so, at ten o'clock on the morning of the French occupation, the Germans who had escaped came back strongly reinforced, and made a tremendous attack. The *Frances-Tireurs* had their feeble forces strengthened by a few companies of *Mobiles*, and they made a defense of the position which they had so recently taken which may deservedly rank with that of Châteaudun. The little band of

Frenchmen was subjected to a terrible artillery fire for more than five hours. Nearly every house in Le Bourget was riddled with shell, but the troops held firm, and at nightfall the enemy had to retire. There were two severe attacks made there the same evening, — one of them by the grenadiers of the Prussian Guard, but this was repulsed, and, meantime a battalion of *Mobiles*, under the command of a valiant young officer named Baroche, arrived from St Denis. All night the contending forces worked at strengthening their positions, and at dawn the battle began anew with great fury.

Le Bourget suffered a second bombardment, more than forty cannon throwing shells for nine hours into the now half-wrecked houses, in which three thousand men were intrepidly defending themselves. It is said that on this day the Prussians threw two thousand shells into this one long street of Le Bourget. The Prussians were hindered from making an overpowering night attack by the electric light, thrown from the forts, which lit up the fields for miles around, and prevented the massing of troops at the proper points.

On Sunday, the 30th of October, the Germans, about fifteen thousand strong, with forty-eight cannon, made a final attack. Fifteen batteries threw converging fire upon the town; and, in less than half an hour after the attack on Sunday morning, the sixteen hundred French-

men who remained of the brave defenders of Le Bourget had had thrown at them fifteen hundred shells. The two French officers Brasseur and Baroche appear to have conducted themselves like veritable heroes. The fight on Sunday seemed to have awakened the pride of the Germans, who fancied that they had in front of them a large French force, and the Queen Elizabeth regiment of the Prussian Guard came up at half-past eight in the morning, with its band playing, and its flags flying, to carry the first barricade at the entrance of the village. The troops ran forward with their usual "Hurrah!" but they were met by a strong fusillade, so deadly, that, according to the testimony of the Germans themselves, nothing had been seen like it in the war.

"As the second battalion of the regiment came up," says a German writer, "one of the color-sergeants was shot down. A young officer ran forward, seized the flag, which was falling to the ground and, as he raised it up, also fell mortally wounded. A general then dismounted from his horse, seized the flag, and, holding it high above his head, rushed forward in front of his grenadiers. Two colonels of the regiments engaged in the charge were killed in the front rank of their troops. The general, however, who had seized the flag, seemed to bear a charmed life." The hardy German pioneers, with their axes and crowbars, worked away at a breach, and in a short time the little French band found itself taken between two fires. The town was not given up until, out of the sixteen hundred men, twelve hundred combatants were taken prisoners, slain, or wounded.

Near the church in the interior of the village the officer Brasseur, already mentioned, held out to the last, sur-

rounded by a hundred of the bravest of the soldiers. On the right, the commandant Baroche, who had with him about sixty men, determined to die rather than surrender, and when he was struck down by a shell he begged his soldiers, with his dying breath, to hold out half an hour, "because," he said, "help was certain to arrive in that time."

The officer Brasseur, when the barricade which he had been defending was carried by a charge of several hundred of the enemy, shut himself, with seven other officers and about twenty soldiers, into the church, and kept up a vigorous fire from the windows until his little band was literally crushed. When he was driven into a corner, and forced to give up his sword, he wept like a child. The Prussian officer who took the weapon was deeply affected, and could not refrain from strongly complimenting him on his personal courage. The Prince of Württemberg the next day sent back the sword with his personal compliments. That the Prince was deeply impressed by this heroic defense is shown by his proclamation, issued from the headquarters at Gonesse, on the 30th, in which he speaks of Le Bourget having been defended by the best troops in the Paris garrison against the second division of the Infantry corps, with certain special troops which had been joined to it.

This fight cost the Germans a large number of their best officers and more than three thousand soldiers. What might not such troops as the defenders of Le Bourget have done had they been properly commanded, and had the generals inside Paris known how to utilize the three hundred or three hundred and fifty thousand men who remained useless inside the ramparts the greater portion of the period of the siege?

There was another and almost as san-

guinary encounter between the besiegers and the besieged at this same Le Bourget towards the close of December, in which occurred the celebrated charge by a battalion of marines supported by a detachment of troops of the French line under the orders of a noted naval captain. This charge of the marines, with their revolvers and hatchets in hand, upon the German troops who had taken up position in the cemetery of Le Bourget, has become legendary in France, and has been chosen by many of the military painters as a fitting subject for the illustration of the French valor which proved of so little avail.

This second attack was crowned with only partial success, and the marines, who had at first been so successful, were badly cut to pieces before they came out of the affair. This battle at Le Bourget was part of a general scheme for an attack upon Montietout, Buzenvil, and other important positions, where, however, the German line proved always too strong to be broken through.

While these heroic efforts for the deliverance of Paris were in progress, during the last days of October, the venerable M. Thiers had been doing some vigorous work in behalf of unhappy France, and comforting the Government of National Defense with the assurance that the four great neutral powers, England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, were willing to propose to the belligerents an armistice, with a view to the convocation of a French national assembly, also, that this armistice would have for its conditions the revivalling of Paris and the untrammelled election of the country's representatives. M. Thiers was full of energy and hope. He sacrificed himself to the interests of the moment, pocketing his pride, and was willing to go hither and yon to meet Bismarck on any

one else if he could do his country service. The news of the capitulation of Metz almost crushed the little man for the time being, but he concealed his anxiety.

On his return from Tours, where he had been aiding Gambetta in the organization of the defense in the south, he was obliged to pass through Versailles, and to make a call upon Count Bismarck, to whose desire to appear in the eyes of Europe perfectly fair he owed his safe conduct through the Prussian lines. Few interviews between celebrated men have ever been stranger than this one between the ambitious Prussian Chancellor and the accomplished French statesman, under these trying circumstances, which required all their self-control and politeness. When Bismarck received Thiers he at once said "I know that we have no right to talk business, and I shall scrupulously refrain from any mention of it." The two gentlemen, therefore, entered upon a general conversation which was brief, and which must have exhausted all their artifices. M. Thiers was escorted to the Bridge of Sèvres, and was allowed free passage to the lines of his friends.

That the formidable insurrection of the 31st of October was nipped in the bud was due largely to the energetic conduct of one man, who has since become very prominent in French affairs, — M. Jules Ferry. When the Hôtel de Ville was invaded by the immense crowds who were disloyal to the Government of National Defense, M. Ferry was the first to assume an attitude of bold resistance, and he maintained it until all the troubles were over. The insurrection began as insurrections in Paris have begun since time immemorial, — by the invasion of the hall in which the regularly constituted authorities were delib-

erating M Jules Favre has given us a striking picture of this invasion of the Council Room, where he was seated with General Trochu, M Garnier Pagès, M Jules Simon, and Ernest Picard. The fiery Flourens and Millière, afterwards so conspicuous in the Commune, were at the head of the National Guards, the grim workmen, the volunteers in all kinds of fantastic uniforms, who rushed into the room uttering savage cries, and who would have been willing to stain their hands in the blood of the men who had been doing their best to save them. Flourens considered the insurrection as successful, and harangued the citizens, saying that they had overturned the government which had betrayed them. He at once nominated himself, Millière, Delescluze, Rochefort, Blanqui, and others, instead of those whom he pretended to overthrow, and his followers sanctioned by shouts whatever he said. "During this burlesque scene" says Jules Favre, "we did not budge from our seats. General Trochu took off his epaulettes, and passed them to one of his officers who was near him," and he told M Favre afterwards, that he had done this so as to put the insignia of his military authority beyond the reach of an affront. He quietly lit a cigarette, and waited the movements of the rioters.

The story is too long to give in detail here. Enough to say that the Government of National Defense narrowly escaped complete annihilation on this unfortunate day. The Commune was already starting from its concealment, and was admirably organized with a view to replacing instantly, and with as little collision as possible, the government which alone had the right to call itself national. The members of the Committee of National Defense were prisoners in the hands of these insurrectionists for several hours.

Jules Simon was violently maltreated by the Communists. Delescluze, destined afterwards to die upon a barricade in the Commune, openly expressed his contempt and disdain for Jules Favre. The volunteers of the National Guards from Belleville, infuriated with drink and with their ephemeral victory, repeatedly hinted at the massacre of their prisoners. Flourens was, from time to time, obliged to appeal to his followers not to give the world the spectacle of a fratricidal encounter. "Let us avoid the shedding of blood," he said, "but let us carry our point."

Jules Favre was twice in imminent danger of death. A dozen muskets were levelled at his head. "It was," he says, "a solemn but imposing moment, and I still ask myself how it was that no one of these men, most of whom were completely intoxicated, did not press the trigger of his gun."

The government was liberated from its disagreeable and rather humiliating position the same night by the energetic action of a little body of National Guards, friendly to the national cause. The leaders of the insurrection retired once more into the shade, muttering vengeance due upon those who had dared to interfere with them. Jules Ferry had been at the head of the column which forced the gates of the Hôtel de Ville, and finally compelled the rioters to retire. For a few minutes it looked as if he would pay with his life for his audacity; but his personal magnetism was so strong and his language was so energetic that they dared not harm him, and he carried his point against them. In January of 1871 he was a prominent figure in the second resistance against a body of insurgents, who came after the disastrous fight at Montretout to attack the Hôtel de Ville.

November came in gloomy and full of menaces of war. The little band of members of the Government of National Defense found that the attempt upon its authority had strengthened its hold upon the affections of all truly patriotic citizens, and, appealing to the population for support, it received a vote of confidence which was highly gratifying. For the time being the government contented itself with removing from their military positions Flourens and all the others who had held important places in the insurrection, and about this time Rochefort, who was gradually becoming identified with the Radical Party and with the cause of the Communists, which he afterwards vainly disavowed, resigned his position as a member of the government. M. Thiers had not been able to give his advice to the governing powers during the difficult days through which they had just passed, for he had returned at once to Versailles, anxious to conclude an armistice. This time he was enabled to talk business with Count Von Bismarck, and he has left on record a singularly bright and sparkling account of the manner in which he urged his claims, and the claims of his beloved capital, upon the accomplished representative of the conquering party. He remained three or four days at Versailles, meeting the Chancellor very frequently, and fancied that he was about to carry his point, when, on the evening of the 3d of November, he asked Count Von Bismarck what guarantees he was likely to ask for the suspension of hostilities. Bismarck made the same answer that he had made to Jules Favre at Ferrières, that he should require a military position in front of Paris. "One fort," he added, "perhaps more than one."

"I immediately interrupted the Chancellor," says M. Thiers. "You are

asking for Paris." I said to him, "you refuse to revictual the capital during the armistice, thus taking a month of our resistance away from us. To exact from us one or more of our forts is nothing less than demanding our ramparts. You want us, in short, to give you the means of starving us out or bombarding us. In treating with us for an armistice you could hardly suppose that the capital condition would be to abandon Paris to you,—Paris, which is our supreme force, our great hope, and for you so great a difficulty that after fifty days of siege you have not yet taken it."

"When we got to this point," says M. Thiers, "we could go no further. Whereupon Count Von Bismarck declared that if the French government wished to hold elections without an armistice, he would offer no hindrance to a free election of representatives in all the sections occupied by the Prussian armies, and would facilitate communication between Paris and Tours for everything except military despatches."

There is little doubt that after this stern refusal on the part of the Germans to interrupt the course of the war M. Thiers gave up all hope of a successful resistance. He had done his duty, and accomplished what no other man in France could have done. He had pleaded the cause of Paris at the courts of England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, making light, even at his advanced age, of the great physical and intellectual strain to which he was subjected during journeys doubly wearisome because of the suspense concerning affairs at home which hung perpetually about his heart. He, more clearly than any one else, saw that the war was to be to its very close a fatal one for France, but, gallantly keeping his doubts and despairs to himself, he

returned from Versailles to Tours, and placed himself at the disposal of the delegates there.

It was no light work which Gambetta had undertaken in the South. When he arrived at Tours half the important fortresses in the country had capitulated, and the others — Paris, Phalsbourg, Mézières, Thionville, Bitche, Montmédy, and Verdun — were surrounded by lines of iron and steel, and their condition was almost hopeless. Gambetta seemed to bring men and muskets and cannon out of the very earth. With his powerful and seductive eloquence he won the hearts of the enthusiastic southern populations. He created a commission of armament, which, in three months, delivered into the hands of men who unfortunately did not know how to use them, one million two hundred thousand guns. From Nantes, from St Etienne,

from Creuzot, he brought cannon; at Angoulême millions of cartridges were made. He even thought at one time of sending cartridges into Paris by balloon. With all these interests of the nation in his hands, and being himself virtually dictator of all France outside of Paris for months, his fidelity to his trust was so complete and perfect that, when later in his political career the slanderous accusation was brought against him of having profited by the manufacture of arms for the country's defenders, the whole French nation, with the exception of his few slanderers, rose in revolt against such an injury, and he proved beyond the shadow of doubt that not only had he not received the millions falsely attributed to him, but that he had not profited by as much as a single sou in any of his public labors in his country's behalf.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Life at Headquarters — The Parades on the Place d'Armes — Von Moltke in Versailles — King William's Daily Labors — Bismarck's Habits — The General Staff — The Hôtel des Réservoirs — A Journey around Bombed Paris — The Story of Mont Valérien — Maréchal Laffitte in War Time. — Getting Under Fire. — The French and German Pickets — In the Foremost Investment Lines — Montmorency. — The Fight near Enghien — Saint Gratien — The Day Before Champagne.

THE Germans act as though they had come to stay here forever," said a nervous French friend of mine, in a comic mood, as we walked through the splendid courtyard of the great palace of Versailles one morning late in November, when the contesting parties just outside the historic town were in their sternest mood, and when the Germans were bringing up their "final arguments," — hundreds of cannon, which had been packed in neighboring villages, waiting what the Chancellor, with his habitual satire, called "the psychological moment."

Indeed, the royal headquarters was but little disturbed by the battles near by save on one or two occasions, when victories seemed at last to alight upon the French standards, at the time of the great *sortie* which culminated in the sanguinary encounter at Champagne. French Versailles had taken on the sullen aspect of a conquered place, where politeness was only accorded because it was bred in the flesh, and commerce fostered because the invader insisted upon it. But there was a German Versailles, life in which went on regularly, cheerfully, and in rather picturesque fashion.

The first event of the day was invariably a military parade upon the Place d'Armes, and this was conducted with as much care and precision as if it had been in some garrison town in the inter-

ior of Germany. The regiments paraded were those freshly arrived in the campaign. The inspection was merciless; fault-finding was frequent, punishment severe. After the parade came concerts by the splendid bands of the crack regiments, and around these bands, in the great avenues gathered hundreds of elegantly uniformed officers, soldiers of all arms of the service, but rarely did a French gentleman or lady pause to listen to the music or to gaze upon the enemy.

By the time the concerts were over, dusk had drawn its curtains round the town, and all the shops closed, the *cafés* remained open, but hotels barred their doors at nine o'clock, when the patrols began to move through the streets. The great *château*, with its noble entrance-way guarded by the sculptured figures of the military heroes of France, was visited daily by hundreds of soldiers on leave, and by the motley army followers, huge wagoners and serving-men, all of them anxious to increase their stock of knowledge of French history. Now and then the King drove to the palace to see the wounded soldiers placed in the airiest and lightest of the halls. The superb park, with all its appurtenances of Trianon, *châlet*, and fountains, was deserted save at early morning, when troops of horsemen clattered through the long alleys, or save when at

dawn a silent procession of soldiers, escorting one of their comrades sentenced to execution, went out to a sinister hollow behind a hedge, where they proceeded to take the life which the comrade had forfeited.

Von Moltke sometimes promenaded in the park at seven in the morning, stern and passionless, with his arms hanging motionless at his sides, and although in primly arranged uniform, and with his sword clattering at his side, he looked more like a schoolmaster or a country clergyman than like a great general. The Versailles soon learned his habits, and now and then, actuated by some unaccountable impulse, — perhaps admiration for his very sternness and modesty, — they saluted him as he passed. He was never attended by an escort of any kind. When the bands were playing in the avenue of St Cloud, he often walked slowly through the throngs of officers, raising his hand to his cap abstractedly when he was saluted. There was nothing to be read in his face. It testified neither to joy or fear, to anxiety or to deep thought. He never seemed to see any one. His gaze was introspective, and his walk plantigrade, like that of one ascending a steep hill.

The plainness with which most of the Prussian royal personages dressed during the campaign divested them of the brilliant halo usually surrounding persons of rank. The King appeared quite as simple as one of the soldiers of his household, if he happened to be placed beside him. Red and black were the predominating colors. There were few regiments in which a dozen different hues were so mingled as to produce the dazzling sheen which makes some armies so attractive.

The Crown Prince, mounted on a fine

horse, with one groom behind him, rode through the town almost every morning, as simply dressed as any of his officers. The distinctions between prince and commander were so slight that a careless observer would not have noticed them. King William was rarely accompanied in his public promenades, in carriages, or on horseback, by any one save servants at a respectful distance. He had an immense round of daily labor, difficult to support, considering his advanced age. The royal courier left the Prefecture of Versailles, where the King resided, every day for Berlin, with special despatches, letters, etc., and the royal mail left Lagny every morning at five o'clock. The King may be said to have passed his time in writing and dictating letters for those mails, interspersing his toil with brief outings in the town and an occasional dash over into the investment lines to see how a battle was going.

The Crown Prince rested in a measure from his labors at Versailles, although scarcely a day passed that he was not called upon to give judgment upon some important crisis in the campaign, but even he was subject to the orders of Von Moltke.

Count Von Bismarck kept himself very close for a long time after his arrival at Versailles, and numerous tales were told of his eccentric habits, how he did but little work by day, but, lying in his bed at night, surrounded with candles stuck in the necks of empty champagne bottles, wrote, dictated, and planned, smoking furiously, and drinking extraordinary mixtures of champagne and beer. "When he has finished a bottle of champagne," said one informant, who communicated the statement to me as if it were of the greatest importance, "he lights a fresh candle, and sticks it in the bottle, and so when

morning comes he is surrounded with lights, as if he were illuminating in his own honor."

When Bismarck appeared in public more frequently in December, it was observed that he had grown old with startling rapidity. He looked ten years older than when he had left Berlin a few months before. The head-quarters of the general staff was in the Rue Neuve. It was a tranquil, mysterious-looking house, where even the sentinels seemed to walk with muffled tread, and where no noise was ever heard. There were elaborated all the great projects of the siege, there the whole network surrounding Paris was daily studied with grave caution, there Oberst-Lieut. Von Verdy received the journalists, and dulled their eagerness for news with non-committal replies, there Von Podbielski elaborated the despatches in which he had little to announce but continuous victory.

The old and far-famed Hôtel des Réservoirs, the Café de Neptune, and the *cafés* in the neighborhood of the Place Hoche were favorite resorts for princes and grandees, who came and went, and was the centre for new-gatherers, diplomatic agents, etc. At the Réservoirs, towards noon, there was generally a brilliant assemblage. Dukes, princes, and princelings without number came to breakfast in the noted restaurant. Smart carriages rattled along the stone-paved way leading into the courtyard. A row of bareheaded, plainly dressed serving-men stood ready to receive their particular "Excellencies," and couriers ready to vault into the saddle waited important orders which were given over breakfast plates. In the *cafés* there were always dozens of officers on leave who had come to see the palace, the park, and to drink unlimited coffee and cognac to the astonishment of the sober Frenchmen.

Comparatively few of the wounded were sent into Versailles after it became the royal head-quarters. Ambulances and ambulance men were almost numberless. Ladies and gentlemen of all nations and professions had devoted themselves to the charitable work of caring for the wounded, and those soldiers who were fortunate enough to be



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sent to the Palace for treatment had but one thing to complain of—the multiplicity of the attentions shown them. The Hôtel des Réservoirs was a sanitary station. American, English, and Belgian physicians did good service in and around Versailles from the beginning to the end of the siege.

To the right and left of the Place d'Armes, adjoining the *château*, are the great cavalry quarters, immense barracks, built in a semi-circle, and these afforded

good accommodation to the invaders. In front of these, of a fine afternoon, five or six hundred spouted horses might be seen out for exercise, the officers' servants, generally quite as good cavaliers as their masters, putting the splendid beasts through all manner of equine gymnastics. Every morning the avenues were blocked for an hour by the long provision trains arriving from the rear. The teamsters of these trains provoked much laughter even among the saddened citizens of Versailles. They were ragged and saucy, and seemed to have been chosen from the oddest of odd German types.

We made frequent journeys around Paris during the siege, but some account of that one which I first made, after the investment was declared complete, will serve to give a few pictures of the besiegers. I left Versailles with two companions one morning for Montmagny, which lay directly in the foremost line of investment, and in an advantageous position for an outlook on Paris. The weather was beautifully clear, although we were at the end of November, and with glasses we could discern the French at work on Mont Valerien, and saw them occasionally firing a heavy gun in the direction of St Cloud. Between Versailles and Saint Germain we found the Westphalian corps stationed, and were struck with the wonderful solidity and strength of the men. At that point even, and at that period of the siege the French would have found it impossible to break through.

After a hasty breakfast we took the road through the forest towards Maisons Laiffite. There we were told that the French had succeeded in establishing daily communication between Paris and Saint Germain, and had had a mail service in operation for some weeks, but it

had now been found out, and the go-betweens were shortly to be executed. From Saint Germain, the fine Landwehrrnen of the Royal Guard had just departed, leaving behind them praises, even in the mouths of their enemies, for their excellent conduct. At the limits of Saint Germain we found the Fourth army corps, commanded by General Von Alvensleben, who had his headquarters established at Souisy.

On the way over the hill, leading into Saint Germain, one of my companions told me, in sprightly fashion, the story of Mont Valerien. "In the fifteenth century," said he, "when the Prussians were still savages on the Brandenburg sands, the height on which Valerien stood was the Mecca for thousands of pious pilgrims. The hill was called Calvary, and on it were erected three crosses, whose gloomy outlines recalled the painful death of our Saviour and his companions. The superstitious peasantry of the neighborhood firmly believed that if they did not make their early pilgrimage to this Valerien Calvary they would be cursed with ill-luck. In the seventeenth century the church of Sainte-Croix was built on the hill-top to commemorate the pilgrimages of previous times, and a convent was soon added. Of this convent Richelieu became the director, but in the seventeenth century the priests sold the property to the Jacobins, and the controlling bishops of Notre Dame refused to ratify the bargain. Out of this dispute grew a veritable battle, in which all the peasants of the vicinity joined. The convent was stormed, and the Jacobins remained masters. The property was finally restored to its original owners by parliamentary decree. Jean-Jacques Rousseau loved to wander on the hill for hours together, and once said to a friend who was with him

he came suddenly upon a chapel in which some peasants were praying "Now I understand for the first time what the Gospel says, — "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" " The convent buildings existed long after the order for their suppression had been passed by the National Assembly. Napoleon I imagined that a nest of conspirators was concealed there and demolished the convent to substitute barracks, nearly completed when 1814 arrived, and the building site fell again into the hands of the Catholics. Under the Restoration the three crosses were raised anew by the church and the convents were rebuilt. But in 1830 the Jesuits were expelled and the holy edifices fell into decay. Soon after the formidable great walls of the present fortress arose, commanding the valleys and the routes in the vicinity. Immense barracks and bomb proofs were constructed, and in ordinary times a garrison of two thousand men would make but little show in the immense place. "The French," concluded my fellow-traveller, "maintain that the reduction of Valerien by bombardment is impossible." As he finished this sentence, the old fort growled, and the white puff of smoke showed us that the gunners, seeing us pass, had felt it their duty to salute us with the customary useless shell.

From Maisons Laiffitte we went on to Argenteuil. The forest beyond Saint Germain was beautiful in its garb of freshly fallen and crystallized snow, and the long alleys looked like marble sculptured aisles in some vast cathedral. An hour's ride brought us to several little towns attached to each other by a slender thread of houses, and we were soon in Maisons Laiffitte, and on the Seine bank

At Maisons Laiffitte we found few soldiers, and the peasants were very aggressive, and treated us with open hostility and suspicion. We were obliged to press one of them into our service and force him to show us the *château* which Mansard built for Louis XII down by the river banks. The grounds were fine, their natural beauties not having been defaced by the insipid style of gardening for which Le Nôtre was notorious, and the broad walks, bordered by pedestals on which stood busts of the Roman Emperors, were quite imposing. We entered the great hall, where nude Grecian figures glamed above us. The *château* had for a long time been occupied by the besiegers, and, although few attempts at wanton destruction had been made, there were visible marks of occupation. The owner of the *château* at that time was the president of a great insurance company of Paris, and his private papers had been scattered luther and yon. The pianos were opened, the beds were left richly dressed. In the gorgeously decorated bed-chamber, and the dainty boudoir, hidden in drifting clouds of rich lace, a dozen officers had their quarters, and champagne bottles and cigar stumps strewn the waxed floors. In the picture gallery, where the paintings were undisturbed, mattresses left lying about showed that forty soldiers had slept. The fireplaces were filled with broken meats and bottles. A huge avenue led down to the river bank, where formerly there was a fine bridge over the Seine. This had been blown up early in December. Here we were obliged to cross in range of Mont Valerien, but the gunners did not deign to notice us this time. On the other bank, at the village called Sartonville, we found soldiers from the Fourth corps pushing forward to Argenteuil, the nearest point to Paris within the lines

At Saitrouville we heard the sharp crack of the *chussepots*, the French outposts keeping up an incessant fire upon the Prussians passing unconcernedly to and fro within their own lines. An hour before our arrival, Mont Valerien had been attempting to dislodge some troops not far from us. These troops were nearly all young men, few older than twenty-five, sturdy, hale, honest-looking *gailhards*. We watched them assisting each other in preparations for their march, rolling their overcoats, capping their pistols, etc. At last, when everything was ready, they fell into line without a word. All, as one man, put their feet forward *en route* for Argenteuil. This was done so promptly, and with a movement so regular, that one might have imagined every man a part of a machine. In Saitrouville many of the houses were completely burned, and the country was more desolate than any we had seen before. Most of the inhabitants had gone away, having probably retired into Paris at the opening of the siege; but a few old men were prowling about, beseeching the Prussians and French alike for alms.

We left Saitrouville late in the afternoon, and neared Argenteuil just as the evening sunset was reddening the sky. As we came up the hill by which we were to descend into Argenteuil we saw the quick, white puffs of smoke, which denoted a battle, and could hear the steady roll of firing ahead of us. Where the Seine wound away we saw the pickets at work, and were cautioned by a passing soldier not to venture near the river, "as French bullets," he said, "easily reached much farther than that."

Argenteuil was deserted save by a few blue-bloused peasants, who begged for news with such energy that we forgot the rules imposed upon us by the

Prussians,—not to talk to Frenchmen within the German lines and tell them what we knew. The lower road from Saitrouville to Argenteuil was constantly swept by a small fire from the French lines. We went down to it, but came back convinced that it was not the proper place for an excursion.

At Argenteuil was a hill commanding a fine view of Paris, and, in the fading glow of the sunset, we looked down upon the misty outlines of the great capital, which, at this distance, seemed as calm as a cemetery. Here the Germans had an observatory, from which, if inclined, they could look over Montmartre, and could plainly distinguish all the operations on the walls of Mont Valerien.

At the end of the long principal street of the town we saw a Frenchman cursing two Prussians who had offered to buy provisions from him. He refused to give them anything, and emptied his vocabulary of invectives, finishing his remarks with a hearty burst of laughter, as if he were delighted with the dilemma in which the enemy found itself. Large masses of troops were drilling on a plain beyond Argenteuil, and here, although we were close to Paris and the forts, the Germans seemed as tranquil and as possessed as if they had been at home.

The next village was Sannois, and here we crossed the railway and bent away in the direction of St Denis and the other forts on the east, towards St. Gratien and Epinal, where a *sortie* had lately occurred. Here we found the Prussians very numerous, and on the alert. Sentinels halted us at every turn in the road, and examined our papers cautiously. Now and then we had to submit to cross-questioning by some lawyer or "Heir Doctor" with a gun on his shoulder, if he presumed to doubt that we had really come from Versailles.

We passed the night in the foremost investment lines, and not far from the forts of St Denis, La Double Couronne du Nord, La Breche, and the Fort de l'Est. After we had escaped through a wassailing party of soldiers, who had insisted upon quarrelling with us because we had avowed that we were not Prussians, we went to the commandant of the place, who received us with courtesy, and who sent a soldier to find us quarters for the night. This commandant belonged to an Anhaltischer regiment, the Ninety-third Anhalt-Dessau, and was a fine specimen of the German military man. He told us that duty there was especially arduous, and the men had suffered much. The forts never allowed a night to pass without throwing at least in hundred shells into the lines, on the theory, he supposed, that it prevented sleep. It was rather startling at first to hear the shells come crashing into the streets.

At Montmorency were stationed the Sixth and Seventh divisions of the Fourth army corps, the former under General Schwartzhof and the latter under General Zehnckski. "The Fourth Pioneers were not far away, in front, near Epinal," said the commandant, "and they have had a tremendous raking from the very first moment of their occupation." They were destined to a trial even more severe than any that had yet been suffered, on the next night after our arrival, and we had an opportunity of witnessing many of its phases, during the operations which the French had begun towards Gennevilliers and Argenteuil as a diversion at the time of General Ducrot's great *sortie*, which culminated in the disaster at Champigny.

Montmorency is one of the loveliest suburban towns near Paris. From its high hills, crowned with historic villas, it dominates a noble sweep of valley,

forest, and lake. At the foot of one of these hills lies Enghien, long famous for its sulphur baths, and a little farther on is the forest in which so much fighting occurred during the siege. Aside from its feudal history Montmorency acquired peculiar interest in later days by the choice of it as a residence by many distinguished people, and as a pleasure haunt by the Parisians. Jean-Jacques Rousseau had his hermitage there. The old building is still shown, and the chestnut trees under which the old philosopher used to muse are still pointed out with reverence. Rachel once had a villa at Montmorency, and in the so-called new hermitage both Gretry, the composer, and the Duchesse de Berri have had their homes. American and French painters have made Montmorency and Enghien and Ecouen their favorite sketching grounds for months together. Where we found the stalwart men of the Fourth Prussian corps grimly grasping their rifles at their outposts, many a painter had spent studious days in the wood.

After inspecting our rather gloomy quarters, a deserted villa, in which I incurred the displeasure of two soldiers because I interfered to prevent them from cutting joints of raw meat upon a costly piano, we were invited to supper with a young lieutenant of the commandant's regiment, a baron, who insisted upon regaling us with music as well as with wine and with "*Erbsenurst*." This colossus—he must have been six feet three, and of phenomenal measure across the chest—sat drinking red wine all the evening and listening to the music of Beethoven and Wagner, which one of his corporals played on the piano. Now and then the forts added their deep bass to the music, but we paid little attention to them. The baron had already had numerous shells in his quarters, and

showed us pieces of one which had exploded in his kitchen on the previous day. "The men," he said, "consider outpost duty here as equal to going into a skirmish, and they look forward to it with many forebodings. This picket duty is imposed upon them for four days. Those who are in the picket-line at night do no duty on the following day." The lines were something less than three thousand feet apart, yet very few outposts were killed, but alarms were continual.

We slept that night on some rather unsavory straw in what had been the salon of our villa, and the screaming of the shells going over the house, and the smoke and stench from the fire, built of fragments of green palings in the long-unused fireplace, kept us wakeful. Next day, as the cannonading was furious in the direction of Enghien and Epinal, we left our horses, and went down to the road leading to Enghien and the forest beyond. After a walk of an hour and a half through a charming series of villa-bordered streets, we came to the entrance of the town, where we were arrested by an officer, who, however, soon became our guide, and told us that an important *sortie* was in progress.

Here the main railway line was barricaded heavily, and a stockade had been built for some distance along the road. Barricades were numerous, and it was evident that the French would have to make a desperate fight to break through here. The officers showed us the famous Chinese villa of De Villemessant, the editor of the sprightly *Paris Figaro*, and on the opposite side of the lake, which is one of Enghien's attractions, the country-house of the famous editor of the *Liberté*, Emile de Girardin. But he was soon obliged to leave us,

and the incessant cracking of musketry in the French lines, about five thousand yards away, and the furious cannonading, convinced us that the fight was drawing near. From that moment until late at night Enghien and its neighborhood were as thoroughly scourged by shells as was the battlefield of Sedan on the day of the memorable disaster to the French. The forward movement in the French *sortie* did not begin until the next day, but great mortar batteries, established at Argenteuil and Bezons, were making desperate efforts to dislodge the Germans from the positions which we were now visiting. A furious grenade fire was directed upon Enghien and Saint Gratian. Next day the French forces were pushed vigorously up and into the edge of Epinal; their outposts remaining just within the limits of the town after the main body had been driven back. All the troops from Montmoyency were in this fight, and spoke with the greatest respect of the fire from the forts. The commandant said that at one time it was beyond description awful. Eight or ten shells per minute were thrown with remarkable precision into the lines of the Prussians. A brother officer of his was killed in a minute by a grenade, which cut him almost in two. The losses of this division were about eighteen officers and three hundred men. The commandant said he saw steel *mitrailleuse* batteries, mounted on railway carriages, iron-clad. These we thought a myth, and laughed at the story; but his statement was subsequently proved to be true, and the English have since used these railway batteries to great advantage in Egypt. This commandant, and all the Prussian officers whom we met during the next two days,

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spoke with the highest praise of the fighting qualities of the French. After the struggle at Epinal, among the dead were found many who had thrown away their rations, their caps, everything save their guns, in their desire to fight without hindrance. The French troops, said the Germans, all had three days' rations of white bread and outlets of horse-flesh. This is all they had to eat. They were well equipped. Most of those who were found dead were Mobsles. Many prisoners were taken, and among them some few Zouaves. All along the forest country near Enghien, for the next day and a half, it seemed as if the mouth of hell had been opened, grenades rained everywhere, hundreds were sunk in the lake, and did no good nor harm.

Next morning, despite the cautions of the Germans against the France-Tireurs, who, they said, were occasionally to be met with in the forest, we went down from Montmorency through the wood and on to Saint Gratien, to visit the villa of the Princess Mathilde, a member of the late Imperial family. We were somewhat amused at the *naïveté* of the German sentinels, who insisted upon supposing us to be Frenchmen and questioned the authenticity of our military passes. We found the villa, a kind of bastard *château*, had been used during the preceding day as a hospital, and on entering, we found the bed-chamber of the Princess stained with Prussian blood. Wounded men were lying groaning upon the most elegant and costly couches. The pictures, the library, and furniture reflected the somewhat voluptuous tastes of the Princess, who had occupied the nook as a retreat when the gayeties of

Paris became fatiguing. The decorations by Giraud were composed of subjects rather broader in tone and treatment than would have been admitted in a respectable English American family.

From the *château* we went on to Gratiens, a little town of a few hundred inhabitants, celebrated as the birthplace of a marquis who was a valiant soldier under the First Empire, and attained the grade of Marshal, when, some fault, he was reduced to the rank and retired to the forest at this unfortunate close of his military career. He grieved and mourned until death released him of his troubles.

We returned to Enghien by another road through the forest, and found the pioneers busy in felling the best trees and laying them across each other in the most scientific manner. To fortify the positions in that neighborhood thousands upon thousands of trees were sacrificed. Wagons loaded with materials for fortifying outside positions were creaking on the frosty highways, and the wagons were gayly mocking at the thunder of the refrain kept up by the four noble brothers foits. The great watch-dogs in front of the walls of Paris were baying with all their might and main to engage the poorly equipped and almost tired troops, which were at that moment beginning to grapple at Champigny with their heretofore triumphant and trained enemies. From Montmorency we pushed on through St. Brice, Ville-Bel, and Sarcelles to Gonesse, the headquarters of Prince August of Saxe-Coburg, against whose rather thin lines General Ducrot had thrown enormous masses of men.

The Period of Despair — The Final Effort — The Great *Sortie* — Champsigny — The Fight at Villiers — Ducrot and His Disaster — Valorous Conduct of the French — The News of the Defeat of the Loire Army

THE great *sortie* which the Parisians had now undertaken, and of which we had seen the unsuccessful beginning, was begun with the hope that Gambetta had at last organized victory in the south, and that his conquering forces, arriving from the district of the Loire, would be able to effect a junction with the forces under the walls of Paris, and sweep away the invader into hopeless retreat and disastrous confusion. It is said upon good authority that General Trochu, despite his position as commander in Paris, made no secret of his belief that the resistance was hopeless, and it is also said of him that at a certain council, when he was asked if he did not believe in resistance, "With all the troops in Paris we can effect nothing," he said, "except to make dust for future generations to walk on." General Trochu was much reproached for many years after the war for this policy of despair; but I believe he has never undertaken to deny or defend it.

He was not anxious, however, nor had he the power, to prevent the organization of the great effort of the last few days of November. It is at once curious and sad to note that this French *sortie*, as all the battles in the campaign, had failed for lack of proper preparation of material resources absolutely necessary to the carrying out of a military plan. If the engineer who was charged with the preparation of the pontoon bridges

to be thrown across the River Marne during the night of the 28th-29th of November had done his work with the care and skill which the engineers of the enemy's forces always showed on such important occasions, he would have contributed no little to the raising of the siege of Paris, and perhaps might have flattered himself that he was a powerful, although humble, instrument in the liberation of the great capital.

But the bridges were not ready.

The Prussians, as we had observed from the beginning of the campaign, and, in fact, all the German armies, carried with them, and took the utmost pains to keep in excellent order, pontoon trains for all emergencies. The presence of these pontoon trains at the rear of the advancing columns was the means of saving many a noble bridge and viaduct in France, for the French, who are a very logical people, were at once convinced that it was useless to destroy fine masonry over streams which the enemy could bridge for itself ten minutes after the arches and piers were sprung. Genius has been not inaptly described as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and the supply of this capacity in the German army was quite wonderful. The French could improvise a defense out of the incessant labor of a few days; in desperate valor and in self-sacrifice they were the peers of their enemy; but,

THE OLD AND NEW REGIME—REPUBLICAN NATIONAL GUARD BATTING THE REMNANT OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD



when it came to cool foresight and abundant calculation, they were infinitely inferior.

The Maine was not bridged at the proper time by the French pontoons, and the stupendous operations which General Vinoy and General Ducrot were to have carried into effect were checked, and finally ruined. The only advantage which the French derived from the *sortie* was the infliction of tremendous losses upon the enemy, and of the addition of a brilliant page to French military history.

M Favie, lonely in his cabinet, after the exhausting labors of the day wrote nightly to Gambetta letters full of energy, courage, and hope. On the 29th of November he wrote the brilliant young delegate, who was building up the defense in the South a brief note, which gives a clear notion of the objects of the great *sortie*. "As the government had informed you," wrote M Favie, "it had fixed upon Tuesday, the 29th, for the *sortie*, on the general plan which it had already given you some idea of. This plan was audacious, carefully prepared, and its main aim was to pierce the German lines with an army of one hundred thousand men, and to join forces with you on or near the Loire. The governor (General Trochu) began his movements on Sunday. The principal task was confided to General Ducrot. His operations were to be masked by attacks from different sides, deceiving the enemy, and giving it no rest. The governor went out yesterday to one of the principal points to observe the passage of his army over the Maine, on seven bridges, unfortunately, at midnight, a sudden rise in the Marne rendered this passage impossible." (This was the story which was invented to excuse the delay and the blunder of the

engineers who had not got the bridges ready.) "General Vinoy, who was to advance upon Choisy, was not warned in time. He executed his movement, and when he found that the governor had adjourned his, he was forced to retreat after suffering heavy losses. This event caused an emotion which you will easily understand, but it must not be exaggerated. The governor has taken possession of the plateau of Avion, where he has strongly fortified himself, and where he intends to continue his operations. The danger is that we may meet there a warned and concentrated enemy. You may imagine our anxiety. If we fail, we are doubly lost, but this is not the time to be discouraged."

General Ducrot had marshalled forth his soldiers of the "second army of Paris," as he called them, with a fiery proclamation. In this document he told the troops that the action had been prepared for months, that the commander-in-chief had got together more than four hundred cannon, two-thirds of which were of heavy calibre, that one hundred and eighty thousand men, well-armed and equipped, ought to go anywhere, that the enemy was descending to the banks of the Loire with his best soldiers, where they were all to be beaten by the newly organized French armies, that courage and confidence would win the day, and that, as for himself, he was firmly resolved, and took an oath before the army and the nation to return into Paris "dead or victorious."

These were brave words, which put a certain fever into the blood of the soldiers, who felt that the fate of the country depended upon the success of their efforts. Poor General Ducrot, after the failure of his operations, was roundly abused and much ridiculed because he had not kept his word, but, if he did not succeed in

gaining a permanent victory, he did everything that he could to win a soldier's death, before returning to Paris. Dozens of soldiers testify to his bravery in battle, and on the field of Champigny he pushed into the very ranks of the enemy, and broke his sword in a Saxon's breast. But his life was charmed. He could not die, and he was obliged to swallow his fine words, and to live for many years afterwards a soured and disappointed, but unquestionably an honorable and capable soldier.

The failure of the French to cross the Marne in the night of the 28th gave the Germans twenty-four hours in which to concentrate fresh troops upon the weak portions of their lines, and, by sunset on the 29th, all hope of breaking through the point towards which the French were directing their endeavors was gone. On the 30th of November, early in the morning, the two first French divisions crossed the river, and pushed the enemy back to the first slopes of Champigny. A series of battles and artillery duels took place along the plateau of Avron, on the heights of Montmedy, Cretail, Joinville-le-Pont, Champigny, Noisy-le-Grand, and Villiers-sur-Marne. The Wurtemberg troops, when they were first struck by the vigorous French attack, were sadly demoralized. I had ocular evidence of that, and had they been unaided they would have opened their ranks and let the besieged through, on their way to the junction with Gambetta's forces. But, as soon as they began to fall back, they found that they were supported by the Saxons, and by regiment after regiment of Prussians, coming up in solid order.

So they rallied, and pushed away the French, who had already taken possession of the summit of Montmedy. As soon as they saw the action turn

then favor, they came forward with loud shouts and flourished their guns over their heads like madmen. Doubtless they were a little ashamed of having broken ranks shortly before, and had determined to make up for it, now that they felt safe. In front of them there had come up undisciplined French troops, who fell back in considerable disorder upon Cretail. But one of their generals was brave even to utter rashness, and was shot down within thirty yards from the Prussian lines, still crying out, "Forward!" This energetic officer, who had won a high reputation in the African and Italian campaigns, was the talk of all the German soldiers for the next few days. When the first charge on Montmedy occurred, he went into it flourishing his cap on the end of his sabre, and his men would have followed him to destruction. He went through the first charge, although a pistol ball had broken one of his wrists. He was the man who, when he was slowly dying, a day or two after the battle, from the numerous wounds which he had received, said to the soldiers who surrounded his bed, "If we still have an army that knows how to die, France may be saved."

On this same day of the 30th there was a tremendous battle in and around the villages of Bly-sur-Marne and Champigny. In Bly-sur-Marne the battle was from house to house, from alley-way to alley-way, and here the French Zouaves, who had won such a bad reputation at the outset of the siege, in flying from the table-land of Châtillon, fought with admirable courage, and redeemed their honor.

All the time that this hand-to-hand fighting in the villages was going on there was a perfectly terrific artillery duel between batteries of the contending forces. Having reassembled themselves

of Montmedy, the Germans had succeeded in shutting the door which had been momentarily opened on the road to Versailles, and they halted and bared it so effectually as to have no fears that it would be opened again.

Meantime the French were creeping up the heights of Villiers and Chennévères, disputing foot by foot the blood-stained way, hiding among the vines and stopping, now and then, — poor, half-starved fellows! — to pluck the frozen grapes which hung convenient to their grasp. It was slow work coming up these hills, and it was half-past four in the afternoon before the French battalions got to the walls of the park at Villiers, where the Prussians had made their retreat.

When once the French troops were well upon the hill, a long and terrible line of musketry sent forth such a sweeping fire of death that hundreds upon hundreds of men fell before they could reach a cover, and the scene, for a few minutes after this army of on-rushing French, mad for victory and wild for revenge, was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into groaning and writhing masses of wounded men, heaped upon their dead comrades, was one of the most frightful and startling of the whole century. When the sun went down that night, the sky was red as blood, as if the dread colors of the battle-field were reflected in it. Then silence fell upon the whole country side. The groaning of the cannon, the harsh shrieks of the *mitrailleuses*, the hurrahs of the Wurtembergers and then sturdy allies, who had come up just in time to save them, the cries of the wounded, — all died away, as if the shades of the winter twilight, rapidly falling over the scene of carnage, had blotted it out, and swept it into eternal oblivion.

It is not too much to say, that, on that night, the forces on both sides ceased their efforts from utter exhaustion. Every nerve in both armies had been strained to the utmost for more than thirty-six hours. There were German troops in the fight who had not had a moment's rest for all that time. A philosophical Wurtemberger, who was in the whole Villiers fight, — a kind of rambling encounter, which lasted for four or five days, — in writing from Villiers to some friends on the 5th of December, and describing the task of retaking Montmesly, while the German troops were subjected to a crushing fire from the forts, said, "You can have no idea of the frightful rain of shells which we encountered here. It is a veritable miracle that our whole battery was not destroyed simply by the immense numerical superiority of the French batteries. We fired upon them with precision and coolness, but in less than half an hour we had lost eight men and fifteen horses. My horse was struck down by a shell five seconds after I dismounted from it. *Mitrailleuses* were placed at a short distance from us, and then bullets went hissing above our heads like a swarm of bees. We had to band together, and get into position a hundred paces farther away behind the wall of a park, which we soon had in a state of defense."

This little paragraph gives an adequate idea of the manner in which the Germans always availed themselves of shelter. In many an action German troops were scarcely seen at all by the enemy. If there was a wall convenient, they had loop-holed it, a forest, they were hidden within it, a barricade was a God-send to them, a cemetery, a ditch, — anything which they could transform into a temporary fortification, — was instantly and invariably adopted. "I



UP THE HILL AT VILLARS

thank God," said this German soldier, "that I am still alive. I shall never forget that day. Some of the Prussian officers said that it was a much worse affair than that of Gravelotte. The soil was fairly turned up by the French shells. For the first time I understand what it means to be outside of cover under an artillery fire. On the 30th we could not occupy the villages of Champigny and Bry-sur-Marne, for when the forts began

ably, and hundreds of them were unfit for battle next day. Trees were cut down and great fires were built, both because General Trochu wished to make the enemy think that an immense army was encamped near him, and because the men were literally freezing. The horrors of that night for the wounded men surpass all the powers of description.

Next day there was no fighting, but early on the morning of the 2d of De-



THE PRIESTS' AMBULANCE CORPS AT THE BATTLE OF CHAMPIGNY

to concentrate their fire upon them they were too hot to stay in, all the more because we were attacked by forces quadruple our own in numbers."

When the French got into Champigny they found it in a frightful condition. The Saxons, who had been occupying it for some time, were greatly annoyed at being disturbed, and they smashed everything—mirrors, costly furniture,—respecting nothing whatever. Next morning, the weather, which had been mild, suddenly became very cold. The half-fed and excited French troops suffered ter-

cember the Saxons and Wurtembergers together fell upon the towns of Bry-sur-Marne and Champigny, and this was a part of the deliberate attempt of the Germans to throw General Ducrot's army back upon the right bank of the Marne and to push it into the river, or compel it to complete disorganization and confused retreat, which would render any future operations on its part impossible.

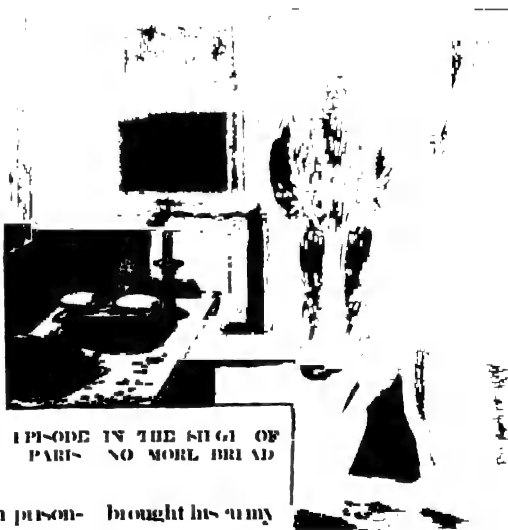
The French troops at first fought magnificently against the vast numbers of the enemy, which now flocked down upon

them. Fresh reinforcements were sent up, and the contest promised to be long, and possibly to be decided in favor of the Parisians. When the new German column came out of the woods of Villiers and began to push the French troops back upon Bry-sur-Marne, and towards the River Marne, the French lines wavered. General Ducrot and General Trochu made desperate efforts to rally them. The great military park on the plateau of Avron sent forth a formidable fire to cut gaps in the German lines, and at last one hundred thousand men, who had swarmed for an hour or two on the hillsides, — Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Wurttembergers, — hesitated, and finally were forced to halt and to withdraw a little.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they were found throwing up intrenchments, as if fearing that they who had been attacked might suddenly be the attacking party. The French had managed to get about half of Champigny, they had retaken house after house, and barricade after barricade, but the German prisoners told them that there were at least one hundred and fifty thousand Prussians massed not far away, and after the numerous arrivals of fresh troops that they had seen, they began to believe this statement. General Trochu, however, claimed the day as a victory for the French armies, and General Ducrot, who had been wounded on this day by a splinter of a shell, after having ridden right through the German lines two or three times, still expressed hopes that the operations would be successful.

Paris was electrified by the despatches which came to it from General Trochu

and his aids. The Government of National Defense papered the walls with encouraging proclamations. On the next day came a sad surprise, and one which at first stupefied and finally exasperated the Parisians. On the 4th of December General Ducrot announced to the besieged within the walls of the capital, by means of a proclamation issued to his own troops, that he had



EPISODE IN THE SIEGE OF
PARIS — NO MORE BREAD

brought his army back across the Marne, because he was convinced that new efforts in a direction

where the enemy had had plenty of time to concentrate all its forces, and to prepare all its means of action, would be useless. "Had I persisted in this line of attack," he said, "I should uselessly have sacrificed many thousands of brave men, and, instead of serving the cause of deliverance, I should seriously have compromised it." Perhaps it required more moral bravery

on the part of General Ducrot to do just what he did than to have plunged anew into a battle which could have had but one end, — the partial or complete annihilation of his army on the banks of the Marne

The whole country for miles around was filled with the marks of the sanguinary struggle, the villages were in ruins, the hills were piled with heaps of mangled corpses. On the French side the priests and the volunteer ambulance men were busy in bearing away to Paris those of the soldiers who were not mortally wounded, and preparing decent places in the farm-houses and cottages for those whose sands of life were fast running out. On the frozen earth along the heights beyond Champigny and Villiers, the German dead were still lying in piles and rows on the 3d and 4th of December, although burial parties worked vigorously during the nights, and after the fight of the 30th they labored during the whole of the 1st, determined to conceal as much as possible their losses from the enemy. As a French writer has tersely said, in his impartial and careful account of this series of fights, ten thousand dead men of the two races were strewn along the frozen hills, and nothing had been done to change the destiny of Paris. The blockade continued. General Ducrot had centered alive and victorious in vain.

At first Paris could not believe that this was the end of its great hope. It did not doubt that military operations would be continued at another point. Very likely the attack at Champigny had been only a feint. We should soon hear of fights elsewhere, and the besieged, not doubting that the Loire army was near at hand, looked with confidence for the soldiers of General Aurelles de Paladines.

But on the evening of the 6th of December the Parisians learned by a proclamation that letters had been exchanged between General Von Moltke and General Trochu. The German general informed General Trochu, in a note of icy politeness and Spartan brevity, that the army of the Loire had been defeated on the previous day near Orleans and that the city had been occupied by the victorious troops.

The loss of the French during this series of battles was six thousand and thirty men, of which four hundred and fourteen were officers. The Germans lost much more heavily, and for some time after the siege the French insisted that the affair of Champigny and Villiers had cost Germany fifteen thousand soldiers, but this estimate was greatly exaggerated.

Some days after the arrival of General Von Moltke's letter in Paris, the Government of National Defense learned that the enemy had spoken truth, yet the army of the Loire was only cut in two. It was neither captured nor annihilated. Paris took heart a little. General Chanzy was still capable of a good resistance, General Faidherbe was making a capital fight in the north, and General Bonhaki, at Bourges, was preparing to assume the offensive with vigor. General Trochu now shut himself up at Vincennes, where he said that he was so busy with the reorganization of his army that he could give no attention to the interior administration of Paris. Starvation and bitter winter weather had come at the close of an unsuccessful *sotie*, to urge the Parisians to yield.

Yet they held out with a bravery which has never been surpassed in the history of the world.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Panoramic View of the German Investment Lines — Mugency — Gonesse — Chelles — The Various Corps and Their Appearance — Pictures from Versailles during the Occupation — The Snow — The J and W Christmas — The Christmas Festivities

CONTINUING our journey, we found at Mugency, which was simply a hamlet attached to a *château*, the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony, who had under his command the Fourth, Sixth, and Guard corps. Our intention was to remain here for some days, but the odious weather and the wretched accommodation forbade it. So we pushed on to Gonesse the headquarters of Prince August von Württemberg. Our route lay through Villiers-le-Bel, — a name dear to American and English artists, — and through Sarcelles. The Fourth corps joined the Guard at Goshy, a village just outside the limits of Montmorency, and extended to Clichy-sous-Bois, not far from Chelles, and the scene of the important struggle just recounted on the banks of the Marne and the Seine. St. Buce, nearby, one of the occupied points, was celebrated as one of Bossuet's many residences. To the right was Pierrefitte, still occupied by the French, and a little less than two miles and a half from the outer French line of defense.

The Guard, without doubt the noblest body of men in the German army, had already suffered terribly in the war, and it was said at Gonesse, though I know not how truly, that this corps alone had lost more men in the struggles around Metz than the whole war of 1866 had cost Prussia. It was a proud and fiery corps, composed in large degree of persons of rank. But a few days before I

had met in Versailles a young officer, just about to leave one of the Uhlan regiments of the Guard because he was not a baron and every other officer in the regiment was. There were some regiments in which nearly every man had a title. To be introduced to an officer at Gonesse without hearing him signalled as "Herr Graf" would have at once attracted attention to him. Many of the officers stationed here were extremely young, but nearly all were men of high breeding and culture. Many a man in coarse uniform possessed a larger income than the proprietor of the costly villa in which he was temporarily lodged. The officers had very generally established in each of the little towns common restaurants called "Officers' Casinos," and had pressed into their service some few unwilling French cooks who had remained in the neighborhood. One saw many an officer spending more for the bottle of wine which he drank for his breakfast than he received as pay for soldiering for a week. Private pockets, as well as government's treasury, were well depleted. The French charged enormous prices. Everything was at least triple or quadruple its former value. Potatoes and vegetables of all kinds were most difficult to obtain. The officers contented themselves with black bread, and made up for the absence of beer by swallowing numerous bottles of the ordinary wine of the country, when no other was to be had.

At Gonesse we had a pretty severe trial of our nerves, because we had settled down to breakfast in a corner of the town which had, unfortunately, been selected that morning for practice by the gunners in the neighboring French fort, and the shells fell with a recklessness which was quite appalling. Fortunately a dense fog hindered the gunners from doing much damage. In the neighborhood of Gonesse we encountered, for the first time, a very grave difficulty, but one which we afterwards met at every turn in making trips around Paris. Whenever we asked a Frenchman to show us the way, as we were naturally puzzled by the labyrinth of large and small roads, he always misdirected us. This, at first, we could hardly believe, until we lost a couple of hours by trusting to our French guides.

Presently we noted that the Prussians had the whole country classified into various districts, traversed by certain routes, and these were plainly indicated by huge signs marked in ink, on the stone fence corners. "Colonnenweg" signified that the road where the sign appeared was the proper one for heavy munition and provision trains, and at every town's entrance and exit one found the way to and from each town within a radius of twenty miles properly shown on a little map. Other German corps had not the same thoroughness of system noticeable among the Prussians. For instance, the Saxons, who lay just beyond Gonesse, rarely marked the way so that a stranger could find it. The French, at the beginning of the siege of Paris, had turned all the sign-boards wrong end first, or, when that had been impossible, had taken them down and pitched them into the nearest stream. Wherever the Prussians had thrown across the river at an

important point what they called a *Kriegsbrücke*, that is, a pontoon bridge, for war purposes, they had noted with the greatest care the various routes leading to it, especially for wagon trains and convoys.

From Gonesse we pushed forward, getting just within the first line of investment to Sevran, a little town badly punished by shells. On our way thither we had an opportunity to observe the manner in which the German outposts fortified their positions. Breastworks were thrown up almost everywhere, constructed out of every available material. Where roads failed in the fields, artificial ones had been made out of the unthreshed wheat, of which great heaps garnished the roadsides. Even the roads were doubly and triply barricaded at certain points, so that the French, in making a *sally*, would be sure to get themselves under a deadly fire. "Alarm houses" were frequent along this route. The Prussians had created facilities for seeing almost every movement that any considerable body of Frenchmen could make near Paris, and could always prepare themselves splendidly for defense.

Aumet, an insignificant village near Sevran, was only noticeable from the fact that numbers of the Guard corps had illustrated their talent with numerous drawings on the walls of the houses. The signs that had been placed to indicate the way were sometimes rendered very amusing by the little sketches which the several visitors to the *indicateur* had drawn. At Sevran we passed the Canal de L'Ourcq, cleverly turned from its course by a German engineer at the beginning of the investment, and the bridge over which we went had been barricaded, the side towards Paris being protected with doors taken from the granaries.

The scenery through which we now passed was of dazzling loveliness. The snow still decked the trees with crystals, and a temperate sun threw a genial, but not melting, light upon this fairy splendor. Hills were indistinguishable and seemed to fade into the sky. A brush-heap became an opalescent mass, and the far-off forests, where symmetrical trees rose in long avenues, were fantastic as dream-fohage. Here we were skirting the noble and ancient wood of Bondy, where old King Childeric met his unhappy fate, and were drawing gradually towards the banks of the charming Marne.

At Livry we took the wrong road, and had gone two miles straight towards one of the forts before we discovered our mistake. Had it not been for a compass I do not know what would have happened, for we should probably have got into the French lines. At Livry, one of Madame de Sevigné's favorite haunts, there was nothing noticeable beyond the industry of the soldiers, who were none of them lolling about or playing at cards, but were all engaged in some kind of hard work. Carpenters were plying their trade, blacksmiths were soiling their uniforms over used-up horses, the cooks had improvised the accustomed cap, the sign of their profession, out of the newspapers sent them from Germany, and the officers were giving orders as busily as the captain of a Cunarder in a gale.

We were soon at Clichy-sous-Bois, where the Guard corps ceased and the Saxons were stationed. The First infantry division had its head-quarters here in a huge *château*, and some officers told us that their corps extended as far as the left bank of the Marne on to the scene of the recent fight. The Saxons were a ruddy, healthy, but slow-looking set of soldiers. The officers were models of elegance and refined courtesy.

There was, however, a lack of that thoroughness of occupation which we had remarked among the exclusively Prussian troops, and, on the whole, from this point to where the gallant Second corps began, we could remark at every turn the superiority of Prussia to the sister states in military training.

From Clichy we rode on to Mont Vermeil, and thence through the charming forest of Chelles. The grand old abbey of Chelles has twice been ravaged by the English, — in 1358 and 1429, — and once entirely overturned by a hurricane. But it has always been restored by pious hands, and is one of the architectural wonders of France. Chelles is picturesquely situated, and stately poplars border the plains which stretch out from the town. Here we got into trouble with an officer who had cautioned us against going over the upper of the two pontoon bridges which he had caused to be built over the Marne, and we had mistaken his direction and crossed the wrong bridge. The result was just what he had expected. We drew the fire from Forts Noisy and Rosny, and that unfortunate bridge was raked with shell for twenty minutes afterwards, in such a manner that we were not surprised at the officer's rage. Our last glimpse of him was as he stood jumping up and down on the banks of the Marne, and shaking his fists at us, while the whole atmosphere was charged with three-cornered German imprecations. He was so excited that he took no care for his own safety, and it was by no means pleasant to stand under this storm of the tremendous projectiles launched by the forts.

We talked with the Wurtembergers who had been in the recent battle. These were stolid, tranquil, and clumsy men, whom the French never shook from their

posts, nor blew away with artillery, nor frightened with bayonet charges "It was not much of a fight," said one, "they could not dig us out" The simile was a good one

Before us lay the lovely Marne, the snow-clad branches on its banks reflected in the dark blue of its water, and here and there a little island half hidden under the sweeping boughs of the ancient trees. Beyond the bridge we found a pioneer guard seated around a pleasant campfire. We rode to Champs, thence to Malnoue, and so over the barren battlefield on which the Wintemburgeis had done such valiant work. Here the country was desolate. In no village could we find a wisp of hay for our horses, no soldier had enough for his own beast. At Champs we found the peasants so sharp in their expression of hatred to us as their supposed foes that we were not sorry to find plenty of soldiers in the vicinity

We pushed on from Malnoue to La Queue-en-Brie, a little town which bore indisputable marks of hard usage during the recent fight. This had been an asylum for the wounded, and the ground in nearly all the yards was strewn with blood-stained straw. Every available article of furniture had been smashed for firewood. It was not until the cold weather came that the Prussians began to do veritable damage to the costly houses in which they were quartered. The Germans were in a country where wood is scarcer than in any other section of Europe, with the exception of a few noble, ancient forests preserved by the state. Stone being the exclusive building material, it was only the palings, the oak carvings, and the furniture upon which the cold and impatient soldiers could rely.

From La Queue-en-Brie we went to

Bondy St Leger, where the stalwart Pomeranian Second regiment was quartered along the road, and as we were nearing the latter town we caught a charming glimpse of Paris. From the high hill which we climbed just before reaching a forest surrounding Baron Hottinguer's *château*, the sun struggled out of a cloud under which he had been sulking for some time, and touched the distant dome of the Invalides, so near and yet so far. We could distinguish the twin towers of Notre Dame and the dimly outlined dome of the Pantheon. Smoke and flames arose from numbers of villages which had just been fired by shells from Forts Ivry and Charenton. On the high plateau at the entrance to the wood of Bondy the Germans had established a post of observation. From Bondy to the old bridge of Charenton, almost under the very walls of Paris, there is a direct road, along which there had been much fighting. The Pomeranians were sore and angry, for their losses in the action in which they had just played such an important part had been very heavy. Here, at Bondy, the massing of troops was tremendous. It was evident that another *sortie* was expected, and that the two hundred thousand men who had recently been called under arms in Germany were fast arriving in the field. Soldiers swarmed in the forests and in the villages from this point upward to Versailles. The lines which had recently been thin were now more than necessarily strong. It seemed madness for the besieged to try and dislodge this enemy, confident from his long succession of victories and so strong in numbers.

On the way from La Queue to Bondy we met long trains of sick and wounded coming back from Orleans. There were several hundred wagons filled with poor

fellows who seemed in every stage of mortal illness. The melancholy train wound its way painfully along, a few Uhlands riding here and there between the transports calmly smoking their pipes. Along the road we observed the field-telegraph service of both the Bavarian and Prussian armies, the Prussian line easily distinguishable from the others by its black and white slender poles, capable of being put down with great rapidity; and the Prussians did not take the trouble to give it a guard, announcing in each village that any one who trifled with it should be shot. The Bavarians built their lines more substantially, but also exercised very trifling precautions against its cutting. The lines had rarely been interrupted since they were placed. The majority of the soldiers whom we saw in Bondy had been before Metz, and were among the first to arrive in front of Paris from that point. They were usually stalwart, handsome men, dark-haired and fiery-eyed, and we were told that they were one of the special prides of the Prussian army.

We returned to Versailles by the first line of investment part of the way, finishing our journey in the mud, quite in the rear, where the Bavarians were stationed. Shortly after leaving Bondy we left the Second corps behind us, and on our arrival at Villeneuve St. George found ourselves among the members of the Sixth Prussian corps. At Villeneuve St. George the Prussians had two extemporized bridges across the Seine, one of pontoon and the other of trestle-work, both capable of sustaining any weight, and both built in a miraculously short time. Here, and at Villeneuve le Roi, was a complete overturn of houses, and I do not blame the dwellers in Parisian suburbs for abominating the Germans, whom they naturally accused

of many excesses, which were perhaps inevitable.

On the way in we passed, at Wissons, a gigantic park of artillery, about two hundred guns, which the artillerymen were beginning to move. We found that it was not wise to ask questions as to where those guns were going, and drew our own conclusions as to the probable commencement of the bombardment.

In Versailles we found the customary programme, — funerals, serenades, horse exercising, patrols, concerts, and dinners at the Café de Neptune, in progress — exactly as we had left them.

Not long after our tour around Paris we heard that the Prussians had entered Vendôme, and there was a rumor that the French were massing for another outbreak in the vicinity of Champigny. But the attention of the Germans was concentrated on the bombardment, and endeavors at first made to conceal preparations for it were the source of much misery for all journalists attached to the head-quarters. There was a momentary enlivening of the monotony of the life at Versailles by the creation of a "correspondent's question." It was brought about by the indiscretion of some cavalry men, who arrested, at Etampes, one or two English journalists, and a gentleman who happened to be a Queen's commissioner. These worthy gentlemen were brought into Versailles tied with ropes, which ropes were attached to the saddles of their captors, and they were treated as common spies, and much crowded and hustled by onion-breathed Teutons, until they were able to prove their identity. It was rather startling, and, at the same time, amusing, to recognize in the French spies whom we had been summoned to see these gentlemen, who were supposed to be perfectly well known as neutrals.

and personages of distinction. Many sharp criticisms having been passed on the arrogance of officers who had been engaged in this arrest, a personage high in authority was said to have remarked that, if the correspondents wished to magnify the matter into one of international importance, the simplest thing would be to send them all away from headquarters; moreover, that they had been indiscreet in disclosing to the world the whereabouts of the cannon which were to convince the Parisians of the error of resistance.

This teapot storm was soon over, and our attention was directed to the delegation of members of the German parliament, who had come up to present addresses to King William concerning the title of Emperor of Germany, recently offered him, on the 10th of December. This delegation arrived, a motley array of black, white, and gray, twenty wagon loads of German bugheis, who carried their frosty men into the wards of the very hospitals, and whose grotesque self-consciousness provoked bitter smiles from the French, too well-bred to indulge in open comment. On that day I saw Count Bismarck in his carriage, he looked ill, and seemed to have grown ten years older in a few days.

The 18th was a gala day for the Germans. Thousands of soldiers thronged the streets all day, and went in reluctantly when the orange sunset glow began to tinge the west. There were music, glitter of uniforms, prancing of horses, and pomp of funerals, as if Death liked to be at the feast, grinning with the rest. Death was present in the morning, with his procession of forty coffins draped with white, the Tartessian colors of mourning, and the rumbling thunder of the guns in the distance re-

minded the furloughed men that death was still their near neighbor.

The court preacher at the chapel that morning chose for his text these words: "The peace of God passeth all understanding." But the deputies and diplomats, who had come up from Germany, although they attended the sermon, paid but little attention to it. They were busy with their anticipations of the royal interview. They were mainly jolly, beer-loving, rubicund men, from quiet country towns, where Paris and Versailles were popularly thought twin gates of Hades. There were a few noble-looking old men, with white mustaches and flowing hair, but rather awkward in comparison with the more accomplished military men.

There was a great struggle for equipages on that day, but the most dignified members had to appear in a field post-wagon, and two aged and respectable members of Parliament were conveyed into the royal presence in a vehicle so much resembling a furniture-van that even the officers laughed. There was a grand reception at the Prefecture, at which all the deputies were personally presented to the King after the presentation of their addresses, and crowds gathered to see the princes roll away in their carriages, and Von Podbielski and Moltke in their helmets, stern and grave, finally the Prefecture doors closed with a bang, and the tall sentinels began to pace back and forth, as if moved by wires. The King drove out shortly afterwards, looking extremely well; and I observed with some astonishment that numbers of Frenchmen saluted him; whether it was because the title of Emperor, which they knew had just been presented for his consideration, overwhelmed them, I know not.

In the evening eighty persons sat

down to a dinner of great magnificence. On the night of the 18th there was a terrific cannonading, which the wind seemed to bring nearer than usual, and the deputies had a genuine fright. Windows rattled in Versailles. The people turned out in great excitement to discover what was going on. The King, it was said, desired to accept the Emperor's diadem, but wished to run the gauntlet of a vote in the Chambers first.

Winter now came in earnest. The great pond and fountain basins in the palace gardens were re-bound. The officers had taken to their fur cloaks, and the princes, who had dawdled to and fro in the long avenues on their well-groomed horses, now scurried away to breakfast in the shabby hacks still left in Versailles. No less than six vigorous attempts had been made by the French to break out the most signal effort being made near the edge of the forest of Bondy, where the positions had received a wonderful strengthening since the Champigny fight. The artillery practice of the Prussian guns in the vicinity of St. Cloud was exceedingly good, and one battery especially distinguished itself.

A few days before Christmas the non-combatants at Versailles were treated to a novel sensation, to be expected in war time, but somewhat startling after the dulness of head-quarters' life. While chatting quietly with a friend in his own apartments, in the Place Hoche, I observed the sudden appearance of a body of cavalry in the square, and at the same time the people of the house came running to tell us that a band of soldiers was mounting the stairs. The officer in charge arrived, curt and suspicious, posted sentries at all the exits, and we were shortly desired to state whether or not we had any concealed weapons.

Convincing the officer that we had none, we were released, and learned from one of the soldiers that they were looking after Francis-Thiers, from another, that weapons only were the object of the search, and from a third, what proved to be true, that a conspiracy for a revolt within Versailles had been discovered, and that there was a general search for the weapons which were to have done the enemy damage. At almost the same minute in the same hour every house in the town was entered, and searched from cellar to garret. At the *Hôtel des Réservoirs* the head-quarters of hundreds of officers, correspondents, and diplomats, a young lieutenant of mutton had taken charge and told the rotund and rubicund landlord that if he found anything suspicious in his cellar he would have him shot in his own courtyard. But this excessive width on the part of the baby officer only provoked a smile from the host. A large collection of arms was actually found in Versailles, and in one of the houses where an old lady solemnly declared that she had never had a weapon of any kind under her roof, an acute soldier stuck his bayonet into the ceiling and three guns dropped down. Some enterprising German had set on foot a story that a band of desperadoes had concocted a plan to carry off the King, Counts Moltke and Bismarck, and all the other important personages, and offer them in exchange for immediate and unconditional peace. Ridiculous as this story seemed, it found general credence among the rank and file of the Germans, who professed great indignation.

The new Landwehrsmen coming up from Germany about this time were the best specimens of soldiers that we had seen. They looked as if they had been created by some fairy expressly for the

occasion There was one regiment of the Landwehismen of the Guard stationed not far from Versailles, in which the fathers owned to seven thousand and three children, a little more than three apiece From this one may imagine the number of Christmas-boxes which had been coming by the field post for the ten days before the great festival

"On October fires now flicker before Paris," boastfully said the German press, while the last glimmer of autumn sunset was falling athwart the spires of Notre Dame Neither German press nor people expected that the December fires would send up their sparks around extemporized Christmas-trees in the camps before Paris, but, when it was found that the siege was to be long, the good wives at home made ample provision for their absent husbands, fathers, and brothers, and enormous trains bringing the gifts of love came rolling through Strasbourg and Nancy and Eprenay, and up to Lagny, where they discharged their comforting freight every day into the provision wagons, which moved with the same discipline that marked the conduct of the whole army The result was, that, by the arrival of Christmas-tide, the thousands upon thousands of Germans were provided with the material for the same festivities that they would have held at home

The chorus of the guns of Paris on Christmas Eve was superb Through the clear, frosty air the grand baying and barking of the dogs of war echoed so loudly that it almost drowned the chorals of the jolly Weihnachts songs that the few Germans who had been allowed to leave their regiments and dine at head-quarters were permitted to sing Parties of officers who had

been permitted to leave their bad food and wretched lodgings in the deserted towns around the besieged capital came in to thaw out over bottles of wine or bowls of punch Few, if any, boastful allusions were made in these parties to the victories gained over the French The stout Landwehr regiments in the neighborhood, which had as many Christmas-trees as companies, had their presents distributed by the hands of their officers The festivities were simple and hearty A large room in some deserted house was chosen for each company, and there the tree was placed and the candles were lighted, songs and recitations made up the balance of the entertainment Most of the soldiers at the outposts had wine to drink In town the day was celebrated at the Prefecture and at the residence of the Crown Prince At the King's there were two Christmas-trees, and some of the presents given and received by the royal family were of great value The Crown Prince distributed the gifts from his tree with his own hands Much gossip was excited by the absence of the Duke of Saxe Coburg from the assembly of the other royal personages He was the only exception, and the gossips attributed it to various causes, among others to the fact that he had made unpleasant remarks concerning the conduct of the Saxons in the Champigny fight, while others claimed that he was moping, because there had once been talk of making him Emperor of Germany, and that now the crown had passed forever from his grasp He was in command, like Bismarck, of a regiment of cuirassiers, but was little with it.

The only thing which broke the serenity of the next day in the town was the wailing of military bands as the

dead from the hospitals were borne to their graves. On the evening of the 25th there were, of course, dinners and feasting, despite the fact that the French had been swarming by Bougival, and that the cannon had spoken thunderously all day.

Within the great park one of the most singular sights was the sport of the gayly uniformed soldiers on the newly made, but firm, ice on the canal. Hundreds of officers, who had sent to Germany for their skates, or who had found some in the town, were frolicking like very boys on

the ice. This canal is one of the chief beauties of Versailles, and when it is frozen it makes a magnificent skating park. It is nearly five thousand feet long, and about two hundred feet wide. Louis XIV often transformed it into a Venetian scene in summer, and had sometimes as many as two hundred gondolas, illuminated with glass lamps of all colors upon it. Here, too, he had his artificial sunsets, his gigantic fireworks, and his mimic sea-fights, and in winter, when the weather was sharp enough, he aped Russian splendor.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

"The Point of View" — The Campaign in the South — The Phantom Mobile — New Year's Day —
 Scene at the Palace — The Bombardment of Paris — Between the Foes in Front of Fort Ivey —
 In the Batteries — Coronation of King William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany at Versailles

THE old year went out in the midst of alarms and disappointed hopes for the unhappy French of Versailles, and gloom and intense suffering for the hundreds of thousands of the besieged within the walls of Paris. It was bitterly cold in December. The environs of Paris are rarely visited by a heavy snow fall but the snow came with the war and the siege is if no source of misery were to be left untried.

When the first snow fell, a French friend of mine, in Versailles said, "Thank God for this! It will kill thousands of the Germans!" That afternoon, during a ride to the outposts, I saw a stout Landwirthsman hugging himself with joy and saying 'Thank God for this clear, cold weather! Now we can work!'

In this as in so many other cases, the "point of view" was everything.

There was rough business in the South. Huge ambulance trains went out every morning towards Orléans and along the line of march towards Beaugency. In all the little towns on the route we saw sights which made the blood curdle. Both French and Germans had perished by hundreds, for lack of proper care. The German sisters from the Bavarian Catholic convents did much to alleviate the sufferings of thousands of poor wretches. We saw men who were half frozen from exposure over-night on the battle-field, and I shall not soon forget an anecdote which a friend told me of

his first walk over the field of Beaugency. He said that piles of frozen corpses, scattered hither and yon, impressed him even more than did the groans and shrieks of those who were still living, and to whom no help could be given for hours. While passing a heap of Mobile Guards, who had evidently been killed all at once, and nearly every one of whom was vigorously grasping his gun, he saw one handsome fellow lying so quietly pulled in the cold moonlight that he was tempted to approach and note his rank. It was a young soldier holding in his stiffened hand a gun labelled "N Y U S A." He said that he removed the cap from the corpse's head, and, unclenching the cold fingers, took the gun, and carried away these souvenirs to Versailles. He affirmed seriously that, for five nights afterwards, he was awakened regularly, at the same hour, by the grasp of a relentless hand upon his arm, and felt that he was struggling with an invisible force. "It was," he said, "the dead Garde Mobile trying to get his gun back again!"

The Bavarians were said to have lost thirty thousand men out of an army corps which went into the southern campaign thirty-five thousand strong. This was doubtless exaggerated, but the mortality was tremendous. The South German States suffered heavily in losses of both officers and soldiers. The Bavarians, in fact, as a fighting corps, seemed to have been pretty well blotted out at one time,

and when allusion was made to the fact that General Von der Tann had gone to the support of some other army, the Prussians were puzzled to know whether it meant that he had gone alone or taken the tiny remains of his legions with him.

But the Bavarians took death as they took life, very easily, and it is to be said for them that they bore with strength and patience a combination of ills which would have killed less sturdy and more fastidious men. The French constantly accused them of ferocity and cruelty, and these stories doubtless arose from the merciless repression of *Frances-Tireurs*, or the peasants who, without thinking it necessary to join the regular soldiery, took their guns in their hands and defended their homes. It seems clear that dozens of these men were shot in cold blood, simply as examples, during the campaign round about Orleans. It was woe to the unlucky blue blouse seen behind a loop-holed wall or at a third-story window. The French took occasion to massacre a large number of Bavarians, whom they found in a tight place, not long after this practice of shooting the *Frances-Tireurs* began, and it was announced at Versailles that General Chanzy had said at Le Mans that he would give no quarter to the enemy.

New Year's Day at head-quarters passed quietly enough. Several hundred officers came into the old town from the various commands around Paris, and made up little parties, celebrating in the clumsy, but humorous, German way the advent of the new twelvemonth. In the *Café de Neptune*, just at midnight, there was a great gathering of these officers, and as the clock on the marble mantel struck twelve, the oldest of the company arose, and, filling all glasses from a bowl of steaming punch, said, "Gentlemen, brother officers, it is just twelve o'clock "

Then all cried out "Long live the New Year!" and a general hand-shaking followed. Some insisted on bonneting their friends, remembering that in Germany, if you are caught in the street after twelve on New Year's Eve, you are likely to have your hat smashed over your eyes.

Just as the festivities at the Crown Prince's quarters were at their height, and the Crown Prince had risen to welcome in the youthful year, the hoarse roar of a far-off salute broke the silence. There had been but little cannonading during the day, and when this sudden boom of the cannon was heard by the German officers they involuntarily looked for their swords, and then looked at each other. But no *smite* was taking place. The salute which was just upon the stroke of midnight was the funeral salvo which Paris was firing over the grave of the disastrous year. For miles around, the twelve double-shotted volleys were heard, and then there was silence again.

The officers made grand toilettes for New Year's Day, and called to pay compliments to the King and then respective generals in the early morning. New regiments of clean, and, as yet, untried, soldiers came marching in before dawn, and the Versailles had for their *etrennes* of the new year a liberal supply of live and hungry Prussians. I was invited to breakfast on this morning of January 1st with a French lawyer of distinction, who lived in a comfortable house in the Place Hoche, and at eleven o'clock I knocked at his hospitable door, and was received with a smiling face.

"Let us," said my host, "make an effort to forget the circumstances in which we are placed, and celebrate the advent of the year with something like joy."

He led the way to the dining-room, where the snowy cloth of the great round table was loaded with sparkling glasses, with fat bottles in wicker baskets, with fruit, with cordials, and with a goodly array of family silver. This was a tempting sight to one who had been for weeks accustomed to the meagre fare of the restaurants of Versailles and the camps *en hy*, for it must not be supposed that good food was easily obtainable at the German head-quarters towards the close of the siege. It was almost impossible to get it.

But the gods were unkind on this the first day of the new year, and we were scarcely seated opposite each other at table when the door-bell rang and the servant, returning with a white face, said, "A Prussian." My host's face was white, too, but he was too well-bred to make any remark. He rose and left the room, presently returning with a tall, elegantly uniformed, distinguished-looking German officer, who made the stiff military salute to which we were so well accustomed, and apologized for what was, he said, the "unwilling intrusion." But he had been very anxious to see the old palace before the campaign was over, and had obtained this day a leave of absence, and his billet had sent him here for breakfast and dinner. Would the gentlemen excuse him? And here, my friend, making a virtue of necessity, placed him a chair at the table, and, daintily removing his white gloves, the officer sat down.

It was an icy moment, and one which awoke all my sympathy for mine host, but we made the best of the situation, the German even disclosing a partial talent for English and naturally avoiding all mention of current events. The breakfast was eaten, the wine was drunk in cool and stately civility, and the officer, who was a gentleman, and possessed of

rare tact, did not wait for coffee and cigars, but excused himself and politely departed.

Knowing the French temperament, I waited with interest the explosion which I felt must come, and, after the Prussian had closed the door behind him, and gone jingling down the stairs, my friend caught up the glass, the plate, the bottle from which he had drank, and threw them, crashing, into a corner, then sat down with a pitiful face, and burst into tears. It was hard and cruel to bear, no doubt, but his trials were as naught beside those of the besieged "out there beyond," as he said, and, regaining his calm, he hoped for better days.

The Prussians made liberal use of the old palace of Louis XIV for their stately ceremonies, and on this New Year's Day, in the *Salle des Glaces*, all the nobles of Germany gathered together. The venerable King seemed to enjoy his visits to the palace on such occasions, and after the receptions at the Prefecture he and his brilliant *cortège* attended service at the chapel. The King was made uncomfortable by a very vigorous preacher, who insisted that monarchs often erred on the side of leniency. We interpreted this to mean that the Germans at home were getting impatient to hear details of the horrors of the bombardment. But when we said this to the Germans whom we knew, they were highly indignant.

Amid the relics of France's ancient splendor an assembly crowded to hear the King's address. There, where all the wealth of Le Brun's colouring had been bestowed on the portrayal of the great monarch's glories, where the *plafond* was covered with such painted flattery that even Frenchmen blushed at the vanity of one of their race, there, where Louis once had his throne brought,

that he might sit upon it as the ambassador of the King of Persia sank on his knees before him, now stood the King of Prussia in full general's uniform, with the Crown Prince, the Prince Friedrich Karl, with the chief admiral of the navy, Prince Adelbert. The scene was one of dazzling splendor, and the Prussian uniforms harmonized well with the gilding and the rainbow colors of the royal palace. The floor, inlaid with rare and finely labored woods, so that the effect of light and shade upon it is to make it look like the surface of a transparent pond, or some delicately tessellated marble pavement in a Roman church. — this floor fairly startled some of the Prussians who had never before entered the hall, and they seemed to be uncomfortable lest their dainty boots should be wetted. One or two of them went sprawling, for waxed parquets are difficult to walk upon. (Outside, trumpets brayed, gay horses pranced, and courtly men bowed low as the future Emperor left the Palace after having listened to compliments from the hundreds of courtiers and foreign diplomats present. In the evening, at the dinner at the Prefecture, the Grand Duke of Baden made a speech, in which he alluded to the Imperial Crown, which, as Frederick William IV had said, should only be worn on the field of battle.

The "psychological moment" had at

last arrived. The natives of Versailles kept asking each other: How about the bombardment? Why does it not commence? But it had already commenced, and the Prussians had begun their steady task of reducing the outworks of the capital. The Germans, from the first, expected an increase of losses on their



THE FRENCH TROOPS ABANDONING THE
PLATEAU AT AVRON

own side when they attacked the angry forts, and a day or two after the first cannon were fired from the advanced Prussian bat-

teries, a thousand additional hospital beds were ordered in Versailles. The silence of Forts Rosny, Noisy, Romanville, and Aubervilliers, after the reduction of Mont Avron, was much commented on, and the Prussians were mystified by it. The Germans did not reject as entirely ridiculous the statement that the forts might be mined, and it might be a very costly experiment to

assault and occupy them. By and by the batteries which the Saxons had been building on the crests of Rancy began to play upon the forts. The Saxons intended to accomplish a double purpose at once,—to disorganize the advance forts near them by a regular bombardment by their batteries on the right, and to rain down shells from the plain of Avron on the left, so that the French could not maintain their outworks. The batteries at Chelles, Noisy, La Pelouse, and other points near by, crossed their fires at Avron, and it seemed a perfect Inferno on the plains for some hours.

The French had been constructing a huge entrenched camp here, but their plans were broken up by this furious shell fire of the Saxons. Avron was very strongly fortified, particularly towards the east. There the French had three rows of batteries, one above the other, and many of the cannon were of enormous calibre. The stillness of Forts Noisy and Rosny, after the retreat from Avron, was regarded by the Prussians as a conclusive proof that the siege was near its end. "If," they said, "we could occupy those forts, we could very soon send shells into Belleville and La Villette."

From New Year's Day until the great *sottie* of Montretout, the cannonading was almost incessant. Every day brought its alarm, every day its picturesque event; every day, for us, its long ride on walk to the batteries or to little coudes of vantage, from which we could see something of the tremendous final operation of the siege. Riding towards Issy one morning, and looking out over Paris, we saw tall black columns of smoke rising apparently to the Triumphal Arch. The arch towered up, mistily defined in the distance, and with a field-glass we could observe the construction on its top

which the Prussians called an iron-clad fort. But presently we saw that the smoke was not within Paris walls. It seemed in direct line with the Arch, but was caused by the burning of the village of Boulogne, opposite St Cloud, on the Seine bank. With the field-glass we could see trains crowded with soldiers on the double-decked cars rattling along the Centurie railway, and being transferred to the eastern side. Crash came deafening notes from Issy, and presently noises were heard above our heads. The Prussian rifled cannon were throwing shells, and we could track their course. Suddenly they would become small as birds, and then lost to view. Once we saw three alight in Fort Issy at once. There was a silence among the French gunners for some minutes, then the angry defiance began again, and we were compelled hastily to shift our position.

The German gunners were determined to hit the great viaduct, which stood so prominent and tempting a mark just outside the walls of Auteuil, but they never succeeded. I was told at the close of the siege that the Parisians went every Sunday to make excursions along the circular railway to this viaduct, which was covered with trains, from which thousands of people were endeavoring to get a glance at the Prussians, none of them having the slightest fear of the Teutonic projectiles.

Between one of the principal Prussian batteries and Fort Issy, quite in the open, stood a house, always held by a certain number of stout-hearted soldiers, and serving as an observation post for officers. This was not a tranquil place, for the Prussian shells went whizzing and moaning above one's head, and once every minute came the whurring response from the French embrasures. If the gunners in Issy had desisted to shorten their range

and let fall a shower of missiles on this house they could do so at any moment. But they preferred to expend their fire upon the battery beyond, and so one was perhaps safer between the fires than he could possibly have been either in fort or battery.

Here we came one morning, and narrowly escaped being shot by the excited soldier at the door before we could show our permission, and before we could make ourselves heard by an officer, but finally we were admitted. I was struck with the coolness of the commanding officer at this difficult post. He had the *véritable* spirit of a Brandenburg pikeur, and while the shells were crashing above and around he opened a bottle of wine, and invited us to partake, telling, meantime, with pride how his soldiers had recently made the discovery of several hundred bottles of *Château Margaux* in one cellar. "You Bavarian," he said, with a smile, "has an antiquarian taste in wine, and we can always trust him to probe the cellars of the *château* around."

This officer looked upon war, by his own confession, as a brilliant episode in life, one which called out the best of a man's energies, and he saw no reason to quarrel with it as abnormal or cruel. He had the *véritable* Prussian training, the hard-hearted, sceptical way of looking at things in accordance with his own system and that of his race, of considering everything reasonable and proper which suited his own ends. As for outsiders, *gare la bombe!*

On the 13th of January we were told that twenty-six German batteries had been playing until late in the evening upon various quarters of Paris. The Bavarians were attacked by the French early in the day; but the enemy was repelled. Rumor said that the French

had swarmed out over the bridge of Bas Mondon at early morning, but while they were crossing, the Prussian batteries opened a deadly fire upon them, and the bridge giving way precipitated a large number of soldiers into the Seine.

Inside Paris the vigorous bombardment which was now covering a wide district on the left bank of the Seine was producing its sad effect. The *Hôpital de la Pitié* was riddled with bombshells on the night of the 8th of January from the heights of Châtillon and from Mondon. The Prussians seemed deliberately bombarding the venerable public institutions of the great capital,—the hospitals, the churches, the colleges, universities, the schools of medicine and art.

It was not strange that a city went up through all Europe, a city of horror and reproach, and that it almost startled the Germans into a change of policy.

But they soon became impervious to criticism. They pleaded the impetuous necessity of war as an excuse for bombarding the vast city crowded with helpless women and children, so they sent shells in showers for two months into one of the most thickly populated sections of Paris. The church of St Sulpice, the Sorbonne, the Val de Grâce, were all struck by shells. In a school in the Rue de Vaugirard four children were killed and five wounded by a single shell. The Luxembourg Museum was evacuated. The physicians of the hospital of the *Enfants Malades* issued a protest, declaring that the innocent children would be slain in their beds. The authorities at the *Jardin des Plantes* voted an inscription to be engraved on one of the buildings of their celebrated museum, stating that the garden founded by Louis XIII. had been bombarded

under the reign of William I, King of Prussia.

In the cellars of Montrouge were hundreds of frightened refugees. To the great vaults of the historic Pantheon came the living to crowd beside the noted dead, who were there entombed, and, during the whole twenty-five days of the bombardment, a terrible period which there is no space properly to describe here, every day brought its horror and its sacrifice of human life.

Meantime old Fort Issy, which had been so conspicuous from the first, kept up its reputation. It was inspiring to witness the defense of this place. The maine artillery was there submitted to an almost crushing fire from the German batteries, and held out from first to last magnificently under the plunging shells from Clamart, from Châtillon, from Meudon. These maines, after their casemates had been smashed into muddy fragments and the stones had been all knocked about by bombs, would drag out their fifteen cannons, hitching themselves to the pieces, and tugging them forward, firing, screaming like savages as they fired, then dragging back their guns under the shelter of the half-dismantled parapets. In this fort of Issy one hundred men were killed, and a great number were wounded by shells, and of four hundred who fell ill of cold, hunger and want of sleep, three-quarters died shortly after the capitulation.

By the time of the completion of the second parallel in front of Fort Issy all the non-combatants at Versailles who were allowed the privilege of going outside the towns were intensely interested in the great duel between the German besiegers and these vigorous defenders of their position. The desperate energy of the marines in Issy led gradually up to the conclusion that all the forts were holding

out in expectation of a grand *sortie*, which would be the closing effort of the siege, and perhaps of the war. This feeling was in the air on the morning of the 19th, which had been selected as a date for the ceremony of King William's acceptance of the Imperial dignity conferred upon him by the German nations, now to be welded and unified into one, and under the influence of their ancient tradition to accept an empire as the type of their new community. Some of the Prussian officers were head to bay, on the morning of the 19th, that it was a good thing to get the ceremony over, as there would be sharp work shortly. There was, indeed, sharp work two days later, when the great outpouring of Montretout took place, but alas! it was not destined to profit the French who wasted their heroism in vain efforts against the ever-re-strengthened line of the enemy.

The day selected was noteworthy in Prussian minds for three things: first, for being the anniversary of the crowning of Frederick the Great; second, the birthday of the eldest child of the Crown Prince, and third, as "Order Day," when all princes and officers decorated on previous occasions for conspicuous gallantry are wont to pass before their royal master in review and receive his felicitations. Here, indeed, was an opportunity for a fine pageant, and one which might have roused the pride and vain-glory of a nation more susceptible of vanity than the German. Despite the apprehensions of coming slaughter, the recent victories in the south and the apparent success in other sections of France had put the helmeted warriors in a good humor with themselves, and so they seemed to give themselves up to enjoyment.

The day was a strange mixture of damp and cold, with occasional gleams

of warm sunshine, the rain coming down, as it were, to weep over the dead, and then the sun chasing away the tears as unworthy of so great an occasion. Towards ten o'clock a brilliant throng began to assemble in the court-yard of the palace, and increased steadily in brilliancy and volume until the stroke of twelve, when the King, preceded by guards and outsiders, drove to the doors of the great middle hall, entering the court-yard from the Rue des Réservoirs. About eleven I found drawn up in line the King's body guard, taken from all the best regiments of the army, and glittering in a hunkied colors, strongly contrasted. Thronging past these lines of warriors were the invited guests of higher rank, hastily returning the salutations of hundreds of hands embodying with accustomed severity the expression of their humbleness. Many of the Bavarian and Württemberg officers had for the first time got out their gala uniforms, which had so long been packed in camp-chests that they were all creased, and even soiled and tarnished, and some of the stately gentlemen of the German court presented a rather sorry figure. The Bavarian soldiers were, for a wonder, especially fine in their bright-blue uniforms and shining helmets, and some of the officers were men of majestic presence. The Saxons were, as usual, spotless in uniform. The gigantic men of the Guard corps stalked about in their white uniforms and jack-boots. The dark-haired, stalwart Brandenburgers, the Berliners, with spectacles on nose, the strapping cavalry men, with iron crosses on their breasts, and the slender youths, with long hair combed back under their casques, and swords buckled on their slender thighs, — all hastened to the hall where the greatest Prus-

sian ceremony of modern times was to occur.

Around the statue of Louis XIV. a curious crowd of civilians and soldiers had gathered, and the *gendarmes* had allowed them to remain there. Few French people were present. A crazy old woman ran hither and yon for some time, cursing everybody and begging from everybody, but her curses and entreaties passed comparatively unnoticed in the greater excitement of the moment. An odd spectacle was the pedestal of the statue of Bayard, with a lot of Prussian soldiers sitting dangling their legs from it. One could almost imagine the old hero looking with scorn upon the enemies below him. Two lines of soldiers — boys, but superb figures, perfectly trained boys — were formed in the squares in the vicinity of the entrance of the Salle des Glaces, and there military bands were stationed to salute the coming King. The German banner, we observed, was now floating where latterly the red-cross flag alone had been seen above the portico of the palace. The wounded soldiers crowded to the windows to see the spectacle, and their pale faces were the only vision of war which thrust its ghastly presence upon us.

Presently the guests began to arrive pell-mell. There was not much attempt at glory of equipage, as in campaigning it is difficult to obtain good carriages. Von Moltke came in a post-carriage which was splashed with mud, Von Bismarck in a little *caleche*, to which two diminutive ponies were attached, the Crown Prince in his modest *coupé*, and dozens of officers in full toilette were caught in a pouring shower, which suddenly visited us. Half-a-dozen princes would dash up in an omnibus, which they had happily discovered at the last moment, and the historic furniture-van,

which played such an important rôle in the transportation of potentates, military and political, in Versailles, again came into play. Great precautions were taken for the safety of the King. Stout soldiers wandered carelessly about in the crowd, but with their guns held as a huntsman holds his when he hears the deer breaking cover. How did the Prussians know how far French fanaticism might venture? It only went far enough, to my knowledge, mysteriously to suggest that the last time that a great public gathering was held in the Salle des Glaces it had been found necessary to prop the floor, so weak with age it had become. But we may fully presume that the Germans with their talent for investigation, had carefully examined the puquet of the time of Louis XIV. Prince George of Saxony was one of the most noticeable in the crowd of notables, and around him was a brilliant assemblage of officers.

All along the Avenue de Paris and the Place d'Armes, as the King came rattling from the Prefecture to the palace, arose deafening shouts of "Hurrah for the Emperor!" The guard along the grand staircase which led to the Salle des Glaces was composed of picked men from the various regiments around Paris. Visibly affected by the magnificent spectacle before him, the old King wandered into the great room like one scarcely daring to believe that the splendors before him were real, and during the whole ceremony he was profoundly moved, and listened with the air of one surprised, and continually questioning himself as to what it all meant.

One hundred and seventy years before Frederick I had put on the crown destined to such prominence in history. As King William entered the hall where Louis XIV. had been wont to receive his

courtiers, he must have reflected a moment on the mutability of human greatness and on the future of the country with which he as an old man could have but little to do. Solemnly to accept the German crown when he could not swear long to uphold the Empire even by his sword and word must have seemed to him like mockery. To place it on his brows at the end instead of the beginning of his long and stately career, as he paused before the gate of Paris, about to enter that great capital for the second time as a victor, could not, however, have been without a certain consolation.

In the middle of the grand hall, and with its back to the windows opening on the park, an altar was erected. Upon this altar, gracefully decorated, lighted candles were placed, and at each side sat three pastors, clothed in the sombre habiliments of their order, and symbolizing the support of the Church to the new Empire. Farther down the hall was another and smaller altar, and in front of this were arranged the standards of all the regiments of the third army. Between the two altars were placed Bavarians and other soldiers. In front of the principal altar were several soldiers, who had, in times past or in recent campaigns, received two iron crosses, and two of them had their heads bound up, and showed other marks of ugly wounds. On the platform at the farther end of the gallery many soldiers were stationed upholding standards.

The King was preceded by the marshal of his household and the court marshal, the Counts of Pucklen and Peponcher, and followed by Prince George of Saxony, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the majority of the hereditary princes. Beside these, as they took their places in front of the grand altar, were also the Crown Prince,

Prince Charles of Prussia, the King's brother and Grand Master of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, the Grand Dukes of Saxe Weimar, Oldenburg, and Baden, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, the Duke of Saxe Altenburg, Princes Luitpold and Otho of Bavaria, Prince William and Duke Eugene of Wurtemberg, Leopold of Hohenzollern, who had unwittingly provoked the war, and the Duke of Holstein. The old King, bolt upright, and from time to time gazing with childlike curiosity upon the scene, listened intently to the sermon which one of the preachers now delivered with much grace and eloquence. The sermon touched upon the historic and religious character of the ceremony now in progress, and endeavored to describe its mysterious influence on the hearts of the German nation. It was a fine tribute as well to the new subject of adoration, the venerable hero soldier, and the King was deeply affected by it.

Von Bismarck and Von Moltke meantime, one on each side of the platform, winked sleepily and wickedly, and seemed inwardly much amused at all this parade. General Blumenthal, also near at hand, with the commanding generals and officers of all grades grouped about him, was grimly silent and appeared to consider the whole thing a waste of time. In long rows down each side of the gallery were the distinguished military and civil personages from all nations of Europe.

The sermon finished, a general buzz of congratulation was just springing up in the hall when the King suddenly advanced to the platform, and there, surrounded by the standard-bearers of the first Guard regiment, he pronounced

his address to the princes, in which he declared his intention of accepting the Imperial German Crown. After he had, with faltering voice, finished his vow, Bismarck advanced tranquilly to read the proclamation to the German people. This was so far as Bismarck was concerned, the culmination of the war, the unification of the German people under the rule of one man was accomplished. No wonder such a gigantic task had made a diplomat already ripe in years look almost as old as his master.

After the reading of the proclamation the Grand Duke of Baden, who seemed to have been adopted as spokesman on most occasions, hailed the King as Emperor of Germany. A three-times-three awoke the echoes which had been lying *perdu* for two centuries, and the Crown Prince hastened to embrace his father and affectionately to grasp his hand. His example was followed by all the members of the Royal Family and all the princes and dukes present. When the ceremony was finished, there were tears on the old King's face and many of the lookers-on were visibly moved. Amid the waving of standards, flags which had been in all the early battles of the present war, and the echoes of the national hymn and triumphal marches, the brilliant assembly broke up and drove away in its hundreds of carriages, splendid and shabby, to the task of eating the dinner in celebration of "Orders Day." At the *Hôtel des Reservoirs* and other fashionable restaurants there was riotous merriment, and the word "Kaiser" echoed through the street, and in all places where uniforms were visible, until long past midnight.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Bombaki and Belfort — The Final Sortie of the French — Montretout — The Panic in Versailles —
The Treaty for Peace — The End of the Siege of Paris

WHERE is Bombaki?" was a frequent question at the German head-quarters in the days just before the great fight at Montretout. A certain portion of the army under his command seemed to be lost sight of, and caused the Germans no little uneasiness. The siege of Belfort had been checked by the proximity of a part of Bombaki's army, and the invaders naturally thought that the object of the wily Frenchman was to raise the siege of this fortress, which was defended with such heroic valor, and to bring into active use the great supply of munitions shut up within it. Every conceivable supposition was indulged in at head-quarters. Now it was said that Bombaki intended to leave Belfort to attack the communications line, and now to slip away into Germany, and begin a war of reprisals. But many had already begun to consider him as sharing the incompetency of some of his brothers in office, because he had not improved his brilliant opportunities. The French arms had not been crowned with victory in the north, although at one time it seemed as if the campaign, so vigorously organized by Bombaki, would yield brilliant results. But Bombaki was replaced by General Faidherbe, who at first had numerous successes, and was finally worsted in the battle of St. Quentin, fought on the 19th of January. The struggle in the north was hard and full of romantic and picturesque episodes. The Prussian took Amiens, they gave

battle to the French at Pont-Noyelles and at Bapaume, where there was a great slaughter of German squadrons and cavalry, and where Faidherbe, with reason, claimed success, but the closing of most of the northern fortresses by the first German army was finally successful. The Seventh corps besieged Thionville, the first bombarded Metziers with the siege cannon which it had taken from the French at Montmédy. Metziers surrendered, Peronne was bombarded and capitulated, Rocroi gave up, Charleville was disarmed, and Belfort was undergoing a bombardment, in comparison with which that of Paris was feeble. Yet the Germans, to the very moment of the surrender of the forts in front of Paris, were oppressed with fears lest out of the north might come a crushing blow to check them just as they were at the moment of their supreme triumph.

So predisposed, indeed, were the invaders to a panic, that, when the last and despairing effort of the besiegers was made, and resulted in the occupation of the redoubt of Montretout, near Ville d'Avray, there was universal consternation at Versailles. The gallant Jagers, who had long held the redoubt, were thrown back upon the Versailles road in great confusion, and the population of the old capital of Louis XIV. flocked out, — regardless of the menaces of the Germans, — shouting and laughing, fully convinced that they were to welcome their victori-



ARREST OF A SUPPOSED SPY

ous brethren, and to see the headlong retreat of the Teutonic foe towards the German frontier. It did not take long in those days for any proclamation which was posted in Paris to reach Versailles, the German spies were worthy of all the contemptuous praise which the French bestowed upon them, and they went in and out of the lines with a recklessness and frequency which were quite dazzling. On the morning of the 19th they brought in a report that the following document had been posted upon the walls of Paris, and was signed by the members of the Government of National Defense —

Citizens, — The enemy is slaying your wives and children. It bombards us night and day. It covers even our hospitals with

shells. The cry to arms is heard on every side.

Those among you who can give their lives on the field of battle will march against the enemy. Those who remain, to show themselves worthy of their brethren, will accept, if necessary, the hardest sacrifices, as their means of devotion to the country's service. Let us suffer, and die if necessary, but let us cry *Vive la République!*

As the result of this touching proclamation, which, after the lapse of years, seems perhaps to our colder apprehension somewhat theatrical in tone, but which then sent a thrill of pity through our hearts, and impressed us with the same fervor of feeling that it gave to the Parisians, the one hundred thousand men massed outside the walls on the night from the 18th to the 19th were determined to break through the German lines at no matter what cost of life, and to reach the old town where the invader had so coolly and so insolently established himself. These forces were massed in front of Forts Valerien and Issy at daybreak on the 19th, and at eight o'clock they had driven in the Prussian pickets, and a general alarm was sounded all along the German lines. Attacks were expected in the direction of St Denis and on the extreme east, but they did not then occur.

Before eight o'clock we heard in Versailles that twenty-four battalions of French lancers, National Guards and Zouaves, had begun the work of reducing the batteries of St Cloud and storming Montretout. As soon as the object of the attack was discovered, all the troops of Versailles were at once despatched to the scene of action, and the reserve ten thousand stalwart Bavarians, were ordered from Bièvre and all the towns in the rear of the investment lines on the south-west, to take up their position in the Prussian head-quarters. The dozens of batteries which had been so long stationed on the Place d'Armes were limbered up, and rattled away in the direction of Montretout. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery filled the Avenue de Paris and the Avenue de St Cloud, and the men settled down wearily in the mud to wait the turn of events, the Bavarians beguiling the hours by singing

hymns, harmoniously and enthusiastically, only pausing in their musical efforts to cheer when the old Emperor came back from his brief visit to the front. The National Guards were highly praised by the Germans, although Bismarck, in speaking of them to Jules Favre a little later on during the Conference, relative to the conclusion of the armistice, said, "Oh, yes, they are very brave fighters, but when they are going into action they are so glad of it that they wain us an hour in advance." This was a spiteful criticism, provoked by the knowledge that, had the French begun their action one or two hours earlier on the 19th of January they might have gone straight into Versailles, and, possibly, have captured the newly made Emperor of Germany, and all his court. The moral effect of such a *coup de main* would have been so great that it might have completely changed the current of events and forced the conclusion of a peace most honorable to France.

The assault at Montretout cost the French large numbers of men, and the slopes were covered with dead and wounded until a late hour in the evening. General de Bellemare got on to the crest known as the Bergerie, there took the *curé's* house, and pushed on valiantly into the park of Buzenval. General Ducrot, meantime, on the right, was creeping up to the heights of La Jonchère. The day was wretchedly cold and damp, and from time to time a heavy fog hindered the French officers carrying orders from one part of the field to another in their movements. This, doubtless, greatly demoralized the *ensemble* of the action.

From Saint Germain, and from the Villa Stern, we had very advantageous views of the fight. From behind the trenches which protected the French the

EUROPE IN STORM AND CALM.

fire was steady, and seemed gradually forcing the Prussians to give way. The King left Versailles early in the afternoon, attended by a numerous guard, and took up his post on the viaduct of Maillé, whence he had witnessed the affair at Le Bouiget in October. The Germans universally hailed the occasion as the

been chosen by the French as the point where they might form without being observed, while they waited their turn for movements. By and by Saint Germain became an object of close attention from the French fire, and many shells were aimed with splendid accuracy at the pontoon bridge over the Seine.



THE WALL OF BRUZENVALL—EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

baptism of fire for the new Emperor, and he was acclaimed whenever he showed himself to the enthusiastic soldiery. From Saint Germain, about mid-afternoon, we observed a great massing of French troops in the edge of the Bois du Vesinet. This beautiful wood, which lay spread out like a lordly park before the spectators on the great terrace, had

One, two, and three, burst near by without inflicting much damage, at last the gunners got their range, and threw the projectiles directly on to the structure. Then, as ill-luck would have it, the shell did not burst. Finally this was given up, and the gunners from the batteries in front of Valerien tried long-range shot at the Pavillon Henri IV., at the

and of the terrace, and there was a *general saut qu'on peut*, until it was demonstrated that Valerien could not reach that point. During the few hours since ten o'clock the concentration of German troops near Montietout had been very rapid, and, as the French massed up against the redoubt which their advance had taken and so courageously held, they were met by a terrible fire.

The French troops of the National Guard, who had been much ridiculed by the regular liners during the siege, stood under fire for more than five hours during this fight without breaking ranks. When the French attacked on the side near Gauches it became evident that the German resistance was fully organized, and would be successful. Just at the time that the French soldiers were thoroughly fatigued by their long watch on the previous night and their severe fighting, the German reserves poured down upon them, and threw them out of their position at Montietout. But, to the surprise of all the lookers-on, the French rallied, and came back at a furious pace up the hill, breaking the German line, which, although it wavered, kept up wild hurrahs of victory, and never ceased its steady volleys of musketry. The French were half-a-dozen times well installed at points from which they could have thrown shells into Versailles; but, as the dreary winter darkness closed in, the firing on both sides ceased almost entirely, and towards eight o'clock the National Guards left the redoubt, the Germans throwing an occasional shell into the columns, which went down the hill in very good order, and flocked away to Rueil over roads covered with wounded and dying men, wagons and carts up to the hubs of their wheels in mud. The Germans

admitted that they would have had to lose at least six hundred men if they had pursued the National Guard.

The inhabitants of Versailles had certainly thought that deliverance was near. Many arrests were made. The soldiery, which had all the winter been good-natured in its intercourse with the French population, suddenly became disagreeable and fierce, and we saw many little episodes which indicated that a collision might readily have been provoked. A Zouave, half intoxicated, was brought in from the battle-field between two diagoons, and the comments of the Germans upon his antics roused the greatest indignation among the French. A rough diagoon at the head of a patrol column was so annoyed at seeing a priest standing in the midst of an anxious and angry crowd, and haranguing the people, that he singled out the man of long robes, and chased him ingloriously into a neighbouring house, striking him a number of times with the flat of his sword. Many peasants were brought in by soldiers and charged with cutting the telegraph wire. There was only one sentence passed by military tribunals in such cases,—sentence of death, and the penalty was placarded in a hundred places in Versailles. There were many tearful eyes at the officers' tables at the *cafés* where the invader dined, that evening, when the list of German losses came in with the evening report. The official journal the same evening mentioned the *sortie* in a paragraph of six lines, in which it utterly ignored the partial success of the French, and said that the German losses were insignificant, which was untrue. It also announced that Bourbaki was in full retreat, and that the siege of Belfort had been resumed.

Late at night the troops from the battle-field were still coming into town.

bespattered with mud, and many of them grievously wounded, and marched past the Place d'Armes while military bands played hymns of victory. The long artillery trains came trundling back to the great square, the guns were placed in the old positions, and the stalwart artillery-men were at work cleaning them, half an hour after their arrival, with the same careful concern with which an English groom would care for a horse after a muddy gallop. It was well-nigh midnight before the return from the battle-field was over, and all night long the patrols kept up a vigilant promenading through the town.

When Paris came to count its losses after this memorable day, it was thrilled with horror. Among the dead it Buzenval was the noble young painter, Henri Regnault, a colonel of great distinction, already noted for the "Salomé," which is sufficient to render his name immortal. At Buzenval, too, fell a young comedian of the Théâtre Français, who when he was taken to the hospital established in the theatre to which he belonged, said, "I have come back to play once more the last scene of the Fourberies de Scapin." A few hours later he died. Both sides were eager for an armistice, and the Prussians, on the morning of the 26th of January, sounded then bugles three times, to offer a truce of a few hours, before the French answered. Meantime the Germans carried the French wounded to Marnes, where a Prussian general meeting a French general, said to him, "We were filled with admiration for the spirit of your new troops of the line." The old veteran had mistaken the simple National Guards, citizens, doing their duty, actuated by patriotism and despair, for regulars.

The war and the siege of Paris were coming to an end together. The defeat

of General Chanzy's army at Le Mans, and the defeat of Faidherbe at Maubeuge (Quentin), were terrible blows to the French. The Prussians had now invaded Normandy. They were at Rouen; Longwy had capitulated, and we were not surprised when we heard that Jules Favre had visited Versailles, and that a suspension of hostilities was certain.

The French appeared to have thrown away their weapons rather wildly after their withdrawal from Montretout, for wagon-loads of *chassepots* were brought into Versailles. I saw several hundred of the guns undergoing examination two days after the fight at Montretout, and think that the conquered *chassepots* were distributed to the German outposts. After the surrender of the large number of fortresses, big and little, nothing was more common in Versailles and around Paris than to see a Prussian officer wearing a French sword, the silver cord and tassel contrasting strongly with the severely elegant plainness of his own uniform. The Germans could see nothing incongruous in wearing a conquered enemy's weapons in his own country, and reasoned as an officer did concerning the proposed removal of the military library of St. Cyr to Berlin: "It is ours by the rights of war, and if the French are anxious to have it back, let them come and get it." The library, however, was not removed.

Each morning we were awakened by the clatter of muskets and the regular tramp of newly arriving troops. The Landwehrmen, the business men, thinkers, butchers, speculators, now swarmed everywhere. I counted thirty men grouped in the Avenue de St. Cloud, every one of whom was more than six feet two inches in height, and sturdy in proportion. One morning an officer six feet seven strolled down the Rue de la Pavoise, and some naughty French boys

out, "Lower the curtains in the
-story windows "

The 24th of January was one of those
ange days which sometimes come to
Northern France in the early days of the
year The air was as soft and perfumed
as that of spring, in every forest, alley,
and garden there was hint of coming
verdure In the bombardment there was
a lull, not a single gun was heard solemnly
booming Fancy overcame me, potent
is her way, and as I walked by the
great pond I seemed to lose Versailles,
invaders, and the conquered population,
and my thoughts were with the defenders
of the massive fortress city, so near and
yet so far away Presto! As with the
magic carpet of the Arabian tale, I
was transported faster than balloons,
pigeons, or lovers' wishes could go
Now I was at Suresnes, where thou-
sands of blue-bloused workmen were still
toiling on the fortifications, as if they
fancied that the Germans were deter-
mined upon an assault, now in the
magnificent drives of the Boulogne forest,
where pale and grim old women were cut-
ting boughs from the trees which had been
felled by order of the military engineers
Half way up the slope of the Valerien
acclivity I could see the glitter of the gay
uniforms of soldiers, two and two, and
four and four, carrying bodies and
digging the graves, planting the seed
which the fallen oak of the Empire had
scattered I noticed that the dense foliage
on the Seine banks was gone, that the
bridges were wrecks, the villages ruins,
the hillsides of St Cloud, of Bellevue, of
Mendon, scarred and seamed by war
Uncouth-looking peasants, ill at ease in
their uniform, and speaking dialects which
I could not understand, jostled civilians,
and mistrusted everybody. On their
rude tunics were the names of towns and
cities of which I had never heard. Cava-

liers, who scarcely merited the name, so
awkward were they on their horses, gal-
loped recklessly, bearing orders Up and
down the Bois de Boulogne constantly
went the patrols, as often arresting an
innocent baker or candlestick-maker as
a German spy when spies were not rare.
On a tree a singular notice was posted.
"Instructions for avoiding shell-fire,"
pencil-mark by a mischievous Parisian
under it "Last and best instruction, get
out of range "

Why could not one go down the deserted
avenue at the southern end of the wood?
Because the town of Boulogne was burn-
ing and the Prussians were constantly
sending shell into the edge of the forest,
and children offered splinters of the
death engines for sale, saying, "These
are smaller than those of yesterday The
Prussians are exhausting themselves "
Now came the soldier detailed to bring
newspapers from the city to the sub-
urbs, the diminutive sheets printed on
straw paper, clamoring for the removal of
Trochu, claiming victory in an obscure
part of France, and bestowing a slight
scratch upon Gambetta, local news, mor-
tality of infants, distressing and terrible
suffering among poor women, riot in cer-
tain disreputable quarters, attempt to
traduce a *jolie publique* before a court-
martial by her sisters, because she had
been into the Prussian lines and safely
out again, decree of the military gov-
ernor condemning disorders, horrible
penalties, regiments of Mobiles, fat,
lean, ragged, and spruce, marching with
discontented air to Valerien, twenty or
thirty richly dressed gentlemen with arms
inlaid with silver and trappings of horses
superb in decoration These were the
counts and barons organized as *eclaireurs*,
and doing good service for France

Did I dream these things, or did they
come from the hundred rumors and

reports of German soldiers, who had been at the front, and who were fond of nothing so much as of gossiping about what was going on within the French lines?

The bombardment of St Denis was well under way. Since the *sortie* of the 21st the Germans had been pouring shot into the town, and many fires had been noticed there. Frenchmen came into Versailles with rumors that the Cathedral was destroyed. But no 'only a few shells had touched it. The grand old Latin cross into whose form the church was built was still unharmed, and the tomb of the kings seemed charmed against the enemy's shells. The houses and public edifices all around it were in ruins, huge timber-yards, ignited by an exploding bomb, sent up such a glare and smoke that many were persuaded that Paris was in flames. The fort got shells poured into it every second, they rolled together over its walls, they exploded upon one another, they seemed to struggle for place above the bastion, still St Denis held out bravely, answering in deep base its defiance of the loudest German guns.

On the 22d the fire from the brother forts near St Denis suddenly ceased, then St Denis himself missed his accustomed round. This strange quiet unnerved the Germans, who could scarcely sleep without the thunders to which they had so long been accustomed. On the southern side Issy's gigantic battered hulk was still supporting the German fire, but the embrasures were closed, and the guns were said to have been removed to the Paris ramparts. The French marines, said the Germans, were now to man the ~~gun~~ guns. Fort Vanves was in a dreadful condition, more damaged, if possible, than Issy. Now we heard a brisk shooting from German rifle pits.

French prisoners brought in thought their sharp-shooters were destroying the whole Prussian army, German sharpshooters, on their side, boasted of the many victims they had made. In the German batteries gun carriages began to give way, from the severe strain upon them.

And now it was announced as certain that M Jules Favre had reached Versailles, that a carriage had been sent to the river at Sèvres to meet him, that he had eagerly read the official journal of that evening, in which was Bismarck's circular enumerating the number of times which the French had broken the rules of the Geneva Convention, besides the intelligence that St Denis was still burning. For the first time he had the particulars of Faidherbe's defeat, of the peasants retreating from Cambrai and the surrounding country. I was fortunate enough to see M Favre. He looked old, and worn, and weary, and as if he had had but little to eat. That which most truly distressed M Favre was his complete ignorance of the situation of the army of the east when he went first to see Count Von Bismarck. He knew of the disasters to General Chanzy, and, as we have seen, read of the troubles which had befallen Faidherbe, but he had not heard a word of Bombaki. He knew only of that general's march towards Montbchaud, which had been so brilliantly begun, and that General Von Weider had evacuated Dijon, Gray, and Vesoul before Bombaki's advance. But he did not know that, on the very day that he was pleading for an armistice, Bombaki in despair had attempted to take his own life, and that the Prussian division marching upon Dijon had blocked Gambaldi's way.

When M. Favre and Bismarck for

news he said that he had had none for several days the wires were all down in the greater part of the country, and communications, he said, were slow and uncertain. But, despite the apparent insufficiency of his information, Bismarck was very anxious that Belfort should be surrendered. It would be as well, he said, to give it up, for it could not hold out for more than a week longer. M. Favre could not consent to such a concession. Bismarck refused to compromise Belfort in the armistice, and poor M. Favre's anxiety was very great, for he fancied that the army of the east might be victorious, and raise the siege of Belfort, and to be asked to give it up in such a juncture or to relinquish the conclusion of an armistice, which was vital to Paris, was a dreadful alternative. "Very well," said Bismarck, "then put off the signing of the armistice until after this fate of Belfort is decided." M. Favre hardly knew what to say to this, for he said, "I was constantly pursued by the terrible fear that I should not have the necessary time for revictualing Paris."

On the evening of the 26th of January M. Favre had a long conference with General Von Moltke. After arranging the principal details of an armistice with Bismarck, and after he had reached the point at which the signing of the convention seemed only a matter of form, he came back to Bismarck, and had a final conversation with him. The great Chancellor accompanied him to his carriage, and said, with something like lively sympathy in his tones, as he was taking leave of M. Favre, "I scarcely think that, at the point which we have now reached, a rupture is possible. If you consent, we will stop the firing this evening."—"I should have asked you to do it yesterday," answered M. Favre, deeply

moved. "As I have the misfortune to represent conquered Paris, I could not solicit a favor, but I accept with much heartiness now that you offer. It is the first consolation I have had in our troubles. It was insupportable to me to think that blood should be shed in vain, while we are arranging the conditions for a suspension of hostilities."

"Very well," said Bismarck, "it is understood that we shall give reciprocal orders to have the firing cease at midnight. Be good enough to see that your orders are strictly executed."

M. Favre promised, stipulating only that the French should be allowed to fire the last shot.

"It was nine o'clock," he wrote in his official account, "when I crossed the Seine at the bridge of Sèvres. The conflagration in St. Cloud was still in progress. Probably not having been warned of our arrival, our artillery-men at Point du Jour were raining shells in our neighborhood. Two or three missiles fell on the bank just as we left it. It would have been odd enough if one of them had taken a notion to interrupt my mission. As soon as I reached Paris I hastened to General Vinoy. I drew up the order agreed upon, accompanying it with the most precise instructions. At the moment that I was writing it an officer on duty received a telegram from the commander of the Fort de la Cour Neuve. This was to ask for reinforcements, and expressed lively fears for the results of the enemy's bombardment on the morrow. 'I give you here,' I said to the officer, who brought me this news, 'something which will shelter this brave garrison. Our soldiers have done their duty to the very end. We owe them as much gratitude as if they were victorious.'

"At a quarter of an hour before mid-

PE IN STORM AND CALM

night I stood on the stone balcony at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs overlooking the Seine. The artillery of our forts and that of the German army were still crashing on. Twelve o'clock sounded. There was a last explosion repeated far off by an echo, which died slowly away. Then silence settled over all. It was the first repose for many long weeks. It was the first symptom of peace since the beginning of the senseless war into which we had been forced by the infatuation of a despot and the criminal servility of his courtiers. I stood for a long time lost in my reflections. I believed that the massacres had ceased, and, in spite of the sorrow which weighed me down, this thought was a kind of relief. I did not foresee that behind this bloody curtain now lowered upon our disasters were concealed still more lamentable calamities and humiliations."

The armistice was signed. A neutral zone was established between the two armies, and the siege of Paris was practically at an end. The proclamation of the Government of National Defense, which was posted on the walls of Paris on the 28th of January, announced that the National Guard would preserve its organization and its weapons, that the resistance of Paris would be closed in a

few hours, that the troops would remain in Paris among the citizens, the officers would keep their swords; and that the Government felt that it could show that it had held out just as long as there was food enough left to allow of the revictualing of the fortress without subjecting two million men, women, and children to the tortures of famine. "The siege of Paris," said this proclamation, "has lasted four months and twelve days, the bombardment, a whole month. Since the 15th of January the ration of bread has been reduced to three hundred grammes. The ration of horse-flesh since the 15th of December has been but thirty grammes. The mortality has more than trebled; but in the midst of so many disasters there has not been a single day of discouragement. The enemy is the first to render tribute to the moral energy and the courage that the whole Parisian population has shown. Paris has suffered greatly, but the Republic will profit by its long sufferings, so nobly borne. We go forth from the struggle which has just ended ready for the struggle which is to come. We go forth with all our honor, with all our hopes, despite the anguish of the present hour, more than ever confident in the high destinies of the country."

CHAPTER FORTY

Personal Reminiscences of the Close of the Siege — The "Neutral Zone" — Wonders and Comicalities — Through the Park at St. Cloud — The Crown Prince's Redoubt — Starving Parisians — The Hungry Faces — A Huddled People following a Haze

THE Parisians had succeeded by according the capitulation of Paris the occupation of the forts, the tacit agreement to the payment of a vast military contribution by the capital, and the fulfilment of other conditions as bitter, as humiliating in securing an armistice of twenty-one days. *Altho* of the contribution which the Prussians proposed to levy, Bismarck and Jules Favre had quite a spirited discussion. The Chancellor had, from the first said that he should exact the payment of a war contribution, but he had not stated what its amount was likely to be. So a day or two before the negotiations were closed, M. Favre raised the subject when the Chancellor's face, says the French statesman, took on an undefinable expression.

"The city of Paris," said Bismarck, "is too powerful and too rich for an instant to permit that its ransom should not be worthy of it. It seems to me that it would be scarcely proper to ask for less than a milliard."

"This is certainly only an ironical enlogy," I answered, and I shall refrain from considering it as serious."

"But it is quite serious," replied the Chancellor, "and entirely in proportion with those that the other cities have paid us."

"I should not like," I said, "to break off the negotiations for a simple question of money, but there are exactions which render nothing possible. This is of the number; and, if you think

you must persist, we must be brought to a stop at once."

"The Chancellor asked me for my estimate, but I reserved my decision until after a conference with my colleagues. They fixed the maximum at five hundred millions. I then proposed one hundred, and closed the matter at two hundred millions. The Chancellor wished us to add to it three hundred millions, to be charged to the war indemnity. 'That will make it,' he said, 'round numbers.'"

"I had no difficulty in making him understand that we could treat only in the name of Paris, and that it was forbidden to us to prejudge the question of peace or war expressly reserved for national decision."

Paris, that could pay an indemnity of two hundred millions of francs without other effort than the stroke of the pen, could not find, for the last few days after the capitulation, bread enough for its children. There were two or three days of cruel waiting, when it seemed almost certain that the Germans would be chargeable with the grave fault of having caused a famine among the besieged French. The splendid charity of London and the tremendous efforts made in the north of France saved the situation. No sooner was the armistice signed than Jules Favre telegraphed to London, Antwerp, and Dieppe to have provisions sent in with the greatest celerity. According to the terms of the new

treaty, these provisions could not enter Paris until after the forts had been delivered to the Germans, and the walls of the garrison of the capital had been disarmed. Jules Favre and his colleagues foresaw that, unless this were modified, the provisions, which were now pouring forward on all the railways, would accumulate at a distance of a few miles from the starving millions, and would there be forced to remain while the Germans were slowly taking their precautions. His mind was filled with dreadful visions of mobs of men and women howling for bread of new manifestations of the communal insurrection, prompted by the pangs of hunger, and he went straight to Bismarck and told him the truth.

The Chancellor was not only startled he was deeply moved. He promised that he would have the whole matter changed forthwith, and that there need be no fear that the military operations would prevent the transportation of food. He even offered to the French all the rations that the German army could spare. This surplus supply of the Germans was sufficient to nourish the population of Paris for a day and a half. M. Favre accepted it. The two men parted greatly touched by the mutual concessions of pride and of dignity to which their charitable aim had compelled them.

But it was not until the afternoon of the 4th of February that the first train which had entered the Paris fortifications since the 17th of September rolled into the Northern railway station. This was the train filled with provisions which the population of London had contributed for the relief of Paris. The same train brought a letter from the Lord Mayor of the English metropolis, saying that, at the first news of the armistice, a meeting of bankers, commercial men, and work-

men had been held at the Mansion House, and that an appeal had been made to the sympathy manifest in all parts of the country for unfortunate France. A first subscription of 250,000 francs had been placed at the disposition of the English committee, and it was hoped that the sum raised by voluntary contributions would reach 2,000,000 of francs. This was but a trifle for a capital which had just agreed to pay out 200,000,000 as ransom, but it gave the stricken people courage, and they seemed once more to breathe freely.

The neutral zone between the French and German lines, and extending all the way around Paris, was one of the curiosities of the siege. This was a strip of territory, ingress to which was forbidden either to French or German troops until the close of the deliberations of the national assembly, which was to decide on peace or war. On either side of this zone swarmed the lately contesting soldiery, and the Germans had seized upon the opportunity to indulge in their passion for military pomp, and perhaps, I may say to an then military vanity. Their officers went on duty arrayed as if for a promenade at a court, or in a ball-room. They wore then gala uniforms, their best boots, their most shining spurs and immaculate white gloves. The Prussian officer thus impressed one as a superior kind of policeman, a police sergeant, if you will, who was doing duty away from home and who wished to impress the foreign eye with the sense of his national dignity.

On the morning after the occupation of the forts I found some German soldiers at a point between St. Cloud and Sèvres doing what they called playing at French Republicans, having made themselves grotesque uniforms out of some red curtains which they had found. A large collection of ladies and gentlemen on the

other side of the river was looking at them through field-glasses and audibly expressing its disgust. The Prussian sentinel on one pier of the ruined bridge of Sèvres, and the French sentinel on what was left of the other side of the bridge, presented, as they glared at each other across the deep stream, rather a comical aspect. A few Germans were digging rifle-pits, with a view to possible future emergencies.

On a high hill between St. Cloud and Sèvres stood one of the most famous of Prussian batteries, a place where, for two weeks before the capitulation, men were obliged to lay *perdu* half the time, expecting destruction every moment when they showed their heads and while they were firing their cannon at the enemy. The Prussians all spoke with awe after the siege of the fearful fire of the forts upon this redoubt. It required some little philosophy to go in and out of this extemporized fortification under fire, and the few times that I attempted it gave me a lively impression of the horrors of a bombardment. Four German officers, who were the first into this Crown Prince's Redoubt, as it was called, gave me an animated description of the terrors of the initial day of the occupation. "Shells every moment," said one officer, "and when we fancied that the forts would give us an instant's respite, then came the fearful screeching of the grenades from the gun-boats on the Seine. When a *parlementaire* came out from either side we felt like men who had been pardoned after sentence of execution." The French had thrown up the redoubt at the beginning of the alarm about the capital's safety, and had intended to arm it, but had not succeeded when they were dislodged. Even had they put guns into position in it the enemy would have had it sooner or later. The

Prussians took then ground here step by step at imminent risk, and purchased it at the expense of hundreds of lives. An officer told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost many brother officers there. The besiegers seemed to have found the Seine gun-boats more troublesome than even the Parisians trusted that they might prove. Lying close to the water's edge, and possessing the wondrous faculty of "making themselves scarce," they were very effective instruments of offense. They came down towards Billancourt with the speed of a railway train, and, before the out-look on the redoubt could cry "*bonnie*" they threw their deadly missiles, the man at the helm wheeled around, and away they went, leaving sorrow among their enemies.

Climbing up the mighty zigzag path leading into the redoubt I found on the way great heaps of shells and great pieces of iron, some of them rusty with blood. At the top of the hill stood a collection of charming houses, once furnished with the greatest taste, but then forever ruined. Near by was a bomb-proof sunk several feet into the ground, and thence the officers issued their orders. In the principal house one long, elegant parlor, which had evidently belonged to a literary man, was filled with beds, where the tired men had thrown themselves, regardless of danger, to sleep. The walls were decorated with figures of Turcos and Zouaves running before the Prussians, and a huge cartoon represented Napoleon handing his sword to King William. The floor of this room was littered with fine engravings, books of value, and tapestries torn from the walls. On one side was a breakfast-table smashed, with coffee-cups and glasses in confusion beneath it. A hole in the wall and some grenade fragments close by explained the inter-

rupted breakfast. On the door of an out-house, which served as a guard-room was written a German distich —

"How happy is he whom no cry can call out
To take his night turn on the deadly redoubt!"

The dead seemed indeed much more fortunate than the living, in this dreadful spot. Days and nights were constantly full of horror and sorrow. The Germans had one consolation, — they had enough to eat. The drivers of the supply-carts ran imminent risk in bringing the food in every evening, and sometimes a shell sent the sheep newly killed and the great rounds of black-bread flying into air. The walls of the redoubt and the deep trenches covered by boughs and logs, leading away in every direction, were battered and pounded as by a giant's hammer. Great rows of sand-bags were piled high in the earth-works' top and acres on acres of tree trunks, sawn hastily in the neighboring parks, were placed along the hill at right angles.

In the highest corner, where one could look one hundred feet down over the wall, hung a flag-pole, on which a sheet was run out whenever hostilities were suspended, so that a *parlementaire* might come across the river. At the mark of the outer line of works stood a rustic arbor, with a round window, in which a telescope was placed, and where watchmen sat, night and day, to gaze by light and listen by dark. Although this was the most exposed position in the redoubt not a shell appeared to have touched it. It was interesting at the close of the siege to visit Ville d'Avray and St. Cloud, where the ravages of war had been so great. On this same day of the occupation of the forts I made this excursion, and noted the swarms of French peasants hurrying back from the villages nearer

Paris, where they had hastily taken refuge, to their homes. There were strong men, and weak old patriots bent and shrivelled, housewives and buxom young peasant girls with babes at their breasts. All had packs of household gear upon their backs, and their faces bore marks of prolonged suffering and privation. Many of these simple people went mad during the siege: the horrors of the protracted bombardment, the incredible hardships which they were called upon to suffer after lives of peace and plenty, turned their heads.

The inhabitants of Ville d'Avray returned to find their houses a camp or a stable. The hundreds of charming little white stone villas — with their outlooks on the lovely valley where Gambetta, at what all men thought was merely a pause in his great career, came to purchase a tranquil nook in which to repose — had windows broken, and walls smashed by shells. The cellars were converted during the siege into lodgings for the officers, physicians and wounded. In many of these extemporized barracks one found interesting testimony to the intelligence and decent feeling of the invaders. Trifles supposed to have value from association had been bestowed in safe places, carpets had been hidden away to save them from being made into breeches for the outposts, and in many places pianos had been safely stored. The ceilings had been torn out, and rebuilt with materials calculated to resist shell-fire, and thus the rooms had mainly been ruined. The French assert that the Germans had a passion for clocks, and generally carried them off, but that they took frequent measures to save property which they might have taken or spoiled, is quite true.

All the way from Versailles gate to the entrance of St. Cloud park the noblest

trees had been felled to bar the way in case of a prolonged success, such as that of Montretout might have been. Vines and fences were utilized in interlacing the labyrinth, until it seemed as if hardly a weasel might cross the track comfortably. Thus, with a barricade at every angle in the highways, and batteries on the heights around the position, would have been tenable perhaps for days against a vigorous assault. It took weeks after the siege to disencumber the fields. Entering the park by the great avenue leading to the palace, I found to my left, as I came in, a German cemetery, where the dozens of soldiers struck down on duty during the bombardment were buried. Before reaching the several roads which led through the park to Sèvres and Meudon, I arrived at a redoubt, where a sentinal halted me, and turned me to the right, — probably from habit rather than necessity. I had time however to observe the famous redoubt which the Jagais held so valiantly, and whose solid semicircle of earth and stone, with the queerly contrived loop-holes for observation, interested me even more than did the huge guns, marked "Spandau, 1868," ranged in rows in the trenches below.

I entered a long trench, sheltered artfully from the missiles of death by a door made of woven green boughs, evidently the work of hands impelled by memories of Christmas-tide, and perhaps by the old burden, —

"O Christmas-tree, O Christmas-tree, how faithful are thy branches!"

Farther on I found sentry-boxes made out of wardrobes, taken bodily from the villas of the neighboring towns. Here and there was a superb mahogany *armoire*, ruined by weather and soldiers' wear, marked outside and

in with sportive verses on Moltke's genius, or plaintive couplets detailing hardship, the branches were also traced with comical reminiscences of the fallen Empire, the hedges and the palings showed dreadful gaps, trees were shorn of their branches, showing how persistently Valerien had tried to make the still more persistent enemy unmask himself. If the straw strewn by the hedge could have spoken it would have had its scalp to mourn, the satyr had lost his horns, the lion his tail. The five great avenues radiating through the park from the monumental observatory, called the "Diogenes Lantern," were scarcely recognizable. The frozen ruts were deep enough to lie down in. Away below the hill I saw a dense smoke slowly rising. It came from St. Cloud, burning for the last eight days. At the palace the evidences of ruin were even greater. Superb chaus, on which the grandees of Europe had reposed, lay battered upon the *adobe*; every trace of their brilliant coloring washed from the upholstery by the rains and snows. In a glade near the *chateau* were long rows of wooden palings, garnished fantastically with broken ornaments of floor and ceiling from the palace. The cucular park, with its gorgeous orange trees and tasteful statues, was as filthy as a barnyard. Nearly every statue was scarred, seared, blackened. The palace was a shapeless mass of stone, seamed with the comet-like tracks of shells. One could scarcely walk across the floors inside. They were heaped ten feet high, with great pieces of the roof, with torn and disjointed gildings. The lower halls were occupied by dozens of soldiers, and hundreds were swarming about the environs, picking up bits of shell and stone as mementos.

A few steps to the right brought one

to the valley, where the beautiful lake was once surrounded with sylvan statues. Scarcely one remained standing. From the terrace, at the Seine front of the *château*, one could judge even more accurately of the ruin. The devastation of the invasion of 1815 is still remembered with horror in France, but this had been more terrible. Then, as now, foreign soldiery had wandered in the gardens. The books of the library, in 1815, were trampled into the earth, and the walls were disfigured. But now one could not find a book or trace the outlines of a picture, nor yet distinguish the *salon* of Mars from that of Apollo. Elegant architectural nooks were all crushed out of shape, battered into oblivion.

Groups of officers on the terrace were scanning the French bank of the Seine through their field-glasses and drinking wine out of bottles of which they had unearthed a good store that morning. High above the hill, where the church spire of St Cloud stood uninjured amid the almost universal ruin, villas were smouldering. Descending into the town I found that a superb conservatory had been utilized as a stable, and that many residences had shared the same fate. The great alley which runs through the town from the lower park, bordered on either side by booths whose owners had not had time to open them for the annual fair in 1870, was crowded with soldiers curiously examining the toys and bonbon boxes in the booths. One soldier took a child's drum from a booth and hung it about his neck. A sergeant stepped forward. "Fool, put down that silly thing! Do you want five days in the guard-house?" The explorations were consequently stopped, and the explorers went to warm themselves around fires made of beams taken

from the ruined houses. The town in its garment of slow fire offered a picturesque spectacle.

The French authorities had expressed their desire that during the armistice no strangers should enter Paris unless they had pressing reason therefor. But to those of us whose sympathies were with Paris, and whose anxieties for the fate of hundreds of friends within the walls were daily growing greater, this expression of the authorities had but little weight. Application at the Prussian headquarters for passes over neutral ground were refused, on the plea that they would displease the French. Daily visits were regularly, however, made by the French residents at Versailles. Women and children escaped between the bayonets of the sentinels and ran away to the surrounding villages, in the hope of procuring food or of hearing news of friends. In all that strip of country from St Denis, Sarcelles, Ecouen, Villeneuve-le-Bel, Gonesse, etc., the most frightful destitution now prevailed. Bread was not to be obtained for any money. Many of the inhabitants who returned in haste from Paris to their homes lived on rotten cabbages, which lay about the fields, and when one found a frozen carrot or potato he esteemed himself fortunate. From Versailles I went through St German, thence to Epinal and St Denis, and so on to Ecouen, for the express purpose of studying the condition of the people after the occupation of the forts. I bent my course over the desolate country to Argenteuil, by the lower road, which had been so dangerous on the occasion of our last journey around Paris. No sentinel barred the way. The birds were singing in all the trees as I passed, and the soldiers, beating back the clamorous bread-demanding crowds at Argenteuil, simply

asked me my nationality and let me pass

I found the railway bridge broken into fragments, the rails bent and thrown across the track, wine and ice cellars along the road converted into bomb-proofs. At Argenteuil many a well-dressed person addressed me in terms which almost commanded tears, begging for a morsel of food if I had it. Alas! I was as badly provided as most of the supplicants. Old women solicited alms as they sank by the wayside, overcome, little children, thin and pale, cried bitterly as their parents dragged them wearily onward. Sometimes I met carts driven by soldiers who had been sent out to forage, and was glad to see that in many cases the sturdy driver and his guard had dismounted to give fainting women and children a ride on the straw. In this case the conquerors had obtained their apotheosis. The good old words, which could have been so fittingly applied to these soldiers, came into my mind: "He drinketh no blood, but thirsteth after honor. He is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy. In fight terrible as becometh a captain, in conquest mild as becometh a king."

From Argenteuil forward to Epinal, near St Denis, I constantly met long lines of carts laden with household goods of returning refugees. The most affecting sight was the hundreds of bare-headed women scrambling in the field for frozen vegetables and the lines of half-sympathetic soldiers off duty looking curiously on. Near here I met the Crown Prince of Saxony, attended by a superb cavalry guard, galloping away from head-quarters at Maligny. But, as he gazed on the singular scene, his handsome young face glowed with sympathy, and I felt that he had learned a

new lesson concerning the horrors of war.

Epinal seemed visited by the vengeance of God. It was a small town for a suburban one, and from its boundaries one could see the grinning guns of Forts La Briche and the Double Crown. The Prussian commanders had ordered an inundation of the roads in the neighborhood some time before, and it was partially successful. The routes towards Paris therefore resembled small rivers. There remained hardly a house in Epinal untouched by shot or shell. Barricades were still standing in a hundred places. I saw a bulwark twenty-four feet long, entirely made out of furniture,—rich chairs, tables, and sofas piled up in confusion, and carpets stopping up the chinks.

From one of the half-ruined forts a long procession of German cavalry in fatigue uniforms was slowly winding, and a few trumpets were sounding in the distance. As I turned from the neighborhood of St Denis to move to Ecouen, I came upon endless lines of starving Parisians, hastening out to buy, beg, or borrow food, and I saw a spectacle which I shall never see again, and which struck me with astonishment.—

A man of humble appearance had caught a hare escaping through a hedge, had knocked it on the head, and with an air of supreme content was moving briskly along the road in the same direction which I was taking. Behind him followed at least one hundred Parisians, all with their eyes fixed with an expression of intense longing upon this unhappy hare, hanging limp and lifeless from its captor's back. There were people in that hundred who would have knocked the lucky possessor of the little animal on the head had each not been restrained by the presence of the other.

I have not the slightest desire, after the lapse of many years, to exaggerate an impression which was at the time intensely powerful, but I felt then, as I feel now, that I was looking upon men and women actuated by the same almost uncontrollable murderous impulse that human beings feel slowly overpowering them when they are drifting together at sea in an open boat, suffering from hunger and thirst. The wolfishness of the gaze, the stealthiness of the tread, and the inexpressible longing on all those people's faces were at once fascinating and repulsive. Nothing could give, better than this little incident, an idea of the extremities of suffering and privation to which the populace of Paris had been driven by the siege.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

A Great Historic Occasion — The Assembly at Bordeaux — Theirs in His New *Role* — A Political Tragedy in the Theatre de la Comedie — The Protest of the Alsatians — The Final Impeachment of the Empire — A Strange Scene — Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and the other Exiles — The Vote for Peace — A Stern Renunciation — The Mayor of Strasbourg Dies of a Broken Heart

IN Bordeaux we seemed to be in another country, if not in another world, after the excitement of the elections in Paris. The constant quarrels of the various political factions which were beginning to exercise their hostility now that the siege had ended, and the increasing misery on every hand had not seemed abnormal until we got out of the lines of the war, and came to the compact and picturesque southern city, where all the natives were clamorous for the continuation of the struggle. People who came out of the anguish and turmoil could not refrain from reminding the southern populations that they would not be so anxious for war if they had seen a little more of it. But these criticisms were set aside as triflers. Had not Gambetta resigned his high office, although it must have required much self-denial to do so, when he heard a hint of the negotiations for peace? Was there not strength enough in the great south, with its vast resources and its sturdy people, for the organization of a new defence, which should oppose a firm resistance to the Prussian armies? So let the Assembly meet and let it part, but let it not dare to hint at Prussian desires, or, most especially, at cession of territory.

It took thirty hours to get from Paris to Bordeaux, a journey usually accomplished in twelve hours. The permits to leave the capital, permits which depu-

ties and private soldiers, citizens, and strangers alike were forced to have, were elaborate documents, printed in French and German, and decorated with numerous stamps. They described accurately the appearance, profession, and object of the journey of the person to whom they were issued. When the train had crossed the neutral lines and arrived on Prussian ground at Vitry, a white-gloved and elegantly uniformed Hessian officer came to collect the passes, and while they were rigidly inspected the train waited an hour. It was somewhat amusing to observe the concert of the Germans who came and ranged themselves along the platform, evidently that the French notables might observe their uniforms. The Parisians, however, were fully equal to the occasion, and when they saw anything worth praising in the German military scheme, they freely praised it. But they were quite as free in their adverse criticisms. It was only when they saw a ruined house or broken bridge that they muttered against the "Prussian vermin."

At Fort d'Ivry we saw a Prussian column, several battalions strong, winding its way among throngs of Frenchmen who had evidently come home to see what was left out of the general ruin. At Choisy-le-Roi, there were the same sad-faced people searching for the remnants of their properties. Here homes were completely ruined; walls

were toppled over, streets encumbered with rubbish, fragments of shell and shot. The great bridge lay in the bed of the Seine, forming a kind of dam, over which the usually tranquil water was foaming.

As we moved away from Chouy-le-Roi, we saw another Prussian column moving in, the men's uniforms covered with dirt, and the officers shouting at the laggards. The peasants at each station pointed out the track of the war to the Parisians, and were listened to with great interest. "Do the Prussians annoy and abuse you?" was the question often asked, and "No, not much," was the invariable reply.

At Vierzon we were outside the Prussian lines, thanks to the vigorous action of the inhabitants some days before the capitulation. The Prussians had left only a small force there, and the Vierzonese, after having been pillaged until they could stand it no longer, took their hitherto concealed arms, and, after much loss of life on both sides, drove out the invaders. The armistice intervened in time to save the town from the vengeance of the discomfited enemy.

Our train was transferred to the branch line leading to Lugois and Périgueux, and towards day¹ we arrived at the latter town, where we found thousands of Mobs going in all directions, taking up positions to meet the enemy in case the new Assembly should declare for a continuance of the war. Here a train filled with deputies, among whom were Rochefort in a Garibaldian red shirt, Schœlcher, and others of the Radical Paris delegation, was joined to ours. When we reached Bordeaux that afternoon we found that the Red Party had prepared a formidable demonstration for the arrival of its leaders; and this was a gloomy indication for the future. On

our way through Angers, Pithouvières, and numerous other towns around which there had been famous battles, we had seen the Prussians in great force, but had seen few native inhabitants of the unlucky villages and cities. Here and there a Prussian in fatigue uniform wore a French cap, which he had picked up on a battle-field. In some of the French railway stations, which had been fortified, French workmen were engaged in taking down the stockades and leveling the earthworks, — most eloquent protestation against the prolongation of hostilities. Throughout the occupied country there was but one spirit manifest, — a spirit of conciliation, but where the heavy hand of the invader had not been felt there was no doubt of the warlike determination of the people.

Bordeaux was proud of the distinction conferred upon it, and offered as a meeting place of the Assembly its beautiful theatre, which stands in one of the many handsome squares of the city. We found that at least forty thousand strangers had flocked into Bordeaux to witness the final act of the great drama. The hotels were crowded, the streets were filled with elegant equipages, in which the Parisians, dressed in black, the color of their despair, were constantly parading. Hundreds of soldiers wandered to and fro, many of them, I suspect, never getting to the regiments which were awaiting them. Every day detachments of awkward-looking youth, with new guns in their big hands, went through the principal streets, with unpractised drummers at their head, and, on the principal square, long lines of boys, at morning, noon, and night, were going through military drill under the guidance of gruff and red-nosed old sergeants. On this same square stood three hundred cannon, which had but recently

arrived from America; and in the great shining river were moored numerous ships, said to contain ample store of muskets and other weapons from the same sympathetic country beyond the sea.

No National Assembly had been held in France since 1849 and, as the actual machinery and reports and electoral commissions had to be conducted with the greatest care, it was not strange that the great body of representatives accomplished little before the middle of February. Postal communications were suspended in forty-three departments of France, and, although Count Von Bismarck had expressed his desire that the elections should be conducted without the slightest interference from the Germans, it was well known that all letters and telegrams from the French government to its prefects and other local functionaries were opened and carefully read by the Germans. A week after the convocations not more than half the deputies had succeeded in reaching Bordeaux, and the fifteen committees into which the seven hundred and fifty-three members were usually divided were in a very incomplete state. The President was even obliged to announce that twenty-five members would constitute a full committee for the first few days. The Orleanists were said to be working with great earnestness, and, until the Paris delegation arrived, there were rumors every day that an Orleanist *coup d'État* might be expected. The fifteen journals of Bordeaux kept the air filled with most astonishing rumors, magnifying every trifling incident into a danger for the country. But the local National Guard behaved most sensibly, and organized a service, through the town and around the meeting place of the Assembly, which effectually prevented riots and attempts at riots.

On the 18th the curtain rose on the first session in the great theatre. An aged ex-deputy of the old Republican Assembly was called to the chair. At his right sat the Moderates and the Royalists, in very great numbers, conspicuous among them being M. Thiers and the Duke Decazes. On the left, calm and passionless, sat M. Jules Favre, bowed down by work and grief, and evidently anxious to escape particular notice. Next in order to him were Jules Simon, Emmanuel Arago, Pelletan, Glas-Bizoin, Gaimier-Pagès, the temporary minister of marine, and the stiff and decorous General Le Flô, Minister of War.

Gambetta, who after his resignation from the government of National Defense had been chosen as their delegate by the people of no less than ten departments, was not present on this occasion, but the thin audience of diplomats, ladies, and the favored journalists who had obtained tickets, was continually asking for him. The story of his organization of the defense had set the seal upon his renown, which was now distinctly great.

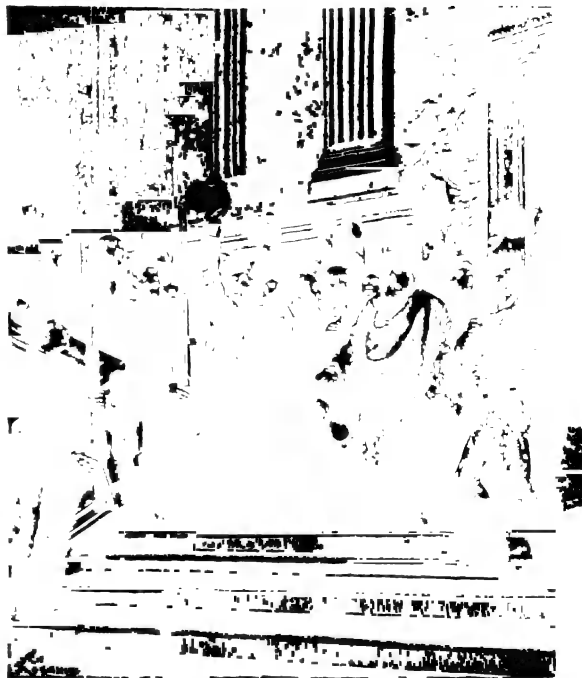
Garibaldi hobbled in early in the afternoon, and sat on a bench remote from any party, an action which was misinterpreted and commented upon with the amusing French attention to small details. In the diplomatic *loge*, Lord Lyons, the Prince De Metternich, and the Chevalier Nigra of Italy were the only noticeable figures. After the opening speech was finished the action of the old hero was seen to have its significance, for he had sent a letter to the President's desk, saying that he renounced all claim to the title of deputy, with which he had been honored in several departments, and he sought later on to explain his reason for this refusal to accept the honor offered him, but the Right started a great tumult,

which almost caused a violent encounter between the opposing parties in the Assembly. The spectators in the galleries shouted and shook their fists like mad men and women, and all this for nothing at all, save that Garibaldi had tried to make a speech, that he had resigned as deputy, and was consequently out of order.

At this session Jules Favre made a plain and straightforward speech, in which he gave into the hands of the representatives of the people the resignation of the government of National Defense. "We are ready," he said, "to answer to you for all our acts convinced that we shall meet in their examination only the loyalty and justice by which you will be inspired in all your deliberations." This speech of Jules Favre made a great sensation in Bordeaux. To an Anglo-Saxon nothing seemed more reasonable and proper than that the head of the provisional government should quietly lay his powers at the people's feet when the occasion

demand it, but the mass of the suspicious and questioning southern French had imagined that there would be a conflict for the possession of authority, that M. Jules Favre and his colleagues would object to giving up their places, and doubtless M. Favre's correct and dignified attitude increased the faith of these southern populations in the

Republic. None who were in the theatre that day will forget the kindly voice, the classic head crowned with the silver hair, the eloquent, musical voice, that told the French people the value and dignity of conscience, and declared fear-



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lessly to them that they were beaten and chastised for their sins of omission and commission. Jules Favre counselled the French nation to hasten its decision in this Assembly, and he was wise. In a day or two it was evident that M. Thiers and the party grouped directly around him were to have the complete control of events at Bordeaux. The venerable

statesman had taken up his abode at the Hôtel de France, where he was within a few minutes' walk of the Assembly, and where all the leading statesmen, politicians, and generals also installed themselves.

M. Thiers, like all the other Republican politicians who had come directly into contact with the Germans, realized that the Assembly must declare peace rather than war, and he said so pretty frankly in the interviews which he accorded to the seekers after truth. The Assembly was speedily to recognize M. Thiers as its leader, and while it placed at its head as its working president M. Jules Grévy, destined afterwards to become the President of the Republic, its first political proposition was that M. Thiers should be made chief of Executive Power, exercising his functions under the control of the National Assembly, with the advice and counsel of ministers to be chosen and presided over by himself. Although all parties recognized him as a sincere patriot, all the advanced and radical Republicans feared that he would try to bring back an Orleanist. He repeatedly declared that he had no Orleanist sympathies, no hostile intentions to the newly launched Republic, and nothing made him more indignant than hints that he was trifling with the liberties of the people.

Early in the session the deputies from the departments of the Lower Rhine, the Upper Rhine, the Moselle, and the Meurthe presented their protest and declaration, stating that Alsace and Lorraine did not wish to be alienated from France, that, associated for more than two centuries with the French in good as in evil fortune, they had always sacrificed themselves to the national grandeur, and that they signified to Germany and to the world their firm determination to remain

French whatever might befall them. "Europe," they said in their declaration, "can neither permit nor satisfy the desertion of Alsace-Lorraine by France." The closing words of this document were very eloquent. "We hereby proclaim," said the signers of the declaration, "the forever inviolable right of the Alsations and the people of Lorraine to remain members of the great French family, and we swear both for ourselves and for those whom we represent, as well as for our children and our children's children, eternally and by every possible and practical means to insist upon this right against the usurpers." M. Keller, an eloquent and passionate man, was the leader of this delegation, and some of his speeches, in which he urged the country not to give up the provinces so firmly demanded by Germany, were characterized by great elevation of thought and beauty of diction.

At the close of February the country had become fully enlightened as to the necessity of speedy peace. The capital was menaced with a huge insurrection, and it was thought prudent to prepare for a government at Versailles, but how to return there when it was occupied by the conqueror? Whichever way the deputies turned they were confronted by this hateful question of peace. There were as many opinions as men. Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Rochefort, Schœlcher, Gambetta, and Henri Martin the historian, Delescluze, with the shadow of his coming fate already on his gloomy brow, Lockroy, Ranc, Bisson, Edmond Adam, Clemenceau, the great and good M. Laffré, Floquet, and so many others who have since taken a prominent part in the conduct of their country's destinies, — each had his scheme for steering the nation through the breakers, and no one seemed willing to yield to any other.

There were moments when a vote of any distinct proposition for peace seemed impossible.

M. Thiers had been elected deputy from twenty-six departments, consequently there was but little opposition to the confirmation of his powers as chief of the executive, and in the session of the 19th he presented his new cabinet, in which Jules Favre, Jules Simon and other distinguished Republicans had prominent places. After this was done, the Assembly took a recess, and meantime M. Thiers returned to Paris, and went to Versailles, to see what was the final will of the invader.

At the close of the month he returned quite worn out, the railway accident on the journey and the species of prostration into which he had fallen, consequent on the heavy demands of the Prussians, seeming likely to cause a dangerous illness, but the old man's fiery soul soon revived the wearied frame, and he had been in town hardly an hour before he was at the Assembly, talking freely with the members in the committee rooms and preparing his colleagues for a vote upon the final act, which had been elaborated during his absence, and which was conceived as follows:—

"The Chief of Executive Power of the French Republic proposes to the National Assembly the act, the tenor of which is as under:—

"The National Assembly, suffering the consequence of deeds with which it had nothing to do, approves the preliminaries of peace, the text of which is annexed, and which were signed at Versailles, on the 26th of February, 1871, by the Chief of Executive Power and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic on the one hand,

"And on the other hand by the German Chancellor, Count Otto Von Bismarck-

Schöenhausen, the Minister of State and of Foreign Affairs of His Majesty the King of Bavaria, the Minister of Foreign Affairs to His Majesty the King of Württemberg, and the Minister of State representing His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden,

"And authorizes the Chief of Executive Power and the Minister of Foreign Affairs to exchange preliminaries of peace, the reading of which has been made in the National Assembly, and the authentic copy of which remains in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

It was said that M. Thiers lost his temper during the final discussion with the German Chancellor and cried in a fretful humor, "Well, take the whole of France, and make the best of it!" but soon afterwards was subdued and solemn, and proceeded to the serious business of the harrowing session.

The 1st of March, the day after M. Thiers's return from Versailles, was full of gloom. M. Thiers had asked the Chamber to act with all speed, reasons of the greatest gravity exacting that the treaty should be at once ratified. He added that "the ratification would be the signal for the return of our prisoners and the evacuation of a part of our territory, including Paris." This was understood to mean that the Prussians were in Paris. The newspapers without exception appeared with their pages in mourning, the ladies on the streets were all in black, the soldiers and officers on duty around the theatre where the Assembly met wore crape upon their sleeves and on their weapons, there was no enthusiasm manifest as M. Thiers went to the Assembly, nor on his return.

On the Place de la Comédie there was a motley crowd, which waited all through the session to hear the first

news of the decision as to the country's destiny. The soldiers formed a hollow square, which kept back the masses from the approaches to the theatre, and all around them were hundreds of soldiers and officers in great variety of uniform. — *Franco-Thiers* in leather leggings, Alpine hats, and short swords, in wavy young *Mobiles*, with sunburnt faces and awkward grey coats, showy gendarmes, in blue and black, with folds of white, silver cord upon their breasts, and with their carbines at the saddle-bows of their horses, rusty-looking liners in battle-tuned uniforms, who were much petted and patted on the back by enthusiastic ladies, priests, division generals, newspaper men, army contractors, foreigners, German spies, scores upon scores of men packed together, and waiting patiently for the close of the historic deliberations.

Trumpets rattled, and bugles blared. Victor Hugo, followed by a little group of Radical literary men, went through the hollow square, hearing on every side whispers of admiration. No one seemed to have the courage to speak aloud. The Alsatian deputies were respectfully saluted. Gambetta had sent word that he would come to the Assembly only when the discussion on peace began. Gambetta was ill worried, insane — said rumors in the crowd — could not sleep nights, wandered up and down in his room, gazing out of window. The tremendous efforts which he had made since September had told greatly upon him. He was pale, his thick black locks were in disorder, and there was a suggestive stoop in his shoulders, from which he never recovered.

By good fortune, and the courtesy of the Chief of Executive Power to M. Louis Blanc, I secured a ticket for the session, and was somewhat surprised

and confused to find that it ushered me into the presidential *loge*, M. Thiers doubtless having, with the courtesy traditional in legislative circles, conferred his best ticket upon his sternest adversary. The great theatre was but dimly lighted, but there was no doubt that the deputies were in their places, for a roar of dispute came up from the orchestra stalls, and the President was furiously ringing his bell. In the *loge de la Présidence* Madame Thiers, surrounded by a little group of charming gals, was quietly viewing the scene, and the various Radicals were pointed out to her, and to the other guests by one of the priests of her parish church in Paris, whose comments on his political enemies were quaint and satirical.

The new deputies, who had been prevented by exceptional circumstances in their departments from arriving at the first session, were now all in their places, therefore the President and all the members of his bureau had been placed upon the stage. The curtain was up, and displayed M. Grévy with his head bowed on his desk. One might almost have fancied him at prayer, before he touched the bell a second time and arose. He uttered but one sentence, according the tribune to an Alsatian deputy, who at once began a vigorous protest in the name of those whom he represented against the giving up of the provinces whence he came. Then followed a hubbub. This called the painful matter too quickly to the surface. We were first to hear a lengthy report on the peace preliminaries. But now came other protests against the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, the members standing like Leonidas and his comrades in the gap.

A little way off, in a quiet street, a man in the prime of life, and until re-

cently robust in health, lay broken in spirit and dying. Every few minutes some one of the deputies sent from the Assembly to inquire after the brave-hearted man, who could not bear to see the disgrace of his country and the dear old province whence he came. The physicians said he would not live until the morrow, this fine-spirited Mayor of Strasbourg and that he might depart with the turn of the tide from light to dark.

On the minister's bench, at the front on the right, M. Thiers and Jules Simon were in close conference, and shaking their heads dubiously from time to time. M. Simon was doubtless telling his chief how strong the Alsatian protests had grown since M. Thiers's visit to Versailles, and what a battle they might expect that afternoon.

Now came a huge man with a bulky manuscript. It was M. Le Franc, with the report of the dolorous proceedings at Prussian headquarters, and what his committee, charged to examine the aforesaid, thought about it. On the left there was great agitation. Hugo, Louis Blanc, Floquet, and others took seats together, as if arranging some pie-concerted movement. The report of the committee seemed to evolve nothing except the horrible consequences that would overwhelm France should she refuse the treaty. "The prolongation of the armistice," said the reporter, "is refused. The forts of Paris are occupied, the

enceinte is disarmed. Farther away the mimical armies are massed at the extreme limits of the district covered by the armistice. There they face our disorganized armies and our population,



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that is already beginning to hope for peace." These words grieved harshly on the ears of some patriots in the gallery, and they shouted out "You are a Prussian, and so is every one who talks as you do!"

There was no applause when the reporter had finished. Every one had

listened with breathless interest, and knew how he should vote. Meantime Edgar Quinet, representing the Republican Left, entered the tribune, and claimed to be heard because he had studied the policy of Germany and Prussia for a great part of his lifetime. He was listened to with impatience. "The feudal state of Germany," he said, "avenges itself upon our free democratic institutions by making them contribute to our ruin. By this treaty peace is not secured, but war, and war to the knife will soon be resumed." He declared, "Prussia wishes not only our fall, but our annihilation."

M. Thiers started up, half angered on hearing M. Quinet thus denounce the preliminaries of peace. Meantime, through the crowds at the foot of the tribune, a stout figure was vigorously making its way. Five minutes afterwards this figure was in the tribune, and order in the Assembly was submerged in the most frightful confusion that ever upset a legislative body. The mention of one almost-forgotten but odious name had done this. A deputy from Strasbourg had ventured to say that the proposed treaty was fit to be signed by only one man, and that that man was Napoleon III. At the utterance of this name, which awoke so many unpleasant memories not only all deputies present reproached the orator, but the hundreds of spectators muttered their comments.

There was great excitement on the ministerial bench, for the treaty had been called odious and a death-warrant. Just as M. Thiers was about to reply, and had begun his speech in an angry voice, some one was heard defending the Emperor. Every member of the Assembly turned to see who it was. The staid and respectable form of M. Conti, special secretary to the late Emperor for

many years, was now seen. M. Conti demanded permission to address the Assembly, and as he stepped down to cross the aisle to the tribune a perfect howl of rage and derision followed him. The agitation could not have been greater had the ex-Emperor suddenly appeared as the embodied misfortune of France, the walking shadow of Woerth and Sedan and Wilhelmshöhe. The Alsatian deputy gave way only for a moment, and Conti proceeded to ascend the tribune steps. As he went up, a man near the tribune darted out from a group of friends, and was about to seize the daring Imperialist and hurl him down to the floor below, but two or three caught him by the arms. Yet he struggled to get away, screamed for vengeance, did this excitable Langlois of Paris,—Langlois who fought so well at Montietout—and the tumult continued. From gallery and from diplomatic *loges* came expressions of surprise, anger, and fright. Ladies arose as if about to leave their seats. The President tried in vain to maintain order, but Conti, with indomitable Corsican persistence, had scaled the tribune, and, despite the shouts, opened his lips to defend his late protector. The spectacle of the excitable, passionate audience looking up at him as he spoke must have almost appalled him. There were three men standing at the tribune's foot, looking as if they could almost have stifled him as he came down. But Conti was very cool and collected. He had heard the cry of the Paris mob, and had received deskfuls of mysterious threatening letters, had seen many an adventure in political life, had been a member of another constitutional assembly, and voted for Cavaignac, as he afterwards said. That vote served his purpose but little. He had gone over to the Imperialist faction, and been successively

member of the Council of State, special secretary, and even senator. He had lost a fine position by the Emperor's fall, but could not refrain from putting his head in through the curtains, and saying once more "Here we are again."

His plan was clear. He had heard that the Assembly proposed to declare the total wreck of the Empire. He feared it, and wished to rally the small forces at his disposition. There was perhaps a faint hope that universal suffrage might be diverted to the profit of the Empire once more.

But he was compelled by the storm of hisses and reproaches to descend from the tribune, and, coming down, he met Victor Hugo, who glared fiercely at him and then turned his back upon him.

A little knot of men, who had been consulting together for some ten minutes, now broke up. One of them went into the tribune, and in tremulous tones read a motion, hailed with furious hurrahs, confirming the downfall of Napoleon III and his dynasty, as already pronounced by universal suffrage, and declaring that dynasty responsible for the ruin, the invasion, and the dismemberment of France.

Some few Bonapartists endeavored once more to protest, but this was too much for the patience of M. Thiers, who fairly scrambled into the tribune, and, standing in his favorite attitude, with one hand placed on the front of the tribune, began a fiery little speech. "I have heard," he said, in his piping voice, "from the lips of sovereigns, that the Imperial princes you represent say that they were not blameworthy for the declaration of war, that it was France who should bear the blame. They say that we are the culpable ones. I wish firmly to deny this, in the presence of all Europe. No! France did not wish for

the war," — and here the old gentleman began fiercely to pound the tribune rail, — "it was *you*, who now protest, *you* alone, who wanted war! Do not talk to us of the services rendered to France by the Empire!" and, giving a final bang to the rail, he retired indignantly.

Every member of the Assembly was now on his feet, and shouts of assent to M. Thiers's statement were heard from every quarter except one. The Corsicans rallied, however, and a lawyer from Bastia, named Gavini, attempted to speak, but he was silenced, and when the President called on all who agreed to the proposition declaring the Empire dead to rise, only six — the half-dozen Imperial deputies — remained seated.

Conti had certainly hastened the funeral of the Second Empire.

Thenceforward the members of the Left had the session in their hands, and proceeded in regular order with their protests against the treaty. M. Bamberger, the Alsatian deputy, who had unwittingly provoked the Conti incident, painted a glowing picture of the devotion of Strasbourg to France and her appeals for help. Then came Victor Hugo, with his slow and labored delivery, his long pauses for effect, his antitheses, his periods of passionate declamation, and his lion-like glances around the Assembly. His speech was disappointing, but was listened to with profound attention. His eulogy of Prussia made the deputies uneasy. This was not a time to talk of heroisms we were making peace, and, when he spoke of delivering Germany from her Emperor, even as Germany had delivered France from hers, a smile flitted across the faces of the deputies. The great poet was not in his best form in these early days after his return. It was only a short time after this session that he went out of the tribune in a fit of

anger, wrote his resignation, and stalked away from the Assembly, because he had not been listened to with what he considered proper attention.

The only other speakers of importance on this memorable day were M. Vacherot, the noted philosopher, and at that time one of the Mirrors of Paris, who spoke earnestly and with deep conviction for peace because in his opinion, war was impossible. Time, he maintained, would show the Prussians that they could not deal with populations as with lands.

Louis Blanc had reserved for himself in the day's programme the enunciation of the *non possumus* and the conscientious review of the right and wrong of the treaty. His speech was in some respects, the best, certainly the most exhaustive, which the Assembly heard, and was listened to with unflagging interest, from the fine opening statement, that nothing was durable here below save justice, to the close, when he begged the Assembly to declare to Europe that to take away the quality of Frenchmen from Frenchmen exceeded her power. The audience was spellbound. The right and wrong discussed thus at this meeting would not have been listened to had a less skilful and profound thinker been in the tribune. There was something subtle in Louis Blanc's characterization of Prussia as a monarchy whose enlargement was due solely to two crimes,—the theft of Silesia and the division of Poland. His summing up of the situation was as true as epigrammatic: "It is not between war to the death and peace that you are required to choose: it is between war for the maintenance of law and right, and peace for the violation of right, between war for honor and peace at the price of honor."

General Changarnier's feeble voice

and tottering frame next appealed for peace, and the venerable warrior thought it his duty to cast a stone into the camp of the Left, whose definitions in favor of the moral right he did not recognize. "I fear," he said, "that such discussions will make the enemy lose its respect for this Assembly."

Deputies from the department of the Vosges, who thought it their duty to abstain from voting because they could not bear the thought of prolonged war, yet would not vote their own separation from their countrymen, were rebuked in a fiery manner by the only one from the same department who had not joined them. This rebuke brought M. Thiers once more to the tribune to ask all to vote loyally, according to their consciences, and not to trifle with false patriotism.

At last the deputy, Keller, from Alsatia, had his final appeal, in which he called the proposed treaty an injustice, a falsehood, a dishonor. Then came the vote, and an hour of weary waiting for the result, and when the members had all passed over the platform on which stood the fatal urn, and the secretaries had slowly counted, the ball was rung, and every one of the deputies and nearly every person present stood up to hear the result declared.

The vote was for peace, 546 to 107. The treaty which took away Alsatia and the greater part of Lorraine from France was ratified, the ransom of five millions of francs was agreed to, and the broken armies of France might now dissolve and go back to the plough, the forge, and the counting-room.

M. Keller, who had been sitting bowed, with his face hidden in his hands, while his colleagues voted, now climbed up the steps once more, and there was a dead silence as he stood confronting the As-

sembly As he bade farewell to those in whom he had not found protection, and with his colleagues announced his withdrawal from the Assembly, his attitude was full of a noble dignity "I call," he said, "to take up the sword, every man who desires to have this detestable treaty burned and trampled upon as soon as it is possible"

Then the uniformed usher opened the door of our box, and we regained the open air It was bright sunlight when we entered, darkness of night when we came out, and the darkness had fallen upon the hearts of the people

Next day we heard that the good Mayor of Strasbourg was dead The silver cord was loosed by the cruel shock of the news of the vote for peace Hun-

dreds of deputies and all the foreigners visiting Bordeaux went in respectful procession to the railway station when the Mayor's little funeral started for Strasbourg, and a few days afterwards the populace of the conquered city poured forth by thousands to the cemetery where the Mayor, who was universally beloved, was buried Patriotic speeches were made at the open grave, although a display of French sentiment in Strasbourg was dangerous in those days, and it is said that when the procession returning to the gates of the town was halted, according to custom, by the sentinel, who said, "Who goes there?" the whole crowd in concert, and as if moved by one unanimous impulse, answered *France*!"

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Gaibaldi and His Role. — New Italy. — The Upgrowth of Her Nationality. — Causes that Hindered It and Conduced to It. — The Influence of Napoleon Third. — His Fatal Mistake in Counselling the Alliance of Prussia and Italy. — Downfall of the Old French Monarchical Policy. — The Illustation of France. — Occupation of Rome by the Italian Government. — The Pontifical Zouaves.

GARIBALDI was one of the lions at Bordeaux so long as he chose to remain in the extemporized capital, and to show himself in the street, or in the lobbies of the Assembly, from which he had resigned with so much dignity. His serene and heroic countenance, his frank gaze, his dignified carriage, and his slow and imposing gestures were all carefully noted and chronicled. His sayings were reported with utmost fidelity, and wherever he went he was followed by attentive stenographers.

The Radicals, and indeed most of the advanced Republicans, did not hesitate to call him the only successful general on the French side in the recent campaign.

When he left the Assembly, after having given in his resignation, he made a little address on the steps of the theatre, in which he said that he had always known how to distinguish monarchical France, the France of the clergy, from Republican France. The first two, to his thinking, merited only execration, but Republican France was worthy of all love and devotion. The Radicals were so pleased with Garibaldi that when the Commune was installed at the Hotel de Ville, in the following month, an appointment in what it was pleased to call its army was given him; but the grand old patriot did not soil his skirts with contact with those noisy swashbucklers who steeped their brags in wine, and dumped their swords in the blood of their brethren. He was

an eagle, but did not consort with vultures, a hero of insurrections, who had never forgotten that he was a gentleman.

The presence of Garibaldi at Bordeaux brought forcibly to mind the great changes which had been going on in the Italian peninsula since the influence of the second French Empire had begun to weaken and totter towards its fall. In these events Garibaldi had played a shining part. His career had often been checked by his fortune, the French Empire which he had so detested, had placed its bayonets at the disposition of his adversaries, but he lived to see "Italy free from the Alps to the sea," and to witness the complete discomfiture of the man who in his early and ardent youth had professed a warm enthusiasm for the cause of Italian nationality, and who in his mature middle life had found the support of his nobler ideals incompatible with the success of his Imperial fortunes.

The volcanic forces which had been so mysteriously at work in Europe for many years had, as it were, shaken and fused together into one composite and homogeneous mass the long separated States of Italy. The land of volcanoes and earthquakes had been convulsed politically, and to its lasting profit. The great movement in favor of Italian unity was no more to be checked by the hand of the fallen French Emperor, or to be hindered by a show of French bayonets.

in Rome than the lightning in the heavens or the sweep of the winds. The succession of wars from 1864 to 1870, by which Prussia asserted her supremacy on the Continent, culminating in the tremendous struggle and series of victories which we have just outlined, had definitely closed the era of the old monarchic policy in France, a policy which consisted in pushing the French frontier as far as possible away from Paris and in preventing the co-operation of small states which were neighbors to France.

Although it is perhaps wise to believe in the mysterious dispensation which brings about the unity of peoples, and creates, despite the harshness of fate and of circumstance, new and powerful nations, it is still an open question whether Italy and Germany would have been unified within their respective bounds for a generation to come had it not been for the weakness of the late policy of Napoleon III. Among the most sincere friends of the late Emperor there are many critics who maintain that when the French Emperor advised Italy to make its alliance with Prussia in 1866, he opened the door to all the disasters which finally fell upon his government. This treaty, signed in April of 1866, bore within its breast the germ of Italian unity, the German empire, the suppression of the Temporal Power, the fall of the Imperial dynasty, the dismemberment of France, and the Communal insurrection. This is a French view, which is perhaps pessimistic, yet we have on record the singular saying of Bismarck, when he came back from Biarritz, where the arrangements for the treaty had been made, "If Italy had not existed we should have had to invent her!"

Napoleon's assent to this treaty was singular when contrasted with his vacil-

lating attitude with regard to Rome; but in those days of 1866 he had begun the policy which conducted him to his ruin. He counted without his host when he founded all his hope upon the issue of a conflict between Austria and Prussia, a conflict which he hoped to provoke by betting the alliance between Prussia and Italy. It is not strange that the French monarchists call the man who was then Imperial master for half a generation a 'fatal man' for he rendered the future practice of then time-consecrated policy utterly impossible. M. Thiers, the old and wily monarchist, had sounded his note of alarm in the great debate on the Roman question in the *Corps Legislatif* in December of 1867 when he cried out: "No sovereign should voluntarily create on his own frontier a State of twenty-five millions of inhabitants. Italy in becoming a great monarchy at the same time becomes a disturbing agent and an instrument of revolution. The Germanic federation which for twenty years was the main authority for maintaining the peace of the world, has disappeared, and has been replaced by a military monarchy, which disposes of forty millions of men, and you are placed between two unities: one which you made and the other which you permitted."

This wail of M. Thiers for the lost balance of power was hailed with genuine delight by the aspiring spirits in Italy and Germany who were panting for the consummation of national unity.

Had Napoleon III kept his pledged word to the French Republic before 1852, perhaps the dream of Italy might have been sooner realized, and there might have been some hope of a Latin federation,—hope which may now be set aside as vain. But Napoleon as Emperor really set back the progress of Italy

towards full national stature. All that he had done for the country in 1859 was as naught in the eyes of the Italians so long as his bayonets glittered in the streets of Rome. When Rouher in his famous speech said that Italy would never enter Rome the revolutionists beyond the Alps trembled with wrath, and General De Failly's cool remark that the *chassepôts* had done marvels at Mentana awoke resentment in the Italian mind which the generous French nation, committed to the policy of a government which it detested was very far from suspecting.

What wonderful changes had come to Italy between 1867 and the close of that fateful year of 1870! On that same September day when the Crown Prince of Prussia entered Versailles with his victorious army, the troops of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy entered Rome after a brief resistance from the Pope's soldiers. M. Rouher's scornful prophecy had proved false. Italy, on that day which brought disaster to her ancient ally, stood up proud and strong in the face of the world, in full possession of the heritage of which she had been deprived for more than three hundred and fifty years. What Italian unity meant to Italians it is almost impossible for Americans to understand. This unity had been looked forward to for so long, and had been so persistently denied them, that it seemed almost foolish to hope on.

In 1848, the great period of universal revolution in Europe, the Italians almost clutched the glittering prize, then it was swept out of their reach once more, and only such stern priests of liberty as *Mazzini* could keep the lamp of their faith burning brightly in the weary years. All the way down through the generations from Julius II, who preached the crusade against the barbarians and

strangers in the "lovely land of Italy," the country was hopelessly divided. "The Italians," says a despairing writer on Italy, in 1848, "took part, some with France, some with Spain, until at last all Italy laid her weapons at the feet of the fortunate Austrian in 1530. All the interval between Julius II and Pius VI, between Charles V and Napoleon, was, for that country a long agony. Italy was dying—dying by inches,—dying unconsciously. The chill of death was at the heart, but, by unnatural anomaly from the wonted course of nature, symptoms of vitality were still discernible at the extremities. Milan and Naples were lost but Venice and Genoa still stood calm amongst ruins of medieval fortune, and Rome, papal Rome, yet preserved some of its prestige,—the vain shadow of spiritual sovereignty. Moreover—and that was yet a third style of supremacy—men still looked up to Italian genius, for political annihilation had not yet brought with it mental prostitution and degeneracy.

"These circumstances contributed to keep up the sad illusion of an Italian existence. The foreign ruler was permanently established in Lombardy, the centre of Italian wealth in modern times. He loomed it over both Sicilies, and from these, his head-quarters, his nod was law at Florence and Rome. He kept the remaining States in continual alarm by open threats, by perfidious intrigues; and these had no defense against him, besides the most selfish, subservient, pusillanimous policy.

"All this for nearly three centuries. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, in 1789, the death-blow was scarcely needed. Napoleon, in 1797, or his conquerors, in 1814, blotted out Venice and Genoa, the last cities of genuine Italian growth; 1820 and 1831,



stripped Naples, Piedmont, and Rome—those foreign structures of the Holy Alliance, on Italian ground—of their tinsel of nominal self-existence, by throwing them helplessly, for very life, on Austrian protection. From the Alps to the sea the Austrian made himself at home. Where he was not to-day he might be expected to-morrow. All the princes still bearing the name of independent were only the first of his vassals. Every one of the Italian States presented a melancholy spectacle of a house divided against itself, and it was especially this deep-rooted animosity between government and people that made Italy Austrian throughout. It was a state of things to make many a patriot wish for an actual annexation of this mere Austrian dependency to the Austrian monarchy. The Roman, Neapolitan, and Sardinian governments were, in fact, Austrian with a vengeance. Each successive revolution in Italy, from 1820 to 1848, whether a demand for a French charter or a Spanish constitution, attack upon priestly government or rash insurrection by hot-headed patriots, without any definite aim except hatred of the Austrian, was crushed with promptness and decision. But this very vigor of the Austrian had for its result the concentration of all Italian energies into the national parties.

Mazzini, early in 1848, declared that the only question henceforth in Italy was the national one, and that all questions as to the forms of internal policy must be put off until after the close of the war of independence.

From 1849 to 1859 Austria was then all-powerful in the Italian peninsula. At Modena, at Florence, at Parma, at Naples, and at Rome, the Italians were crushed beneath the Austrian taxes and the military requisitions. The Lom-

bard-Venetian kingdom had become an Austrian province. So great were the excesses of the Austrians in the peninsula that Count Cavour, one of the builders and founders of Italian unity, boldly denounced them, and it was not long before Piedmont and its sovereign, whose minister Cavour was, saw the Austrian unnes arrayed against it. Then, in a generous moment, Napoleon III espoused the cause of Piedmont and in swift succession came the battles of Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, and Marignano. Lombardy was swept clear of the Austrians by the victorious French and Italians, and the sanguinary encounter of Solferino brought the campaign to an end.

As the price of the aid which Napoleon gave the Italians in the conflict with the Austrians, the provinces of Nice and Savoy were transferred to France, and this had been agreed upon by a secret arrangement, which was not made public until after the peace. When the populations who had been thus bodily removed from one government to another were called upon to express their ideas on the change, the majority of the votes were favorable to French annexation, and Nice has become, in these latter days, such a jewel in the Mediterranean garden of cities, such a popular midwinter capital of fashionable pomp and pleasure, that the Italians look longingly towards it, and weep that they cannot have it back again.

Out of this war came the movement which resulted in the foundation of the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. Florence, Parma, Modena, and Bologna declared the downfall of their old governments, and voluntarily annexed themselves to the kingdom of Sardinia. This was the first step toward the welding together of the nation.

In Sicily there were insurrections. Garibaldi, at the head of his famous "Thousand," entered Palermo. Sicily was pacified, and Garibaldi came back to Naples in triumph. The events from that time to the present are too well known to need more than hasty recapitulation here. Victor Emmanuel entered Naples as its sovereign in 1860. The populations of Southern Italy finally acknowledged his power. The Italian Parliament met in Turin in 1861, and in March of that year the kingdom of Italy was proclaimed. Then Garibaldi manifested a fiery impatience to march upon Rome, but he could not persuade the King to adopt his way of thinking, so he swept down into Sicily, where he raised a valiant little army, and was well on his way to Rome to fight the final battle, which would have completed Italian unity, when the King's troops met him at Aspromonte, and held him back.

All this time France was the chief obstacle to the conquest of Rome. In 1864 the French Empire concluded with Italy a treaty, by which Rome and its neighborhood were to be respected by the Italians, even after the French troops, which had long been the main support of the papacy, were withdrawn from Rome. The Roman question ever since the expedition of 1859 had been a source of grave embarrassment to Napoleon III. At one time he recommended the Pope to abandon a part of his temporal empire to save the rest. He even counselled him to give up everything except Rome, at another, he caressed the project of an Italian federation which should be presided over by the Pope. Doubtless many of these things were suggested by the influence of the Empress, who was an inflexible opponent of any movement towards

deserting the Pope. As for Pius IX, he always opposed his *non possumus* with a sweet and serene firmness to every expedient which the Emperor of the French suggested.

The Italian government first manifested its direct independence of France when Napoleon III endeavored to tempt it to the rupture of its alliance with Prussia by offering to secure Venice for King Victor Emmanuel. This thought Napoleon was a prize which would thoroughly dazzle the new King. The Queen of the Adriatic had long been in mourning in presence of the harsh invader. It would be a graceful act, and would look well in history, to interfere for her restoration to her kindred. But the Italian court explained that it was too late to break friendship with Prussia. The Italians fully appreciated the importance of their new connection, and realized that they could free Venice without Napoleon's aid. The French Emperor was taken between the forward movements in Italy and Germany like one of those prisoners of the Middle Ages, immured in a cell with moving walls, which came slowly together to crush him.

Italy had serious misfortune by land and by sea when she entered the great and swift campaign of 1866 side by side with Prussia. She came to grief by land at Custoza, and by sea at Lissa, but Austria was crushed by the northern German, and Victor Emmanuel came in triumph into the historic square of St Mark to welcome the bride of the sea back into the family from which she had been so long parted. Old Prince Von Metternich, who was a *mauvaise langue*, when he heard that Napoleon III was coquetting with Cavour, had predicted that the revolutionary empire "would perish on the Italian breakers."

The old diplomat was well-nigh omniscient in all things temporal, and he doubtless foresaw the trend of events taking Italy into the arms of Prussia.

The French Empire had withdrawn its troops from Rome in 1864, after the famous September convention, but, in 1867, Garibaldi, who was a keen observer of the direction of the wind in European politics, began anew a march upon Rome with his volunteers. He saw that the French Empire, up to that time the pivot upon which the politics of the Continent revolved, was beginning to fail, so he boldly stepped across the frontiers, which Italy, by the convention, had agreed to keep sacred from intrusion. The Pope was threatened in his St Peter's chair. Napoleon was forced to stop in his long list of entertainments to sovereigns during the brilliant festival of the Exhibition and to send out an non-clad squadron laden with French troops to Civita Vecchia. Europe was struck with the celerity with which this French expedition was organized. Prussia was a little dazed by it, and for a short time wondered if it had been mistaken in its estimate of the French military disorganization. The prestige of France, which had steadily lowered after Sadowa, rose up again. But Mentana was a mistake, and whereas at the moment of the expedition the French Imperialists fancied that they had recovered their hold upon Italy, they had done the one thing which had finally ruined their influence.

Italy made one last effort to secure the aid of France in its advance upon Rome, when it sent General Menabrea to Vichy in 1869, to say to Napoleon III that if he would agree to the embodiment of all the Papal states, with the exception of Rome and its immediate environs, in the kingdom of Italy, that kingdom was

ready to make with France an offensive and defensive alliance. How different might have been the results of the war which France was fatally destined to have with Prussia, if this Italian offer had been accepted!

General Menabrea made spiteful remarks afterwards about Napoleon's refusal, which he doubtless attributed to family influences. "It is very unlucky," he said to a French diplomat in Florence in 1871, "that we did not conclude that alliance because, the first duty of two allies being the reciprocal control of their military effectives and resources, we should have been able to show the Emperor that he was not in a condition to make war."

To the French troops in Rome succeeded a kind of international guard, composed of young gentlemen from the aristocratic families of various European countries and of adventurers of more or less renown. The life which this body of defenders of the faith led during the three years before the entry of the King of Italy into Rome was hardly an agreeable one. There is a good story which illustrates one of the odd phases of life in this corps. Early in 1868 a young man of noble family, who was burning to distinguish himself in military deeds, went to Rome, and laid his sword at the feet of the Pope, or, in other words, enlisted in the Pontifical Zouaves. On the day after his enlistment, he reported to his superior officer at a dirty barracks in an obscure quarter of the Eternal City, and inquired what he could do to fill up his leisure.

"Go into the court-yard," said the officer, "and peel potatoes."

The young man of noble family made a respectful salute, but said that he did not understand. Whereupon he received a bluff military rebuke, and was told

that he should go into the court-yard and peel potatoes, and if he could not understand an order when it was given, he could take three days in the guard-house, which were forthwith bestowed upon him.

The humiliation of this gentleman, who had had dreams of military glory, and found that he had nothing but menial services to perform in a dull garrison, baffles description.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

The Great Pier Between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic — Brindisi and Naples — The Revival of Commerce — Industrial Exhibitions — Universal Progress — The Struggle Between Church and State — Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel — The High Priest of European Conservatism — The "*Non Possumus*" of the Vatican — Family Traits of Victor Emmanuel

"ITALY," once said a witty Italian friend of mine, 'is a great pier extended from the south of Europe into the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas, and Brindisi and Naples are its pier heads."

This word "pier," in connection with the "lovely land of Italy," seemed at first, to have a punning sound for it suggested things commercial which had not been in recent times habitually associated with the peninsula, but events have proved that no expression could have been more apt to describe new Italy of the period of unification.

In fact, from Brindisi and from Naples flow to the east great currents of commerce which are constantly increasing in volume. England sends her goods, her treasures, and her mails to the Indies by the Italian route, and the port of Naples is never without half a dozen steamers from the Orient, arriving or departing from it, as the most convenient point at which to touch in Southern Europe, before making the long sweep eastward. The piercing of the Alps by numerous tunnels, by the mighty one of Mont Cenis, which was completed in 1871, and in these latter years by that of the St. Gothard, has transformed the railway system of Italy as by magic, and has opened new channels for trade, making of ancient and illustrious Genoa the dangerous rival of Marseilles; giving to Venice an impulse which no longer

seemed possible for her, and binding, by bonds of non and unity of mercantile interests, Germany and Italy together as no political alliance could possibly bind them.

The cities, so numerous in Italy, where the long division into petty states had fostered the up-building and the rivalry of capitals, have all had a touch of the new inspiration. Turin and Florence have ceased to mourn over the departure of the court to Rome. Turin has sprung into first-rate business importance. Florence, for a long time weighed down by municipal misfortunes, is beginning to recover its splendor of old times. Milan, and Verona, and Venice, and Genoa no longer merit the title of cities of the past. They are in immediate and constant relations with the living and enthusiastic present. But exacting critics say that this northern section is not real Italy, that it is so closely allied with German lands on the one hand, and with France on the other, that its characteristics are composite, and that the enterprise, the quick energy of the northern races, may be well manifested there, while it will be entirely lacking in the sleepy and sensuous south.

This is an unjust criticism, and one which the enterprise of Naples, the wonderful upbuilding of Rome, the activity manifest even in Sicily — much agitated by politics and volcanoes, — amply disprove. At the present writing, Naples

is about to be guided with a metropolitan railway,—an institution which Paris does not yet possess, and in most of the southern Italian cities, in public buildings, in municipal institutions of every kind, the march of progress has been as rapid as in any other country in Europe. The rise in the value of Italian railway stocks was so swift as to cause a great and very agreeable surprise to thousands of investors, who could not believe it possible that the once divided and helpless Italian land had produced such results. The railways of the peninsula are shortly to be divided into two great systems, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and these, with their tributary lines running in all directions, will soon develop the rich agricultural fields, which have long been destitute of facilities for communication. In Italy, as in many of the newer States of the American Union, the narrow-gauge railway is a popular institution, and there is an Italian company specially organized for creating these beneficent and inexpensive arteries of commerce wherever they are needed.

The commercial movement, up to the time of the sudden development of the international railway system, had been entirely concentrated upon the coast, and especially upon the western side, where were the ports of Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and the great Sicilian cities of Palermo, Messina, Catania, and Syracuse. No sooner were the Alps and the Apennines tunnelled than the Italian trade with the outer world doubled in volume, and between 1861 and 1872 the commerce of Italy with Austria-Hungary rose from sixty-seven millions of francs to four hundred and forty-seven

he was one of the great artificers of the national unity. It is due to his immense persistence and unflagging industry that the Apennines, which once divided Italy into numerous distinct basins which seemed to be shut out from communication with each other by natural barriers, are to-day pierced by five railway lines between Naples and Foggia, Rome and Ancona, Florence and Bologna, Genoa and Milan, Savona and Turin. New lines are constantly created, and the Piedmontese, the Lombards, the Romans, the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, who once lived as much apart as if they had been separated by great oceans, now intermingle, exchange sentiments and impressions, and the work of welding the nation together goes bravely on. Industrial exhibitions of great importance and extent have, within the last few years, given a powerful aid to the completion of Italian unity. The exhibitions at Milan and Turin attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors from the southern portion of the peninsula, have prompted the creation of new industries, and opened new channels, and they did away with the stupid provincialism for which the Italians had long been justly reproached, and put money into circulation where it had hitherto been almost unknown.

In 1867 beggars were so abundant in Italy that one could not take a stroll in the street or country without being besieged by them. In 1877 beggars had become a less frequent spectacle, both at the great highways of travel and in the interior districts. Emigration, the new system of railway service, the drafting away of the strong and capable from districts where they had been too numerous into others where they could be utilized in manufacturing and agriculture, the upbuilding of a splendid new navy,—all these

civil engineer is a personage much respected in Italy, and with reason, for

things had awakened the once dependent and shiftless populations to a sense of dignity

The Italian suddenly appeared in the great commercial towns of France and Spain, in Algeria, and in the Levant. When he found the taxation in his home district too heavy to bear he closed his cottage door, and, taking his wife and children by the hand, deputed for the nearest seaport, and set his foot upon the ships which took him to South America or to other lands beyond the sea. But he always took pity with him the hope that he might return to share the new future, which now looked so bright and promising.

Literature, painting, sculpture revived, and, although those liberal arts in which Italy had once led the world were approached with that timidity which is natural in the race that has always had the best models of the greatest masters before its eyes, the achievements were at once honorable and many. Visitors to the Milan Exhibition, in 1881, were constantly expressing their astonishment, as they passed from aisle to aisle of the great palace in which were grouped the products of Italian industry and art. It was evident that the country had resumed its old position in the domain of industrial art, that the glass-makers of to-day in Venice were no whit inferior to their splendid predecessors of the middle ages, and that there were still to be found men who knew the lustre of majolicas, and who understood the subtlety of Roman form in jewelry, in mosaics, and in the inlaying of delicate furniture. In the galleries devoted to painting the critics from Paris, from London, and Vienna expressed their holy horror at the deep blue of the skies, the purple waters, and the general impression of dazzling sunshine, opalescent wave, and

tropical moonlights, but these critics could not deny that the new Italian painters painted from nature, and that in their devotion to subjects taken from their own land and beneath their own sky there was a national feeling as keen and as pronounced as that which had been manifest in politics in the peninsula from 1866 to the occupation of Rome. But this very nationalization of painting seemed to shut out the Italian painters of average merit from the great exhibitions in northern Europe to which they had sometimes sent specimens of their work. They had emancipated themselves from the school of Fontainebleau and Rubens, and, instead of painting the fleecy skies the grays and blues of northern French schools, the deep and soft greens and the dells and lakes and glades enshrouded in the luminous haze of Corot, Diaz, and Rousseau, had put upon canvas the glories of Sorrento and of Naples Bay, the pine woods of Ravenna and the sandy slopes by the Adriatic, or the gorgeous colors on the Venetian horizon, where fantastic architecture seems to spring by magic from sea and sky inextricably blended. In literature there had not been so great a decay as in the other arts, but the fulfilment of the national aspirations undoubtedly gave it a firmer purpose and a stronger vitality.

Out of the twenty-eight millions of native Italians the great majority are devoted to agriculture. The culture of the silk-worm, of rice, of the vine, of oil, of figs, raisins, almonds, chestnuts, oranges, lemons, can be made profitable with smaller expense than in any other European country. The wine and silk industries have within the last few years assumed great importance. Italy exports to France millions upon millions of gallons of wines, inferior in point of

fabrication to those of her neighbor State, but sound and wholesome, and often used in the making of those imitations of famous brands which the French send to what they call "eccentric" countries.

Only thirty-six per cent of the total area of Italy is yet under cultivation, yet Italy manages to produce in a prosperous year six hundred million gallons of wine, more olives than any other country in Europe, and one hundred and forty million bushels of wheat, to send Great Britain oil and hemp and fruit, sulphur, chemical products, wine, flax and iron ore and to take in return vast quantities of cotton, iron, coal, and woollens, to employ more than one hundred and twenty thousand women and two-thirds as many children in her silk factories, and from her rich pastures to export scores of thousands of cattle, sheep, and swine. In spite of the chronic evils of almost universal ignorance among the peasant classes, and high taxation, the country has seen its credit rise slowly and steadily until its paper money is to-day as good as gold. In each of the great general divisions of the country, Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, Venice, Emilia, Tuscany, March, Umbria, and Rome, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, order is now uniformly enforced, brigandage almost entirely done away with, a military service sternly insisted upon, and one kind of money is current through all these States, which were once so proud of their own petty institutions, coinage, and traditions.

As to the reform of ignorance, Italy is doing its best. Elementary instruction is obligatory and gratuitous by law, but the resources of the country are not sufficient to maintain schools in all the country districts, nor can they stand the strain for many years to come. It is

estimated that nearly every member of the rural population of the kingdom has to find 19 or 20 lire, something like \$4, per year to support the government revenue.

Every year from sixty to seventy-five thousand young men are swept away into the standing army, to serve for three years in the infantry and four years in the cavalry, and a second draft of sixty thousand is taken from the farms and workshops to serve six months under the flag, both afterwards passing into the reserve and the mobile militia. Every valid Italian man remains in the Italian army in the active or in the reserve, until he is thirty-nine years old. Italy, from her twelve military "regions," as she calls them, can now muster something like a million of soldiers, of which half a million are in the infantry, twenty-two regiments in the cavalry, and nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men in the artillery service. The mobile and the territorial militia is estimated at nine hundred and thirty thousand strong, which, added to the active, would give nearly two millions, but the putting on foot for immediate service of half this number would be a gigantic effort for the country.

Italy is justly proud of her new navy, which is a kind of mystification for the rest of Europe. The English, the French, and the Germans all fail to understand why the new kingdom must have nineteen huge non-clads, some of them, like the "Dulio" and the "Dandolo," carrying four one-hundred-ton, muzzle-loading Armstrong guns, and wearing armor nearly two feet thick at the water-line, and eighteen inches thick on the turrets, with their gigantic guns mounted, and worked by hydraulic mechanism. The country has spent four millions of dollars each for those two vast vessels, the

"Italia" and the "Lepanto," each four hundred feet long, seventy-two feet broad, and with an extreme draught of water exceeding thirty feet

These are the largest warships ever yet built, and their engines are twice as powerful as the engines of any other armored ship ever constructed. The rôle which such formidable monsters will play in some future encounter in the Adriatic or the Mediterranean cannot be prophesied. At present one can only suppose that Italy is building these prodigious ships as floating fortresses, evidences of her new strength and greatness, and her determination to defend herself, if necessary. The "Italia" and the "Lepanto" have, like the ships before mentioned, each four one-hundred-ton breech-loading guns, carried in a barbette, protected by nineteen inches of steel-faced armor, and, in addition to these, eighteen four-ton six-inch breech-loading guns mounted on the broadsides. The old arsenal of Venice from which went out the galleys of "Dandolo" the beaked vessels whose crews made Venice the mistress of the seas, has recovered its activity, and the Venetians toil night and day on the engines for the defense of the great country in which their diverse individualities have so lately been merged.

Thus, after the completion of her numerous projects for improving, building and rebuilding, fortifying, defending, and expanding, Italy has been so busy at home that she has played but small part in the international movements since the creation of her unity. Within her own boundaries she had had plenty to occupy her attention.

With the entry into Rome, in July of 1871, of Victor Emmanuel, and the establishment of the capital of the new kingdom in the Eternal City, began a formidable duel between Church and

State, which was continued without intermission until the death of the great representatives of each power. Pius IX, whom the Catholic world was pleased to consider as the prisoner of the excommunicated King of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel finished their lives at the beginning of 1878, the King, who had set his hand to the decree regulating the funeral ceremonies of the Pontiff, being destined to pass away first. From 1870 to 1878 the Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ Successor of St Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, had acted as the high-priest of European conservatism, and had set his face sternly against all the ardent and generous attempts of the House of Savoy to reconcile him to the upspringing of the new nationality and the emancipation from the dogmas of the church.

Thus Pius IX was one of the most remarkable men who ever occupied the papal throne, and he sat longer upon that throne than any of his predecessors. He had the face of a saint, and the sternness and vigor of a soldier. He had, indeed, been a soldier in his youth, but a curious nervous infirmity rendered it unlikely that he could succeed in a military career. So he decided to take holy orders. He was the son of a certain Count Jerome Mastai-Ferretti, a descendant of an old family, and a very good one. At eighteen young Mastai was a Liberal, an enthusiast, and a Freemason, which was thought a dreadful thing in Catholic Europe in those days. After the youth had determined upon entering the priesthood he studied theology carefully at Rome, and was ordained a priest in 1819. In 1840 he had already reached the cardinalate, and six years later, when Gregory XVI died, an old friend and fellow-pupil called the atten-

tion of the College of Cardinals to Mastai's merits, and he was made Pope in 1846. He took the name of Pius IX, in memory of Pius VII, who was his relative.

For a long time, and especially during the stormy days of 1848, the new Pope's position was but vaguely defined. At one time he was acclaimed and welcomed by the Democrats of Italy as likely to be the leader of their cause and to bring liberty back into the land from which it had so long been an exile. But those who had been momentarily deceived by his professions of reform were gravely disappointed when they found that he cared little for practical liberty, and that, although he was willing to be Pope, he could not, as he quaintly said, "get himself damned to please the Liberals." Yet he had apparently gone so far towards Liberalism at one time that there was a conspiracy among the members of the Pontifical government to bring him back to a correct attitude by the terrorizing measures which had so often, it was said, been practised against refractory Popes.

In answer to the appeal of Milan and Venice the Romans begged the Pope to take part in the movement for independence, and to send an army corps against Austria. Pius IX hesitated, but at last he sent seventeen thousand men to take part in the campaign, which pleased the Austrians so little that they hanged a Roman soldier whom they had taken prisoner, and inscribed upon his gallows "Thus do we treat the soldiers of Pius IX."

In 1848 the Pope was a bolder politician than any great secular sovereign in Europe. When he saw the Revolution fairly in progress, and observed that the sweeping changes which were made in France were likely to be insisted on in

Italy, he began the policy of reaction. His ministry was unpopular; his chief minister was assassinated, the people were furious, and the Pope had to fly across the frontier to Neapolitan territory, where he installed the court and called the diplomatic corps around him. It was more than a year and a half before he was replaced upon the throne of Peter, and, surrounded by the French bayonets, without which his career would have been closed a generation before, he began the enunciation of that formidable series of doctrines which has resulted in a most complete change in the attitude of the Catholic Church to modern institutions.

From the day of Garibaldi's successful expedition to Sicily down to the day of his death Pius IX maintained the attitude of one persecuted, bowing to decrees with which he could not interfere, but which he refused to admit as other than transitory and impious. He was quick to see that in the march of events in half-a-dozen European countries there were incessant menaces to the temporal power of the Church, and, while he opposed in graceful and dignified language the *non possumus* of the papacy, he now and then, in his more familiar conversations, inveighed with all the vigor of a politician against the enemies of the Church.

When he heard that the Italian Parliament had proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, in 1861, and had declared that Rome was the capital of the new kingdom, although the court still remained in Turin, Pius IX declared that he could not, without gravely wounding his conscience, make any alliance with modern civilization. Shortly after that he, in one of his allocutions, condemned that same modern civilization, which "does not even prevent heretics from taking public office, and which opens Catholic schools to their children." In



THE LAST BENEDICTION OF POPE PIUS IX

1864, he published a syllabus, in which the Church salmnnated against the whole Democratic theory, and opposed categorically and with the most tremendous energy every doctrine of the French Revolution and of the little revolutions which had grown out of it and almost every achievement of modern science which had led to Liberalism in thought and action.

In 1867 he published an encyclical letter against the Italian government, and condemned all the laws voted by the national parliament for secularizing the estates of the Church. He declared against the increased facilities for the higher instruction of women in France, against the liberal laws which Austria was beginning to make in harmony with modern ideas — laws recognizing the liberty of conscience and of the press, mixed marriages, primary instruction, etc. These laws, he said, were abominable, contrary to doctrine, to the rights and to the constitution of the Church. In 1868 he sent the famous golden rose, blessed by his own hand, to Queen Isabella of Spain, so soon destined to fly before her enraged people. When the Spanish Republic came he forbade the Spanish bishops to take seats in the *Cortes* or to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution of their country. In 1868 he published a bull, convoking the Ecumenical Council at Rome to meet in December of the following year. In this council he for the second time undertook the profound modification of the creed of the Catholic Church. In 1854 he had formally defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and now he brought together the great dignitaries of the whole Catholic world, that they might join with him in asserting the infallibility of the Vicar of Christ upon earth. The dogma was thus expressed: "We teach

and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, defining a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, is, by the Divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that his Church should be endowed in defining doctrine regarding faith or morals, and that therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not through the consent of the Church, infallible. The imposing minority which rose against this decision — minority composed of German and French ecclesiastics alike — had no effect upon Pius IX. As the wave of Democracy rose he stood more erect and sterner than ever upon the rock of Peter. His discourses were full of allusions to the wicked war made against the Church to the perversion of law, to corrupt attitudes for breaking the bounds of salutary authority. He enjoyed to the full his triumph in the Vatican Council. He saw himself solemnly proclaimed as infallible, all his opponents except two at the final vote, which was in public session, abstaining, rather than to place themselves on record as opposed to the Successor of Peter.

Thus at the very moment of the elevation of the Pope, who had ruled in Rome for a generation, to the highest honor possible to attain on earth, he saw his spiritual capital invaded by the Italian King, and the old papal residence of the Quirinal occupied by the royal representative of a newly united people.

When Victor Emmanuel came to the Quirinal he was the most popular figure in Italy. Pius IX even had a secret liking for him, and it is said that when the *Re galantuomo* lay dying in the palace which he had taken from the

Pope, and the Pope himself was confined to his bed, and knew that his last hour was not far off, his priestly heart yearned towards the excommunicated son of the Church. He called to him a *curé* of the apostolic palace, and said, "Monsignore, take a carriage and go directly to the Quirinal there present yourself in my name and beg to speak to the King. I give you full power to relieve him from all the condemnations."

The prelate was so astonished that the Pope had to repeat his order before he would go to execute it. But he had no sooner arrived at the Quirinal than he was sent back. The ministers, the *arides-de-camp*, the physicians, all prevented him from arriving at the King's bedside. It is said that the old Pope turned uneasily on his couch and said, "Ah the unhappy creatures! they wish to arrest the pardon of God, and this poor culpable King is no more free in his death-bed than he was on the throne. If ever I regretted not being able to get about the streets of my city of Rome it is now. I wish I had the force to get up. I would go to the Quirinal myself and I would see whether I should not be let in!"

But this movement of charity as the Catholic world thought it indicated no weakening of papal sentiment towards the House of Savoy. Pius IX liked to depict Victor Emmanuel II. as a good Catholic, who was compelled by a host of wicked people surrounding him to do disagreeable things to the Church. He was fond of speaking of the sovereign as a gay and sensual gentleman, who was in his secret heart a bit of a bigot, and who invoked at least three times a day St. Andrew of Aveline. It was said that the monarch signed the decrees expelling the Jesuits, suppressing the religious orders, confiscating the eccle-

siastical estates, obliging the priesthood to military service, but immediately wrote to the Pope letters of supplication, saying that he was constrained, and promised to do all he could to attenuate the effects of these measures. Pius IX.



VICTOR EMMANUEL AND PRINCE HUMBERT
AT THE QUIRINAL

sometimes called the King the "great breast-beater," because he liked to picture him in the attitude of the penitent who strikes upon his bosom, and says "*Mea culpa! mea culpa!*" when the evil is done.

It was impossible for a man like Pius IX to divest himself of the influence of his surroundings, and so he

could not believe that the wise and generous King, whose great heart was filled with such a burning flame of love for his country, could raise himself by a majestic effort, and one which will render his name immortal, above the tradition and the petty prejudices in which he had been raised, and affront the mighty anger of Rome, with the serene consciousness of one who felt that he was doing a duty which, although it might be disagreeable for a time, was necessary to the safety of the State.

Victor Emmanuel enjoyed the last years of his life to the full. He looked back upon his friendship with Cavour with pride and tender affection. Perhaps he regretted now and then the necessities of his political situation, which had made him the opponent of so great and so energetic a patriot as Garibaldi, but, with one son called to the throne of Spain, and his own parliament installed in the Eternal City, which had so long been the Mecca of his hopes, with his family about him in the Quirinal,—he had every reason to be courteous and conciliatory in his relations with the Holy See.

In his capacity of sovereign of a new and powerful nation he felt it his duty to make visits abroad, and his journeys to Vienna and Berlin in 1873 doubtless had much to do with the formation, some years later, of the alliance between North Germany and Austria, and did something to weaken the hostility which had so long existed between invaded Italy and invading Austria. In 1875 the Emperor of Austria went even to Venice, which had been so recently taken out of his grasp, and in the same year the old Emperor of Germany went to Milan. The beautiful northern city was resplendent for a week, and the Italian public blustered a little in those days,

claiming that their country had reached the stature of a first-class power.

Under Victor Emmanuel's reign the noble and self-sacrificing Mazzini died, at Pisa, and his funeral, at Genoa, was attended by more than eighty thousand people. The country was not unmindful in its happy days of those who had worked so industriously in varying paths and by widely diverse methods for its unification, and beautiful monuments were erected to the memory of Cavour and to Mazzini in Turin and Rome. The history of Italy, from the establishment of the national capital at Rome until Victor Emmanuel's death, was full of instances of devotion to the memory of patriots.

Victor Emmanuel died in January of 1878, after a brief illness, and a great sadness fell upon the peninsula. There were few Liberal Italians who would have ventured to say that he had not been a good King. "He was," says a French writer, "in appearance like an ancient Cimbrian chief, who possessed what he had by right of conquest. He was patient and resolute, a clever and dexterous politician and daily gave proof of rare sagacity. With his vast shoulders, his Herculean limbs, his face, with its irregular and ferocious lineaments, he was striking and impressive in uniform, with his helmet on his huge head. With his lofty and majestic carriage, his sparkling eyes, and especially in battle, he was quite fine." Even his Catholic enemies speak enthusiastically of his soldierly qualities. A Catholic writer has said of him that "he knew little of literature, and was hardly interested in art, finding 'those things,' as he called them, incompatible with the trade of arms or the exercise of the chase. But he had the temperament of his race, the foxes

of Savoy He excelled in bringing out the resources of his good sense, when he was among his ministers, whom he treated as he pleased, like most of the constitutional sovereigns who have had councils thrust upon them On the field of battle he maintained a noble attitude, in spite of his Hun-like heaviness He was rather too fond of boasting of his military exploits He would say, with the accent of a hero: 'I am covered with wounds,' when he had only been touched upon the thigh . He was no mediocre monarch He knew how to make his homely visage gracious, amiable, and almost handsome His voice was now rude, now tender Huge and portly, he knew how to take on soldierly or royal manners, according to the person whom he was desirous of impressing "

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

The Pope at the Vatican — The Daily Life of Leo XIII — Its Picturesque, Spiritual, and Political Aspects — The Continuance of the War Between the Vatican and the Quirinal — The Aims and Ambitions of the Catholic Party in Italy — Evolution or Revolution — Prophecies of the Catholics — "Unredeemed Italy"

THE Italian nation insisted that Victor Emmanuel's mortal remains should be laid in the Pantheon, that splendid building which stands among the ruins of old Rome as the particular jewel of ancient architecture, and there the monarch is entombed under the same mighty roof that shelters the gentle Raphael. To the throne of Italy came Prince Umberto, who at first much criticised, and treated perhaps with mild suspicion by certain factions of his people, has known how to win the affections of the nation and at times to merit their enthusiastic applause. There is metal and grit in these sons of Victor Emmanuel, in the stately, pale-faced Prince Amadeo, who was brave enough to put away from him the crown of Spain when he saw that he could not with self-respect retain it, and in this equally stately and equilly pale-faced King Umberto, who coolly sent his compliments to the Pope on the day that he reached the throne and who stood up in his father's tracks with as much ease and coolness as if he had practised the attitude for years.

King Umberto and Queen Margherita have already on their record a host of courageous, generous, and kindly deeds. Their chief aim is to do all in their power to consolidate the national unity, and even in little things the new king is careful of the opinion of his various

States. Not long ago it was determined to build a royal railway train, and when the King saw the jealousy awakened in the different sections of the peninsula as to the establishment which should have the privilege of constructing the train, he arranged also that some portion of the equipage should be built in each part of Italy where railway works were located.

The King has a civil list of about 15,000,000 lire, a modest fortune for a European sovereign and to this is added 100,000 francs or lire, for the expenses of representation. This is less than is allowed to the President of the French Republic. The family gave up all its private domains to the country in 1846. When the King or members of his family travel from place to place in Italy, all the expenses of journey and residence are paid by the nation. King Umberto specially likes the Quirinal, not because his residence there is a sign of the victory over Rome, but because he passed many happy years there as a prince before he took responsibilities upon his shoulders.

This Quirinal Palace was built for the popes, and has been a favorite residence of the tenants of Peter's chair since the time of Gregory XIII. It has a huge court-yard surrounded with a portico, a magnificent royal hall, the "Pauline Chapel," in which the cardi-

nals used to assemble in conclave, and where they were wont to vote for the election of the Popes. In this palace died Pius VII., and here he was made a prisoner by order of Napoleon I., when that energetic conqueror had had the papal doors smashed open by blows from axes.

Pius IX. escaped from this palace in disguise in 1849. Here was also the private chapel of the Pope, in which is one of the finest works of Guido. The Pauline chapel was deconsecrated by the Pope on the evening of the entry of the Italian army into Rome, and on the same night the priceless pictures and tapestries were carried away to the Vatican.

There is a new Pope at the Vatican, but there is no new policy there. The able and aggressive ecclesiastic who succeeded to Pius IX. accepted the legacy of the dead pontiff, and Papal Rome is as unbending in its attitude as it was under Victor Emmanuel. Leo XIII., as he chose to call himself, because he had a great veneration for Leo XII. would in any station of life have been a remarkable man. His originality and his firmness of will are unbounded. When he was Archbishop of Perugia he came into collision with Victor Emmanuel, who was then beginning to extend the Liberal influence of the Savoy Monarchy into Italy. A royal decree dispersed the members of certain religious orders in the diocese, whereupon the archbishop wrote a letter to the King, protesting in the most vigorous language against the repeated insults to the holy religion, and alluding to the miserable condition to which the new policy was reducing the monkish fraternity. When Victor Emmanuel arrived at Perugia, in 1869, the Archbishop was invited, with the civil and military authorities, to

present his homage to the King, but he declined.

The new Pope had to wait many years for a Cardinal's hat, which he had well won by his services to the Church in Belgium, and other northern countries, for Cardinal Antonelli, who had such powerful influence over Pius IX., was hostile to this grave, studious, ascetic Archbishop Pecci. Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pius IX., had been ready to give him the cardinalate in 1846, but when Pius IX. came in, he made the Archbishop, who was meantime installed in Perugia, wait many years.

After Antonelli's death Cardinal Pecci rapidly came into prominence, and in the autumn of 1877, when the rumor of the death of Pius IX. was spread abroad in Rome every morning, Pecci's name was constantly mentioned as a probable successor. He had been made a kind of vice-pope while the holy see was vacant during the illness of Pius IX., and every morning his enemies and friends expected to see him come down from his apartments to strike his mallet upon the forehead of the dead Pontiff, and address to him the consecrated formula "Dost thou not sleep?"

When on the 9th of February, 1878, Pius IX. died, there was little endeavor made to intrigue against the man who seemed so clearly destined for the succession to the chair. The Cardinal was very modest, and seemed half inclined to refuse the great dignity, but when, after the numerous votes in the College of Cardinals, after all the votes of politeness, as they are called, according to the Italian custom, had been made, around Cardinal Pecci's name the necessary votes for the election were grouped, so the additional questions were asked him, and he replied "I think myself unworthy of the supreme magistracy, but

as the Holy College seems to be agreed, I must submit to the will of God. In remembrance of Leo XII, for whom I have always professed a great veneration, I wish to be called Leo XIII." Then the first deacon, appearing in the exterior *loge* of the Church of St Peter, uttered the solemn words, which announced to the Romans the election of a new Pope —

"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Papam habemus Eminentissimæ Reverendi Domini Cardinis Perici electus est in Summum Pontificem, et elegit sibi nomen Leo XIII."

Leo XIII is tall, and as lean as a monk of the old Thebaid. His white robe floats loosely about his almost fleshless limbs. It is sometimes said of him that he is the image of Voltaire, but, while the expression of his face is not unlike that of the great philosopher and sceptic, it has less of malice and of sarcastic vigour, more of stern determination, tempered by the indefinable sweetness which seems inseparable from the priestly expression, and is doubtless born of purity of life and temperate manners. Leo XIII in private life is simple, affectionate, amiable, witty, his face is pale, but his eyes are deep, clear, and, despite his advanced age, sparkling. He is not an orator, like Pius IX, but he is a clever writer, in the presence of a crowd of listeners he would be troubled. Pius IX. was a real orator, taking his inspiration from the throng. Whether he writes in Latin or in Italian, the new Pope is thoroughly master of his pen. He is a statesman who has been well nourished in controversial law, and who likes polemics. He is fond of Dante, and delighted at any new discovery of an ancient and rare edition of the great Florentine. He said one day to a friend. "I can recite the 'Divina Commedia'

from one end to the other." The friend was amused at this, and put him to the test, whereupon the Pope recited passage after passage in a deep, melodious voice, evidently with great delight. In some of his encyclical letters there is the stamp of Dante's style. When he was archbishop of Perugia he wrote much poetry, now in Latin, now in Italian.

If the Pope is to be considered as prisoner to the wicked Italian government it must be allowed that he has a splendid prison. The great Vatican cluster of palaces and museums has more than thirteen thousand rooms, twenty vast courts, eight state stairways, and an infinite number of halls, galleries, chapels, corridors, libraries, and museums. The Sistine Chapel and the Vatican Library, the Loggia of Raphael, and the picture and sculpture gallery form certainly a noble residence for a scholar and a priest.

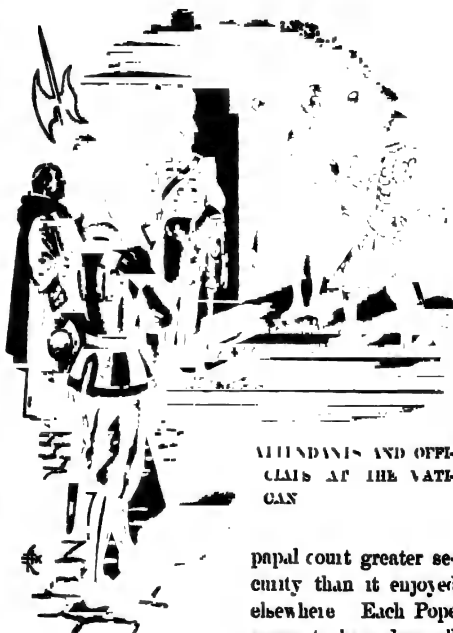
The present Pope leads a laborious life, like all his predecessors. He rises at six o'clock, and after a hasty toilet engages in devotions. At half-past seven he goes to his particular chapel, where he celebrates mass. On Sunday a small congregation is admitted, and he distributes the Eucharist. He next attends a second mass, after which he returns to his private apartments, where he breakfasts alone, very quickly and modestly.

The part of the Vatican which has been specially devoted to papal residence since the sixteenth century overlooks St. Peter's square. In it there is a monumental staircase, having two hundred and ninety-nine steps in white marble, which serves the halls in the three stories. Here is the famous "Swiss Guard," which still wears the motley garb adopted by it in the middle ages.

On the first floor is the "Hall of the Consistory," where the Pope consults the cardinals on the affairs of the church. At the end of this hall is the pontifical throne. Through a series of antechambers one reaches the private offices of the Pope, and here is the hall of the noble guard, composed of eighty members of the nobility, commanded by a Roman prince. Their uniform is that of the *garde du corps* of Louis XVIII. Formerly this guard accompanied the Pope in all ceremonies, but now that he goes out but little, the institution is falling into decay. The "throne hall" is used for all official receptions. Beyond are the private apartments, the bedrooms, the dining-rooms, and the library of the great head of the Church.

There is little harmony and not much exterior splendor in this group of places and museums, famous throughout the civilized world, but so many traditions cluster about the Vatican, so many historical souvenirs are evoked by it, that not even the most prosaic traveller sees it without a thrill. In the old palace attached to the Basilica of St. Peter, which is said to have dated from the time of Constantine, Charlemagne resided when he came to Rome to be crowned by Leo III, and Pope Innocent III entertained one of the kings of Aragon in the palace which succeeded to this primitive one. For more than a thousand years the Popes lived in the Lateran Palace, to which good Catholics suspect the present Italian government of a wish to transfer them again.

After the return of the Popes from their temporary home at Avignon, in the closing years of the fourteenth century, they adopted the Vatican as their permanent residence. Gregory XI liked the pontifical palace because of the neighborhood of the Castle of St. Angelo, which he thought afforded the



ATTENDANTS AND OFFICIALS AT THE VATICAN

papal court greater security than it enjoyed elsewhere. Each Pope seems to have done all that the resources of his treasury allowed to beautify and improve this head-quarters of the hierarchy of the Christian world. Sixtus the IV built the Sistine Chapel, Innocent VIII. the Belvedere, the great Julius II. the celebrated "Loggia," the terraces, and laid the foundations of the Vatican museum. It was he who placed in this museum the Laocoon, the Apollo, and the Cleopatra. Under Raphael's direction Leo X. finished the Loggia. Sixtus V. spoiled the

in its of Bramante's plan by building the Vatican Library across the architect's rectangle. It was the same Pope who began the imposing palace on the east side of the court of the Loggia, which is now the ordinary residence of the Popes. Urban VIII ordered the construction of the Scala Regia, Clement XIV and Pius VI built the fine range of rooms over the

state staircase was finished, and the reception-rooms were made superb with frescoes.

Thus, for four centuries, the Popes have delighted to leave behind them, as their especial monuments, the practical execution of their ideas as to the enrichment of the sacred palace. It is said that Leo XIII has conceived the idea of devoting all his spare leisure to the creation of a magnificent monument commemorative of the extraordinary pontificate of Pius IX. The plan has long been in process of elaboration, and the most distinguished sculptors in the kingdom have been consulted about it. Each of the great acts of the reign of Pius IX are, it is said, to be illustrated by allegorical marble groups.

The division of the Pope's laborious day will be full of interest to all. After his meagre first breakfast,—which he almost invariably takes alone, although now and then, as a special favor, which makes infinite



POPE LEO XIII IN HIS PRIVATE CABINET

museum named after them. Pius VII added the wing which covers part of the celebrated terrace, Leo X founded a picture-gallery, which Gregory XVI finished, and this latter pontiff inaugurated the Etruscan Museum. Pius IX was never weary of contributing to the splendor of the Vatican. Under his reign the Loggia were enclosed in glass, thus saving Raphael's frescoes from the ravages of weather, the picture-galleries were greatly improved, the grand

gossip in Rome, he has one or two friends near him while he partakes of his simple repast,—he goes to work as systematically as the most energetic man of business. At half-past nine he receives the Cardinal Secretary of State, then the Cardinals who are prefects of congregations, the Secretary of Latin Letters, the Secretary of the Briefs, and the Princes, finally such persons as are admitted to the honor of a special interview.

On Mondays, and sometimes on Thursdays, he gives public receptions, a ceremonial which is familiar to thousands of American and English travelers. Leo XIII is not so fond of these receptions as was Pius IX, although the latter prelate sometimes found his patience almost exhausted by the infinite number of questions as well as the great number of compliments hurled upon him by the enthusiastic visitors. Anything that causes the present Pope a loss of time fatigues and annoys him. He is not fond of making addresses to troops of pilgrims or sympathetic Frenchmen, or penitent Austrians, who come and bow at his feet. Pius IX was more adroit in his manner of treating the multitude than the new Pope can ever hope to be. The former had the more tact, the latter has the greater majesty.

A good story is told of Pius IX, showing how even the successor of Peter may sometimes find his dignity give way under the pressure of a rude curiosity or an indiscreet admiration. One day when the Pope was quite weary with a long public reception, a lady who had a special letter of introduction knelt before the Pope, begging for his benediction, which he bestowed as usual.

The lady entered into a long confession of her many troubles. The Pope, who was ready to drop with fatigue, tried to console her, and the more he consoled the more she talked, until he was compelled to say that he

must withdraw. Upon this she began with greater volubility than ever. "Holy Father!"

"What will you have more, my daughter?"

"My husband has begged me to give you his photograph."

"Very well, I accept it. Thank him on my part."

"But, Holy Father!" —



THE POPE RECEIVING A VISITOR

"What next?"

"I would like to take back to my husband your Holiness's photograph."

"That is quite right. I will give you one," which he proceeded to do.

"And now, Holy Father, if you would kindly write your autograph on the back of the photograph."

"Very well," said the Pope, "I will do that also."

Then he was about to throw down the pen with which he had hastily written his priestly signature, when the lady, laying hold of his skirts, said, "Holy Father, there is one thing more."

"Indeed!" said the Pope, with a shiver of indignation, "what can it be?"

"I must ask you for the pen with which you have written the autograph"

"Very well, take the pen, the ink-stand, and, for Heaven's sake, go at once, my good woman," cried the Pope, releasing his skirts and making his way to his private apartments.

Leo XIII sometimes invites visitors who please him into his private rooms, — a proceeding which doubtless would have scandalized the other Popes. If a delegation of workmen comes to lay an address at his feet he shows them all about, takes them even into his bedroom, chatting on secular and religious matters with the greatest freedom, and frequently makes many converts and friends for life among the lower classes in this way. He speaks French with a strong Italian accent, but with skill and vigor of expression.

At half-past two the Pope dines alone and frugally, then he takes a little nap, never more than a quarter of an hour in length, his doctors call this his "Armistice," and insist upon this daily leisure. As soon as he goes out of his private room he recites the divine office, reads for a short time in a religious book, and then goes back to his duties. At five o'clock he receives the bishops, who always come to bring him the news, and to tell him of troubles which crop up in their dioceses; and the secretaries of the various congregations have an endless succession of reports to make. At this hour of the day the Pope represents a more wide-spread constituency than any other ruler in the world. There are Catholics everywhere, and the agents of the Church are daily sending

to the head-quarters at Rome reports of manners and customs, of agriculture, industry, commerce, arts, science, letters, politics, and religions.

A bright writer on clerical affairs calls the Vatican the most elevated of observatories, whence the Pope can note with precision the affairs of Honolulu as well as those of Paris or of St. Petersburg. The Pope listens with attention and even with curiosity to every letter and written or oral report. In him the ambition of the Church does not sleep. He is as proud of a spiritual victory attained in Dakota as of one which has been won in Germany. He fully appreciates the Catholic genius for evangelization, and believes that the strength of his Church is in the marvellous discipline and organization which it is his duty to supervise. The popular Protestant idea of a Pope is a mild and genial elderly gentleman, refined in intellect, and of exalted spirituality, who passes his time in grand ceremonies, amid clouds of incense and the genuflection of elaborately costumed prelates, and whose leisure is plentiful enough to enable him to enjoy the splendors of ancient and modern Rome, by which he is surrounded. But the real Pope is, as we have seen, an active, responsible, energetic head, daily awakening to new duties, new crises, new situations, which demand immediate thought. He has to discuss affairs in Europe, Africa, Oceania, Asia, and America, and daily, after his inferiors come in with their reports, and long after they are gone, he leans over his desk, which is heaped with documents and letters and writes, reads, annotates, and muses until half-past ten, when he is summoned to a simple supper. Now and then the supper is cut short by an excess of work, for the Pope goes to bed with military

precision at eleven. Sometimes his chamberlain has found him, worn out with thought and toil, with his head buried in his hands, asleep at his desk. It requires a robust physique and great strength of character to support the constant and somewhat monotonous round of daily duties to which a Pope gives his life when he takes the reins of authority into his own hands.

Since the invasion of Rome, as the Catholics call it, the Pope is not supposed to leave the Vatican. Pius IX. adhered sternly to his decision not to appear in any of the ceremonies once so familiar to the populace in the streets of Rome, and the present Pope is his faithful follower in this respect. Exercise, however, he must have, and so he gets it, now by pacing one of the great corridors of the palace, now he is taken down to the gardens in a sedan chair, through the beautiful loggie of Raphael, past the frescoes of the great "School of Athens" and "The Dispute," or now he drives a little in the shady alleys of the garden or on the flanks of the neighboring hill. When he goes out he is rarely accompanied by any persons save those on duty that day, and at a little distance a small platoon of the guard, composed of the Roman nobility, which does voluntary service as his escort. In these out-door promenades the Pope is never idle. He either recites his breviary, he opens and reads his despatches, which he has brought along with him, or, if he has invited some prelate to accompany him, they talk business and religion. But he always, says one who is familiar with the interior of the Vatican, seems anxious to get back to his work.

Leo XIII. is very independent in his choice of functionaries and friends. As soon as he was made Pope he sent for

the master of ceremonies to proceed with the division of the list of employés at the Papal Court. The master of ceremonies read them off one by one, and the Pope was ready with a name to place opposite each title. He would hear of no objections to his choice, and he set aside as useless some of the old-fashioned offices, much to the dismay and discomfiture of prelates who had hoped to have obtained them. He has a horror for sinecures, and picks them out with infallible vision, expressing a keen delight in suppressing them. He would never make a cardinal, as Pius IX. is said to have done in the case of a certain French prelate because "if I had not made a cardinal of him he would have died of chagrin." The tradition of the Vatican is that when a new Pope comes out from the conclave at which he has been elected, he places the cardinal's cap upon the head of the person who served as secretary of the assembly, but Leo XIII. did nothing of the kind, much to the surprise of the Sacred College. It was a year before the new Pope announced his first promotion in the list of cardinals. He cannot be reproached with having insisted upon the too Italian character of the Sacred College, for he has made appointments in many lands.

The Roman families which claim nobility are devoted to the Vatican, and it is but natural that they should be so, as most of them owe their origin to papal protection. Thus we are told that the Albanis got their fortune through Clement XI., the Aldobrandinis, through Clement VIII., the Barberinis, through Urban VIII., the Borgheses, through Paul V., the Chigis, through Alexander VII., the Colonnas, through Martin V.; the Odescalchis, through Innocent XI.; the Rospigliosis, through Clement IX.;

and so on *ad infinitum*. In Roman society the cardinals take the first place, princes and dukes come next, and generally, says a good authority, in the order of their creation, with the exception always of the chiefs of the Colonna and Orsini families, who are hereditary princes, attendant upon the throne, and who take precedence of all their competitors.

In two years the Pope had changed



QUEEN OF ITALY

his secretary of state twice. He intended, and still intends, to allow no one to take in his life the important place which Cardinal Antonelli had taken in that of Pius IX, although the latter was generally accredited with deciding pretty vigorously for himself on great matters. Pius IX was not very tolerant on any remonstrance addressed him by the College of Cardinals, but the new Pope is open to conviction, and listens to all with the greatest

attention. He is inflexible in his demands for discipline and hard work among his followers. It is said that one day a Frenchman, who had just been accorded an interview, said to the priest who had accompanied him, "How very affable the Pope is!" "Yes," said the priest with a bitter smile, "affable to strangers." This priest had been kept up all night to study a report with which he was in arrears.

The notion that the Pope is overwhelmed with contributions of money and treasure from all parts of the world, and that his coffers are overflowing with Peter's Pence, is said to be a mistaken one. He talks frequently of the penury of his resources, and Romans who are in a position to judge say that he does not exaggerate his circumstances. He finds sums for liberal charities, and perhaps takes a little pleasure in giving more generously from his own lean purse than the King, who, as the representative of the nation, feels compelled to give. A committee of cardinals was charged by the Pope, after the latter's accession to power, carefully to administer the Peter's Pence, which was the most important source of revenue of the Holy See, but nowadays there are perpetual complaints that it is not sufficient for the needs of the Vatican. Hundreds, and even thousands, of useless presents are made where money would be more acceptable. The gentlemen of the Roman nobility who are on service at the Vatican join with the Pope in some noble charities. One Roman prince gave, in the severe winter of 1879-80, seventy-five thousand meals to the poor of the capital. The Pope himself, on New Year's day of that winter, gave 15,000 francs from his private purse to charity.

Although he has reestablished very

carefully all the etiquette of the Papal Court, etiquette which had fallen somewhat into decay since 1870, he does not allow the cardinals to go out in gala carriages. The processions are all kept carefully within the churches, and the files of chanting brethren, carrying huge candles, which follow funeral processions, are almost the only relic of the copious and magnificent Catholic ceremonial, some phase of which was once visible hourly in Rome.

The Pope finds time in the midst of his apostolate, in the intervals of the careful study of St Thomas Aquinas, for whom he has a veritable passion, and the spread of whose doctrines he recommends to all the bishops, to occupy himself with modern progress. He writes copiously and freely for two or three Roman newspapers, which are the official representatives of the Papal Court, and there was at one time since his accession a grand project for founding a huge newspaper, the size of the "London Times," to be the official journal of the Vatican, and to embody in its many columns every day the epitome of the Catholic world. It was proposed that this novel journal should be printed in a dozen languages, but the scheme was given up altogether as extensive and expensive.

Not long ago the Pope founded an academy for the study of Roman law and philosophy, ecclesiastical law, and comparative civil legislation. The grand polyglot academy session, which was held at the Vatican in April, 1880, will not soon be forgotten. It brought together forty-nine different languages, all of which were well spoken by the representatives of the Catholic faith in every quarter of the world. The diplomats who are sent to the Papal Court by countries which still recognize the tem-

poral sovereignty of the Pope are said to be somewhat annoyed at the facility with which the august Pontiff sends his views to the public journals. He often adopts sudden publicity as a way of getting out of a political situation which is disagreeable to him.

The programme of the Vatican appears to be susceptible of but little change in one respect: there will be no reconciliation with the Quirinal, and this is



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the reason given by the Catholic authorities. In the first place, after his election, Leo XIII took a solemn oath upon the Gospels, in the presence of the Sacred College, according to the constitution and the canons, that he would not abdicate the rights of the Holy See and the domain of St Peter, and, furthermore, the present King of Italy does not possess the authority to restore the Papal States. With this point of view established in the Catholic mind, it is

evident that little progress can be made. Leo XIII's plan of action is summed up in the words "Neither concession nor provocation." The Holy See considers the temporal power as an inherent part of the Constitution of the Church from the earliest dawn of Christianity. Its own historians say that the Popes became sovereigns without knowing how they became so, that an invisible law raised up the Roman See, and that the chief of the Roman Universal Church is born a sovereign. They scoff at the "law of guarantees," which "established the official relations between the new kingdom and the Holy See." They say that it is a law imposed by the conqueror upon the conquered, and that, although it accords the Pope sovereign honors, and assigns him a civil list of several millions of francs (which neither the present Pope nor Pius IX would accept), it is perilous and unreligious in its action. The retreat of Pius IX to the Vatican was therefore necessitated by the loss of his independence, and his successors must follow his exile until —

Until what? The Catholic view of the situation in Italy is, that, in process of time a radical and republican revolution will sweep away the House of Savoy, and that then the people will proceed to excesses which will necessitate intervention, a return to royalty, and the reestablishment of all the Papal privileges. This conviction is so fixed in the minds of many Catholics of Italy that they not only make no secret of it, but have boldly urged the Catho-

lics to vote and work with the Republicans for the upsetting of this monarchy. They hail every revolution and disorder as a step forward towards the emancipation of Rome, yet they might have seen, by events in France in 1871, that a socialistic and radical revolution may be put down without destroying a republic. They say that Italian unity has profited none but the middle or *bourgeois* class, that the country is going straight from evolution to revolution, that the resources of the kingdom are all absorbed by taxation, that the constant agitation in favor of the "unredeemed provinces," as the radical patriots call Savoy, Nice, Corsica, Malta, Tunis, Tyrol and the Tessino, will be a powerful aid in bringing about a revolution that the Italians, instead of saying in the noble words of Mazzini "God and People" (*Dio e popolo*), now put an accent over the *e* and say "God is the people" (*Dio è popolo*). They speak of the Republican manifestations and festivities in recent years at Genoa, Bologna, Rimini, Ancona and Turin, and prophesy that it will not be long before King Humbert will have to convoke a constituent assembly, in which the destiny of the Italian nation will be decided.

This view of the intelligent and ambitious Catholics of Italy is worthy of careful note. Perhaps a portion of their prophecy will be fulfilled, but it is not probable that in our day the temporal power will be restored to the chief of the Church at the Vatican, or wherever else he may choose his residence.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE.

The German Parade on Longchamps — The Triumphal Entry Into Paris — Shadows of Civil War — Outbreak of "La Commune" — The Greatest Insurrection of Modern Times — Its Causes and Its Hope — The Association of the Generals — The First Fight — The Manifestation of the "Friends of Order"

WHILE the French Assembly was agonizing at Bordeaux over the odious articles of the treaty of peace, King William of Prussia and his suite were passing in review the Sixth and the Eleventh Prussian corps, and the remains of the Second Bavarian corps, on the green sward at Longchamps. King William had been over this ground twice before in his life, as a conqueror in 1814-15, and as a visitor in 1867, when sixty thousand of the flower of the French troops marched past him.

A little less than thirty thousand Germans participated in the review. The old monarch was stationed near the ruined race-stand and seats on Longchamps, which had been entered by the Trocadéro and Passy route, and by the long and brilliant Avenue de l'Impératrice. The King and the Crown Prince, however, returned to Versailles, making no attempt to enter Paris at the head of their troops in the style supposed to be traditionally fit for conquerors. The strict observance of Article III of the conditions of peace was continued, so as to avoid all danger of collision between the Prussians and the Parisians. The mass of the German army cared very little about the "triumphant entry." Paris was in universal mourning on this 1st of March, a black day for Frenchmen to count from and to swear against. There were but few cannon in the streets. Proclamations had been posted in cer-

tain quarters containing threats against the lives of those who sold anything to Germans or were seen speaking to them. Black flags and long streamers of mourning were everywhere displayed. The statues of Strasbourg, Metz, Lille, and the sister cities in the grand Place de la Concorde, were veiled and masked with crape, and here great barriers were erected at the streets into which the Convention did not allow the Germans to penetrate. The German troops did not pass under the Triumphal Arch, which had been surrounded with a banner of non chains, as if to intimate that no German could soil the sacred earth by his presence. The march called "The Entry of Paris," which was played by the regimental bands, was first heard in the Champs Élysées in 1814, when the victorious Allies entered.

Bismarck came in almost unperceived, in a little calèche, and, muffled in a huge gray cloak, went to the barriers of the Place de la Concorde.

One of the most pathetic episodes of the occupation of Paris was the invasion of the Hotel des Invalides. Doubtless there was a little malice on the part of the Germans in stipulating for this privilege. The haughty invader was glad to penetrate the old sanctuary of military glory around Napoleon's tomb, where some of his aged heroes, toothless, and but poorly provided with legs and arms, were still lingering above ground. "Swag-

gering officers in black and red, with their white gloves and then gala swords, interrogated the old invalids concerning the flags in the chapel, and probed the carvings around the great Emperor's tomb with their weapons. This was an overwhelming measure of vengeance, and so the old French heroes thought.

No doubt there were some excesses committed during the short occupation. Paul de St Victor has said of the Prussian, taking his inspiration from the portrait of Attila in the old chronicle: "He is frank or crafty, just or unjust, temperate or dissolute, humane or cruel, according to his interests," and, it might be added according to his prejudices. The German soldiers certainly did much mischief and damage in certain houses where they were quartered in Paris, but it turned out afterwards that these houses were owned by political or literary personages who had been especially disagreeable to Germany.

The outbreak of the Communal Insurrection came swiftly after the departure of the Germans. On the great plain at the top of Montmartre, near the old signal tower of the aerial telegraph, were parked a large number of cannon, which the National Guard had hauled up thither for safe-keeping. All around them they had built barricades to protect them, and many of the cannon were pointed towards the centre of Paris. The National Guard threatened vengeance if these weapons were disturbed by Chanzy, or any other of the Generals whose troops were now arriving in Paris, fresh from the fields where they had met.

Here was the easy pretext for an open rebellion of the National Guard. If the General Government, which had returned from Bordeaux to Versailles, and appeared likely to establish the capital of the country in the old city so recently

evacuated by the Germans, should attempt to take these cannon, why might it not be suspected of designs upon the Republic? The logic was not very good, but the Communists from the first proclaimed their suspicions that M Thiers and his government meant to bring back an empire or a monarchy. Early in March they issued a proclamation saying: "The central committee of the National Guard, nominated in an assembly of delegates representing more than two hundred battalions, announces as its mission the constitution of a Republican federation of the National Guard, organized so as to protect the government better than permanent armies have done up to the present time, and to defend the menaced Republic by all possible means."

The collision came. The government made its attack on the bluff of Montmartre, to take the cannon of which the National Guard was anxious to maintain possession. The positions were surrounded by a battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied* and another from the One Hundred and Twenty-second regiment of the line, taken by General Faidherbe's army. The streets near by were occupied by line regiments, and there were *mitrailleuse* batteries in all the labyrinth of sideways and by-ways of dubious reputation which covered Montmartre's side. It is needless to recite the history of the conflict, which resulted in a defeat of the liners. The movement for carrying away the cannons was stopped with a vigorous assault. An immense disorganized body of the National Guard rushed down upon the liners, and fraternized with them. Many of the regular troops were demoralized because their government was lost, and the revolution was practically declared.

General Vinoy was hissed at, and was obliged to retire hastily. The National Guard organized a meeting, and while

they were deliberating, an immense crowd of men, women, and children blocked the passage of the cannon which the government artillerymen were vainly endeavoring to move to a place of safety. While this was going on, the battalions of Belleville came puffing and steaming into the fight, hot with a rapid march. The Montmartre rebels retired, the newly

The agitation spread quickly to Belleville and the Faubourg St Antoine, and the Place de la Bastille was covered with the rebel troops.

The funeral procession of Victor Hugo's son Charles was stopped in the Rue St Antoine by a revolutionary committee engaged on a barricade, who announced that it could go no farther. Towards



THE TOP OF MONTMARTRE WHERE THE COMMUNIST CANNON WERE INSTALLED

arrived took their places, and a struggle began, officers were beaten, any man who raised his sword as if to command was shot at. Many of the government soldiers turned up the butts of their muskets in token of adhesion to the Revolution. The shooting grew more frequent and violent, many persons were wounded in the *cafés* and houses. Several soldiers were slain, finally the line troops mutinied, and a whole squadron of *gendarmes* was surrounded and imprisoned.

3 o'clock placards were posted announcing that the riot was in possession of Montmartre, Belleville, and Faubourg St Antoine quarters. In the heart of the city one heard that a "count-martial" was judging General Le Comte, the old General Clement Thomas, commander of the National Guard of the city, was a prisoner. An hour later came the story that they had been foully assassinated without a chance of justifying themselves, by unknown persons, who compelled the

soldiers of the line to shoot them. Both General Thomas and General Le Comte were taken to a small house in the Rue des Roziers at four o'clock that afternoon, and, without the semblance of a trial, were dragged into a garden, tied together, and fired upon. General Le Comte was killed at once by a ball which struck him behind the ear, General Thomas was not wounded by the first discharge, and when the second filled him with his death wound, he cried out "Cowards!" and waited tranquilly for the finishing stroke.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of this fated 18th of March the insurgents were in full possession of the Hotel de Ville. The ministries of war and justice in the Place Vendôme and the regular government had but one resource, that of retreating speedily to Versailles, or of falling into the hands of captors who might have proved severe judges. The Hôtel de Ville was occupied by three regiments of the line, but the Communists succeeded in inducing them to retire without fighting, and hundreds of thousands of people came into the streets, and wandered about watching the movements of the Communists, but none of them was willing to believe that the movement was serious. At nine o'clock, the National Guard of Belleville were in possession of the whole central part of the city had sent to demand the Official Journal and were printing manifestoes of what they had done and proposed to do. They announced the raising of the state of siege, the convocation of the people of Paris for the Communal elections, and guaranteed the security of all citizens. They planted the red flag on the Bastille column, took possession of the principal barracks, and excited foreigners were telegraphing in all directions that the Red Republic would be firmly established in Paris on the following morning.

The second important event in this greatest insurrection of modern times occurred on the 23d of March, when the "Friends of Order," as they called themselves, went in long procession down the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme, to reason with the rebels, who had there established their headquarters. Many people considered this foolhardy attempt as a Bonapartist trick, and refused for this purpose to associate themselves with it. The day was fine, the sunshine resting upon the white fronts of the noble buildings in the Rue de la Paix and on the bronze Pegases upspringing from the roof of the new opera. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in this square in front of the Grand Opera, and were looking curiously towards the Place Vendôme, where there were four rows of shabby-looking sentinels and where grimacing cannon, pointed upon the gaping crowd of cockneys, could be seen.

The Parisian loves danger and lacks caution, and therefore the thousands who came out to gaze upon the fortified camp of the insurrectionists surged forward through the boulevards until they were well into the mouth of the street. Meantime, the great mass meeting of the "Friends of Order," held near by, had dispersed, and the masses, shouting "Long live order!" moved down, sweeping all before them. In a few moments the dense mass of men, women, and children, nearly all from the upper ranks of society, were surrounding the insurgents, who at once beat their drums. The greatest activity prevailed in the Place Vendôme. Messengers were seen galloping off to summon out new battalions, and new lines of guards sprang into sight from behind the barricades at the rear of the place. I saw the first line of insurgents lift their guns warningly, and

FUNERAL OF CHARLES HUGO



retire as if frightened. While standing at the corner of the Rue des Petits Champs, which gave a direct view upon the scene, I was amazed to see a whole line of sentinels suddenly enveloped in the crowd. The gentlemen waved their hats in the air, ladies waving their parasols and handkerchiefs cried out, "Hurrah for order! Lay down your arms, and let us be friends!" At this moment there was a discharge of musketry, but I saw that there was no confusion, and fancied that some of the frightened insurgents had fired in the air. Suddenly a second sharp rattling volley ran out, one or two cries of "Cowards and assassins!" were heard, and a general panic ensued. A few bullets rattled on the wall at the corner where I stood. One wounded man was brought from the crowd into a side street, two rioters following, and claiming him as their prisoner, and that he had fired upon them. He was in the uniform of a Captain of Mobs, and was evidently dying. His face was deathly pale, and the foam was at his lips. Little quarrels immediately sprang up all around. Well-dressed gentlemen took away a musket from one of the insurgents, and menaced him with the contents of it if he did not return into his own lines. The cries became louder. People who were hastily putting up the shutters in all the shops and hotels along our street, even to the corner where the Bellevillians stood, joined in the outcry. Five minutes before, our street had been filled with flying people, five minutes after, it was silent as the grave. The red-white-and-blue flag, the flag of France, was brought towards the line, bayonets and sabres were agitated violently in the air, the flag was torn down, and another discharge this time louder and more effectual, occurred. Then the crowd fled, and the screams of

women and the yells of frightened men resounded everywhere. The blow had fallen, the Revolution was in earnest, and the people of the aristocratic classes were now thoroughly convinced of it.

About twenty men remained lying upon the ground, and were at once surrounded by the insurgents, who examined them. Ambulance men came out from their ranks, and the dead were carried away on stretchers. Many people had received wounds in the arms and legs, but were able to get home. In ten minutes after the dead were removed the cannon were brought up to the entrance of the Place Vendôme, and sentinels were pushed forward into the Rue de la Paix. The indignation among the Friends of Order was so great that many returned along the bloody pavements and shook their fists in the faces of the soldiers. Numbers of these people were arrested, and a commission of examination was at once instituted in one of the buildings in the Place Vendôme.

One man lay dead for two hours in front of a chemist's on the Rue de la Paix. He had evidently been instantly killed, and was forgotten in the *mêlée* of picking up, as the rebels were constantly expecting an attack from the National Guard of the quarter. An American from St. Louis was also killed by shots from the rioters. The celebrated banker Hottinguer, while caring for a wounded man, was hit in the chest. General Sheridan was an eye-witness of the affair, and, according to his testimony and that of many others, it would seem that the insurgents certainly received considerable provocation to fire. Many of the men of order had revolvers in their pockets, and that they were used in the *mêlée* is certain, because some of

the Bellevillians were killed, and many were wounded.

The Rue Neuve des Petits Champs was occupied by a large force, and sentinels were placed before each door to guard against any surprise on the part of the infuriated battalion, which, having had one taste of blood, seemed discontented without more. The insurgents gave me a soldier to accompany me to the head of the Rue de la Paix, and on our way we walked around a pool of fresh blood. The sentinels farther on had already assumed the revolutionary style "*Passez, citoyen*," said each one, and I gained the invaded quarter in safety. All the insurgents with whom I talked seemed sorry that a collision had occurred, and some announced their opinion that it had injured the cause.

On the following Friday morning I went with the American Consul and other Americans to the Place Vendôme to claim the body of our countryman who had been killed. We were readily admitted, and found the greatest calm prevailing in the Place, and an immense number of insurgents was gathered there. We were ushered into the *Crédit Mobilier*, transformed into a hospital, and there saw five dead bodies, two of which were pointed out by the insurgents as belonging to their movement. One was a fine, stalwart man, with flowing beard, but coarsely dressed in blue garments, with a blue sash around his waist. He was shot twice in the back of the head with revolver bullets, and we were told that it was the first victim in the collision. One man, exceedingly handsome, richly dressed, and young, had been shot also in the head, and on his countenance there was a ghastly expression of terror. The Commandant of the

Place sanctioned the removal of the body for which we came, and as the little procession, with a flag at its head, went out, all the insurgents doffed their hats.

There were fresh alarms daily, but no more fighting. For many days after the retirement of Admiral Saisset to Versailles the people of the central quarter of Paris thought they were at the mercy of the Red Republicans, and that there was nothing to do but to compromise the situation. They dreaded an attack by the government from Versailles where great masses of troops were assembling as fast as they could be returned from Germany, and a friend remarked to me, a few days after the collision in the Rue de la Paix that the advance columns of General Ducrot's forces along the Sèvres road would cause more fear and trembling in the capital than the advent of the Prussians did. We now and then heard great booming of cannon in the Prussian lines, and the Communists claimed that these guns were fired in mockery of the dissensions of the French,—an interpretation which was of course absurd. As for the Prussians, they were well satisfied with the season of rest which had arrived, and at St Denis, at Enghien, at Montmorency, and at all the suburbs in the northern sections, they were most comfortably installed. At night the bivouac fires of the outposts were plainly visible from the walls of Paris. Every railway on the main lines had a Prussian inspector, who never thought of allowing a train to start until its passengers had been carefully examined. The difference in the running-time between Paris and London was increased by one hour devoted to the Prussians, at St Denis. The Germans kept this line open during the whole insurrection, and there was never a time, not even excepting the seven

days' fight, when one could not freely have left the capital had he wished to do so. The Parisians, and especially those possessing large fortunes, began to disappear. In less than a week after the shooting in the Rue de la Paix fifteen thousand persons left. Returning from the sea-coast through Creil, one day towards the close of March, I found at that station about fifty thousand ladies and gentlemen, all in a state of excitement which seemed to border on lunacy. The only passenger on the train besides myself was a Queen's messenger, who got out at Creil and took the branch line to Versailles. The refugees from Paris set up a shout when they saw my head at the window of the railway carriage, and several gentlemen warned me not to return to the city, as there was fighting in every street, and the Terror was shortly to be established. These people were so thoroughly convinced of the truth of what they said that there was no reasoning with them. I reached the Northern railway station without adventure, and walked down to my apartments in the Rue des Petits Champs without seeing any evidence whatever of the insurrection, except the cannon grinning from the barricades in the Place Vendôme. Paris was for six weeks thereafter, with the exception of an occasional cannonade and a pretty constant clatter of musketry at a distance, more tranquil than it usually is in spring and early summer.

Presently the situation was clearly defined. Versailles had determined to besiege and take the rebels of the capital at no matter what cost of blood and treasure. M. Thiers was in an angry mood, which was not at all softened by the decrees of the Commune against him and the unroofing of his house in the Place St. Georges. The new masters of Paris, the citizens, as they called them-

selves, were quite free and easy in their communications with strangers, and many of the simple workmen, carrying guns, standing sentries in the Rue de la Paix and on the central boulevards, disclosed what they thought were the plans of the Commune to English and American people, and possibly even to Prussians, without the slightest reserve. The officers, however, in time forbade conversation, but the men only obeyed when the officers were in sight. The *vicandières* were not the least amusing of the odd features of the Communal military forces. They were usually women of middle age, scarcely to be classed as handsome, clad in brown habits, and wearing bonnets which were a kind of compromise between a Phrygian cap and a Tam O'Shanter. They excited much sport during the first days of the Commune, before the young fashionables of the Jockey Club and the boulevards had become frightened, and when they mercilessly ridiculed every public demonstration of the Commune. The Communal troops generally carried little red flags stuck in the muzzles of their guns, when they were on the march, and many battalions had banners with inscriptions signifying that they were the real men of order, etc. These troops suffered from lack of food, and many of them did not sleep in-doors for a week together, but they were all convinced that Paris would win in the great struggle, and that the cities of the south would rally to her support. So, in the bright sunny days, they managed to subsist on bread and an occasional vegetable, and to get along without pay. The finances of the Commune were not at all flourishing, although they were administered, according to the testimony of so good an authority as the *London Times*, with the most rigid and absolute honesty, even to the disbursing of a

centime. Jourde, the delegate for the financial department, as the Communal phrase had it, was a man of genius for finance, and did his work with a swiftness, and manifested an incorruptibility, in striking contrast with the conduct of the officials of the Empire who had preceded him. But had the success of the Commune been prolonged it is probable that the Socialists, who had crept into the party, would have found Jourde too good a man for their purpose.

At the out-set of the insurrection the National Guard from the workmen's quarters were all very sensitive of criticism upon their conduct, and not one of them showed any disposition to profit by the power which had been placed in his hands. The officers would not allow the men to enter even the court-yards of the houses, and it was announced by printed proclamations, and in the orders of the day given to the troops, that any one detected in the theft of the smallest article from house or street would be shot. One evening when I went to the Kiosk for my newspapers, the *marchande* was absent, and although the latest editions of the papers were lying ready to the hand of the passers-by, I said to a soldier who was slouching beside the Kiosk, "You appear to be guarding the newspapers."—"Ah," said the soldier, "there is no occasion for alarm: there are no thieves here; no one would touch the papers were they made of gold."

The insurrectionary committee meet-

ings at the Hôtel de Ville were characterized by considerable decision and capacity for despatch of business. As for a workman of more than average ability, usually presided. He and one of the Generals were the men who saved the



COMMUNIST TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT

Commune from the dubious policy of attacking Versailles.—a course which might have resulted in bringing on civil war throughout France.

On the night before Admiral Saisset left for Versailles, Paris was never more gay and beautiful. Thousands upon thousands of people thronged the streets,

and the great avenues, flooded by the pure moonlight, echoed to the laughter and the shouts of the troops, who seemed more as if they were on a pleasure excursion than engaged in a military occupation. But in some of the streets held by the insurgents, one heard the constant cry, "*Sur la chaussée, citoyen*" (To the middle of the street, citizen), and he who did not get off from the sidewalk was sometimes aided into the street by the butt of a gun. The Commune feared that Admiral Saisset's forces might attempt to occupy the principal points in the central quarter, so they had strong guards at all the important buildings. But when morning came, and they found that the government forces had retreated, the vigilance was relaxed. La Commune at once began to bluster and to boast.

On the 26th of March elections were held, the Central Committee which had been the soul of the insurrection desiring to have its powers confirmed. These elections were held on Sunday, and one hundred and forty thousand votes were cast for the Communal body, and about sixty thousand votes for the opposing faction. Among the elected were Flourens, Blanqui, Félix Pyat, and such extremists. It was rather amusing to observe, on this Sunday morning, the ostentation with which the Communists removed the cannon from the Place Vendôme in accordance with their proclamation, stating that no citizen should complain that he had voted at the cannon's mouth. The Central Committee got its powers fully confirmed, and some of its more active members formed themselves into a sub-committee, in which the whole executive power of the Commune was subsequently concentrated.

Meantime, at Versailles, M. Thiers was preaching from the tribune that

Monarchy was false and was telling even monarchists that they might conspire in vain. It was not until peace with Germany had been voted upon that M. Thiers made any definite declarations as to his conversion to Republicanism. For the Communists, he was, to the latest moment of the great struggle, a Monarchist. They refused to believe in his profession of faith in the Republic, and it served their purpose to picture him as conspiring to bring back the old monarchical machinery. His vigorous action soon brought together, in the villages so recently evacuated by the Prussian conqueror, some eighty or ninety thousand men. The bridge of boats at Sèvres was cut by General Ducrot's order, artillery was planted on the hills far and near. With revolution in Paris, in Marseilles, and in Toulouse, with hundreds of thousands of energetic men in Paris led by desperate, unwavering leaders, M. Thiers had a gigantic task before him. His courage does not appear to have weakened for an instant, and his coolness was the admiration of Europe.

The fusillade of the Place Vendôme was a kind of *coup d'État*. It was followed up on the 28th of March by the formal declaration of the Commune in front of the Hôtel de Ville. The ceremony was not specially interesting. The members of the Communal Council got together on a platform in front of the great Henri IV entrance to the magnificent building, which was doomed to perish in the flames a few weeks later; and there was a display of busts of the Republic crowned with Liberty-caps, and ornamented with red ribbons and flags. Salutes were fired from batteries of artillery along the Seine, many speeches were made; and there was infinite drinking and shouting. The dates and

the old Revolution began. The Official Journal of the 26th of March published the following notice: "The citizens, members of the Commune of Paris, are called together to-day, Wednesday, the 8th germinal, at one o'clock exactly, at the Hôtel de Ville." Every smallest and least important notice was preceded by the phrase "*Commune de Paris — République Française — Liberty Equality Fraternity*."

The Central Committee gave its powers into the hands of La Commune, which was a mere matter of form designed to shield the personality of different members. "The proclamation" it said, "of the 26th of March has sanctioned the victorious Revolution." It then went on to abuse the Versailles as presumable Monarchists, and stated that the first acts of the new power would be a decision as to the lowering of rents and the renewal of commercial paper. These were measures intended to conciliate the middle class, which had been sorely distressed by the long business stagnation consequent on the siege. The Commune abolished conscription, and decreed that no military force other than the National Guard could be created or introduced into Paris. All valid citizens were to be at once incorporated in the National Guard.

No sooner was this published than the exodus began, and did not cease until nearly every Parisian of fortune who could get away had gone. The Communal authorities made a great show of preventing departures from Paris, but



THIERS AND MACMAHON MEETING AT LONGCHAMPS

they were powerless in the matter. The Commune struck a blow at the landlords as soon as it was firmly installed in power, by decreeing that no rent should be collected from tenants for the terms between October, 1870, and April, 1871; and that all the sums that had been paid

for rent by tenants during those nine months should be credited to them on future terms. This took millions upon millions of francs out of the pockets of the house-owning class, and to this day the *propriétaires* cannot hear the Commune spoken of without getting into a towering passion forthwith.

The effort of Paris to attain her autonomy awakened a good deal of sympathy in the minds of the more intelligent of the property-holding classes, but this sympathy was not strong enough to induce the sympathizers to act openly with the Commune. Paris wanted according to the Communists, to lay down an ultimatum to the general government demanding a guarantee for the autonomy of the great capital and for its reconquered municipal authority. After the elections the hatters, tailors, shoemakers, and bakers in the central quarters, who had all been a few days before fiery defenders of the law-and-order party, and loud in their denunciations of the assassins and the mob of convicts, became somewhat conservative, and showed a disposition to side with the powers that be. The Commune had at one time almost succeeded in convincing the majority of the Parisians that the National Assembly at Versailles was determined to restore monarchy and that to Paris had been confided the glorious mission of sustaining and definitely founding the Republic.

Meantime business was at a stand-still, and money was scarce, few shops were open. The Commune, from beginning to end of its brief career, aped all the tricks of the preceding governments, and so it had an illumination on the night that the Commune was declared. This was called the *Fête* of the Commune. The *fête* was meagre and of

true Republican simplicity,—a few paper lanterns hung in the Place de la Concorde and in the Tuileries. The two triumphal arches were brilliant with gas-jets. At the Hôtel de Ville a fine display was made. The National Guard and their wives and daughters paraded the principal streets, singing revolutionary songs, and many of the men, despite the strict discipline to which they were supposed to be subject, were too much devoted to Bacchus. Returning home at midnight from an inspection of these illuminations I was approaching a sentinel at the corner of the Rue Mont Thabor, and he halted me when I was certainly one hundred paces from him. "*Passer au large!*" screamed the guardian of the Republic, in a voice which showed signs of the influence of absinthe. How to pass at any more respectful distance from this exacting sentinel than the width of the street I knew not. I was allowed to advance within ten paces, when, in a drunken rage, he cried, "*Voulez-vous passer au large?*" evidently thinking that I meant to disarm him. "Certainly," I said, "which side, sentinel?"—" *À votre gauche alors*" (To your left, then.) But when I started to the left, he raised his musket, and, pointing it rather unsteadily at me, said, "Will you keep at a distance?"—"Shall I not pass on this side?"—" *Sacré nom de Dieu!* Do you not know which is your left hand?"

I begged his pardon for having ventured to judge for myself which was my left hand, and was finally permitted to pass alive on the side which I previously supposed to be my right. Drunken sentinels were numerous enough in those days, and were a source of annoyance, as, in their cups, they were exacting and unmerciful.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX.

Decrees of the Commune — The First Important Battle — Flourant's Last Life — Notes on Commune Journalism — The Burning of the Guillotine — Great Funerals — An Artillery Duel — An Astonishing Spectacle

IN the early days of April some of the more moderate of the Communists, among them Vermorel and Ranc, resigned, believing that the movement had become too revolutionary and public to admit of further association with it. They did not mean by their resignations to imply that they despised or leading a mob, but that they recognized the movement as indefinite in its aims, not having in view the foundation of any special government, either for Paris or France, but being merely a protest against kingship, against the clerical reactionary party, and against what Mr Carlyle called "clothes."

In these first days of April too, the Commune published its famous decree, by which it impeached Thiers, Jules Favre, Picard Dufaure, and others who had been prominent in the work of national defence, because, as the proclamation declared, "the men of the government of Versailles had ordered and begun a civil war, had attacked Paris, slain or wounded National Guards, soldiers of the line, women and children." They decreed the confiscation of the goods and chattels of these personages, and it was not long after that M Thiers' house was visited, his art treasures, which were many and very costly, were carried off and deposited in the Louvre, and his papers were tossed about by grimy hands. The decree of the 2d of April also announced the separation

of Church and State, the suppression of the budget of public worship, and the seizure by the nation as national property, of all the houses and lands belonging to religious congregations. How the Commune of Paris managed to make its decrees national no one knew, and none of the Communists endeavored to explain. Most of the churches were closed, and in many cases seals of the Commune were placed upon their doors. From time to time they were used for clubs, and offensive and blasphemous language was heard in the pulpits. The violent hatred of the great masses of the supporters of the Commune for the clergy had been manifest from the beginning of the Commune, and increased in intensity until it culminated in the massacre of the Archbishop and his colleagues.

On the 3d of April came the first important battle in which the Communist troops were engaged in front of Paris. Flourant here lost his life, Duval, an energetic Communist, was taken prisoner, and shot, and the Communist papers were filled with details of the ferocious conduct of the Versailles troops. The fact is, that the insurrectionists were treated, from first to last, with the greatest rigor, and in the early battles of the insurrection, little quarter was given on either side.

After the disestablishment of the Church by the Commune, the insurrec-

tionists took every occasion to show their contempt for religious names and religious employments. One day an abbé applied to the Communal officers for permission to visit a prisoner in the Conciergerie. "Who are you?" said the Jack in Boots who was in authority. "I am a servant of God," was the answer. He was given a pass conceived thus: "Allow freely to pass Citizen —, servant of a person called God." This partook of mountebankery, and was significant of what was to come. All the Catholic institutions were visited and minutely inspected, and the authorities sought every pretext for their suppression. One superior of a well-known institution achieved a veritable triumph when visited by one hundred armed men, who persisted in searching his place, saying that enemies of the Republic were concealed therein. He opened his doors freely, and took them through a long suite of rooms, all of which were filled with wounded insurgents, and the would-be inspectors went away very much ashamed of themselves.

The worst kind of journalism began to flourish so soon as the Commune was fairly installed in office, and lasted until the close of the insurrection. The infamous and scurrilous "*Père Duchêne*" was the most disgusting of these journals. It was a low, blackguard publication, like the anonymous prints of Congreve's time, and was, in many respects, an exact copy of its prototype of the old Revolution. It was filled with oaths and exclamations which bordered closely on revolting vulgarity, and the comments of this "*Père Duchêne*" were supposed to embody the official opinions of the Commune. "*Père Duchêne*" talked of hanging, burning, drawing and quartering the *bourgeois* and the aristocrats without compunction. The carica-

tures in the comic papers devoted to the Commune were often extremely irreverent. In one, Jules Favie was represented as Judas, and the quotation from St. Matthew concerning the faithless kiss of the betrayer was applied to a big-headed Favie kissing an ugly-looking wench, in a red dress, supposed to represent the Republic. In another, Thiers was represented as an accomplished acrobat, upholding on his broad shoulders all the aspirants to royalty and the throne of France.

Curious and impressive was the scene enacted on the horrible Place de la Roquette, where Troppmann's execution had occurred some time before. The Communists, in searching among the prisoners, which they were very fond of inspecting, found pieces of seventeen guillotines, old and new, and therefore they sent forth hither and yon men to rattle on drums and announce that the aforesaid guillotines would be publicly burned on the Place of the Condemned. "Come and see, citizens, the promise of La Commune that a reign of terror shall not be reestablished, at least with guillotines, for it is so easy to be condemned by them, once they are in good working order, within their fatal arms they are always seeking to enfold you. Let us annihilate the scarlet destroyers." And so blazing piles were heaped high, and thousands of people danced in joy around the fires in which perished the blood-stained machine under whose knife Osimi died. The women were the most enthusiastic participants in this ceremony of burning the guillotines, and they danced, marched, and howled about the flames for hours, evidently taking as much delight in it as they did in laboring on the ramparts, another of their favorite amusements, fortifying against those whom they were pleased to term the

"Prussians of Versailles" A common spectacle on the fortifications was a row of National Guards seated gravely smoking their pipes while the women were digging at the turf and the sods and piling them up on the ramparts

One day near the insurrectionist barricades, on the Place Vendôme, I discovered an acquaintance of mine, aged six years, industriously employed in rearing rival barricades with lots of paving-stones, left where the street had been torn up. In the umbra of these few stones he and his companions presently mounted a toy cannon, pointed at the defenders of La Commune. A sentinel looked curiously on, bystanders smiled, the child's hand blew about his forehead, fanned by the evening breeze, and his face took on a ferocious aspect as he tugged at the heavy stones.

The One Hundred and First Battalion of the insurgents was quite famous. It was composed of small, thin, and ignorant workmen from the suburban quarters, meanly and not quite uniformly clad. Their weapons were of all shapes and sizes, and to see them marching along one of the splendid boulevards one might have imagined that Jack Falstaff and his army had come to town. But they fought like demons, never missing a chance in the trenches before Paris. The battalion conducted itself well. It was the first battalion in the Place Vendôme, it captured two cannon and a *mitrailleuse* at Châtillon from the Versailles troops, and, wherever it appeared thereafter

among the Communists it was received with cheers.

One morning the bill-boards of the Commune were placarded with the following notice, dressed in deep mourning.

"Citizens — La Commune of Paris invites you to attend the burial of our brethren assassinated by the enemies of the Republic during the days of the 3d, 4th, and 5th of April. The meeting will be at the Hospital Beaujean, at two



DEATH OF FLOURENS

o'clock, burial at the cemetery of Père La Chaise."

From curiosity or sympathy, thousands attended the funeral, and three immense hearsees, with sixteen dead National Guards in each, moved slowly up the streets to the far-off cemetery that afternoon. I had seen the burial pageantry of a Marshal of the Empire, but it was not so impressive as this. Thousands of troops followed slowly with uncovered heads, and the armed escort, headed by muffled drums and a number

of trumpeters playing mournful airs, met with marks of respectful sympathy everywhere. Each man wore an immortelle, and this gave to the whole procession the air of a vast *potterie* covered with blossoms. There were few noisy demonstrations. The occasional roar of the cannon reminded every one that there was no time for wasting tears or breath. As the head of the funeral procession reached the point opposite the *Chaussée d'Antin*, where there were in my thousands of spectators massed together, another funeral procession composed of a shabby hearse with a pine wood coffin in it, followed by half a dozen humble people, came out from the *Rue Louis le Grand*, and crossed directly at right angles. Misery and splendor in burial ceremonial were never in more startling contrast than here, and a sob of sympathy seemed to burst from the spectators in profound unison. The addresses at the cemetery were full of vindictive threats and allusions to the cowardly assassinations of the brothers in arms. The death of Flourens, which had been a great blow to the Commune, was more than once alluded to in a manner which showed that vengeance was intended. Next day I rode to the review which the Communists had announced to take place on the *Champ de Mars*, and, in common with thousands of other spectators, was comfortably ensconcing myself on the sunny slope of the *Trocadéro*, when my attention was arrested by a tremendous cannonading, which burst suddenly upon our hearing from the direction of Fort Issy. The thousands of spectators turned their eyes towards the fort, and it was evident to all that a great artillery duel was beginning. The Versailles troops had established their batteries on a plateau between Meudon and Issy, and were firing briskly. But the fort, which was

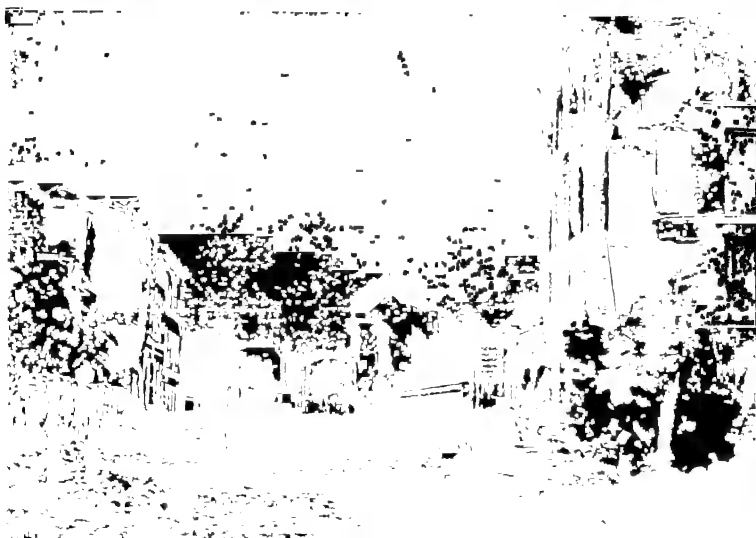
entirely unarmed when I had visited it a week and a half before, now seemed magnificently provided with cannon, and vomited fire and smoke continuously. Over Chatillon little puffs constantly arising showed that the insurgents had a battery there also, and were making the most of the defensive works which the Prussians had left behind them. Gradually the whole horizon beyond was enveloped in the smoke from batteries, and the thunders of the artillery were distinctly audible for miles around. On the great plain below, that which, in 1867 received upon its vast expanse the delegates of all the nations, several thousand men were manœuvring. The sheen of their arms, the occasional faint echoes of martial music, borne to us on the breeze, gave us all the spurt of a review while we were in the presence of an active battle. The whole space in front of the *École Militaire* was occupied by regiments of National Guards, who manœuvred with much precision. A brilliant staff rode up and down commanding unperceptibly, but with our field-glasses we could discern that they cast timid glances in the direction of Issy, where the battle every moment gained in vigor. Its tremendous fusillade was showing its white line of smoke under the batteries of Issy, and the Versailles troops and the wavering response on the insurgents' side indicated that the fort was now in danger.

Suddenly we heard the sharp voice of the insurgents' batteries in the neighborhood of the *Avenue de la Grande Armée*, and hastened towards the ramparts at that point, where a gate opened into the *Porte Maillot*. Here I was brought to a sharp halt by a sentinel, who assured me that I could go no farther, and even the production of numerous Communistic passes was of only sufficient avail to

procure me a threat of immediate arrest if I ventured to mount the ramparts. I turned away, and proceeded in the direction of the Triumphal Arch. On getting near this monument, whence I could have an unobstructed view of the Neuilly gate and as far as Courbevoie, on the long, straight avenue of Neuilly, which runs without the slightest curve or break

now endeavoring to retake. This barricade was stoutly defended by the insurgents, who were protected by batteries on all sides.

In and around the Triumphal Arch, and half-way down the avenue of the Grand Army, in the direction of the fighting, was clustered perched, stuffed, packed, and jammed together, a crowd of perhaps



THE RUE PERRONET AT NEUILLY

until the hill shuts out the view beyond, I saw that a battle was engaged, and shells were beginning to fall unpleasantly near. Many exploded in the air, and each shell was said to have one hundred bullets in it. At the top of the hill just mentioned is a large tower, and half-way between this tower and the gate of the Paris fortifications was a huge barricade, which the Versailles troops had held the

thirty thousand people. Most of these were citizens of Paris, and from the upper classes. They were in carriages and dog-carts, mounted on omnibuses, and on the balconies and roofs of the surrounding houses. Men and women, elegantly dressed, joked and laughed over the struggles of the fighting men on the hills and plains below. It was like a Grand Prix day in the Bois de Boulogne.

stand how these people of society looked with such evident unconcern at what seemed to be the beginning of a sanguinary civil war. The men cheered and the women waved their handkerchiefs whenever a shell burst, but for what reason they would have been puzzled to say. The foolishly frivolous and fashionable class, which neither represented Paris nor France, was in full force on this occasion, and once or twice the Communists, stalking about in the crowd, showed an inclination to strip these fine birds of their feathers. Numbers of carriages filled with American ladies and gentlemen were grouped about the Triumphal Arch. Here and there people were so enthusiastic in their praise of the Communal troops as to call out adverse criticism from their aristocratic neighbors in the gathering.

Now and then a little panic was produced by the ambition of some shell, which overleaped the range of the previous ones, and which fell with a frightful crash, and not far away. Every moment shells came up steadily in a little puff of white smoke, which was speedily illuminated by a flash and then died away. Sometimes the line of battle in front of the gate, only a short half-mile from the Arch, would be seen to waver under the pressure of the fire of regular troops, then the whole avenue would look like a furnace, with jets of flame escaping from

immense clouds of smoke, for ten minutes at a time. Now and then one or two men would disappear under the crushing explosion of a shell, then a tremendous musket-fire would break out from hedge and house and wall, directed at the approaching Versailles artillery-men, and the crowd regarded it as a glorious spectacle, and laughed, and ate bonbons, and went quietly home to dinner. But it was astonished to learn that, an hour after it had left shells were falling thickly on and around the Arch.

The government troops had got the contested barricade again at considerable loss, and were now steadily approaching the gates. When I left shells were falling by dozens in the rich and fashionable quarter, — the Versailles not hesitating to bombard the capital, although they had called the Prussians Vandals, because they had done the same thing. Many insurgents were coming back from the fight, cross and bleeding, and elbowing citizens in no gentle spirit, fresh artillery trains driven by liners who had deserted at the outbreak of the Commune, and the guns, manned by soldiers in all kinds of uniforms, rattled up through the Champs Elysées, and went towards the gates. With the glass we could see that Neuilly had been badly demolished, houses had been riddled with shell, and many people were killed in the street.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Pictures of the Commune — General Cluseret — The Hostages — A Visit to the Communal Ministry of Public Instruction — The Amnesty — Touching Incidents of the Frenzied Struggle

DURING the whole of the month of April a vigorous but useless fight was kept up between troops of the Commune and those of the regular government at Versailles. The battle on the road to Neuilly, described in the last chapter, was claimed by the Communal authorities as a victory, and the Commune issued a flaming despatch in which it said that "Beugeret himself" was at Neuilly. This "Beugeret himself" amused the Prussians who were not sympathetic with the Commune, and the poor fellow never heard the last of it, although he was soon replaced as the delegate for war by Cluseret, who inaugurated his campaign by posting up a proclamation to the people of Paris, in which he said that the Versailles troops were shooting the prisoners, killing the wounded, and flung upon ambulances. About this time the Parisians discovered that they were doomed to suffer a second bombardment, which seemed likely to prove much more serious than that to which they had been subjected by the Prussians. The bombardment of the siege cost Paris but only one hundred and ninety lives; but that of the Versailles troops was far more deadly, and appears to have been of no use whatever in hastening the surrender of the capital.

In these early days of April we went into the bombarded quarter every day to see the sights, and to bring back to the deserted boulevards the gossip from the

front. There was at that time no pillage, the citizen guards were neither brutal nor impolite. Women were treated with genuine respect, and although a Belgian correspondent had telegraphed to his journal that the excitement had made every one ghastly and green with fear, and ready to gnaw his fingers with remorse, such was not the case. Ambulances were almost the only vehicles seen in the bombarded quarters. The red flag waved on the tops of all the buildings and most of the churches; barricades were going up right and left in the principal streets. Citizen Pascal Grousset, destined to become famous in connection with the Commune later on, was the head of the commission for the construction of barricades. Half-way up the Champs Elysées, the officers of battalions guarding that quarter had made a line of demarcation, beyond which only those citizens honored with passes were allowed to go.

A visit to this quarter which I made on the 9th of April, may serve as typical to visits any day thereafter until the entry of the regular troops into Paris. All the side avenues radiating from the Arc de Triomphe were filled with soldiers, guns were stacked in one street, and liners, who had deserted at the outbreak of the Commune, were tranquilly building fires to boil their coffee, paying little attention to the shells which came every minute or two into their neighborhood. We were halted by an officer at the

Arch, and this diminutive official proceeded to examine our papers with much dignity, when a series of sharp hisses followed by a deafening crash caused the little Frenchman hurriedly to crumple up our passes, throw them into our carriage, and force our reluctant coachman forward. The shell struck in the centre of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, sending its deadly fragments in all directions. Then came a tremendous series of detonations, and the air was filled with bullets, and the *débris* of what was called a *mitraille* box. From all sides came echoes, sounding like protests from the departing owners of the fine residences lining each side of the avenue. At the Ottoman Embassy we found numerous marks of shot and shell, and two people were killed at the very doors of the Embassy that morning. The younger soldiers were so excited that they jostled us right and left and made rather sharp comments on the curiosity-seekers. The men on guard were of the better class, some had been forced in, others had volunteered, and were anxious to fight. In the Rue de Chailiot we saw Mr. Washburne's carriage driving rapidly away, the old gentleman quietly reading the morning paper as he went his round of daily duties, which in variety and piquancy have never been equalled in the history of the American Legation in Paris.

When the great fight at the Porte St. Martin Theatre was at its height, when houses on either side of the street were completely wrecked and a storm of shot and shell had raged for more than two hours, I saw our American minister quietly drive up to the barricade, and, stepping into the front rank of the regulars, take out his opera-glasses, survey as much of the situation as was possible through the smoke,

and then retire as coolly as if he were leaving his box at the opera.

In a few moments we were standing directly in front of the Arch in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and here a soldier remarked that the Royalists, as the Versailles troops were called, were hard at work. Why they should have chosen to bombard the quarter inhabited almost exclusively by wealthy Parisians and foreigners this soldier was at a loss to discover, and we quite agreed with him that it would have been, from a Versailles point of view, more practical to shell Belleville and La Villette. When we came back to the Rue de Presbourg, a lady showed us in the upper chamber of a mansion the wreck of costly furniture, *bric-à-brac*, *Sèvres* china, and fine paintings just caused by a shell from a Versailles battery. Near by, a fine villa, occupied by an American family, had been visited by so many shells that all the treasures in a beautiful art cabinet were demolished. The day previous to our visit in the direction of the Porte Maillot, while a poor woman was giving her soldier-husband a dinner she had brought him, a shell killed him and carried away part of the woman's face. Almost at the same time a sentinel was killed by the discharge from a gun hung over the shoulder of an orderly galloping by, the gun being touched by a fragment of shell, which embedded itself in the orderly's back.

The curiosity of the Parisians caused many casualties, but as soon as a wounded man was seen a group gathered about him, and, while they were gazing at him the splinters from newly arriving shells made many victims among them. Out of two hundred wounded people taken to the hospital at the Palais de l'Industrie, the attendant physicians said

that hardly ten per cent could survive. Nearly all these men were struck down by shells just ready to explode. The avenue leading to the Bois de Boulogne was empty and desolate enough. A few soldiers hung about the gate leading into the wood, and a solitary sentinel on the ramparts was hugging his gun.

At the American Legation there was no sign of life. A half-drunken old man, drawing an apple-cart, as he passed the door of the Legation had his patriotism awakened by the spectacle of exploring strangers, and had just taken one of us by the collar for a Prussian when he stumbled and fell, and there was a terrific crash which nearly frightened him out of his senses. Picking himself up, he took his apple-cart and departed in haste for a safer neighborhood. It was a curious spectacle to see hundreds of ladies and gentlemen watching the white smoke puffs of Valerien, and to see them retire gradually as the gunners got their range, and as the shells came nearer and nearer. The children went on calmly playing hop-scotch in the streets, and men and women sat in their doors waiting for events, and gossiping about the wounded. No American lady who visited Paris during the Commune thought her morning complete without she had been driven out under fire and had seen some incident of the bombardment. The Communist officers were very fond of parading before strangers, and usually made awful appeals to their sympathies. Dombrowski, and men of his type, made a good appearance, and their eloquence was sometimes quite convincing.

One morning I was at the Ministry of War, engaged in conversation with General Cluseret's secretary, when a chief of battalion entered, and announced that

his men were mutinous and no longer desired to march. "Disarm them, citizen!" was the answer. "But I cannot disarm them," he said. "They will be about the streets dying with hunger in a few days if I do that. You know there is no work, and we cannot afford."—Here he was sternly interrupted, and informed that the Commune had no duties towards any man who would not fight to protect it, and that if the recalcitrant needed any charity, after they were disarmed they might go to Versailles to get it. The result was that the men did not carry out their intention to mutiny. Calhoun speaks somewhere of the cohesive force of plunder, but here it was the cohesive force of a common misery which kept these men in the Communal movement.

At this time the Communal insurrection was respected and dignified; but it was destined soon to degenerate into the broadest license, and the wildest socialism and most vindictive carnage. The Conservative party, in its fright and in its anger, invented accounts of the execution of priests and the sacking of convents and churches which had never taken place. The Sacristan of Notre Dame even wrote to the Paris papers that his golden and silver vessels remained in the same receptacle where they had lain for years, and denied the story that the Communists had inquired for them.

The famous decree of the Commune as to hostages was published on the 6th of April, and was provoked, it is said, by the fact that the Versailles troops gave no quarter, and that the hundreds of suspected persons who had been arrested and imprisoned in the gloomy garrison building at Versailles were treated with great harshness. Article Fifth of the Communal decree declared

that any execution of a prisoner of war, or a person of the regular government of the Commune of Paris, should be instantly followed by those of a triple number of hostages, who should be designated by lot. This was generally considered by the property-holding classes as the inauguration of a new reign of terror. The arrests of the venerable Archbishop of Paris, the Curé of the Madeleine, and various other of the numerous ecclesiastics, and their imprisonment in the Conciergerie, constituted a fatal error, and the more intelligent of the Communists recognized from the first that it had placed them under the ban of public opinion in more than three-quarters of the communes in France. The Archbishop wrote a letter explaining his position, that he was held as a hostage, and saying that, if the barbarities of which the Communists accused the Versailles really existed, they were highly reprehensible. The Archbishop added that he wrote this sentence under no threat, but of his own free will, as a good French citizen.

A few days after the prelate's arrest a friend said to me, "I have been this morning to get my curé released. I told the Communists that they were keeping in prison a Republican and a much older revolutionist than themselves, and that I myself was prosecuted for my liberal principles long before many of the leaders in this movement were born. They informed me that the curé was kept merely as a hostage; that they were compelled to use severe measures to diminish the arrogance of the Versailles troops, and that there were so many priests connected with conspiracies for the reestablishment of the Empire, or for a new monarchy, that they would doubtless be compelled to arrest them all. They denied, however, that any priest had been maltreated."

General Cluseret, in his post as delegate for war, was the virtual head of the insurrection until his rigid devotion to discipline made him unpopular. One of his first announcements was that he did not intend to be disobeyed. He signed one of his preliminary orders "Minister of War," on his own account, and no one contradicted him, because he seemed competent to fulfil the duties of that position. His court-martials worked quickly, and had but little mercy. The General had lived poorly and fared hard for many years in pursuance of the cause of liberty. A consummate energy and a certain dash and bravery were his chief qualities. Not very long before the Empire came to grief, Cluseret was visited in his lodgings at Suresnes by some Imperial agents, who informed him that he was their prisoner. He denied this soft impeachment, and announced to them that he was a naturalized American citizen. He insisted upon being taken before Mr. Washburne, who accompanied him to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and there a species of convention was made by which Cluseret was allowed to remain ten days on French soil. Before these had expired he had obtained another ten days of grace, and so he continued to prolong his residence until he had accomplished the revolutionary work for which he had reentered the country. From the first he was determined not to deceive the Parisians as to what they might expect even if they achieved their aim of making Paris a free city. He warned them against all Socialist nonsense, and assured the soldiers that they would have to go back to be simple workmen as before. Aided by a somewhat remarkable chief of staff, he received hundreds of visitors daily, and despatched immense quantities of work.

One morning, as I went to his offices, I was accosted by a captain, who said to me in English, "I am from Pawtucket, and have come home just now to help." Another inquired timidly what the Americans really thought of the cause of Paris, and howled as I explained to him the drift of opinion beyond the sea as to the great Communal insurrection.

The list of unsuccessful amputations during these anxious days was enormous, considering the reputation for surgery that the French had theretofore maintained. The chief surgeon at the ambulance of the Palais de l'Industrie told me that of one hundred and forty-five wounded brought to him in two days, all but five per cent would die. The great number of ambulances, as the extemporized hospitals were called, which had existed during the Prussian siege, had been dissolved or scattered right or left, and so the Commune undertook to form ambulance companies, each containing twenty doctors or health officers, sixty medical students, ten wagons, and one hundred and twenty litter-carriers. Each company was divided into six squadrons two of which must at any time be found in the ward to which they belonged, and all these were to be subject to the orders of a medical commission sitting at the Hôtel de Ville. The doctors received the pay of captains. The Communists accused the Versailles government of allowing its batteries to play upon the press ambulance just inside the fortifications, a hospital in which five hundred seriously wounded men were lying. But each of the contesting forces claimed that the other did not respect the Geneva flag.

The flotilla of gun-boats on the Seine and the Trocadero batteries were the sensations of mid-April. The eight gun-boats, which had done such great

service against the Prussians, now had a red flag floating above them, kept steam constantly up, and were ready to go into any engagement where they could be useful. Their duty was to keep the Seine clear of any sudden invasion of Versailles troops. The batteries of the Trocadero had been throwing shell into Mont Valerien, a feat which few observers thought they could accomplish from Trocadero, which in those days was a barren plateau with long flights of stone steps leading down to the Seine. The spectacle was remarkably fine. The whole horizon would be obscured by white smoke for a few moments, then the veil would rise, and the battered hulks of forts Issy and Montrouge would loom up and disappear like phantoms in the battle mist. The smoke from the batteries at the Porte Maillot and at these forts hung like a pall over the city one evening, and the fusillade was so heavy and sustained that many people rushed out of their houses expecting to find Versailles troops in the Place de la Concorde.

On the morning of the 28d of April I went to the Ministry of War, and, after some waiting, saw General Cluseret, with whom I had an interesting conversation. The General was dressed in the simplest manner, wearing an old American Alpine hat, and a plain suit of travelling clothes, rather the worse for wear. The anteroom, as well as the grand inner hall where the officers of the Second Empire had so lately disported themselves, was filled with troopers of all shapes, sizes, and conditions. One cavalry man, covered with mud from head to foot, leaned wearily on his sword and told the story of an attack, another stroked his long yellow mustaches, and growled because his men could not get any bread to eat. A group of

liners, one or two blood-stained and half-famished, clamored for the General, and insisted on seeing him. When the babel was at its height, Cluseret stalked out of his office, jostled the soldiers right and left, and exclaimed that he could not be bothered with these silly tales, and each complainer shrank away. He went to an inner room, where the council of war was at once called, and one could see him through the open door, deciding and discussing measures anxiously, but with a force of will which swept everything before it. Yet he admitted that there was plenty of cause for discouragement, and that not even the most extraordinary animal magnetism could for any length of time overcome and cow so many thousands of unruly spirits as were to be found in the ranks of the Communists.

Those officers and troopers who came and went in the war-office seemed willing enough to die for the Commune, if it were necessary. Among them were many old men, hard-featured, with sixty winters' snows on their heads, and two or three of these venerable rebels told me that they were volunteers. They were asking their heads for forty sous a day, said the *bougeois*, but I believe that they were honest in motive, and, had they been properly drilled, would have done wonders.

Over the gate of the Ministry of War fluttered the red flag, with an inscription of the Commune of Paris on its folds. Just within the portico, where the sunlight was merry on the gorgeous glass and gilding, a pretty *cantinière* had taken off her shoes and stockings and was washing her feet after a long march. Every few minutes processions of small boys; from eleven to sixteen years of age, marched by, each flourishing a crimson *drapeau*. The maines, who were de-

serters from the Versailles army, were just going out to the front on this day. They were enthusiastic in their cries for the freedom of Paris. A little drummer-boy, eleven years old, marshalled them along, and a great crowd gathered to see them march past. Then came lumber-trains and requisition-wagons, badly mounted orderlies galloping to and fro, and slouching Mobiles, with their guns slung on their shoulders, men sullen in aspect, and not soldierly in mien.

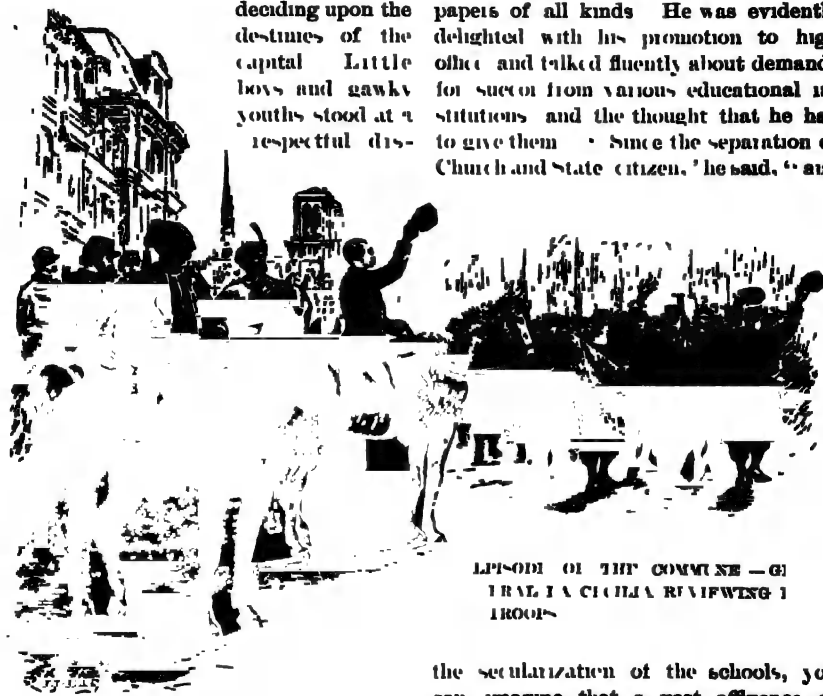
Armed with a letter of introduction I went on this same day to visit the citizen Minister of Public Instruction at the Hôtel de Ville, which edifice I found so surrounded with barricades and sentinels that it seemed impossible to approach. At last, by tortuous ways, we got into the square around which so many revolutionary currents had eddied, and where Louis XI's hangmen had elevated their cross-tree and ladder so many times. At the entrance to the last barricade was a citizen more or less under the influence of drink, as Communist sentinels were too often found. To this citizen I was compelled to read my letter of introduction twice, and to exhibit all the papers which I carried in my pockets, among them a telegram some two or three years old. The huge red seal, with the outlined woman supposed to represent the goddess of war sitting upon an outlined throne, with rays of glory about her head, finally satisfied this good man, and I passed up through a row of *mitrailleuses* and pieces of twelve, as the French called them, into the gate of the great Hôtel de Ville. Some of the cannon were curiously protected by heavy iron shields, so arranged as to shelter the artillery-men in the field, where there might otherwise be but little shelter. Two battalions came marching in behind me, a band of music playing

at the head of each, and determined looking officers scolding and fuming at their somewhat undisciplined men. Here and there a staid member of the Commune, distinguishable by his red scarf, was promenading with his arms crossed behind his back and his head bent forward as if he were

deciding upon the destinies of the capital. Little boys and gawky youths stood at a respectful dis-

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deciding upon the destinies of the capital. Little boys and gawky youths stood at a respectful distance watching with bated breath the movements of the great man. A throng of youths, aged from fifteen to eighteen, was hastening in and out of the gates. These boys had come to get authorized for various services under the Commune. Making my way up the grand staircase, and passing the private office of Citizen Assi, who had but recently emerged from his disciplinary confinement in the



EPISODE OF THE COMMUNE — GENERAL ASSI REVIEWING A TROOP

prison of the Conciergerie, I finally found the Instruction Commission in a room at the bottom of a long corridor. Entering this room, I was greeted by a gentle, homely-clad hunchback, who announced himself as the Citizen Magnet, and begged me to be seated.

Citizen Magnet was knee-deep in papers of all kinds. He was evidently delighted with his promotion to high office and talked fluently about demands for succor from various educational institutions and the thought that he had to give them. Since the separation of Church and State, citizen, he said, "and the secularization of the schools, you can imagine that a vast affluence of communications has come to the commission. You can judge of that by the envelopes strewing the floor." There was something impressive, if also a little amusing, in the manner in which the old Communal functionary took for granted the permanent separation of the Church from the State, and the complete success of all the other revolutionary measures. He seemed convinced that his reign would last for his lifetime, and

though he had only to go to the balcony at the front of the great edifice and to listen to the harsh cracking of the musketry and the boom of the cannon to convince him that the battle was not yet over. This deformed and amiable "minister" had been heard of before in France. He had published a map of the country, of which the tracts distinguished by the ignorance of their inhabitants figured in black, and those of relative intelligence were denoted by white. He took great pleasure in showing me these maps, and expressing his indignation at the folly of preceding governments in allowing ignorance so long to disfigure fair France. He spoke hopefully and sternly of his task, was anxious for information from abroad, and said he hoped soon to begin to exchange reports with the great educational commissions of the leading foreign capitals. I could not bring him to any expression of opinion as to the merits of his military colleagues. He put aside all my inquiries with dexterous and deferential courtesy, and at last conducted me to the office of the Citizen Vaillant, who was charged with the highest duties connected with public instruction.

Citizen Vaillant was not to be found. A grand review was in progress in front of the Hôtel de Ville. Two field battalions, some three thousand men, had been drawn up in line since my entrance, and now stretched across the Place de Grève. From the long hall fronting on this place,—hall in which the Executive Commission and the Bureau of Information of the Commune had established their antechambers,—I could see the review in progress and hear the crash of the drums. That which seemed an echo in the distance was in reality the dull music of the Versailles batteries playing vigorously against the Porte Maillot.

On the right, as I entered the hall, I saw the fine fresco representing Lutetia seated on a throne, with her bow and spear and a gigantic shield, and with the world at her feet. How had this daughter of the morn and the child of smiles and sunshine fallen in the last few eventful months!

The troops undergoing review looked fairly well. Bands not so full as those of the Empire, but patriotic and blatant, marched to the front of the grand entrance with a huge tambour-major preceding them. When the customary routine was finished, the Colonel drew up, took off his hat, and shouted "*Vive la Ligue!*"—"Hurrah for the Regular Army!"—and I then perceived that there were many line soldiers in the ranks. These were the men whom, after the seven days' fight, General De Gallifet so mercilessly slew. The review continuing, the same Colonel called around him the numerous Captains and electrified them with a short speech. He finished with the loud cry of "Forward to fight, and die for liberty, for work, for home, for *La Commune!*" and then, shaking hands with each officer, he raised his sword. All the other swords flashed in the air, an oath was taken, and the columns of men went wild with cheering.

Presently appeared members of the Commune legislative body, which seemed to have for that day suspended its session for the express purpose of aiding in the process of electrifying the troops. One venerable member, with long, flowing hair, made a fiery address, rushed into the ranks, shook corporals and rank and file by the hands, seemed likely to fall upon their necks and weep, had he not been pressed for time. The burden of every subject was sacrifice of self for the great objects of freedom and the legal autonomy of Paris. At last the

battalions marched away from the barricades, and towards the Champs Elysées and the Porte Maillot. The soldiers, defiant with their glittering swords pressed tight against their right shoulders, seemed capable of courage and discipline. Among them were men of all sizes one officer was six feet high, the next one four feet, but the eyes of each were alight with the same fire.

On the 25th of April two hundred and seventeen victims had been carried out of the avenue leading to the gate of Les Ternes, and every day brought fresh slaughter. An armistice had been appointed, then postponed, because the Commune had not succeeded in deciding upon its future war-measures, and the Versailles government had not a fresh number of troops to put to the front. Hundreds of thousands of men and women had gone out to the gates prepared for a pilgrimage of curiosity to Neuilly during the cessation of hostilities, and now, turned back, they were muttering their discontent, and inspecting the great groups of statuary on the side of the Arc de Triomphe towards Neuilly, where shells had made great indentations and scratches. In the middle of the grand group representing a warrior defending his fire-side was the scar of a shell, which had struck deeply in and nearly severed the head of the recumbent child from its body. Down at the gate thousands of wagons crammed with the furniture which had escaped bombardment choked the entrance. Hag-gard women and half-starved children carrying boxes on their backs wandered aimlessly about. At last an armistice was suddenly decided upon, and we all went out as far as it was possible to go, anxious to get some idea of the progress being made by our besiegers, and so to judge of the probable length of the

siege. I went out by the Porte Bineau, and was soon in the wilderness of semi-ruined streets, through which I at last came into the town of Neuilly, whence I could look back to the Maillot gate, and see the flames slowly rising from a burning house, out of the cellars of which had just come a number of aged old women who had been lying concealed so long that they could scarcely see in the daylight, and tumbled over the smallest objects, trembling at the least noise.

At Neuilly the tales of misery and destruction were quite thrilling. At one house the mistress had been rendered insane by the horrors of the bombardment, and was so violent that she was confined in the cellar for ten days, and no one dared to approach her except occasionally to throw her food. In the adjoining house a woman had died on the fourth day of the fight and it was not until the tenth that the little funeral procession could pick its way among the skunshes to the cemetery. Between two houses we saw half-a-dozen artillery horses in the last stage of putrefaction; and as we came back there passed us in a cab all that was mortal of a man who had died in a cellar for lack of food two or three days before. In a house on the Avenue du Roule a horrible spectacle presented itself. There had been a fierce combat there a few days before, and four National Guards lay dead in a confused heap, their hands tightly clinched, and their faces blackened. One had lost both legs, and another an arm. The courtyard of the house was so strewn with ruins of the ceilings that I could not find any mark of the entrance of a shell. A woman in the throng of visitors found a collar of pearls in a porch, where a dead man was lying with his musket still loaded and his eyes turned towards

the window, whence doubtless came the shot that killed him

The Communist leaders, in communicating details of the fighting, said that the troops of the line did not fight furiously, but that the *gendarmes* and the old Imperial police of Paris, who were embodied in the Versailles army, went into their deadly work with an interest which was not feigned, and usually gave no quarter

Arriving at the lines of our besiegers, I found the regular uniforms of the French army, but very little of traditional French courtesy or grace. Those of us who approached the lines narrowly escaped arrest and confinement. A barricade half-way up the avenue was flanked with dozens of cannon, and the artillerymen were all at their post. Two women arrived at the line and tried to pass, then house, from which they had fled at the beginning of the fight, was only a short distance away. The sentinel refused passage. They discussed, and he expostulated, whereupon an officer stepped forward, took the gun from the sentinel's hands, forced the women back at the point of the bayonet, and said, "That is the way you must talk to them." Once an officer ordered a crowd of Parisians to move farther away or they would receive a fusillade. The howls of indignation at this statement were quite frantic, and the soldiers of the line, although amply protected by the guns of their own batteries, looked uneasy.

One touching episode occurred during this day at Neuilly. Among the fragrant blossoms of the lilac bushes were the humble roofs of the Institution of the Cross and the Hospital of Our Lady the Seven Sorrows. Here, for fifteen days, in the back cellars, weak and dying children had been confined, while the

shells rent open the upper stories. The good Sisters of Charity came out, now that this armistice permitted, and, blinking in the unaccustomed light, hastened to remove the invalids to a safer place. Idiotic and scrofulous infants, blind and infirm dwarfs, palsied and half-frenzied wretches of uncertain age, were placed in the vast furniture vans from Paris, and jolted away to the capital. More than one beclouded intellect, dimmed by suffering, imagined some dire misfortune in this removal, and protested energetically against it. Just as the wagons were about to depart a sister came running breathlessly to announce that the aged director of the hospital would not leave his post. He was eighty-four years old, and faintly murmured in his cracked tones that he would die in the house that he had founded. But the old man, in spite of his devotion to duty, was carried away. Many of the Sisters of Charity objected to entering the capital, because they did not wish to countenance the Communal movement, which had dared to offend Holy Church.

The batteries of the Versailles troops were only two hundred yards from those of the Commune, and here the One Hundred and Fifteenth and Forty-fifth line regiments were stationed. The armistice was announced to finish at five o'clock, and it was half-past four before we had closed our tour of inspection, and we were obliged to spur our horses merrily to regain the gates. The long, low, dark-gray walls of Paris, surrounded by their deep ditches, and the high-standing gate-ways, with their difficult approaches, looked very impressive, and seemed almost impregnable. On the way back we noticed a thoroughly Gallic scene, — a young man in the uniform of the National Guard was playing "*Mourir pour la Patrie*" upon a piano,

which the frightened owner had just moved into the street. Around the musician stood a chorus of soldiers, singing with stentorian voices the lugubrious refrain. Just then began a panic, the Versailles troops probably firing blank discharges from their batteries to frighten away the crowds. The singers instantly dispersed, and the owner of the piano had it packed on the backs of some stout men, and so it passed through the Porte Maillot.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

Dombrowski in the Saddle — The Foreign Chiefs of the Commune — General Cluseret — His Arrest — Defecience — A Deputing Revolutionist — Rowel — Berguet — The Declamatory Period — The Combat at the Southern Forts — A Hot Corner under Shell Fire — The Women of the Commune

WITH Dombrowski in the saddle and invested with the authority of commander of the armies of the Commune of Paris, the forward movement of the Versailles forces became more and more difficult. Dombrowski was one of the picturesque figures of the great insurrection, and risked his life freely in the cause for which he professed supreme devotion. He was a young Polish adventurer, who had been admitted in 1848 to the Cadet Corps in St. Petersburg, and had studied at the school of the Russian general staff. He had seen some service in the Caucasus, and had been decorated by the Russian government for his services there. But while he was in garrison at Warsaw he became involved in a conspiracy which preceded the insurrection of 1863. He was suspected, denounced, arrested, and imprisoned for a year, and lay in the citadel as a prisoner while the wave of insurrection swept all around him. He was sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to exile to Siberia. Henceforward his story was as romantic as that of a hero of melodrama. On the way to Siberia he escaped, returned boldly to St. Petersburg, where he was concealed for a time; then went to Switzerland, Germany, and China, arriving in Paris in 1865. He was next heard of in the Austro-Prussian war, espoused the

cause of Pan Slavism, and broke faith with many of his old Polish friends. In 1870 he lay in prison for a long time in Paris, under the accusation of forging Russian bank-notes, but he was acquitted of this charge, which was probably the work of his political enemies. During the Prussian siege he did good work for the French, and after the capitulation he drifted towards the Commune, and finally became a member of the famous Central Committee. From that dignity to the position of military commander of Paris it was but a step for a bold and ambitious man like Dombrowski. He had his head-quarters in the Place Vendôme, where he was always surrounded by a rather heterogeneous staff of young and enthusiastic men, many of whom I am convinced had absolutely no sympathy with the socialistic wing of the Commune, but who were filled with the faith that Paris, by winning back her municipal liberties, would save the Republic, and would raise up hundreds of thousands of allies throughout the country. To blame those generous and ardent men who willingly laid down their lives for the sake of principles which they believed thoroughly honorable and patriotic, would be unwise and unfair. There was more than one who knew how to live through those nine weeks of the siege like a soldier and a gentleman, never condescending

to any of the excesses in which the grosser spirits of the Commune indulged; and those were the men who perished on the barricades, or in close action during the seven days' fight, disdaining subterfuges and disguises by which they might have saved their lives.

Dombrowski replaced Bergeret, who had been much ridiculed for his vanity and assumption, and who, on the whole, was a clever and conscientious worker in the cause which he thought right. His fatal mistake was made in the disastrous expedition against Versailles, where he got his men under the fire of Fort Valerien. During the fourteen days in which he was General-in-chief, he probably made more mistakes than any military commander of modern times, but of his zeal and his capacity as an executive officer, although he was of no use as a General, there was little doubt. When General Cluseret sent him to prison because he had refused to obey, there was a great roar among the followers of Bergeret, and he himself wrote on the walls of his cell this prophecy, founded on his satiric insight into the nature of the half-educated and suspicious master with whom the Communal chiefs were dealing: "Cluseret, I am waiting for you here." He did not have long to wait, not more than a fortnight, for the 22d of April saw him at liberty, and Cluseret was soon in his place. The disgrace of Cluseret was decided upon the moment that the extremists of the Commune discovered his disapproval of their illiberal and oppressive measures. He even said of his friends, "They may shoot me, but they cannot make me work against my conscience." At the time that Fort Issy was announced as likely to fall into the hands of the Versailles troops, General Cluseret had already been undermined on the pretext

that he had compromised the situation by issuing decrees, which, although good in themselves, could not be carried out, and which engendered complaints from the officers of nearly fifty battalions. One officer, with whom I was personally acquainted, carried to the Executive Committee of the Commune documents from forty-five battalions, decrying the Cluseret régime, and demanding that the exacting General be displaced. The Communal journals did not hesitate to accuse him of neglect and incapacity, but most of the officers contented themselves with criticising him as too ambitious.

There was a story current in the capital, shortly after his arrest, that when the Communists were about to abandon the nearly ruined fort of Issy, and all had left save the one man who was to have fired the fuse which would have sprung a mine, Cluseret, with two hundred men, reoccupied the ramparts, and insisted on holding the position. It is certain that he never had any intention of delivering up the fort, as he appreciated how disastrous such a course would have been. I asked several officers who were directly concerned in his removal if there was any accusation of dishonesty against him, and received emphatically negative answers. Among the members of the Commune, however, there were those who said that he had offered to give up Paris for the sum of 8,000,000 francs. These gossiping gentlemen had nothing on which to found these scandals except the great contempt which Cluseret usually manifested for them, and which, perhaps, led them to fancy that he was an enemy who had managed to get a position in their midst. He never sat with the members of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, and the two members of the Communal

Committee came to announce the dissatisfaction with him, and to hint at his deposition, he answered quietly that he had for some time expected it.

Delescluze, who was the delegate for war of the ephemeral Commune, was a man of finer mould and of larger mind than most of his colleagues. Journalist, publicist, and conspirator under the Empire, conspirator again after the declaration of the Republic, in 1870, imprisoned for the attempted insurrection of the 1st of October,—he was already a notable figure at the beginning of the Communal period. Like Cluseret and Rossel,—the unfortunate young soldier who preceded him in the direction of the Commune's military affairs,—Delescluze had a profound contempt for the drunken helots who and their socialistic theories on every possible occasion. While he was in favor of extremes, in the conduct of the conflict, he was perpetually afraid, lest by excesses the Commune should alienate from itself what little sympathy Europe still felt for it, and it is reported that when he heard of the execution of the Archbishop and the other hostages, his face became quite livid, a great sob of emotion rose in his throat, and he sank down in his seat, saying, "What a war! But we also will show that we know how to die." He was as good as his word, and died with a composure and bravery worthy of an ancient stoic.

The appointment of Rossel as the successor of Cluseret was a kind of concession to Cluseret's views as to rigid discipline. The new delegate for war was but twenty-seven years of age, and had graduated from the School of Application of Metz only three or four years previously, coming out of that school with the grade of lieutenant. Rossel, son of a French soldier of merit, and an English mother, who had brought him up

in the Protestant religion, was a pure-minded, austere, and vigorous young officer, who would have been certain, had he not stepped aside into the thorny paths of insurrection, of winning high honors, possibly a marshal's staff, in the French service. He was a keen writer already, a brilliant strategist, and attracted to himself no little notice in 1869, when the last volume of the correspondence of Napoleon I was printed, by demonstrating in a clever article, published in the *Temps*, that the books on strategy attributed to Napoleon were not and could not possibly have been written by him. At Metz, during the siege, Rossel was the determined enemy of Bazaine, whom he believed a traitor, and his hostility was so vigorous that he was imprisoned in one of the forts. But he escaped before the capitulation and, disguised as a peasant, traversed the German lines, and got to Belgium, then, after a brief visit to his mother, in London, hastened to Tours to place himself at the disposal of the Government of National Defense. Gambetta knew and appreciated Rossel, who was an apostle of the doctrine that to treat for peace with the Germans was national dishonor.

He went straight into the ranks of the Commune as soon as the insurrection broke out, and wrote a plain letter to the Minister of War in which he said that he placed himself without hesitation in the ranks of those who had not signed peace, and who did not count among them Generals culpable of capitulation. He was Cluseret's chief of staff for some time, and presided at the court-martial where citizens who refused to do military duty for the Commune were judged with great severity. Like the others before him he was destined to waste his energy and to spend his courage against the incurable negligence,

lack of discipline, and jealousies which honey-combed the insurrectionary forces; and after having vainly endeavored to get together twelve or fifteen thousand men to lift the siege which the Versailles had laid to Fort Issy, he gave up his office, ironically demanding at the close of his resignation the honor of a cell at Mazas. He was taken at his word, and a committee of public safety sent a guard to arrest him. But he succeeded in escaping from the custody of the ferocious committee and enticed his guardian to accompany him, and it was not until the close of the seven days' fight that he was found by the government troops and taken with the rest of the mob to Versailles. No finer and more promising young life was sacrificed at the posts of execution on the bloody field of Satory than that of Rossel. His broken career has a pathetic interest for all who admire even the first indications of military genius. Rossel fell into the trap which was fatal to so many noble and gifted men. He believed that the Communal effort was practicable, that it was honest, and that there was really need for combating the government which had installed itself at Versailles, and which, as he and so many others thought, would re-establish a Monarchy rather than declare a Republic.

Beigeret, Cluseret, Rossel, Delescluze, Dombrowski and his Poles, La Cecilia, and a few showy officers,—these were the men who were expected by the incompetent and intolerant "Central Committee" of the Commune to organize, with the rebellious National Guard, the permanent defense of Paris against a compact and angry army assembled at Versailles under the command of Marshal MacMahon, with such men as Ladmirault, De Cissey, La Cretelle, Vinoy, Douay, and Clinchant.

It is wonderful, when one looks back upon the resistance of the Commune, and the harum-scarum fashion in which it was conducted, despite the indisputable talent occasionally shown in it, that it should have endured so long as it did. In the train of Dombrowski was a group of four young men named Okolowicz, born in France, of Polish parents, and all energetic and capable officers.

During the last half of April the Commune was in its declamatory period. It issued its famous declaration to the French people, in which it claimed that the Commune had the right to form and determine the aspirations and the voice of the populations of Paris, that at this time, as on so many previous occasions, Paris was toiling and suffering for the whole of France, and preparing, by her combats and sacrifices, the intellectual, moral, administrative, and economical regeneration of the nation. The Communists denied that Paris was seeking the destruction of French unity, but that it wanted political unity, the voluntary association of all, local initiative, the free and spontaneous cooperation of all individual energies with the common object of the well-being, liberty, and security of all. The Communal Revolution inaugurated a new era in politics; was the end of the old official and clerical world, of military supremacy and bureaucracy, of jobbing in monopolies and privileges, to which the proletariat owed its slavery and the country its misfortunes. "As for ourselves, citizens of Paris," the proclamation concluded, "we have a mission to accomplish, a modern revolution, the greatest and most fruitful of all which have illuminated history."

To this Versailles replied with a cry of scorn and indignation, and with the

stem-announcement that no parley could be held with rebels and deserters. "The movement which has broken forth in Paris," said the Versailles proclamation, "has in it no coherent idea. It is born of a sterile hatred against social order. It has the fury of destruction for the sake of destruction, a certain savage spirit, the gratification of a desire to live without restraint and without law. The word 'Commune' signifies nothing else. It is only the expression of ill-regulated instincts, refractory passions, which fall upon the secular community of France as upon an obstacle to their accomplishment."

There is as much exaggeration in the statement of Versailles as in the statement of Paris. It is, perhaps, the exact truth to say that the Commune arose out of a mutual misunderstanding. That the men who originally rallied to the movement were actuated by base motives is untrue. The Commune began as an honorable although a misguided protest against kingship, and against the usurpation of authority over the city by the State. It gravitated speedily to the condition of a vast and dangerous riot, nowhere directed or controlled by a master hand. Then crept in the serpent of socialism, the demons of drunkenness, lust, and revenge, and all the fine theories and noble aims of the original protesters, the extremists, who, like Delescluze and Millière and Flourens, had been watching for more than a year for an occasion to take power into their own hands, were swept away in the black smoke of the flames which burned the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville.

With the first days of May the combat at the southern forts had been daily increasing in vigor. The diapason of the guns sometimes thrilled the whole city. With early May had come the warm,

sweet south wind, more suggestive of Hyères and Genoa than of northern Paris, but on this wind each morning were borne the echoes of the booming cannon. From Trocadero, or from the Point du Jour, on the circular railway, we could see fierce combats engaged in between the three forts standing out in bold relief, and the Versailles batteries so high above them that the gunners had little trouble in dropping their shells into the fortifications.

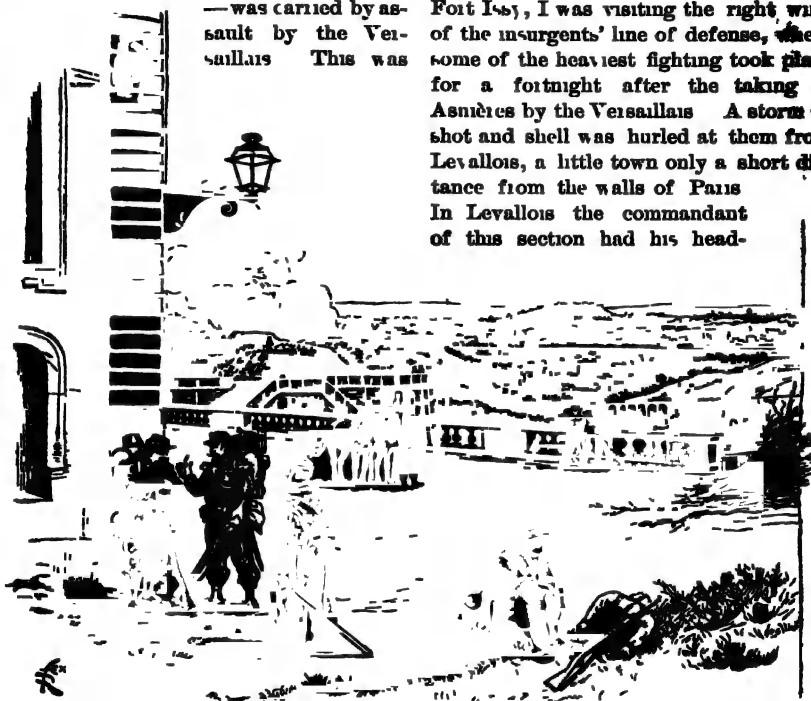
Those of the National Guards who kept up their discipline seemed inclined to sell their lives dearly. They had twice besieged Fort Issy and inflicted heavy losses on the Versailles troops. Every step, every successive line of trenches might be said to have been traced in blood. Hand-to-hand combats were frequent. They grew out of the reconnaissances which sergeants of companies on either side were constantly making, and which often brought on a general action. Both armies had trenches in front of Issy, positions which were very hazardous. Now and then the Fédérés, as the Communists were always called, would sally forth, and at great loss attempt to dislodge the Versailles troops, amply covered by their batteries. On one occasion the National Guards, unable to remain quiet under the terrible rain of shells from the batteries surrounding Issy, sallied out towards the *château* of the same name, and, assisted by a feeble fire from the battered fortress, chased, at the point of the bayonet, the Thirty-fifth and Forty-second line regiments, but left the ground strewn with their dead. But when the fire from the fort failed, the line regiments returned to the charge, and in the *mêlée* which ensued took three hundred of the National Guards prisoners, and killed most of them in the excitement of the

prise. Among those taken many were clad in the uniform of the regular army, and those gentlemen passed out of life at the end of a Versailles gun-barrade.

On this same day the Clamart railway station — an important position for the besiegers of Issy — was carried by assault by the Versailles. This was

making about three hundred prisoners. A Versailles paper about this time announced that it was probable that the garrison of the Fort Issy would be accorded no quarter when it fell into the hands of the regular troops.

While this combat was in progress at Fort Issy, I was visiting the right wing of the insurgents' line of defense, where some of the heaviest fighting took place for a fortnight after the taking of Asnières by the Versailles. A storm of shot and shell was hurled at them from Levallois, a little town only a short distance from the walls of Paris. In Levallois the commandant of this section had his head-



TERRACE OF MEUDON OCCUPIED BY VERSAILLES TROOPS

early in the morning, before sunrise, and was intended for a surprise, but the commander found the insurrectionists as vigilant as himself. The Twenty-second battalion of *Chasseurs-à-pied*, although subjected to great loss, drove out the National Guards, inflicting on them a loss of two hundred and sixty, and

quarters, and here, also, was the General Okolowicz, one of the brothers mentioned elsewhere. At this headquarters I found an aide-de-camp of General Dombrowski, who had been detailed to command at this end of the line. He was a fair type of many of the defenders in the service of the Commune,

a handsome, athletic Pole, once merchant of artificial flowers on the boulevard, but since the riots of 1870 interested in politics. He had fled some years before from Russia, where he had been compelled to serve in the army, had fought eighteen months in the Polish insurrection, and had spent two years in an Austrian prison as a convict, with a ball and chain attached to one of his legs. He was a brave soldier and a rapid and decisive thinker. The Commandant of the place looked more like a stalwart backwoodsman from Manitoba than like a Frenchman. He was six feet two, wore superb florid mustaches and beard, and had a hearty, unaffected manner which was quite winning. The head-quarters was a small stone house, quite within the fire-line, so that shells came constantly screaming above it, or falling with ominous crash close beside it. Here the Commandant had with him his wife and child, — the wife a noble-looking woman, who sat calmly when the shriek of the shells was plainly heard, and who, perhaps, had perfect faith in her husband's jesting assertion that the house was iron clad. Every few moments the door of this house was swung open by some soldier or under-officer, who came to report or complain. Every half-hour a battalion arrived in front of the house, coming cheerily up from its post at some other point on the line, the men singing the Marseillaise and other revolutionary songs.

The Commandant invited me to breakfast, and just as we were trying for the fourth or fifth time to sit down to table, two gigantic artillery-men, grimy with powder and smoke, burst into the room. "Commandant," said the grimmer of the two, "we see men on the top of a house just across the river, and they are spying us out." The commandant betook

himself to his map, found out where said house was, and gave the gunners instructions to burn it. The Communists had been using petroleum bombs for some time, but had not found them very successful. They claimed that the Versailles batteries had, by means of these bombs, set numerous houses near the Ternes gate of Paris on fire. But the most intelligent of the staff-officers assured me that in experimenting on a small house across the river, he observed that it was only after the nineteenth shell had been thrown that the conflagration was started. All the officers at this point were badly mounted, and few were decently equipped. Then complete faith in their final success was quite pathetic. They all estimated the Versailles forces as much smaller than their own. The *commandant de place* at this point told me he thought the safety of the Commune depended on the reorganization of the National Guard.

Among the most impressive examples of devotion which I saw at Levallois was that of a young peasant woman of twenty-two or twenty-three, who had been night and day attending to the wounded on the river line at imminent risk of her own life. As she came in to head-quarters all the officers rose and greeted her with stately courtesy. She was faint with hunger and exposure, and, when she sat down beside the Commandant's wife, grew dizzy and turned quite pale. She was well cared for, and the commandant himself cooked her breakfast. For two weeks, the officer said, she had found time to eat only one meal a day, and it is only when she is starved out, said one, that she comes up to head-quarters. She gently disclaimed all honor for her fidelity. "I am not the only one willing to help," she said. "There are fifty of us in

all, and we don't mind a little roughing it."

From this time forward the days were full of alarms. On the Sunday evening after my visit to Levallois the spectacle of the bombardment was grand beyond description. The fire was from the batteries at Point du Jour could be seen, — a fire line flashing death and destruction at the southern forts and at the gate of the Ternes. The bombs fell like hail, one conflagration lit up the whole section of Paris behind the Triumphal Arch and so increased in intensity that the spectators at a distance fancied the regular troops had entered and were firing the deserted quarters. The Communist soldiers ran howling through the streets, anxious to report themselves almost despite orders at the scene of the struggle. One brave I remember distinctly. He had partaken somewhat copiously of the juice of the grape, and as he made his way through the dense crowds would stop

from time to time to invoke an imaginary person, whom he fancied was expostulating against his departure for the scene of battle. "But it is my duty to go," he would cry, and at last he tumbled quite helpless into a ditch by the curb, and, supinely heroic, listened with drunken gravity to the cannonading. One formidable feature of this alarm on Sunday night in question was the

cry raised by the Communists that they had been fired on by the citizens in Paris. I heard one artillery-man say so to his officer, who at once gave orders to destroy any house whence a shot should come.

The Commune was not happy in its external relations, which were of course



COMMUNIST FUNERAL AT NIGHT

mainly with the Prussians, and in which M. Pascal Grousset, quondam journalist, played a prominent part. Each time a communication was made to the Prussian commander by an individual with a red scarf over his shoulder, the individual was severely snubbed. The Commune had a singular confidence in the forbearance of the Germans, and from the first prophesied that they

would not attempt to assist the army at Versailles even were Thiers driven to extremes

In those days it became evident that an attempt would be made at a great culminating catastrophe should the Commune lose its battles and either the troops of the government or of Germany attempt to enter the city. All the houses in the vicinity of the barricades of defense inside the capital had their windows pasted over with the long slips of paper used to keep the glass from breaking when a great explosion is expected. It was reported that certain sewers had powder trains laid in them, and the leaders of the Commune had sworn to blow these sewers up rather than to

yield their positions. As to surrender, they laughed such an idea to scorn.

"What!" said a French officer, who was one of Dombrowski's staff, when I asked him if surrender might not be the end "Surrender? Never! I am sentenced to death twice. I can die only once, and I will sacrifice all the lives necessary to preserve my own and to make the movement succeed. This uniform," and he pointed to the dress of a line officer, which he still wore, — "this uniform condemns me to death, and I will not be caught, — and I will not run away either."

Saying this, he tossed off a glass of champagne, in which he toasted the success of the Commune.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

The Commune Suppresses the Conservative Journals — Insincere Professions of Liberalism — *Le Progrès* — *Duchêne* — The Unroofing of M. *Thiers's* House — The Communitic Ideal of Society — Invasion of the Convents — Reminiscences of *André the Composer* — His Death — The Fall of the Vendôme Column — The Communists Rejoice over the Wick of Imperial Splendor — Measures against Social Vices

THE world lost confidence in the liberal professions of the Commune. As soon as the two mad measures of suppression of all the conservative journals in Paris and the absolute negation of the liberty of conscience were enforced, the Communists undertook to invest with a certain justice even the most illiberal of their decrees, and in suppressing half-a-dozen leading newspapers towards the middle of April, it announced that this was done because it was impossible to tolerate in besieged Paris journals which openly advocated civil war and which gave military information to the enemy, as well as propagated calumny against the defenders of the Republic. There is an amusing perversion of the truth in this statement, and a coolness in the remarks about civil war which has rarely been equalled in degree. That the Communists thought they were defenders of the Republic may be true, but that they were ignorant that they themselves had provoked the civil war which they appeared to deplore, cannot be credited.

With the suspension of all the conservative journals with the exception of the *Sicéle* and the *Verité*, the sensational journals had full scope for their peculiar verbosity. *Paris Free* and the *Commune* were the two noteworthy papers which were most sought for by the adherents of the Commune. The

former paper devoted a great part of its space to printing lists of the political spies who had been employed under the second Empire, and it is not very flattering to the French character to note that great numbers of denunciations appeared in these papers, and were evidently forwarded to the editor in the hope that under the exceptional circumstances acts of private vengeance might be consummated. The printing of the alphabetical list of the spies was a fine stroke of the vindictive Communists. Naturally, the chief of the political police under the Empire had kept every letter of application for the degrading positions, and these letters, now brought to light, condemned to obloquy many a man and woman who had before been counted respectable. The applicants were usually people in reduced circumstances, ladies and gentlemen who had no resources and few hopes of any, and in most cases persons whose antecedents were not entirely satisfactory. The journal called the *Commune* enlightened us with the history of the Black Cabinet in the Post Office, where the Imperial spies used to keep themselves informed by opening private correspondence of all communications between important persons, when they thought it necessary. The Communal government also got out, at great expense, all the correspondence of the government

of the "Fourth of September," as it was called; and the weekly instalments, sold for a sou each, had an enormous circulation. This, with the publication of the correspondence of the Imperial family, gave those of the Communists who had any leisure plenty of reading. The *Estafette* was the title of a newspaper which had an immense circulation among the lower classes. It was a half-sheet, retailed for a sou, with spaces between its spicy paragraphs filled with readily executed caricatures of the men of the moment. The only comic journal which flourished under the Commune was the *Grelot*, which visited upon both contending parties its satiric criticism. In one of the numbers M. Thiers, attired as an old lady, was furiously apostrophizing a tiny child labelled Paris. Maman Thiers: "What in the name of Heaven do you want?" Little Paris: "I want the moon." And Little Paris was depicted as regarding the reflection of the moon in a pail of water.

This was looked on as a Versailles view of the situation, and the Communists doubtless notified the editor of the *Grelot* that he would be under surveillance. In another caricature in the same journal Citizen Coubet, the celebrated painter, was represented as holding a *levée*, at which all the bronze statues of Paris were in attendance, having come down from their respective pedestals to beg him to save them. Coubet was also depicted as having already taken under his protection the Vendôme column. Another comic journal of lesser importance depicted M. Thiers as an owl sitting quietly on a tree labelled "Restoration." A flood of light from the rising sun of the Commune was poured upon the owl's face, and France, a rosy young woman, was looking at the bird and making scornful remarks.

M. Rochefort's paper seemed to have dropped entirely out of notice. The disgusting little *Père Duchêne*, filled with filthy and unquotable comments on the political situation, had a circulation of ninety thousand copies daily. This journal was entirely written by one man, who pocketed about 3,000 francs of clear profit daily. None of the Parisian journals were allowed by the Communists to pass the fortifications, persons carrying them were arrested, and were likely to be thrust into a filthy jail, where they might have, as in the old Revolution, been confounded with the mass of the condemned and been sent off to be shot. The official journal, which the Commune thought it necessary to have in imitation of previous governments, contained nothing remarkable save the Communal decrees, devoted to upsetting everything that existed, and a most singular *feuilleton*, in which a North American Indian did a vast amount of scalping, and declaimed in the fashion of the Revolutionary orators of the time of Danton and Robespierre.

Communist papers each had their anecdote of Dombrowski's bravery. One day, while making his way towards Issy, we were told, and being accompanied by only fourteen men, he suddenly heard the *Qui vive* of a Versailles sentinel. His men turned pale with flight, and so faltered that they were all taken prisoners. But Dombrowski boldly advanced, and said, "Versailles," and when required to give the countersign he rushed upon the sentinel, made him a prisoner, dealing him a violent blow over his head with his own gun, and brought him away before the little band of *chasseurs*, lying near at hand, discovered that they might have captured the leader of the Communists' military forces. The truth was that Dombrowski had been spared by shot and shell in places where

it seemed that no living man could continue to exist. His soldiers imagined him possessed of a charmed life. All the Polish officers depended much upon the French love of *entrain* for success. General Okolowicz never went into a dangerous place without crying to his men, "Who loves me follows me," and wherever his voice was heard there were men to respond to his call.

The unroofing of M. Thiers's mansion in the Place St. Georges, in obedience to the spiteful decree of the Commune, was one of the silliest episodes of the great insurrection. The slouching soldiers who were engaged in it were half ashamed of the work, and one or two of them said so to those of us who went to witness the operation. The razing of the house to the ground was never completed, and M. Thiers probably considered himself amply revenged upon Rochefort, — a chance remark by whom in the *Marseillaise* was the origin of this Communal measure, — when he saw the popular pamphleteer arrested at Maux, dragged through the military prisons, and, after a hasty trial, sent off across the seas to the other end of the world.

If it be true that the first impulse was given to the insurrection by the mysterious International Society, it is not strange that one of the first blows struck by the triumphant faction was at the established Church. But, whatever intelligence may have prevailed when the first measures were dictated, the succeeding ones were characterized by nothing save a blind fury. Hundreds of thousands of the working people of the capital were, and still are, rebellious against the authority of the Church, and it is no exaggeration to say that scores of thousands utterly repel the doctrines of Catholicism and profess a kind of materialism which they would be puzzled

to define. They had a vague remembrance of the persecution of the Church in the old Revolution, and the confiscation of the fat lands belonging to abbeys and monasteries. They recognized, with the unerring instinct of the people, that the Church was one of the strongest pillars of monarchy, and they directed against it all the energy of their hatred. They closed twenty-six of the principal churches of Paris within a fortnight, and put the seals of the Commune upon their doors. Some of these churches were reopened for the meetings of Communal clubs, as all popular assemblies were called. The priests who dared to protest were imprisoned, and the spoliation of some of the religious edifices was boldly undertaken. The academician Maxime Ducamp, whose account of the Commune is not entirely to be relied upon because he represents the most violent and prejudiced section of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, nevertheless has a fine faculty for putting his finger upon the weak points of the Commune. He says, in his criticisms on the attempts against liberty of conscience in the insurrection: "Those men who neither knew how to write out a passport or a simple order without asking for advice, needed no counsel when it came to attacking the Church. There they had nothing to do but to overturn, and they excelled at this work. To close churches to worship, and to open them to the clubs, to despoil them, and to imprison priests, and to shoot them, — this was all very easy. It was a persecution which made its martyrs. It is impossible even to-day to imagine in the name of what liberty this was done because among the Communists one could find trace of no philosophy whatsoever. They proclaimed themselves Materialists and Atheists, without understanding what

those two terms meant. They had neither doctrine nor theory. Like tamed parrots, they said over and over again words the sense of which they knew nothing about. Their incoherence was such that they were in permanent contradiction to themselves, and did not know it. A moment before his death Theophile Fauré wrote to his sister: 'Let it be well understood, — no religious ceremony. I die a Materialist as I have lived.' Then he added: 'Place a crown of immortelles upon the tomb of our mother.' They were all like this. They repudiated the belief, but they preserved the emblem of it. They called themselves partisans of equality, liberty and fraternity. This was their device. They inscribed it as the protocol of their official acts, on their flags, on the walls.

"They did not understand that it was by Christianity alone that the peoples became free and the masters of their own destiny. To suppress future life, and the belief in the reward promised to courage, sacrifice, and virtue is to bring man to a condition in which he takes no heed for his soul and seeks here below only immediate enjoyment. If we add to this the theory of Darwin, of which the Communists had retained only the dangerous part, we arrive fatally at the struggle for existence, which is a permanent insurrection, and at the theory of selection, which leads straight to despotism.

"The Commune, perhaps without knowing it, really wished to formulate its ideal of society according to these principles, — a state of things which would have much resembled a return to primitive barbarism. By the application of such ideas we get back to the stone age. The Commune perished too soon to unveil or precise its philosophical system, which would have been of a purely animal ma-

terialism. We may draw this conclusion from the fact that Robespierre, much admired as a director of the guillotine by many members of the Commune, was at the same time blamed and despised, because he had, as they said, invented a Supreme Being. The government would willingly, imitating Anacharsis Clootz, have declared themselves the personal enemies of Jesus Christ, whose reputation Jules Vallès had declared was actually overrated. Thus it is easy to see that every violent measure against the clergy was adopted without discussion at the Hotel de Ville."

The Communists carried their denial of the liberty of conscience so far that they took pains to prevent the children from attending church, and would not even let the burial-service be read over the dead. One day in April the old church in the Rue St Jacques was invaded by the Federals. Sentinels were stationed at the doors, the few kneeling worshippers were informed that they must arise and depart, or it would be the worse for them. The priests in the surrity were visited by two of the delegates of the Commune, who said they had come to make a requisition. Just at that time a funeral procession arrived and stopped in front of the church. The mourners and friends entered to attend the mass which had been appointed for that hour. The sentinels informed them that they could not pass, and, as they found this very strange, the commanding officer said, "All that is out of fashion now. Clear out with your dead man and take him to the cemetery! That is the best thing you can do, — by far more decent than to have him sprinkled with a lot of dirty water by the priests."

The invasion of the convents and the search for compromising documents and evidence of the crimes which the lower

classes have always believed were committed in the mysterious religious edifices, attracted great attention from all who were in Paris during the insurrection. In the Pèrpus, a celebrated religious institution in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Communal searchers announced one day that they had found something very horrifying. They came to one cell, which the terrified nun who was compelled to serve them as guide refused to open, so they forced an entrance, and there found in a narrow dungeon three nuns, who had been imprisoned for nine years. Neither of the three women had sense enough to understand that deliverance was at hand, but each seemed dimly to realize that something strange had happened. None of them could explain why they had been imprisoned. In the cellars of this convent the Communists dug up the earth, and announced that they there found many skeletons and bones of children. This statement was naturally denied with much warmth by all the Catholic population, whereupon the Commune announced that it would place the testimony of its delegates without doubt, and opened an inquest on the subject, which was swallowed up in the absorbing excitement of the greater events when the regular troops entered.

In these dangerous and disturbed days of the early part of May one sometimes saw walking tranquilly on the boulevard, as if there had been no interruption to his daily habits or the serenity of his intellectual life, the venerable composer Auber, the "young old" man, as he was called by his compatriots, who persisted in giving him a reputation which posterity perhaps will refuse to accord him. Auber was of that race of Parisians which leads an active and vigorous life long after the allotted age of threescore and ten has been reached, and in his

eighty-eighth and eighty-ninth year he was as fresh and apparently as untamelled by the ordinary infirmities of age as a man of sixty. He was usually surrounded by a bevy of charming young women, who delighted in offering him public profession of their admiration, and he accepted these delicate feminine offices, the presentation of bouquets, and pretty compliments with a grave and stately courtesy which belonged to the elder school, and of which the new generation has scarcely preserved a trace. He was a great favorite under the Empire, both with the government and the people, and I remember to have seen him standing hand in hand with Rossini on the occasion of a great concert given at the Palais de l'Industrie, receiving for more than twenty minutes a tremendous ovation. Wreaths, crowns, and flowers were showered about the two composers who had contributed so much to the intellectual enjoyment of the world. The hundreds of musicians applauded as enthusiastically as did the twenty-five thousand persons in the audience. I question if there was ever a greater popular reception accorded to a musician. Auber had once been strikingly handsome. His face, which was very pale, his deep-set eyes, which still retained a bit of their quondam sparkle, his white hair, and his dignity of manner,—made a pleasant and a striking impression. Persons who saw him in the lobby of the Opéra Comique, which is a kind of temple to his talent, for we can scarcely accord him genius, would turn and inquire who he was. The old man who had had such a long and pleasant career died after an illness of a day or two, in his mansion in the Rue St. Georges, and scarcely any public notice was taken of his funeral, for most of his friends were absent, and the general public had other

things than music and the memories of its composer to engage their attention

One of the illogical notions of the Commune was that in the event of its success, it would be able to promote general and lasting peace throughout Europe, and early in its ephemeral reign it decreed that the erection of the Vendôme Column had been an insult to sister nations, and should be atoned for by the destruction of this memorial of military glory. Speakers at meetings during the siege had often hinted at the destruction of the Column, saying that the French nation had no interests save those strictly allied with peace, and, therefore, should not maintain a standing menace and memento of triumph. Many a Frenchman who had no sympathy with the ideas of the Commune had penned a philippic against the great bronze column. Auguste Barbier was not a great poet, but he was a very good one, and when he wrote his indictment against the Idol, as he called the Column, he created a profound impression. He awoke an echo which the Bonapartist family would have much preferred to leave sleeping. Victor Hugo had also cursed the gigantic "Monument to murder" in verse none the less eloquent because filled with malice and political venom. Barbier wrote a magnificent allegory, in which he described Napoleon as spurring the French people to exhaustion, yet demanding that they should go on, and forever on. His description of the entry of the Allies into Paris, in 1814, and the manner in which the French people, which had been mastered by Napoleon I, had been compelled to humble itself before the rude northern men and the warriors of middle Europe, excelled in simple eloquence and pathos any of the protests against the Second Empire.

No sooner was the day set by the

Commune for the taking down of the Column than engineers asserted that its fall would shake the foundations of the most solid houses in the neighborhood, and all the stupid shopkeepers for a mile around papered their huge glass windows with long strips of thick brown paper to deaden the results of the concussion. Many people urged that only the statue of Napoleon in his Cæsarean robes should be removed. The Commune had, however, made its contract with an able and ingenious engineer, who, for the sum of 35,000 francs, was to lay the monument low before a certain day, agreeing to pay a forfeit of 600 francs for each day's delay. The Column, which was erected in imitation of the Antonine Column, at Rome, was begun in 1806, one year after Napoleon's greatest campaign, and the military administration placed twelve hundred captured cannon at the disposition of the architects. This enormous weight of bronze, amounting to one million eight hundred thousand pounds, was cast into plates, carved in bas-reliefs representing the exploits of the Imperial campaign. Each plate was three feet eight inches high, and was separated from the one above it by a band, on which were inscribed the names and dates of the various engagements. The pedestal, established on the site of the still more famous one on which stood the bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV, was thirty feet high, and the column itself rose to the height of one hundred and eighteen feet. The eagles upon the pedestal were very artistically carved, and each weighed five hundred pounds. The effigy of Bonaparte, placed on high, came down twice in successive generations, and now the third was to fall. On the side facing the Tuileries Gardens, and just under the dome on which the Cæsar-Emperor was mounted,

was this inscription, "This monument was raised in memory of the glory of the Grand Empire "

It was said that some of the old Invaders wept when the Column fell, but they were at least the only persons who suffered any marked chagrin. For several days before the fall of the Column crowds thronged the Rue de la Paix and the adjacent streets, the workmen and workwomen being especially anxious to be present at the ceremony. Many quarrels arose daily in these gatherings, and sometimes a party of hate Communists carried off to prison the men and women who had dared to express themselves against the triumphant faction. On the 10th of May the official journal announced in a modest paragraph that the demolition of the Column would take place at two P.M. A cordon of cavalry, the Republican Guard, clad in red, white and blue, despite the Communist hate of the tricolor, was stationed on the Rue de la Paix, and presently the usual crowd was so increased that the masses were packed in with scarcely breathing-room. Every few minutes an orderly galloped through the narrow line which was left open, bearing news of fresh disaster or probable victory to the head-quarters.

In the Place Vendôme, and from the other side, battalions of troops going out to the fight beyond the fortifications were singing lusty songs. Workmen mounted on the balcony at the Column's top, whence so many people, tired of life, had cast themselves down to die, manœuvred the ropes which descended to a gigantic capstan, erected at a safe distance from the bed of brush and manure upon which the glory of Napoleon was finally to repose. Towards two o'clock a certain Colonel Henry mounted to the top, and, clinging round the feet

of Napoleon's figure, thrice waved the tricolor, the flag of France, and then tore it from its staff and threw it into the square. Very little responsive cheering came from the crowds below, but a band was heard feebly playing the Marseillaise.

In the square, which, as we learned on that day, was henceforth to be called Place Internationale, a large number of the celebrities of *Paris Rouge* were collected. Rochefort, accompanied by his daughter, his sister, and his secretary, was one of the first to arrive, and was assigned a prominent window. Many of the radical members of the late *Corps Législatif* were in the throng but received little notice from any one. Among the members of the Commune were Arnault, Jacques Durand, Portot, and Fortune, to whom was assigned the speech after the descent of the Column. Just as the workmen had begun at the capstan two hours after the appointed time and the cables attached to the summit of the Column were beginning to tighten a rope snapped and one of the laborers dropped, half killed. He was taken away and others mounted at once to the summit to repair the broken cable. The excitable crowd surged up and down, and many of the more violent anarchists talked of imprisoning the contractor, who seemed to have failed in his scheme.

But just then the men at the capstan began to work again, the Column gave a slight shiver, and an immense scream, half terror, half delight, arose from the people. Yet it was necessary to procure another cable. Workmen were despatched to the Ministry of the Marine, and another hour of waiting was endured by the people, who were profoundly convinced that the crash would be terrible. At last a sharp whistle warned every

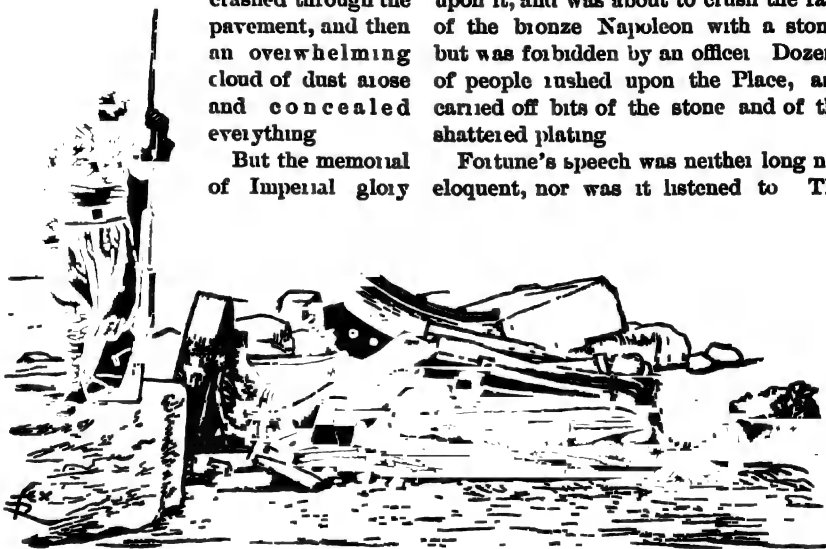
one to watch, and just as a black-bearded gentleman behind me observed that he had been a civil engineer for eighteen years, and that he would stake his reputation on the statement that the Column could never be got down that way, there was a resonant clack, and the great mass descended rapidly through the air. A

dull, dead sound was heard as the weight crashed through the pavement, and then an overwhelming cloud of dust arose and concealed everything.

But the memorial of Imperial glory

ing up the ladders on to the statue and the crumbling ruins. The contractor had, after taking off one of the great plates of bronze, made a deep incision in the stone work. The Column was then shored up by two huge beams, one of which snapped like an asparagus shoot when the fall began. The Column burst as it fell, and the statue was separated from the dome. A sailor jumped upon it, and was about to crush the face of the bronze Napoleon with a stone, but was forbidden by an officer. Dozens of people rushed upon the Place, and carried off bits of the stone and of the shattered plating.

Fortune's speech was neither long nor eloquent, nor was it listened to. The



EPISODE OF THE COMMUNE — THE FALLEN CÉSAR — THE COLUMN VENDÔME

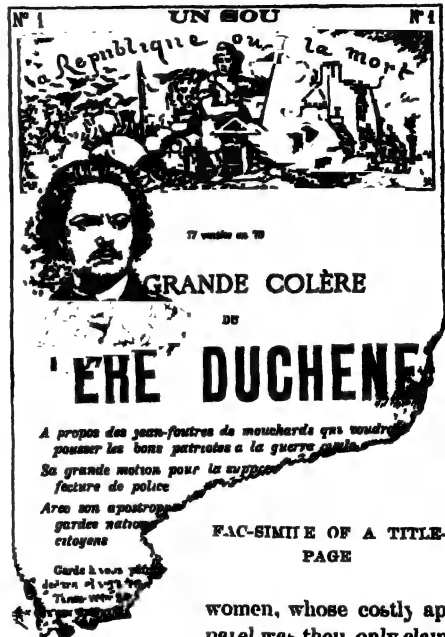
was fallen, and Communists embraced Communists in the ecstasy of their delight, and women ran hither and yon clapping their hands. The Federal cavalry was pushed back by the gigantic rush, and retuned, growling, and brandishing sabres of which no one was afraid, towards the barricades at the entrance of the Place. The smoke and dust having cleared away, we saw men mounted on the pedestal, and brandishing red flags of the Commune, and other men climb-

only noteworthy sentence in it was: "This is the day of vengeance, this is the defiance hauled at the assassins of Versailles, this is the day when the people reclaim their rights,"—all of which was somewhat indefinite. During the whole afternoon the sullen booming of the cannon was heard; and many announced that the Prussians were firing a salute to the Commune, in honor of its dignified conduct in taking down the war memorial. But this is only a

sample of the absurd rumors that prevailed

It was about this time that the Commune, which had declared most radical measures against the vice of the great capital, and particularly against the legal recognition of a certain vice, sent a strong detachment of soldiers to close the celebrated Café Americain. This brilliant establishment, on one of the central boulevards, was, I believe, called Americain because the proprietor had long exercised the profession of a *restaurateur* in America. It was without doubt one of the most luxurious establishments in the world. The private cabinets were adorned with gold, the panels were of satin, embroidered in superb colors, elegant pianos, sideboards loaded with crystal, and inlaid tables, as well as the faultless *cuisine* and the excellent wines, had given the café an international reputation. It was built towards the close of 1867, when the Great Exhibition had shown the Paris tradesmen what a mint of money might be made out of strangers. The public supper-rooms were rarely opened before midnight, and were only frequented by strangers, a few fashionable and dissipated Parisians, and the *élite* of the dissolute women of Paris. Many of the *cafés* had already been visited by the Communists, and the *garçons*, or waiters, taken to serve in the army. But the Café Americain had up to this time enjoyed a singular immunity. The officers of the innumerable Communist staffs, resplendent with fancy decorations, were accustomed to stroll into these places towards midnight when they were off duty, and there to indulge

in riotous dissipation. When the guard arrived on the night in question, a large number of officers were found supping sumptuously with an equal number of



women, whose costly apparel was their only claim to consideration. The officers were seized, thrown into vans, and sent to the front, where they were transferred to the trenches, and made to work with pickaxe and shovel. The women were packed off to prison and to hard labor, the waiters in the café were seized and all who had no excuse were drafted. The next day a sentinel was placed at the entrance of the café, and no one was allowed to enter. The shutters were finally put up, and the brilliant throng of loungers on the terrace in front was seen no more until the arrival of the regulars.

CHAPTER FIFTY.

The Narrow Escape from a Reign of Terror — The Men who Composed the Communal Councils. — The Beginning of the End — The Entry of the Regular Troops — The Tocan — The Night Alarm

TOWARDS its close, the Commune tended directly to the establishment of a "reign of terror." It did not enter coolly upon such a course, but seems to have been driven to it, both by its own desperate situation and by the madness of its supporters. From the 1st to the 23d of May, no day was without its revolutionary measures, some of them fantastic and ridiculous, others savagely practical and dangerous to the security of the upper and middle classes. A "committee of public safety," composed of resolute men like Arnaud Milhere, Ravvier and Felix Pyat, had the most extraordinary powers delegated to it. The Commune began to feel the lack of money, so the great railways had to pay up their back taxes, and in one morning the representatives of the leading corporations brought into the Communal offices many hundreds of thousands of francs. On the 1th of May, the Commune abolished all political and professional oaths as useless and cumbersome formalities, and on the same day it decreed the destruction of the "Expiatory Chapel" as the modest edifice dedicated to the memory of Louis XVI is called.

A few days later, the Communists became bolder. Citizen Fontaine was named as delegate to assume charge of the confiscation of the estates of the churches and monasteries within the domain of the Commune. Presently, a change was made in the membership of

the "committee of public safety"; and it was then that Delescluze, Eudes, and Gambon were joined to the dreaded organization. It is easy to see what would have been their course from the first proclamation which they made, and which was dated the 24th of Floreal, year '79, or in the *bourgeois* calendar, May 14th, 1871. This proclamation required that all citizens should carry constantly about their cards establishing their identity, by giving their names, professions, ages, domiciles, numbers of the legions, battalions, or companies, to which they belonged, and furthermore, their personal description. With this strange law in full operation, no one would have been safe from arrest. Thousands of people could have been swept into great barracks and prisons, and packed together there as they were in the old Revolution, on the simple pretext that their identity was not clearly established. The "committee of public safety" alleged, as the reason for this law, that it was necessary to know who were friends and who were enemies. In other words, it created a class of suspects, and if it had once got them into prison, who knows but that it might have made victims of them as it did of the hostages?

Meantime, the civil officers of the Commune were scourged with the fear that the Versailles government would achieve by money what it had not, thus far, succeeded in doing by force. They there-

fore decreed that there should be "civil commissioners" representing the Commune to act in harmony with, in other words to watch over, the generals of the three armies of the Commune. These generals were Dombrowski, La Cecilia, and Wroblewski. At this time, the hand of Versailles was seen by the Communists in every misfortune, however little effect it might have on their campaigns. When the great cartridge factory in the Rue Rapp was blown up, and one hundred persons were killed, this was instantly attributed by the Commune to the enemy at Versailles.

Another decisive step towards the "Reign of Terror" was made on May 17th, when the Citizen Raoul Rigault, *procureur de la Commune*, presented with a great flourish of trumpets the following project: "The Commune of Paris, in view of the immediate necessity thereof, decrees: Article 1 — A jury of accusation can provisionally in the case of persons accused of crimes or political offenses, pronounce penalties so soon as it has decided upon the culpability of the accused. Article 2 — Sentences shall be decided by the majority of the votes. Article 3 — Sentences shall be executed within twenty-four hours."

Raoul Rigault hastened to add that he would rather allow a culpable person to escape than to have a single innocent one injured, and by this single phrase he betrayed himself, for he knew that if this savage law were put into operation it would entangle in its meshes the innocent and the guilty alike. Many similar projects were brought forward in the meetings of the Communists, and if the insurrection had lasted another month they would all have been in full operation.

Presently new changes were made in the Committee of Public Safety, and,

frequently reorganized, this body, on the 20th of May, issued a warning to all individuals who might think of offering or accepting money as bribes, that they would bring themselves under the penalties for the crime of high treason, and would immediately be brought before court-martials.

In these exciting days, when the fatal weakness of the Communist army was beginning to disclose itself, the Communal legislative body still found time to devote a little attention to matters of education and it issued an order suppressing all the subsidized theatres, in conformity, to use its own language, "with the principles established by the first Republic, and enunciated by the law of 'Germinal in the year 11'." But the crowning stroke of vindictiveness was the decree which indicates more clearly than anything else the desperate measures upon which the Commune was almost resolved. It was published on the 20th of May, and read as follows: "The inhabitants of Paris are invited to return to their homes within forty-eight hours. After that time their stocks and bonds and the registers thereof will be burned." This emanated from the Central Committee, and was signed by a man named Grietier. It was expected to bring back many thousands of persons who had taken refuge in Versailles. It was the vindictive menace of the non-property-holding class against the property-holders. As a witty French friend of mine put it, the Communists invited the property-holders to come home and be beaten, and threatened that if they did not accept this invitation their houses and their proofs of wealth would be burned. "*Nous avons refusé mieux que cela,*" said the *bourgeois*, and they remained in Versailles and the other suburban towns where they had taken refuge.

General Cluseret's trial before the Commune was the last exciting incident previous to the entry of the regular troops. Cluseret conducted his own defense with great coolness and moderation, responded to the most idiotic and treacherous insinuations with frankness and courage, and when he was acquitted, after one or two of the more violent members had claimed his head, with ferocity worthy of their prototypes of the old revolution he made the assembled members a little speech, in which he said that they had seen fit to arrest him and had now seen fit to discharge him. He bore them no malice, and was willing to serve them again if he could.

It is amusing to reflect that the most important charge brought against General Cluseret by his incompetent and ignorant associates in office was that he had boasted that his position was worth a million. "Cluseret," said the apes in uniform who denounced him, "is going to turn traitor and sell us for a million." As the General himself told the Communists,—and as there seems little reason to doubt—the whole story arose over the remark of an American who called upon him for a pass with which to leave Paris, and who jocosely said to Cluseret on taking leave of him, "You were not worth much money, a little time ago, but your place is worth a million now." This Cluseret repeated, and was forthwith denounced by some busybody.

The members of this company of daring adventurers, who thus for more than six weeks maintained the greatest insurrection of modern times, kept up a very vigorous defense against an angry, and, on the whole, well-equipped army of regular troops, overturned nearly every important and fundamental principle of society, suppressed religion, scornfully kicked at morals, denied the

existence of a Supreme Being, and were rapidly organizing a grand scheme of vengeance upon the whole property-holding class. This company contained in its ranks, contrary to what might be supposed from its revolutionary actions, few men of distinguished ability, and few who had ever been heard of outside the walls of Paris before. Blanqui, the sublime old revolutionist, whose whole life seems to have been a blind protest against the evils of monarchy, and who was no sooner let out of prison than he undertook some conspiracy which speedily brought him back to duance vile,—Blanqui had no chance to sit in the Communal assembly. After actively engaging in two or three abortive revolutions, which preceded the great final outbreak of the Commune, he had gone into the southern departments to prepare the faithful in those sections for the coming change at Paris, and was arrested and placed in a fortress. Blanqui was a man of superior talent, but at the time of his connection with the Commune he had been so long in prison that he had lost nearly all knowledge of modern progress, as well as his confidence in the professions of moderate Republicans in France. When he was finally liberated from prison, seven or eight years after he had been sentenced to "perpetual detention" for his participation in the Commune, he was better acquainted with the courses of the stars and the phenomena of the heavens than with every-day politics, and he survived his liberation but a short time. There is something pathetic in the history of this old man, nearly thirty years in prison because of his undying hatred of liberalism, as well as because of his valiant attempts to overturn the governments which displeased him. In the closing years of his life, while he was

still a prisoner at Clervaux, it is said that he slept all day and stood wakeful all night at his window, studying the sky, to which he had been compelled to turn his thoughts because the lower world was closed to him.

The origins and callings of most of the members of the Commune were quite humble. Amouroux was a hatter, Andieu, an accountant, Arnaud, a manufacturer, Arnold, an architect, Assi and Adrial, mechanics, Bergeret was a commercial traveller, Beslay, who was a member of the Finance Committee, was described as "retired from business," Billotay was an Italian painter. There were workers in morocco, in brass, in bronze, bookbinders, shoemakers, stone-cutters, dyers, bank clerks, millers, chemists, jewellers, house-painters, chainmakers, turners, photographers, sculptors in wood, commission agents, doctors, wine-touts, carpenters, lawyers, horse-doctors, corset-makers, teachers, civil engineers, and furniture-makers, in this motley gathering of men who hoped to sway the destinies of Paris, and by their conduct to influence the politics of Europe. Finally, there were in the Communal Council no less than nine journalists, of whom two or three were vigorous writers, and appeared profoundly convinced of the justice of the insane movement in which they were involved. Delescluze, Commet, Vermorel, Vallès (afterwards the editor of a Radical paper in Paris), Vesinier, all had good local reputations. Cluseret, Gustave Combet, the well-known and eccentric painter, and Gustave Flourens, were, perhaps, the only Communists whose reputation had extended beyond the limits of their own country. The majority of these men escaped alive out of the great whirlwind of the last of May, 1871. Those who were brought to bay

died philosophically, like Delescluze, or, with a certain bravado, like Millière and Raoul Rigault. They had boldly staked their existence upon the success of their experiment, and probably the more intelligent of them were sorry to survive its failure.

The end came with startling suddenness. At one o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 23d of May, I was turning homeward from the central boulevards, after a long conversation with a marble-worker of Belleville, who had given me an animated account of a skumish at the gates of the town from which he had just returned, when, at the corner of the Rue Caumartin, I met three friends, and we took our way together in the magnificent moonlight to the upper story of a huge mansion in the Boulevard Malesherbes. The friend, who was the lessee of this apartment, invited us to remain there overnight, putting at our disposition the rooms which had recently been deserted by his family, and mentioned his conviction that important events were close at hand.

Even as he spoke there came a faint sound borne on the midnight breeze as of music in the distance, or like the clang of village bells. Presently it came again, and at last swelled into a great harmony which was at once superb and exciting. One of the party—an Anglo-Parisian—sprang out on to the balcony, listened for a moment, then rushed back into the room and cried, "It is the tocsin!"

It was, indeed, the tocsin, and, should I live for a century longer, I should hope never to hear again so grand and so imposing an alarm. This night of May was, save for the occasional cracking of far-off musketry, so tranquil, so full of perfume of flowers and of the fresh, green leaves, so abounding in the

lusty life of the opening summer, that it appealed to revery rather than aroused to action. Until the first notes from the mellow bells the central district of Paris was as quiet as a village. As we had walked home we had seen here and there a belated soldier dragging his sore feet wearily along, or a gossiping group of servant-guils, but nothing to call to mind the danger and the excitement of war. Ten minutes after the brazen clangor of the huge bells in the tower of Notre Dame had been borne to our startled ears, soldiers, cannon, drums, trumpets, and bugles seemed to have sprung out of the solid earth. Men were shouting to each other from the roofs of houses, lights and witch-fires sprung up on Montmartre, little bodies of National Guards hastened to group themselves into battalions, and the wild notes of the bugles echoed from every quarter.

We sat long on the balcony high above the trees, listening to the grand anthem of alarm which resounded from Belleville down to Notre Dame from St Sulpice around to St Germain des Près. Then, far away too, where, as we afterwards learned the enemy had just entered, some bells pealed then chimed, others gave solemnly the three regular clangs, which, when heard amid the furious beating of the drum, produced a most remarkable effect. Ammunition-wagons rattled away right and left, and on the corner of the Rue Royale, near the noble Corinthian front of the Madeleine, a great body of soldiers was collected, and we heard presently the monotonous clatter of their footsteps. Presently, mingled with the clangor of the bells, and the roll of the drums, and the rumble of the batteries, we heard the hissing and the bursting of shells, now near, now far away. There

was no doubt of it, the regular army had entered, and the great final battle was at hand.

By-and-by the noise of the tocsin faded away into the rush of the night breeze, and when we were weary of the heavy rumble of cannon going to the front, and caissons jolting by, we stole to bed, and from sheer fatigue slept until dawn. In the morning, when I awoke, after a dream of a garden filled with fruits and flowers, the first thing which I heard was a fresh voice singing.

"Bon Français dont vivre pour elle,
Et pour elle bon Français doit mourir."

The sempiternal *quartier*, the *Gauche* of the barricades, was already on hand, — as ready for a combat as for a song. As soon as my companions were astir we started to leave the house but were met by the *commune* with the statement that no one could venture into the street, that a battle was imminent and that we had barricades on all sides of us. We heard cries of fight beneath our windows, and these were amply explained by the sibilation of the shells, which now began to pass over the roof in all directions. From the front windows of our lofty apartment we could see the dust caused by the crash of the falling projectiles, and a conflagration on the Rue de Rivoli was already sending up columns of dense black smoke. In the Place de la Concorde we could distinctly hear the noise of artillery, and all along the Boulevard Malesherbes we saw the defenders of the Commune, the soldiers in uniform, and the boys and guils from the workman's quarter taking up the paving-stones and piling them into barricades, cutting down sycamores and dragging them *hither* and *yonder* for the fabrication of *chevaux de frise*. Presently

we were joined by two or three Americans, who had been compelled to lend a hand at the barricades before they could pass, and who had only escaped arrest by stating that they had acquaintances in this our house, near the door of which they had been seized. A sergeant, with half-a-dozen men, was marking out a semicircular line of defense at the mouth of the Rue Pasquier, and watchful guards brought into the line of laborers all men who chanced to enter the street. We saw many who refused to work smartly rapped over the heads with the butts of guns, and in some cases, when a man had escaped, men ran after him and dragged him back. The doors and windows on the lower floors of all shops and houses were rapidly closed, and at nine o'clock the Boulevard Malesherbes, which at seven had displayed

all its wonted activity, was as silent as a country graveyard. We could look directly down upon the barricade, defended by two small six-pounders, handled with great skill by half-a-dozen men dressed as soldiers. From the action of these men we judged that they were confronting a force by which they were likely soon to be attacked, and we watched their movements with breathless anxiety. As it happened this barricade was one of the keys of the situation. The attack upon it from the church of St. Augustin was one of the most obstinate and vigorous made by the regulars during the street fighting; and by our accidental visit to this apartment we had secured a capital view of one of the most important episodes of the insurrection.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE.

Street-Fighting as a Science — The Barricade — A *Ruse de Guerre* — Looking Down on a Battle — The Burning of the Rue Royale — The Defense of Montmartre — General Dombrowski's Death

IN a short time the Communists in "our barricade," as we now called it, received orders from some authority further back in the centre of the town. The marines manœuvred their little guns, fired away in the direction of the St. Augustin Church which we could not see, although we could get a glimpse of part of the broad avenue leading directly to it. There was much excitement after this preliminary shot and in a few minutes it was answered by the boom of a cannon, and solid shot came crashing against the great paving-stones, upsetting the little guns and raising such a dust and smoke that we could see nothing for two or three minutes. When we looked, one man was down. The marines had taken off their hats and were shouting, "*Vive la Commune*," and forty or fifty National Guards were cowering behind the barricade which had been hastily repaired. Crash came another solid shot again. The stones flew, and two men were carried off. At this juncture, sharpshooters were thrown out in front of our barricade, and a cry arose in the street that the regulars were about to charge. The house in which we were was what is known in Paris as an *ilot*. Standing at the angle of two streets, it commanded a view in three directions. From the front windows we could look directly down upon the barricade just described, on the right upon the Boulevard Malesherbes, and on the left into two or three streets, which we

now perceived were filled with Communists, well fortified behind barricades. A great noise of firing now came from the Champs Elysées, and we heard a bugle sounding the attack. By and by the sharpshooters retired in confusion behind their barricade, and looking down upon the barricade, we saw that they had left four dead men behind them.

At this moment the circular barricade at the corner of the Rue Pasquier was deserted by its defenders, who had gone to reinforce the greater one extending directly across the Boulevard Malesherbes. The rushing sound of the solid shot coming from the church of St. Augustin was now incessant. The Versailles had got the battery at work, and were preparing to make an attack, after having made a break in the barricades.

Towards four o'clock the storm of shot and shell became so deadly and overwhelming that our rooms were hardly safer than the open street. The Communists had taken possession of all the balconies behind the line of their defense, and sent shot frequently into the windows of the houses outside their lines, because of their suspicion that the regular troops had occupied some of those houses. About half past four we witnessed probably the most singular incident of the whole insurrection. One of our company who was watching at a front window cried out, — "The Liners! The Liners!" We all ran to see, and there surely enough was a Versailles

advancing towards the barricade timidly, while the insurgents were loudly cheering him in token of welcome. One of the Communists held his musket reversed in the air, and shook it invitingly. But suddenly the regulars appeared from all corners, came running across the street from the direction of the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, and stood huddled together as if waiting some general movement. One held up his hand to his comrades at the church as if urging them not to fire, and then cautiously entered the barricade. He was received with great joy, embraced, and called endearing names. Others were inclined to follow him, when all at once a suspicion seemed to thrill the Communist lines, — this might be a *ruse de guerre*, a stratagem, and twenty insurgents leaped upon the piled-up stones, and pointed their guns straight into the faces of the regulars, who were now pressing forward, and were so taken by surprise that they crouched behind, looking pitifully up, as if they expected the fatal shots. Just at this juncture a Versaillais officer appeared at the corner of the Rue Pasquier, where a number of his men stood undecided. He angrily called them back, and, throwing away the gun which he had been carrying, drew his sword. Twenty or thirty lines ran swiftly, and succeeded in reaching the court-yard of a neighboring house, the door of which they forced open. A Communist officer shot a line as he ran, the man dropped dead in his tracks, and then a frightful hand-to-hand *mêlée* ensued. The explanation of this singular proceeding was obvious. The regulars had intended to take the barricade by stratagem. The insurgents had hoped to incite them to desert and join their forces, and when each party found its hopes were vain the fight was inevitable.

Through the rising smoke we could dimly discern the figure of a woman, tall, angular, ferocious, brandishing a gun, and bringing it down with resounding thwacks upon the heads of those assailants who braved the terrible fire. She had evidently just arrived in the barricade. Every ten minutes, which seemed hours, there was a great storm of bullets and cannon. When it ceased the Versaillais had all disappeared, the insurgents were once more crouched behind the barricades, and many of the wounded were crying out touching appeals for the suspension of hostilities until they could be helped away. A Versaillais ran out of a door in the Rue Pasquier, and tried to drag in the dead man shot by the Communist officer. A bullet whizzed close to his ear. He dropped the dead man, who festered in the sun for hours thereafter. An insurgent lay dead at the right corner of our house on the boulevard. An old gray-haired linei reclined directly opposite our house in a door-way, looking as if he had sat down, and fallen asleep. Half a dozen of the red-breeched soldiery were heaped together in front of the barricade, and behind the stones the wounded were numerous, and then ambulance men were hard at work. No sooner had the Versaillais retreated than their batteries began firing solid shot and shell again. From five o'clock until dark the musketry and shelling were unrelenting. The insurgents retaliated by subjecting the Rue Pasquier and the right side of the Boulevard Malesherbes to a veritable bombardment. The walls and floors of all the adjacent houses trembled, and bullets whistled once more through our apartments, breaking mirrors and cutting curtains. A gentleman from St. Louis, who had frequently been cautioned by members of our party

because he insisted on looking with a large field-glass out of a window unprotected by shutters, learned a lesson which taught him much. He had retreated to an arm-chair in the middle of the room, and there continued his observations with his glass, when he suddenly arose, and went into the dining-room to get a glass of water. When he returned he was shown two bullet-holes through the back of the chair, and the marks on the marble mantel-piece just behind. Had he not been thirsty at that particular moment the two bullets would have perforated his breast.

As darkness came on, both parties fired at flashes, and now and then sent shells over the houses. The *concierge* came to supplicate us not to have candles or gas lighted. We retired, for comparative safety, to the back rooms of the lower floors, and supped as best we could off bread, rice, and a little wine, which the landlord, who lived in the house, offered us. American housewives must be told that in the apartment system of the Parisian *domailes* the pantry is an unknown institution, and a blockade of twenty-four hours leaves the dwellers in Paris houses destitute of food. Towards nine o'clock the smoke cloud did rise a little, but all night the angry storm of lead raged at intervals, and early dawn brought the noise of a great attack in the Champs Elysées, and the wild roar of one directly behind our house. The Versailles were now all around us. From time to time the barricade on our front was deserted, the Nationals, as the Communists now called themselves, rushing to assist in the network of defence in the various streets, Godot de Mauroi, Ferme des Mathurins, and De Sèze. On this Tuesday noon a tremendous cannonading announced the decisive attack on

the Place de la Concorde. This was succeeded by a fusillade, much more terrible and far stronger than any yet heard in our street. Now the rush of bullets became quite terrifying. The thunder of shells, the blowing of bugles, and the cracking of *chassepots* were steadily intensified until half-past four in the afternoon, when a detachment of Versailles suddenly appeared in the corners of the streets leading from the Champs Elysées. As they saw the Communist barricades they hesitated. An officer was pricking them on with his sword when a shot from the barricade struck him in the knee. He fell to the sidewalk, still brandishing his sword. The men rushed past him, and poured a sharp volley into the now demoralized insurgents. They saw that they would be taken in the rear if they remained a moment longer, so they fled precipitately, fighting as they went, and the tricolor was seen waving from all the houses near us.

The liners at once proceeded to examine the knapsacks left behind by the Communists, and it was a quaint sight to see them greedily, and yet suspiciously, eating the bread found in them. In a few moments the house opposite us was filled with soldiers, so we appeared on the balcony and hung out an American flag. A dozen guns were pointed at it, but an officer intervened, and explanations, which seemed for the moment satisfactory, were made. Our newly-come Versailles arranged the barricade so as to turn their backs to us. About fifty men were put behind it, and they lay quietly on their arms waiting orders. Bullets now struck the Madeleine's noble walls every moment, and little pieces were chipped from the columns.

A great conflagration burst out in the Rue Royale, and a dense column of

smoke near the Place de la Concorde inclined us to believe that the public buildings near at hand had been fired. The insurgents were making a strong fight in the Rue de Rivoli, and then batteries on the boulevards were playing directly on the houses which the Versailles had occupied at the junction of our street with the boulevard. We could now venture on to our balconies with comparative safety, although the soldiers thought it wise to shield themselves with mattresses. The spectacle around was beyond description. Almost every house save our own was vomiting fire and smoke from twenty windows. Great streams of sparks and cinders were flying over the Rue Royale, shells were descending there and in the Place de la Concorde, batteries were rattling under our windows on the sidewalks, and in the middle of the street, ammunition-wagons on every side of us made the alighting of shells in our vicinity doubly dangerous. The iron hail-storm now seemed to turn and continue, in a measure, up the boulevards, but presently changed, and we could see that the Versailles had occupied the Place de la Madeleine, and learned that the insurgents were slowly retreating down the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. The surrender of the barricade Malesherbes, which was the way to all the approaches to the Madeleine, and to the whole network of barricades between us and the Grand Opera, had been an important move for the invading regulars.

As soon as our barricade was carried the slaughter in the streets was dreadful. The soldiers, although quite sober and very well disciplined, had probably been instructed to give but little quarter. Whenever there was the slightest resistance when they arrived, they shot the men as soon as made prisoners. We

saw six insurgents shot in the Rue Godot de Mauroi a moment after they were taken. Houses were searched, and any man found with his hands slightly blackened with powder was instantly shot. The soldiers backed him up against the wall, threw a couple of men into line, two reports were heard, and the dead man's coat was stripped off and thrown over his head. These men were left lying where they fell until Wednesday afternoon.

The Malesherbes barricade, first attacked at ten o'clock on Monday morning, was taken at five on Tuesday afternoon. It held out exactly thirty-one hours, during which time the insurgents in the central part of the town managed to execute defenses which otherwise they could never have managed. Had Montmartre not been taken at such an early epoch in the fight the Versailles would have had far greater losses before reaching the central boulevards. This barricade was defended by about two hundred men, most of whom were very brave. The majority of them were killed or taken prisoners before reaching the boulevards. All the way down the Boulevard Haussmann soldiers met with the most determined resistance. "One man, whom we cornered," said an Eleventh-artillery-man to me, "ran into a court-yard, and we agreed to spare him if he gave up his gun, but he closed his hands so tightly about it that we had to pry his fingers off one by one. Then we shot him." An old man of sixty, as the same artillery-man was standing at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, was shot in sight of his son of fourteen, who threw himself on the body, and begged to be killed also. "It was pitiful to see," said the rough Lyons boy, turning quite pale. "We have left fifty dead men above here," he added, "but we shall

be revenged down below;" and he pointed to the Madeleine.

Although we went into the streets that Tuesday evening we did not go farther than the barricade, as the suspicions of the Versailles troops were very strong, and they saw an escaping Communist in every civilian. We saw a number of arrested persons taken to the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, where they were judged and immediately shot. We remained in-doors that night, and at early dawn went out to find that the insurgents had been compelled to withdraw from all their positions in the neighborhood, and from all the central boulevards below the Rue Drouot, also that they had fired the public buildings in their line of retreat towards the Hôtel de Ville. Entering the Rue Royale we found heaps of dead men, and saw many of the houses on the right-hand side slowly burning. Firemen were inducing every passer-by to help, and we had to stand in line and pass buckets of water, in the primitive Parisian fashion of extinguishing fires, before we could establish our right to pass on. The insurgents, we were told, had applied petroleum to burn the quarter when they found they could no longer hold it. Here, also, we heard the story that fifty insurgents had been bayoneted in the Madeleine; but this was untrue. Several men were killed at the church, but none inside the sacred walls.

The formidable character of the works at Montmartre and the immense number of guns accumulated there by the insurgents had made every one in the central quarters of Paris anxious, as the Communists had sworn to bombard that section whenever the Versailles troops occupied it as far as the Grand Opera. But General Clinchant's troops, who had occupied the Parc Monceau during the night and morning of the entry, suf-

fered but little from the projectiles thrown from the great hill, and early Tuesday morning the divisions of General Ladmannault's troops, taking possession of all the gates from the Porte Maillot to St Ouen, had attacked Montmartre in the rear, while the Duplessis division went up from the Gare St. Lazare through the Rue d'Amsterdam. General Clinchant then sent reinforcements to all the exterior boulevards; also to the Rue Blanche. The barricades on the Boulevard des Batignolles, and the streets entering it, were carried without much resistance, and at half-past nine the Versailles entered precipitately on the Place Clichy, which had been hastily abandoned by the Communists.

Montmartre then began firing directly into Clichy, and wrecked numerous houses in the vicinity. Women and men fired from windows upon the regulars, and were at once taken out, placed against walls, and shot. The Montmartre cannon were finally silenced at ten o'clock. The regulars flattered themselves that they had dismounted the insurgent guns, but the truth was, that there was no more ammunition on the mountain. The Federals did not expect to be so quickly surrounded, and ammunition wagons blocked half-a-dozen out-of-the-way streets. Finding their endeavors to scale the heights and bring fresh supplies to the batteries useless, the drivers were shot from their horses. Four new barricades were then thrown up on the Place Clichy, but only one made a determined defense, and cost the regular army a large number of men. The liveliest resistance was made in the Place Blanche, where a few Federals held out for two hours against a large force. The barricade was taken by the regulars, and the part of the Versailles, who had been directly

above the insurgents, and from the windows shot down scores. On the Place Pigale numerous *mitrailleuses* sent destruction against the attacking forces, but by noon the Federals were driven quite to the south flank of the hill. Just as they were preparing for a new stand there the red breeches appeared on the hill-top and wildly proclaimed victory. These men belonged to a division of the Ladmiraunt Corps, which had swept away the batteries near St Ouen and took one hundred and five cannon on the road. Arriving at the plateau on the hill-top, they found it deserted. The mass of the Federals had escaped by the streets leading towards La Chapelle. The panic in the retreat was frightful. The streets were strewn for half a mile with knapsacks, guns which the Communists had broken in their fury, with cartridges, and even with uniforms, which many men in their fright had torn off and thrown away. Some cowards attempted to take refuge in a house, but found the doors closed against them, and were shot down like dogs. The stampede was only halted at La Chapelle, where barricades were hastily erected. The regulars occupied all the houses, searched the rooms, and whenever they found a man apparently fresh from the fight he was shot without mercy. The house of a blacksmith, in the Rue de Navarin, stood a severe siege, but finally all the defenders were taken and killed. At five in the evening the fight was still in progress on the Boulevard Rochechouart, but before night-fall all the Montmartre section was in the power of the regular army.

The defense of this noted hill seems to have been confided to General Cluseret, but he had not been heard of at the close of the action. The story of General Dombrowski's death is simple

and almost touching. The insurgent General was at La Muette when the news came that a great attack in that vicinity had succeeded. An orderly hastily brought him word that the Versailles would probably soon surround the house in which he had his headquarters. He at once burned his papers and ran out of the building to the railway station of the Ceinture, and finally gained the Place Vendôme, where, it will be remembered, was the central head-quarters. From that point he went to Batignolles, and on Tuesday was in the thick of the fight on Montmartre. While riding along the Boulevard Ornano, accompanied by a large number of his staff officers, about noon, he was struck in the abdomen by a musket bullet and fell to the ground. Four men bore the dying General, who bit the cloth of the stretcher in his agony, to the Hospital Lariboisière, where he died shortly afterwards. His last words were, according to one version, "You see how one dies when he has been betrayed." Another account, and probably a more trustworthy one, given by the hospital aids, says that, shortly before death, he cried out "And those men accused me of betraying them," then he babbled of his wife and child, and so passed away. His aides-de-camp carried off his body in a common wagon, after having theatrically sworn before the death-bed that they would avenge him.

Dombrowski's melancholy exclamation about treason was prompted by the rumor which had at one time gained ground in the Communist circles, that he had been bribed by the regulars, and that if he had not been corrupt the troops could not have entered. There is no foundation for this slander. Dombrowski, although misguided, was brave and honest. He had perhaps thought

of making his way through some point of the Prussian lines, and escaping when the battle in Paris became hopeless; but this does not seem clearly proved. There was a story that he with his "seven hundred horsemen" had intended to gallop to Belgium, cutting their way through any small villages which might offer resistance. But any one who had seen his seven hundred horsemen would know that this was absurd. Dombrowski's staff was mounted on omnibus horses, old roadsters who had already done their best service, and presented a most ridiculous appearance. In the whole of the Commune army there were not threescore men who knew how to ride.

Early Wednesday morning, just as the first glimpses of dawn were visible, the firing in and around the Rue Royale and on the boulevards died quite away. The far-off cannon shots convinced us that the insurgents had retired towards the Louvre, and were fighting their way to the Bastille. We had returned to sleep at the house in the Boulevard Malesherbes; and at dawn, on Wednesday morning, we were once more in the Rue Royale. One side of this fine street was now almost entirely burnt away, and the remaining walls tottered and gave forth a peculiar odor, as if dead bodies were burning within. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants were doubtless roasted alive in their cellars. Near the junction of the boulevard with the Rue Royale lay the body of an old man, a Communist, with a horrible wound in the head. Some passers-by had removed the covering from his face, and the open eyes were quite frightful to look upon. Farther on was the corpse of a liner, young and handsome.

At an angle of the Rue Royale was still another victim, beaten half out of

shape. Down at the great double barricade, at the entrance to the Place de la Concorde, great crowds were collected, peering over at the vestiges of the fight. In the Place, the caryatides supporting the fountain basins were scarred with bullets, and the great statue of Lillie had fallen from its pedestal. The beautiful equestrian statues at the entrance of the Champs Elysées had miraculously escaped. Undoubtedly the barricades at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Place de la Concorde had been but poorly defended. A soldier of the line ran close by one of them on Tuesday afternoon, and tore down the two red flags fluttering above it before the astonished insurgents could fire a shot. As he returned, a discharge of musketry burst from the barricade, and the courageous liner fell flat. A shout arose "He is dead! He is dead!" cried the insurgents. He had only fallen to escape the shots, and scampered back to his own lines unharmed.

It having been long before determined among the insurgents that, if they could not obtain the municipal franchise of Paris, they should make a systematized attempt to burn all the public monuments and palaces, as well as the ministries and principal houses, it is not surprising that the Rue Royale was so readily fired. During the days of Monday and Tuesday, in various houses in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in the Rue de Rivoli, and Rue de la Paix even, little square boxes were placed behind the doors, or in other obscure corners in the court-yards. These boxes, when examined, were found to contain petroleum, so arranged that it could be fired at a moment's notice. A gentleman whose word I cannot doubt, one of the editors of *Le Temps*, told me that the insurgents used every pretext to conceal from the inhabitants the fact

that they were firing the houses. Had not the regular troops been very near at hand, when his house was invaded by the Communists, he was certain the latter would have succeeded in destroying it. Men who belonged to what was organized as the incendiary battalion disguised themselves as firemen, and fed the flames instead of helping to extinguish them. This sounds almost incredible, but there is very good evidence of its truth. Men came from all quarters carrying bottles of petroleum and inflammable matches in their pockets, and one's life was not worth a rush anywhere in the street, as it needed only the denunciation of the first *bonngeois* to have any person shot down by the infuriated soldiery. As we turned to leave the Rue Royale we saw a regiment of hussars passing on to the fight at the Louvre, on the double-quick. The officers were swearing at and striking the wounded men, who, overloaded and stained with blood and covered with dust, had little elasticity in their steps.

Great jets of fire were streaming up in the direction of the Rue St Honoré, and beyond the Tuileries, and the burning Ministry of Finances sent up flames. Now and then, from the latter building, a shower of sparks and half-burnt papers came drifting above us, and the air was hot and sulphurous. People's faces were blanched with a new fear, for conflagra-

tions are so unusual at Paris that most citizens are frightened even at an ordinary one. This gigantic series of fires, this wholesale destruction of property by the vindictive Communists, actually turned the heads of many people. The excess of sudden insanity, consequent on the horrors of the seven days' fight, was so numerous as to excite universal attention among medical men.

Wednesday night will always be remembered by those who witnessed its horrors as the "night of fires." Returning that evening to our old quarters on the Boulevard Malesherbes we remarked among the inhabitants along the route a feverish agitation. Every one suspected every one else of attempting to fire the house in which he lived, and the *concierges* were busy on the roofs with hose watering the walls, or below arranging wet mortar against the cellar windows, or placing barrels of water and heaps of sand in the court-yards. As we passed through the Rue Scribe we saw groups of soldiers marching men and women who were to be shot, a gun, it was said, having been fired from the house in which they had been taken. It was after dark when we arrived at the scene of the late Malesherbes fight. The streets were crowded with soldiery, and hardly half an hour passed without the rattle of musketry, indicating an execution at the military post in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

The Night of Fires — The Petroleuses — The Execution of Women — Paris in Flames

FROM the upper windows of our house we could see the great fires in the Rue St Honoré and the Rue de Rivoli, where shops and houses were constantly fired by the daring incendiary brigade. Shells from the Buttes Chaumont, where the retreated Communists had now erected their barricades, came regularly, six every five minutes (we counted them repeatedly), to add their terrors to the rapidly increasing flames. The burning Tuileries still sent up their lights, fantastic as a *aurora borealis* on the horizon, and the distant clamor of fusillade came borne on the wicked wind which seemed to delight in spreading the flames. Officers passed beneath our windows, constantly enjoining the inhabitants to watch their houses with the greatest vigilance, we were not allowed to have any lights, and had little inclination to run the risk of a domiciliary visit, which might have resulted in our forced departure for the military post, where to be suspected was to be executed.

About nine o'clock we were called to the garret to witness an immense new burst of flame, which we were told was La Villette on fire, the troops having lost no time in firing it, after having summoned the insurgents from the barricades to surrender. The Hotel de Ville, which was now burning, added the vast glow of its conflagration to the spectacle. The accumulation of horrors for the past few days, the promenades among the heaps of dead and dying, the danger incurred by merely walking in

the enraged and affrighted throngs, had so unsettled our nerves that the sudden appearance of eight gendarmes in the garret, whence we were viewing the scene, almost unmanned us. In harsh tones they demanded why two of our company had mounted to the roof, and bade them come down at once. They descended precipitately, and we explained ourselves. The gendarmes having assured themselves of our nationality, retired, grumbling, and we refrained from further adventures in pursuit of knowledge. Nothing was left but to crawl to the front windows and watch the reflection of the flames on the sullen sky and to hear the rumbling of the distant battle. All night we lay wakeful, listening to the cries of fright or of stern command. Towards one o'clock, a cry arose, a cry of fear and anguish of a woman in her last agony. It fairly chilled our blood. We could not refrain from running to the windows and listening. It was a woman taken in the act of firing the street, and we heard her led away, protesting with bitter screams. "You can explain to the commandant," said a voice. The woman was hurried to the Rue Pasquier. Presently there was a shot, then all was still for a few moments.

The citizens who had not sympathized with the insurrection began to appear on the streets on Wednesday. Pale faces peeped out here and there; shopkeepers took down from their dusty shutters the proclamations which the

Commune had pasted upon them, the tricolor was exhibited from every window within the line of the regular troops, squads of cavalry patrolled the streets, and the "men of order," who had carefully hidden themselves since their discomfiture in the Rue de la Paix, on the day of their manifestation, were out in full force, and beat La Générale furiously. All of the government people wore tricolor badges on their left arms. Guns were stacked on the pavements, and the shopkeepers and *rentiers* of the Rue de la Paix, instead of the marble-workers and masons of Belleville, now commanded us to *passer au large*. It was curious to notice the thirst for blood which these fine fellows, who might have stopped the insurrection at its outset, but who had refrained from just the effort necessary to check it, now manifested when the regulars had done the work.

The Place Vendôme was occupied by the regulars on Wednesday morning. The inhabitants of the quarter screamed with delight as every new prisoner was brought in. Men came with their arms pinioned behind their backs, and, as they entered the square, and passed out of sight of the ferocious, gaping crowd, a detonation would be heard, and all would be over. The same soldiers who had done the execution took their way back to their post of duty amid the acclamations of the people. The officers on the court-martials had an inductive method of getting at the truth. They were mild in their speech, and would say, "Come, now, friend, you might as well confess." The man, tempted by the kindly voice, would own up, after many equivocations, that he had done little or nothing. "Yes, but you did take part in the insurrection?" and when he answered "Yes," his doom was at once pronounced. †

The kindling of the fires seems to have given the property-holders a terrible thirst for blood. If any one ventured to say, "That man ought not to be shot: he looks like a weak, misguided creature," the unhappy man who thus pleaded for clemency would be howled at and threatened with arrest if he said anything further. Faces in these days shone with a sort of lurid light. The little petty grocer and the great merchant of lace, the shopkeeper and the banker, seemed to think their express duty was now to hoot, kick, strike, and, if necessary, kill defenseless prisoners. Old women, venerable at least by their gray hairs, were called degrading names as the soldiers pushed them on to prison, which few left alive. In dozens of cases these women were simply looking after their husbands or sons, yet they were arrested on suspicion of endeavoring to fire the quarters. Many of the women were found with their aprons filled with explosive matches, and the *pétroleuse* was a veritable personage, although her exploits were grossly exaggerated. Dead men were allowed to rot uncared for, and vulgar passers-by pulled the coverlets from their faces and made unfeeling remarks. Our hearts seemed to revolt. Sometimes we could not believe our senses, and went about trembling with horror. A man coming out of a house at the corner of the Rue Pasquier, on Wednesday afternoon, was denounced as a Communist. He was clean, well-dressed, and tranquil. Ten or twelve artillery officers drew their swords and were about to cut him down, when it was decided to take him to the post in the opposite street. The crowd grumbled at this, and one old man was so angry because the soldiers did not shoot the supposed culprit that he tried himself to kill him with his stout oaken stick.

Around the church of La Trinité the fight was especially murderous. Great havoc was made among the beautiful statues and fountains in the church square. The trees were almost bare and leafless, the fires stripping everything. Our vice-consul, Mr. Alcott, saw from his windows much of the combat, and describes it as appalling. A priest was saved by the regulars from the hands of the insurgents, and the poor old man was so overjoyed that he kissed the whole battalion.

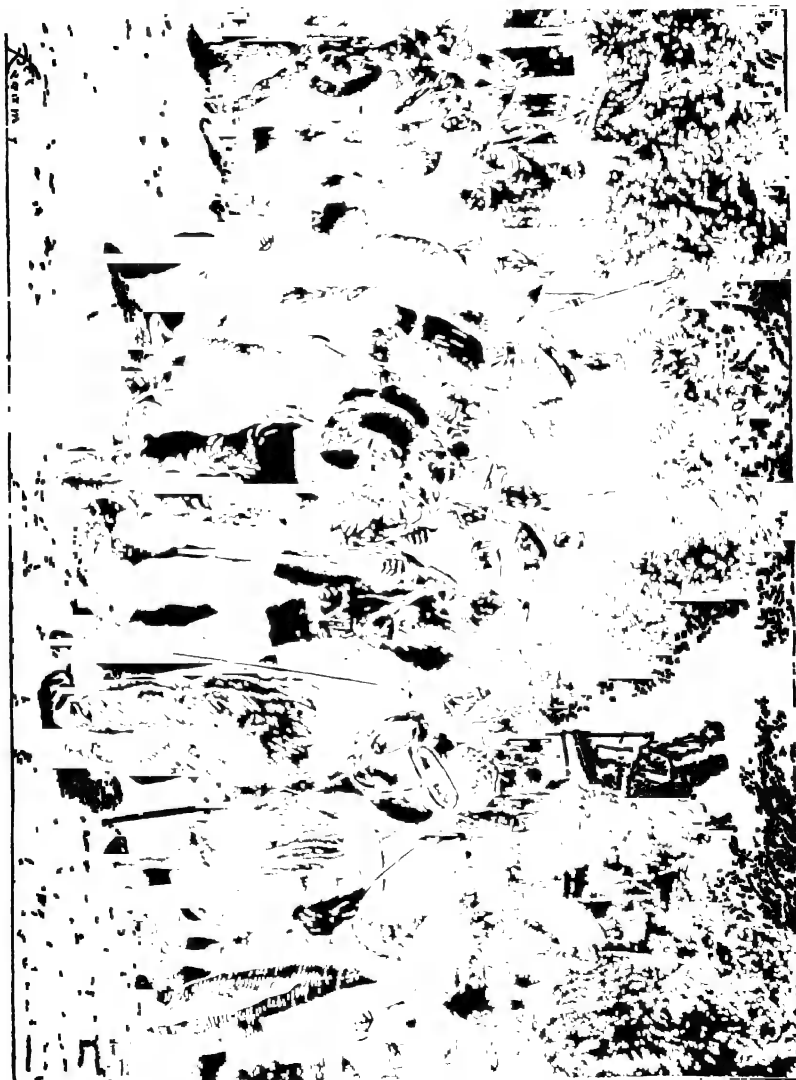
The barricade on the Place de l'Opera was composed of barrels, water-cuts, and heaps of earth and paving-stones. It was so arranged as to command the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rues Auber and Halévy. This, as well as the barricade which closed communication between the Chaussée d'Antin and the boulevard was valiantly defended by the One Hundred and Seventeenth Communist battalion. Its guns in some measure protected all the network of barricades between the grand boulevards and the key barrier on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and hindered the progress of the regular troops about twenty-four hours. The fight at this Opera barricade was very severe, and two officers of the Communist battalion, not wishing to leave their guns in the hands of the regulars, drew them off themselves one by one, amid a shower of bullets. All the Federals were finally forced to retire, and then the inhabitants came out and welcomed in the regulars, who descended by the Rue du Helder. One liner mounted to the top of the magnificent edifice of the Opera, tore down the red flag, and brandishing the tricolor, placed it finally in the hand of the god Apollo, who holds up to the sunlight a golden lyre.

Promenading the streets now became

extremely dangerous. Strangers were treated like Parisians. The National Guards of Order were fretting and fuming, as if anxious for a pretext to kill something, and it was unsafe to reason with them. One man assured me that five thousand insurgents had been shot since the troops entered. I mildly expressed doubts. He called out at once, and tried to collect a crowd about me, but I left him post-haste. Towards evening the shells fell very rapidly in the Place de l'Opera, and a woman who was going to the Place Vendôme, as a prisoner, was struck down by a shell from the Buttes Chaumont battery. Wounded horses added their screams to the cries of the wounded men. The front of the building in which the Washington Club was located was half torn away. In the glare of the flames from the Ministry of Finances, as night came on, one could see men and women tied together, and bleeding from numerous wounds, munched along, urged forward by kicks and blows from musket-butts into the Place Vendôme, where they were immediately shot.

A number of French and American persons told me the following incident, which I defy any one to read without a certain emotion. On Thursday a very beautiful young girl, taken in the act of scattering inflammable matches against the houses, was marched down the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme to execution. She seemed quite innocent, and answered quite quietly when asked what she was doing, and what she had in her apron, "Only some kindlings to light my fire with." Her beauty, her elastic and courageous step, as she marched to execution, did not enlist the women in her favor. The women were much more terrible in their wrath than the men; but, as she turned and faced the crowd with flashing eye, and as her long black hair

THE PRISONERS RETURNING FROM GERMANY



kept waving in the breeze, many a strong man shed tears. An implacable war of the poor against the rich, carried now to the extremity of despair, made the young girl march as proudly to the place of execution as if her cause had been won and Paris were free.

The military school on the Champ de Mars was a favorite place for executions. Few prisoners who went in there came out alive. As fast as the men and women entered the doomed precinct, the tramp of a firing platoon and the discharge of a number of muskets could be heard. The bodies were heaped up so that new-comers had to climb over them in order to stand at the fatal wall. The dead were dragged afterwards to the Champ de Mars into trenches. The millions of visitors to the great Exhibition of 1878 little thought as they walked on the beautiful green grass of the gardens of the Champ de Mars of slaughtered Communists buried below. Probably some one who had read Walt Whitman's eccentric verses might have thought above the unrecognizable graves, of those strange lines:—

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of
young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have
loved them,
It may be you are from old people and from
women, and from off-spring taken too soon
from their mothers' laps,
They are alive and well somewhere
The smallest sprout shows there is really no
death."

The history of the burning of Paris has been told, both by the Communists, who find, in their adroit fashion, a hundred apologies for their action, and by the moderate Republicans, some of whom, like M. Maxime Ducamp, are a trifle

unmoderate in their condemnation. Had the regular troops acted with more promptness, after their arrival, a great number of the principal buildings on the left bank of the Seine might have been saved from the flames. But the hesitation of the regular troops is not to be wondered at. The spectacle which confronted them was enough to appall the stoutest hearts. The great clouds of smoke from the smouldering Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries made a sombre background to a melancholy picture. At all the street corners dead insurgents lay thickly, sometimes piled in little heaps. Asking the explanation of this, I was told that these were men who had escaped into the houses, and when found were taken into the street and immediately executed. No questions even were asked them when they were found with weapons in their hands or with powder-stuns on their fingers. The bullet sang its shrill song, and they fell dead.

It is worthy of remark that in the quarter of Paris extending from the Hôtel de Ville to the Bastille, no hostility to the Communists was expressed by non-combatants; elsewhere the complete ferocity of the citizens quite surpassed anything untested by the soldiers. In the Rue du Temple and in the Rue Vieux du Temple, dead men of both the Communal and regular armies were lying about as plentiful as broken boughs in a forest through which a great wind had passed.

On this Wednesday evening a friend who walked through the Rue de Rivoli announced that he saw women washing off the sidewalk in places where the blood had collected in little stagnant pools. They sopped up the blood with wet rags, and, wringing it out into pails, carried it away into the houses. Possibly some enterprising speculator proposed

to sell or to exhibit the blood of the victims of the May revolution

Around the Palais Royal, and especially in front of the Comedie Francaise, the scene was heart-rending. Soldiers were digging trenches in the middle of the street, and throwing in the dead insurgents. In front of the barricade in the Rue Montpensier as many as twenty were buried. Amateur grave-diggers, boys and men, tumbled back the dirt and stamped it down without a trace of emotion on their faces. Nearly at the same time some soldiers were skinning a horse slain by a shell and were distributing the meat to poor people who begged for it. Many members of the working-class suffered the pangs of hunger for several days during the fight as the food in certain quarters was entirely carried off to serve the soldiers who were making their way into the heart of the insurrection.

The Ministry of Finance, the noble colonnades of which occupied an immense front on the Rue de Rivoli, was fired inside on Tuesday night by a delegation appointed expressly for the purpose. The archives in the fifth story served as kindling and in a few hours the whole street line was in a blaze. But when the insurgents had evacuated the building, and had been compelled to fall back from the Place de la Concorde, a wine-merchant on the corner attempted to organize a service to save what remained of the edifice. He was shot at, and petroleum shells were thrown to increase the flames. Towards midnight a strong, wild wind came up, fanning the flames and discouraging hopes of saving anything. A few hours later an attempt was made by a few determined men to save the most important papers concerning the finances of Paris, and the great ledger of the city was brought

out at the risk of their lives by five employés. As there are a large number of volumes of this precious book, and these were stored in an upper room, a chain of soldiers was placed on ladders, and the tomes containing the whole statement of the city's indebtedness were passed from hand to hand, until they reached the ground. At last the fire became so hot that the proceedings were cut short, and a large number of the books were thrown helter-skelter into the street, whence they were picked up by the inhabitants of the quarter and packed in carriages.

On the Faubourg St Honoré, one of the most crowded of Parisian thoroughfares, the destruction was very great. Immense warehouses, establishments devoted to articles of luxury and taste, flew skywards in clouds of smoke and jets of flame. At the entrance of the street nearest the Rue de Rivoli the slaughter was tremendous. Piled at the Rivoli end of the Rue du Luxembourg, on Wednesday morning, were one hundred and twenty-five dead bodies, brought there from various points. Curious throngs were constantly gathered at this place, and many arrests were made among the spectators for expressing their opinions too strongly. Near the corner of the Faubourg St Honoré and the Rue Royale a wine-merchant was confined in his cell, with his wife and little girl driven further by the intense heat of the houses burning around about them. The fusillade from the barricades in the Rue St Honoré and from the Madeleine was so severe that he hardly dared venture through what was at best crumbling and red-hot ruins, to save his wife and child in the open air. At last he decided, urged by the screams of the child, who was almost literally roasted, and, clasping her in his arms, he rushed out through the falling walls and under

a storm of bullets to a passage held by a small detachment of government troops. As he clamored at the gate for entrance, three men pointed their guns at him. "Kill me," he cried, "but save my child!" The corporal, comprehending the situation, rushed forward and took the child in his arms and the wine-merchant returning into the ruins succeeded in rescuing his wife also. A few minutes afterwards the house fell in, and the cellar in which those people had been roasting was filled with live coals.

The damage in one house in the Rue Royale was estimated at 700,000 francs. The general staff of the insurgents had a grand banquet at a restaurant in this street on the night of the entry of the regular troops, and they drank confusion to M. Thiers in no less than three hundred bottles of champagne. In one of the houses on the corner of the Rue Royale and the Faubourg, those who had hidden in the cellars on the Monday when the fight began, to avoid service in the insurgents' ranks, were all suffocated. The owner of one of the huge shops burned on the Rue Royale was found raving in the street on the ruins of his fortune. His loss had quite turned his brain. It was said that one of the fashionable clubs in this street only escaped burning through the sagacity of some servants, who gave the soldier charged with the firing so much wine that he quite forgot his duty.

There is no doubt that the Communists intended to make a complete wick of the Faubourg St. Germain. Maxime Ducamp has left or record a very concise and careful narrative of the ruin of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Council of State, the Compté des Comptes, and it is startling to note with what coolness General Endes and Megy, the ferocious, half-educated workman who became one

of the heroes of the Communal party, escorted by a quintette of women, went from palace to palace sowing destruction upon their track. The houses of rich refugees were invaded, servants who undertook to save the pictures, the rich furniture, and the silver plate of their masters, were shot down. The "generals" and "colonels," excited with drink, and half mad with the sense of coming danger, issued most extravagant decrees. It is even said that Megy signed his decrees with the number which had been stamped upon his prison uniform, as if thus casting defiance in the face of the society which had condemned him temporarily to lose his citizenship, and to be reduced to the level of a mere numeral. Long wagon-trains, filled with barrels of petroleum, were ranged in regular order in the court-yards of the buildings marked for burning, and as the Communists retreated slowly up the left bank of the Seine, flying from barricade to barricade before the approaching vengeance of the *bourgeoisie*, they applied the torch with as much earnestness and joy as if they had been sacking an enemy's citadel. The beautiful pictures of Flaubert and Eugene Delacroix were deluged with mineral oil. Barrels of this oil were poured down staircases and through corridors, and hundreds of thousands of manuscripts belonging to the archives, audited accounts, memoirs of important financial transactions, were trampled into the oozy mass into which the Communists, in their drunken fury, fired their revolvers and threw live coals and matches. M. Jules Vallès, who, after taking a prominent part in the Commune, escaped, published, shortly before the entry of the regular troops, in his journal, called the "*Cri du Peuple*," the following statement: "All measures have been taken

to prevent the entry into Paris of any munical soldier. The ramparts may be battered down, but no soldiers will get into Paris. If M. Thiers is a chemist he will quite comprehend us. Let the army of Versailles recollect that Paris is decided to undertake everything rather than surrender." The employment of

to find Paris a kind of second Rome, with ruins on every hand. In fact, the Cour des Comptes is almost the only remnant of the Communist fury left as it was in that dreadful week. It is presently to be converted into a museum of industrial art. During the Commune it was occupied by the delegate of the



CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS EATING SOUP WITH THE VERSAILLES SOLDIERS

dynamite had been suggested to the Commune, but that powerful political agent had not yet attained the celebrity which it now possesses, and the incendiaries and anarchists of the epoch were obliged to resort to petroleum and to the torch.

It was Tuesday evening when the palace of the Council of State and the Cour des Comptes was fired. The Cour des Comptes has long been a place of pilgrimage for the trans-Atlantic tourists who go abroad expecting

Council of State, who, only a few days before the entry of the regular troops, was sent to Marseilles on a revolutionary mission, where he was arrested by agents from Versailles. It was thought by the regulars that the Council of State palace was burned by the fifty-seventh, sixty-seventh, and one hundred and thirty-fifth battalions of insurgents, who had occupied it, and therefore wherever these gentry were found during the fight they received no quarter.

A woman who went by the name of Madame Eudes, the female companion of the Communist general, gave numerous festivals at the Legion of Honor palace which was her comrade's headquarters, during the brief reign of the insurrection, and some of these festivals are said to have been orgies quite beyond the power of description. Madame Eudes was wont to descend into the court-yard to shake hands with all the soldiers on guard, taking pains to announce that they might converse with her freely, and might never salute. "I am a daughter of the people," she said. The Paris journals related that she and other women connected with the Commune had pillaged the wardrobe of the beautiful and fashionable Marquise de Gallifet, and that they used to appear in her dresses, but this is probably untrue.

Around the palace above mentioned, the Rue de Lille was horribly devastated by shot, shell and fire. In the Faubourg St. Germain one of the noted clubs was nearly wrecked by the Versailles batteries, playing from Tio-cadéro. One very singular illustration of the damage that can be caused by a single bullet occurred in a mansion next the Agricultural club. A bullet pierced a reservoir in the fifth story which contained ten thousand litres of water. The upper story of the house was inundated, and thousands of francs' worth of furniture injured before the owners below knew of the small deluge. The conflagration in the Rue du Bac, on the left bank of the Seine, was one of the most disastrous caused by the despair and malice of the insurgents. It is said that General Eudes and Megy themselves fired the first houses in this quarter, wishing to inaugurate this great and formidable attack on property, and

to have their names handed down in history as prime movers in these final tragedies. Whole houses were destroyed, gulleys ran up and down across the street, and dead bodies lay in the doorways and at corners, decaying in the hot sun. Hereabouts, the ordinary method of firing houses was by pouring petroleum from the windows on the sidewalks, and then hurling down burning masses of rags or matches into the cellars. The Luxembourg palace owed its safety to the preliminary explosion of the powder-magazine, established thereby. This frightened away a large number of men who were sent to fire the ancient home of the Medici. The noble and beautiful Sainte Chapelle, where old Boileau lies entombed, miraculously escaped wreck in the midst of the ruin of the Palais de Justice. The noted prison of the Conciergerie, so famous in the old Revolution was badly damaged, but the regulars came too quickly into this neighborhood to allow the complete accomplishment of the Communists' evil designs.

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, at the close of which the good Archbishop and his comrades in misfortune were destined to be murdered, the official journal of the Commune published an extract from another radical journal, warning the insurrectionists against any violence to the priesthood, saying that its only result would be fifty years more of clericalism. But the men who might have listened to reason, had the regular troops still been without the fortifications, thought, now that disaster and probable death were at their gates, of nothing but revenge. M. Thiers came into Paris on this Wednesday, and remained an hour, and it is even said that he or Marshal MacMahon, who had

SCENE FROM THE CONVENT - THE BARRICADES OF THE RUE DE RINTEL



been in Paris since the previous Sunday, ought to have taken more vigorous measures to have rescued the Archbishop from the imminent peril in which he was placed. When the news of the execution of the hostages was announced in the fashionable quarters along the grand boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix the excitement was very great. Men went about the street cursing the insurrection in loud and bitter tones and whenever a prisoner was brought in on his way to the Place Vendôme, they would rush out and strike him with their canes. Mr Washburne our American minister took constant and careful measures in the Archbishop's behalf during the whole of this terrible week, until the fatal Wednesday night. He himself has given a most interesting account of his visits to the distinguished prelate and of the fortitude and sweetness of temper displayed by him in such circumstances of deadly peril. A little energy, which had been lacking in France since the creation of the Second Empire, might have saved the worthy Archbishop from the horrors of a brutal death. The most remarkable version of the execution of the Archbishop and his companions was given on the authority of a M^r Girard, who succeeded in escaping from the prison where the prelate had been confined. He said, "Monsieur Duboy occupied cell number twenty-one of the fourth division (this was at the celebrated prison of Mazas), while I was confined in number twenty-six. The Archbishop had been allowed a table and a chair,—furniture of which the other cells were destitute. On the 24th of May, at half-past seven in the evening, the director of the prison a certain Lefrançois who had been six years a galley slave came into the prison with fifty men, and occupied the gallery where the

principal prisoners were stationed. A short time after this an officer advanced to the Archbishop's cell, and in a low voice called him by name.

'The prelate answered, 'Present.'

"The officer then passed to the cell of the President Bonjean, next called the Abbé Allard, member of the International Society for Aiding the Wounded, a number of other priests, the Abbé Deguery, *curé* of the Madeleine. No sooner had each prisoner answered to his name than he was led through the gallery and down the staircase, and conducted to the surveillance, on the other side, where insurgent guards insulted the prisoners and called them names which I cannot repeat.

"They were then taken into the courtyard near the infirmary. The Archbishop advanced towards the platoon of execution, which he clearly saw at a little distance from him and, speaking very quietly addressed a few words of pardon. Two men at once ran up to him and before then comrades, kneeled, imploring his blessing. The other insurgents then fell upon them and pushed them back, insulting them. The commandant in the yard swore a frightful oath. 'Men,' he said, 'you are here to shoot these people, and not to listen to and howl with them!' The insurgents then obeyed the orders to load their guns.

"The Abbé Allard was placed against the wall first and fell dead. Monseigneur Darboy then calmly took his place, and fell, almost without a groan. The six prisoners were thus shot, only the Abbé Deguery showing a moment's feebleness, which must be attributed to the state of his health.

"The bodies were at once conveyed in a railway van to the cemetery of Père La Chaise, where they were placed in what is called the 'common ditch,' and

the mangled corpses were left uncovered. The platoon of execution was taken from the One Hundred and Eighty-first and Two Hundred and Sixth Battalions of the National Guards, which accounts for the ferocity shown by the liners against the men of these battalions when later on they were brought in as prisoners."

Not less brutal and infinitely more affecting is the recital of the massacre of the Dominic brothers at the prison in the Avenue d'Italie. The story is told by the only one of the brethren who escaped. These twelve apostles of patient, unquented labor — men of excellent intelligence and education — had been arrested at a school in Paris. The nuns employed as teachers in this school were sent to the prison for common women, and the brethren to the fort of Bicêtre where they were lodged in the casemate. They were then brought into Paris and while being taken through the Gobelins quarter they were several times threatened with death by the populace, but were finally brought to the above-mentioned prison. About two o'clock on Thursday as they were praying together an officer entered and said grossly, "Surplacez forward! you are to be conducted to the barricades." They followed mutely, and found at the barricade such an intense fire that the inhabitants abandoned it, taking back their victims with them. About an hour afterwards they were again summoned to the street, and here an officer of the One Hundred and First Battalion ordered his men to load their muskets, and then came the cry "Enter the street one by one!"

They knew this was then death-warrant, and therefore took adieu of each other. "Come, brethren," said the father prior, "come to the good God!"

and he went out, shutting the door after him. A shot was heard, and the next brother who went out saw, as he felt the fatal bullet, the venerable prior bathed in blood. The brother who escaped only succeeded by simulating death, a bullet having grazed him, and he laid quietly among the slain until the executioners had gone away, when he ran into a side street, where a charitable woman concealed him until the arrival of the Versailles troops.

On the Tuesday after the entry of the regulars the two hundred other hostages confined in Mazis prison were taken to La Roquette, known as the prison of the condemned. On the following day seventy-four were shot, and out of two hundred and four gentlemen confined in other prisons, one hundred and sixty-nine had been designated for execution. On Thursday the Versailles troops arrived just in time to save them. It will be seen from this that it is not too much to say that the Commune, at its close, was on the verge of inaugurating a reign of terror.

It is but justice to add that all the high military officers of the Commune — all who merited the name of officer — considered the arrest of the priests as an outrage and understood how completely the drumming violence used against these good men would react upon the insurrection. General Cluseret had especially incurred the Communists' displeasure because of his intervention in the cause of the Archbishop. It was frequently said during the insurrection that the Communists intended to take and hold the correspondents of foreign journals resident in Paris as hostages, and M. Miot a picturesque figure in the Communal assembly, once actually proposed this measure. Whether the Communists

imagined that by this they could control opinion may now never be known. The murder of Gustave Chaudey, one of the editors of the "*Siccle*," who had been held as a hostage, seems to have been actuated by a desire for vengeance on the part of Raoul Rigault, the celebrated Communist chief of police. Chaudey was confined at St. Pelagie, the old Imperial prison for journalists and political offenders, and his friend, Cennuschi, the noted Italian, who has adopted Paris as his home, came very near to violent death himself at the hands of the enraged soldiery when he went to intercede for Chaudey's life. The unfortunate

journalist was shot on the evening of the 24th of May, Raoul Rigault standing by the executing platoon with a drawn sword, and cursing the men because they did not do their work more rapidly.

The military operations of the government in Paris lasted exactly seven days, hour for hour. The entry of the first troops was effected on the afternoon of Sunday, May 21st, at four o'clock. On that eventful day they were traversing the bridge at the Point du Jour, and at four o'clock on Sunday, May the 28th, the last insurgent barricade at Belleville was taken.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE.

The New Fight of the Bastille — The Hôtel de Ville — The Picture-que and Dramatic Episodes of the Great Battles

THE red flag fluttered at the top of the column in the Place de la Bastille until late Saturday afternoon. Mercury, who seemed springing lightly from his elevated perch, up and away from bloodshed and burning, held the banner, which could be distinctly seen from many points in the centre of the city, while the fight was still raging around the site of the old Bastille.

Once driven from the barricades around the Hôtel de Ville, the insurgents made up their mind to a desperate stand in the quarters of the city where the insurrection was born. No one attempted to revive the historic ferocity of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, not even the feeblest resistance was made there. Belleville, the Buttes Chaumont and the cemetery of Père La Chaise were selected as the localities in which to make the last effort. The people of La Villette had been driven nearly to desperation during the third and fourth days of the fight, by the return upon them of the beaten insurgents from Montmartre and its environs, and the determined efforts of the troops to dislodge them. Many houses at La Villette were burned, and dozens of innocent people lost their lives by shot and shell coming from the batteries and barricades of both combatants. On Wednesday the shells from Montmartre did terrible execution at Belleville, but the Communists, feeling strong in the knowledge that the barricades of the Châteaux-d'Eau were still

held, refused to retreat, although entreated by hundreds of families, who saw almost imminent death before them. Suspicion began, however, to do its terrible work among the Bellevillians, and the officers found every morning that some man had been shot by his comrades for having ostensibly aided the enemy. On Thursday, an artilleryman came to a battery at a little distance from his own, and pointed a gun at two. He was immediately arrested and shot, the men who did the deed insisting that he was a Versailles in disguise. On this same day, also, quite an expedition was organized with the hope of retaking Montmartre, but the men finally refused, considering it certain death, and that their principal duty was to "defend their hearthstones." On Friday there was a grand procession of priests going to execution through Belleville — a species of parody of the great triumphal rides to the guillotine of '93. There were twelve priests and a few gendarmes, say the eye-witnesses, and the unfortunate hostages were shot in the Rue Haxo, with quite a crowd looking on. Friday night the terror which had electrified the aristocratic quarters on Tuesday and Wednesday had spread to Belleville, and the Grand Docks, or Custom House of Paris, was in flames. The fire spread rapidly to the borders of the grand canal, on which the docks are situated, and whole magazines, filled with oil and other combustibles, went up in sheets of yellow

flame Toward midnight, large detachments of Communists arrived on the scene of the conflagration. Few such miserable and heart-rending processions have ever been seen on the pavements of Paris. Haggard, worn, frightened at the death only a few hours distant, dirty, hungry, and many of them drunk, the officers found it difficult to rally the men to retreat. "Let us lie down and die," said they, and many preferred to remain and "see the people's vengeance executed," meaning the fires.

The defense of the approaches to the Bastille was very thorough and strongly kept up. Barricades at the entrance of the Boulevard de Strasbourg had been taken by the regulars, but the insurgents had intrenched themselves in the Eastern Railway station, at the head of that boulevard, and made a terrible fight. When they were at last dislodged, it was at the cost of much life on both sides. At the Château d'Eau the resistance took on tremendous proportions, owing to the presence of some of the leaders of the Commune and the desperation of the insurgents as point after point was swept away. They had established powerful batteries in this grand square, which has in it one of the largest barracks in Paris, and a huge structure known as the consolidated shops, which was partially burnt during the fight. The boulevards from the Château d'Eau down to the Rue Royale showed how fierce was the shower of missiles that the insurgents sent. Trees were mown down, lamp-posts cut short off, fronts of houses taken out, whole roofs sunk in, statues disembowelled, and *cafés* gutted. I was at the barricade of the Porte St. Denis, held by the government troops, on Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock, and the insurgents were then throwing *bottes à mitraille* (shells containing an hundred

bullets) in such profusion that I considered it prudent to retire. The barricade built across the boulevards at the Porte St. Martin Theatre was one of the strongest erected, but on Wednesday night, when the cannonade had weakened the defenses, the Communist leaders gave orders for the burning of the quarter, and the celebrated theatre of the Porte St. Martin, and many other noted mansions near it, were burned to the ground. The fight continued through the night at the Château d'Eau, and on Thursday morning the unfortunate defenders heard that the Pantheon had been taken after a desperate struggle; that the Gobelins had been surrendered, and that a strong column was now operating in that remote quarter of Paris, covering the ground with corpses, and shutting up one of the most effectual avenues of escape. The forts of Bicêtre and Ivry, which the Communists had boasted of as final strongholds, were thus taken out of the insurgent hands, and the garrisons were called upon to surrender at discretion. Bicêtre's commander refused, and the fort was taken by assault, while General Wroblewski, after submitting to a desperate bombardment, blew up his powder magazine, and then surrendered six thousand men into the hands of those from whom they could expect no mercy.

It would hardly serve the purpose of this narrative to recount fully the manœuvres by which the whole of the left bank of the Seine was finally, on Thursday, put into the possession of the government troops. The tragic interest deepens with startling intensity from the moment when the Hôtel de Ville, a flaming ruin, was surrounded on three sides by the regulars. Thenceforward, the history of the Commune's resistance is filled with nothing save disaster, which

"Followed fast and followed faster,"

until the sullen culmination.

The Hôtel de Ville was then encompassed thus: Towards the Seine, the corps of General Cissey had carried the barricades of the Pont Neuf and taken possession of the island and the cathedral of Notre Dame; on the right,

of Marshal MacMahon would have triumphed, the insurgents would be crowded back into the narrow tract of the Buttes Chaumont and Père la Chaise, and would be crushed between the Prussians and the converging effort of the whole regular army.

The Château d'Eau was, therefore, the last point of central resistance. The



BURNING OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

the troops had attacked a barricade defended well for a time at the Pointe St. Eustache, and after encountering a frightful resistance, had carried it, and the middle column, coming straight toward the late stronghold of rebellion, had already passed the Louvre.

Nothing was left, then, for the insurgents but to make their grand, bold stand at the Château d'Eau. Once lost there, they knew that the military movements

regulars did not hesitate to call it the "Key to Belleville."

On Thursday the approaches of the regular army may be resumed as follows. The corps of Generals Clinchant and Douay rallied by the boulevards of Magenta, St. Denis, and St. Martin, and from the Temple quarter. On the left wing, Ladmirault's corps operated against La Chapelle and La Villette, and General Vinoy, crossing the Seine with

his men, was creeping towards the Bastille, quite in the rear of the Château d'Eau

All around the gigantic square, and in it, the carnage was fearful. Thursday afternoon and evening the struggle culminated. On the barricade, Friday morning, amid a heap of twenty or thirty other corpses, the body of Delescluze was pointed out. He was dressed in simple morning costume, with polished boots and beaver hat, and had evidently prepared himself with care, thinking that he would be captured. He was killed at the barricade, while urging on his men to a more energetic resistance. The ball, which struck him in the forehead, killed him instantly. Delescluze seems never to have made any attempt to go away. He intended to die at his post, and did so. For days before he was compelled to flee from the Ministry of War he hardly ever quitted his work-room. He threw himself on a mattress which laid upon the floor near his work-table, and took little naps of half an hour's duration, then cast himself again with fury on his task. His countenance in death bore a painful expression of mute despair. He was an old man, who had been roughly used in the world, whose kindness had been turned to bitterness by exile, and whose health had been completely broken by mental and physical suffering. His men seem to have made no effort to remove his body, and the regulars found it Friday morning. Delescluze was identified by the fact that a very peculiar cane, which he was known to have carried twenty years, was grasped in the dead man's stiffened hand. On his person were found a large number of letters, some of which were from women, warning him that he ran risk of being poisoned, etc. There were also among his

papers a number of orders, of which the following is a fair specimen:—

Citizen Milhère, at the head of one hundred and fifty *francs*, will burn the suspected houses and all the public monuments on the right bank of the Seine.

Citizen Vesnier, with fifty men, is specially charged with the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille.

These citizens must arrange with the chiefs of the barricades for the execution of the orders.

Paris, 3 Prairial, An 79

This order is signed by Delescluze, Ravvier, Vésinier, Brunel, and Dombrowski. Others concern the burning of houses from which people might have been seen firing upon the barricades.

The bodies were strewn so thickly about the square of the Château d'Eau that on Sunday, three days after the capture of the locality, many corpses were still lying under the branches of trees, which had been strewn to impede the enemy's progress. Severe hand-to-hand fighting occurred at the Porte St. Martin, or not far from the square, on this Thursday. One young man, who had ensconced himself in a sort of recess in the arch, from whence, high above the crowd, he could fire at his leisure upon it, remained in his perch after his companions had retreated, and killed half-a-dozen soldiers before the regulars succeeded in getting up where they could shoot him. The insurgents piled their dead bodies in veritable revolutionary style on the barricades; and when the tremendous artillery duel of Thursday night was over, the spectacle was sickening. Cluseret was said to have been shot on Thursday evening, in the retreat from the barricades of the Porte St. Martin; but he mysteriously made his appearance at the apartment of an old

and neutral friend on that day, subsequently escaped from the walls of Paris, and now lives in Constantinople. A friend of mine, on whom he called, told me that, finding nothing could be done in that quarter for his safety, Clus-
seret rose coolly, gave a pleasant smile and hand-shake, and marched down the staircase as if going to breakfast, although his life would not have been worth a rush if any one had chanced to recognize him outside the house.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR.

The Retreat from the Château d'Eau — Ruins of the Hotel de Ville — The Burning of Important Papers. — Piquet — The Third Period of the Great Seven Days' Fight — At the Buttes Chaumont

THE regulars took sixty mitrailleuses at the Château d'Eau, and conveyed them to the Place de la Bourse, where they were proudly exhibited as conquered arms. The cannon which the insurgents employed during the thirty-six hours of their defence at this point did fearful execution on the houses at the Porte Saint-Martin side. Dozens of Communists hid in houses along the square during the retreat, and were ferreted out and shot as fast as found. The great fountain in the middle of the square was filled with petroleum, and a solid shot had knocked one of the gigantic bronze lions into the oily pool. The cross fire under which the regular troops had to traverse the place was horrible. Many a red breeches was killed in the march over the scattered boughs.

The fight had continued up the grand Boulevard Sebastopol all day Thursday, and down the Boulevard Magenta from the church of Saint-Laurent, so recently made famous by the pretended discovery of skeletons of young girls there. Cannon from all sides poured shot and shell into the retreating insurgents, and, plunging through the roofs of houses, murdered people, who asked nothing better than to fly from the scene of such horrors. Many citizens actually died from flight during the combat. The most reliable accounts say that some starved to death in the cellars to which they were driven by fear of the shells; and sometimes the harmless occupants

of some of these cellars would be startled by the inroad of excited soldiers, seeking an antagonist who had taken refuge in the house. A word, a retort in such a case, was enough to procure for one's self a speedy execution, with one's face turned to the wall of his own house.

Friday morning the retreat from the Château d'Eau was consummated. The army's task was now comparatively easy. It consisted in surrounding the insurgents at the extreme end of the city, at a point where they could not hope to escape from the walls, and forcing them to unconditional surrender.

Friday morning the same unvarying sunshine, the same thunder of cannon, terrorism concerning incendiaries, and the red flag still flying from the Bastille column.

The Hôtel de Ville was a lovely ruin. Four essentially popular and successful governments have been installed there. The first was the "Commune" of the last century, which, majestic and ferocious, occupied the halls from the 10th of August, 1792, to the 27th of July, 1793. The second was the Provisional government of '48, from February 24 to May 4. The third was the government of National Defense, which, founded on the ruins of the Second Empire, dragged out a shifty existence in a time of siege and starvation, and the fourth was the last Commune of Paris, which violently took possession of the Hôtel on the 19th of March, 1871, and left the edifice in

flames on the 28d of May. This great Communal monument owes the placing of its corner-stone to the provost of merchants under Francis I. The ceremony occurred on the 15th of July, 1533, and the ground had then but just been cleared of the ruins of the famous *Maison aux Piliers*, which dated among the most ancient buildings of the city. Dominique Baccaro was the architect who designed the pristine form of the structure, and Jean Asselin, "Master of Public Works to the City," was charged with the execution. In 1550 only one story was completed, and, strangely enough, the civil wars which then desolated France were the main cause of a delay which little pleased the architects. Finally, in 1605, new minds modified the long-neglected designs, and the Hôtel gradually took form. Two centuries after, in 1801, the church-hospital of the Holy Spirit, and the Communion of the Church of St John were consolidated with the Hôtel de Ville edifice, and thirty years after the work of demolishing all the houses in the immediate vicinity was undertaken. It lasted five years, and the result was one of the finest architectural effects in Paris. Napoleon III increased this effect by widening the space, and by making the modern buildings around the ornate and romantic old Hôtel of an extreme simplicity. The interior of the building was much more richly ornate than are any of the Gallic palaces. Each chief of the Parisian municipality had for centuries devoted his attention to enriching the various halls with memorials of his time. Painting, sculpture, and furniture here all spoke the languages of an hundred previous decades and thousands of individual tastes. The arms of Paris—a galley floating—with the legend *Fluctuat nec mergitur*, were, it is supposed,

carried away before the flames broke out in the Hôtel de Ville. Possibly, however, the Communists preferred to have even that precious memento destroyed, because it had a taint of Cæsarism.

In this building, so many years ago that only great troubles cause the remembrance of it, Mirabeau stood up and said, "I consider the National Guard of Paris an obstacle to the reestablishment of order. Most of its chiefs are members of the Jacobins, and, carrying the principles of that Society among their soldiers, they teach them to obey the people as the prime authority. These troops are too numerous to take any *esprit de corps*, too wedded to the citizens to allow the least latitude to royal authority, too feeble to oppose a grand insurrection, and too facile to corrupt, not *en masse*, but individually, not to be an instrument always at the will of the factions."

What Mirabeau said then was strictly true of the National Guard which Father Thiers decided to dissolve. The Hôtel de Ville in ruins, the National Guard dissolved and disarmed, the Communal Committee of Public Safety dispersed or dead, the generals of the guards lying on hospital stretchers or heaps of corpses, the final, grand, desperate effort of the people shaping itself in the "eccentric quarters" All was, indeed, over.

That same day, after the fight had begun at Belleville, a captain of regulars, after having, with his men, conquered a barricade, found one of the many prisoners who were to be shot appealing to him. "Listen, captain!" said he. "I have a watch in my pocket which belongs to the *concierge* across the way. He gave it to me for safe-keeping several days ago. Let me return it before I die!"

The captain had before him a little black-eyed lad of fifteen, erect, and evidently not afraid. He thought the poor child desired a pretext for escape, and, tired of his bloody work, he said: "Yes, begone, little scoundrel!"

But just as the captain and his platoon of executioners had taken the lives of the other prisoners, the lad came back, running, placed himself before the bloody wall, and said, "Here I am—ready!"

No soldiers would fire at him, and the captain once more dismissed him, tears standing in eyes, which opened wide at such exhibition of nobility of character.

Promenading among the ruins of Wednesday and Thursday was not especially safe, but productive of much revelry. One remembered the great review that took place before the Hôtel de Ville a month before, and the grand old face of the enthusiastic Miot (the patriarch of the Commune) inspiring the soldiers. How the songs rang, how the old man and his comrades embraced the officers, and how the columns marched away into black annihilation and the execrations of the mobs of bourgeois and the commercial people of Paris!

One of the remarkable men of this great insurrection was Napias-Piquet, formerly a barrister at Troyes, and, at the opening of the Commune drama, perhaps fifty-five years old. He was tall, handsome, with sparkling eyes, and an intense vivacity of manner which only the foreigner who has lived in France can understand. Piquet was placed in the delicate and dangerous position of Mayor at Passy, during the latter days of the insurrection. He had, however, not only power there, but was of much weight in the Commune councils. To him was largely due the financial promptness of the insurrection-

ary leaders. He could find money, by legitimate or violent means, when no one else could. The "delegate to the Ministry of Finances," Jourde, only obeyed Piquet. He was also extremely violent in his desires for an attack on property, and had formed the plan of burning all the papers of the various credit societies, the notaries, and the great corporations, that the Paris world might start anew. He desired to level everything, believing that the iniquities of society arose from the unequal distribution of property and the tyrannies connected with the manipulation of large capital.

One day, almost immediately after his plan for burning all these immensely valuable papers had been mentioned in the Commune, a well-known French gentleman, having no sympathy with the insurrection, but to whom Piquet was deeply indebted for past services, went to see the fiery attacker of property. He was accompanied by an American, to give character to his visit, which he feared might result in his arrest and incarceration as an hostage. Piquet received him with the most friendly cordiality, and after the gentleman had broached the delicate subject, the Communist said:

"Yes, we intend to burn every paper in every important business establishment, public and private, all archives, and every record which has any value to the rich and those who have been powerful."

But here the Frenchman delicately interposed the thought that the Commune would do much better to carefully put its seals upon all buildings containing these papers, and to preserve the records of the iniquities of property-holders and corporations, and then to publish to the world in future pamphlets all the documentary evidence of what he (Piquet)

asserted. To this the Socialist did not desire at first to listen, but he finally said he would consider it, and next day seals were placed on all offices of notaries, corporations, public and private, etc.

Then came the crushing stroke of MacMahon's entry, and the Frenchman who had reasoned with Piquet had, by a little stroke of *finesse* , saved to Paris the destruction of papers involving interests of thousands of millions of francs. Had he attempted to threaten Piquet, he would have incurred the greatest danger, but he simply persuaded him to procrastination.

Piquet was among the first to fall under the bullets of the Versailles soldiery. His loss was one of the great discomagements for those who proposed to continue the desperate struggle.

The burning of the Palace of Justice, on the Quai de l'Horloge, was the sequel to the destruction of the Prefecture of Police. The latter edifice had been prepared for burning on the very first days that the Commune came into power, as not a member of the insurrection intended that the ancient Imperial inquisition should have any place to repose when it came back. On Wednesday night, the 24th, when the regulars were rapidly coming towards them, the delegate Ferré was busily engaged in distributing money to be carried to the defenders of the barricades, when the news came that he must fly. Rigault, the prefect, was wandering about the prisons, choosing victims on whom to retaliate for the indiscriminate shooting of the Communist prisoners. Ferré, before leaving, took down his book of prisoners. First on the list was the name of one condemned to death accused of having given money for illegitimate purposes to certain members of

the National Guard. The other prisoners were released, but Vaisset, the condemned, was shot at the foot of the statue of Henry IV, and his body was thrown into the Seine. The Prefecture was then fired, and certain loud explosions showed that the insurgents intended the work to be thorough. The "Sainte-Chapelle," which had been especially marked for vengeance, remained absolutely untouched, and still stands, revealed in the beauty which had long been concealed in the quaint courts of the Palace of Justice.

The third period of the great seven days' fight in Paris properly begins with the afternoon of Friday, May 26th, and ends at four o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 28th. During that time several hundred prisoners were executed, the majority of them without trial, and at least ten thousand were marched through the streets of the city, followed by howling mobs, *en route* for Versailles. General Vinoy, who commanded the reserve forces, had, while the tremendous struggle at the Château d'Eau was in progress, made his way with but little fighting into the Faubourg St. Antoine. Inasmuch as the active forces got to Belleville much sooner than General Vinoy had anticipated, he suddenly found himself in a very important part of the action, and cooperated with much energy, uniting on the Seine the corps of General Douay and General Cissey. After the taking of the Hôtel de Ville, he was in the first line; and while General Douay was striving to occupy the boulevards from the Château d'Eau to the Bastille, Vinoy was preparing to attack the insurgents in flank. I have already described the burning of various important public buildings at Belleville as the insurgents retreated, but this in no way checked the progress of the regulars, who, on Thursday afternoon and evening,

were vigorously attacking the rebel line of defense on the Lyons and Vincennes railways, and who finally carried, with small loss, the barricade under the grand viaduct on the Boulevard de Mazas. The insurgents attempted to burn the Lyons railway station during their retreat, but failed.

The Place de la Bastille had always been considered by the Communists as one of their principal strongholds. Its position is naturally good for defense, and was exceptionally strengthened by barricades on all the avenues which led up to the grand "Column of July," such as the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the Rue St Antoine, and the three now celebrated streets, Rues de Charenton, du Faubourg du Temple, and de la Roquette. In these important commercial highways occurred one of the most sanguinary combats in the records of street fighting. The insurgents, driven to despair, made a fortress of every house and fought from its windows, until the invading soldiery came to kill them and throw their mutilated bodies into the streets. Although the barricades at each entrance of the three streets were continually tottering under the fearful shocks of the solid shot from the regulars' cannon, they were rebuilt hour by hour and a *Gaccho* of '71 was always found to replant the red flag high over the paving-stones as often as an awful sharp-shooter brought it down. Finally, the troops "turned" the barricades, invading on the east the Faubourg St Antoine, and those unfortunately who had been flying from the Château d'Eau found themselves in the midst of a new *déroute*, than which nothing could be more complete. On what has been named the Charenton barricade, one hundred and five corpses were found. Many were those of old men poorly dressed; and

in this quarter the people had evidently taken hold in earnest, for very few of the combatants wore any uniforms. Not far from this scene of slaughter stands the historic house where, in 1848, the most decided resistance in Paris was made. The old mansion still bears marks of these terrible cannonades, and its second baptism of fire has made the inmates unwilling to rest within its shaky walls. The streets here, as elsewhere, had the appearance of a battle-field, and the corpses of men and women lay neglected for two days. General Vinoy quietly continued worming his way from the Place du Trône until Friday, when he came upon a knot of barricades on the Boulevards Prince Eugène, Philippe-Auguste, and de Chaulonne. Here was a handful of brave men who reasoned against Fate, and persisted in supposing that their fellows were gaining ground in the centre of the city. They were carried on Friday evening. The defenders were put to death, and some of the houses near at hand were burned. General Vinoy camped that night, under a raking fire, at the foot of the green and lovely hills which bear within their immemorial breasts the most celebrated dead of Paris, — he was before Père La Chaise.

At this celebrated cemetery, and the Buttes Chaumont, the superb park for whose beauty Napoleon III did so much, the insurrectionists made their last stand within the town.

The most reliable accounts admit that thirty thousand men, women, and children, who had been directly engaged in the fighting at Belleville, were finally surrounded in the cemetery, and hundreds of these were massacred. I frequently heard well-to-do people, with whom I am personally acquainted, say that they hoped that not one of the thirty

thousand would escape alive. The batteries of the insurgents, placed on a high slope in the middle of the cemetery, commanded the Opera quarter, and had been firing sharply at every place whence smoke and flame issued for the past two days. On Friday the artillerymen directed their attention to the assistance of their brethren in the Faubourg du Temple, and stray shells came whizzing into the Central Market. The "great damage done by these shells to property" is a figment of aristocratic imagination, even the respectable Paris journals admit that they hit but few fires. They wounded and killed, however, a great many inoffensive citizens. The Communists had made an immense collection of ammunition at Belleville, and having at their command about two hundred cannons large and small, at first disdained the very correct fire which was poured into their batteries from Montmartre heights only three thousand five hundred yards distant. As fast as cannon were dismounted, fresh ones were brought up, until the marines on Montmartre wrung their hands and swore that the Devil was aiding the antagonists on the Buttes.

Friday evening, Paris which, say the Prussians, had been completely enveloped in smoke for the three previous days, was illuminated by a vast conflagration, which set the whole anguished-stricken city out in bold relief against a frowning and angry sky. All the inhabitants of the suburban towns at once imagined that the final *coup* had arrived, and that the insurgents had fired the whole town. Hence the wildness of the reports which reached England and America on Saturday and Sunday.

The final attack was ready. While old General Vinoy took stilted rest in his dangerous quarters, General Ladmirault had executed a movement similar

to that which brought Vinoy to Père La Chaise, and the two army corps were simultaneously in position in the rear of Père La Chaise and the rear of the Buttes Chaumont. The troops of Ladmirault's corps came out on the Place de la Rotonde, the central position of La Vilette, having arrived by the Rue de La Fayette and the Boulevard de la Chapelle. The insurgents, turned to the left after a vigorous defense, retired to the Docks,—then came the conflagration of Friday evening.

On Saturday morning the Communists found themselves shut in to Belleville in a semicircle, the two extremities of which leaned on the ramparts, and the bend of which followed the boulevards from the Bastille to the Château d'Eau, and extended along the grand canal from the Faubourg du Temple to the Place de la Vilette. It rained, men were trampled into the mud by others advancing, the dead were horrible to contemplate.

At the left on the Buttes Chaumont, the observer, with a good field-glass, could see a garden, the surface of which had been ploughed by descending fragments of shell. At the foot of a tall tree, whose branches were stripped, was a grunting battery. Men, bare-headed and in their shirt-sleeves, were serving it. Every two minutes the battery spoke in thunder tones. Looking from the bluff towards the great double-spired church of Belleville, and beyond the Menilmontant quarter, one could see, at the right, a vast bank of verdure,—Père La Chaise. Flashes at the foot of a huge monument showed the position of the insurgent battery there. A retreating battle-line, following the canal by La Roquette, the Boulevard Richard Lenou, and the Boulevard de la Vilette, showed the progress of the attack.

General Douay was crushing out the

last fragmentary resistance in the Faubourg du Temple. General Clinchant was subduing all the barricades barring approach to the canal.

At the point where the Boulevard Richard Lenon intersects with that of Prince Eugène was a gun barricade, solidly built, with ditches and embasures. It was so protected by barricades in the adjacent streets that the regulars were compelled to relinquish attacks in front, and, going up by the Bastille, and brushing away smaller obstacles, surround the gigantic work, pouring a heavy fire upon it from all sides. When, after some hours, the insurgents abandoned it, making a desperate run for life through one unlooked-for avenue of escape, the whole section for a quarter of a mile around was in ruins. On the blood-spattered stones lay corpses blackened with powder, clothes covered with gore torn off from fever-wild frames by dying men in their agony, broken guns and fragments of an exploded caisson and its contents, half-a-dozen disembowelled horses, and the earth, says an eye-witness, was in little clots which could only have been produced by a generous admixture of blood.

All Saturday afternoon shells rained upon Belleville, around and above the church, and the horizon was enveloped in enormous clouds of smoke. The insurgents, who were cannonless, were finally driven into the space between the Buttes Chaumont and the Château d'Eau, the two wings of the regular army joined, throwing the remains of the insurrectionists upon the centre, which received the shock without deigning to move forward or back. Five o'clock, six, seven, passed, bringing death momentarily to the brave defenders of the Père La Chaise batteries, at eight, just as the rainy twilight was surrendering to dark-

ness, the regulars charged into the batteries, and a massacre of fugitives began. Ladmirault meantime obtained La Villette completely, and the next morning the artillery officers of the Versailles army were curiously examining the cannon in the Buttes Chaumont battery. Belleville was burning in a hundred places, one could hardly walk forty yards without seeing two or three corpses, and the dismal processions of bare-headed condemned, marching away to be shot, were met everywhere. On that Sunday morning, fatal to the Commune, a few insurgents who had been passed by in the Faubourg du Temple and the Rue d'Angoulême still held out, but in the afternoon, at two o'clock, silence was complete. At five P.M. Marshal MacMahon announced to Paris, in a brief proclamation that the insurrection was quelled.

Twenty thousand prisoners were taken during the last three days.

Sunday morning dawned gloriously, and the unwonted tranquillity had in it a sense of blessedness. Cavaliers, many mounted on the horses which so lately had been ridden by the officers of the Commune, galloped gayly everywhere. Officers sauntered arm-in-arm under the trees, which showed so many marks of violence or seated themselves under the *café* awnings and sipped coffee, handed them by waiters who still showed signs of fear at sight of all uniforms. The attractions were, as usual in France, a theatrical spectacle, composed of groups of prisoners brought down from Belleville and La Villette, and paraded between ranks of horsemen. Towards noon on that historic Sunday a ghastly faltering procession of five thousand men, women, and children passed through the city on their way to Versailles. Marquis de Galliffet rode at the head of a

brilliant staff, behind which was a long line of soldiers who had deserted to the Commune, and who were to be shot. Women and men went arm-in-arm, many a strong man holding up his fainting wife or daughter. There were real family parties, where the strong workman held one of his loved ones each by the hand, and children followed father, mother, and daughter. One old man, who seemed dazzled by the light and frightened at the execrations of the crowd, fell down repeatedly, and was dragged hurriedly up by his comrades, who feared that the soldiers would shoot him. By far the most horrible sight, however, was that of a man who broke away and ran furiously, dashing aside the hands outstretched to stop him. A troop of cavalry galloped after him. He foamed at the mouth and ran still faster, now he was down — now up — now a

horse's feet felled him, a bugler dismounted, and he was placed on the vacated saddle. The cavalry men set off at sharp pace to regain the troop. The man fainted, his face was covered with blood and dirt, he cried, "Kill me!" Five minutes from that time, at a street corner not far from where he was captured, his appeal was heeded, and his quivering body thrown into a cart. A well-dressed man struck it with a cane and called it "*Cannaille*."

Near the walls, on that day, at the principal gate leading to Versailles, the Marquis de Galliffet ordered eighty-five of the prisoners shot, and his orders were at once executed. Then on went others over the hot dusty roads to Versailles where they were packed into the filthy prisons, and then examined at the rate of one thousand per day.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

Concessions of M. Thiers.—The Vindictiveness of the Middle Classes.—Massacre of the Prisoners.—English Comments on the Seven Days' Fight.—Last Moments of the Insurrectionists.—Testimonies of Eye-witnesses.—Statistics of the Slaughter.—A Curious Photograph.—Out of Storm into Calm.

IT is said that M. Thiers made a brief visit to Paris during the seven days' fight, but that he was only too glad to return hastily to Versailles, astonished and horrified beyond measure at the carnage and conflagration visible on every hand. Thiers had never been willing to believe that the Communists would proceed to extremities, and Maxime Ducamp recounts that shortly before the final battle, three Communists, personages of consequence, called at Versailles, on the Chief of State and made a final effort at reconciliation and peace. These persons, whose intellectual status was better than that of most of the followers of the Commune, and who were therefore entitled to some attention, endeavored to impress the president with the fact, that unless decent terms were given to the Commune, it would whelm the whole capital in the ruin, which involved itself. M. Thiers refused to believe this. "They have said this very often," he remarked, "they have made all kinds of threats, but they will not execute them." The three delegates firmly insisted that he was not familiar with the temper of the insurrectionists, that they would not hesitate to burn the priceless treasures of the Louvre, and to deface if not efface all the monuments of French grandeur. M. Thiers reflected for some minutes in silence, after which he said to the delegates, "Go back to Paris, and say that if surrender

is at once made, I will prosecute no one under the grade of colonel, and I will leave the gates of the city open for three days. Is not that sufficiently explicit?"

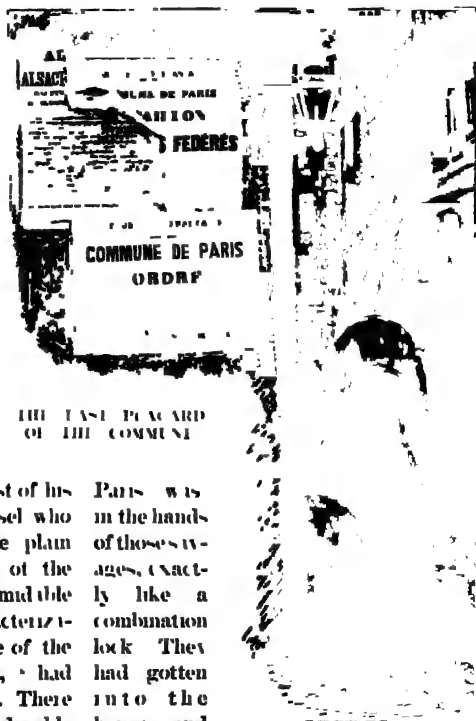
The delegates professed themselves overwhelmed with his generosity, which amounted to a substantial amnesty for all the chief offenders, except those directly connected with the regular army, and who must therefore be considered as traitors to the flag, and they went back to Paris full of joy, and two of them went to the Communal Assembly to report. Much to their consternation they were immediately clapped into prison, and informed that they were a brace of idiots. Thus ended the attempts at a peaceable adjustment of the difficulties between Paris and Versailles, and from that moment there was no hesitation on the part of the Communists. They hacked, plundered, burned, or destroyed, without rhyme or reason, anxious to pull down, having demonstrated in the face of the world that they had no capacity for construction; they had boasted of the new social edifice, which they were to raise, but could not even lay its foundations.

The judgment of the chief apostles of liberty in Europe upon their work was full of severest condemnation. Mazzini wrote to a friend, shortly after the close of the Insurrection: "This revolt, which broke out so suddenly without preconceived plans, and tinged by a purely

negative socialistic element, abandoned even by all the French Republicans of any renown, but defended with passion and without fraternal spirit of concession by men who ought to have fought, but who did not dare to fight against the foreign enemy. — tended inevitably to end in the exhibition of materialism, to finish by the acceptance of a principle of action which, even had it ever become law, would have thrown France back into the darkness of the Middle Ages, and would have taken from her for centuries to come all hope of resurrection. This principle is the sovereignty of the individual which can bring about only unlimited personal indulgence only the destruction of all authority, and the absolute negation of national existence.

Perhaps Mazzini was a little too severe on the National Guard when he accuses it of not having had the courage to fight the Prussians, but all the rest of his indictment is without a flaw. Rossel who died at the shooting-post on the plain of Satory, shortly after the fall of the Commune, left on record a formidable and rather contemptuous characterization of the Commune. "No one of the actors in the drama," he said, "had studied his part for the great play. There was no study, no character, no durable audacity in the whole party. This plebeian crowd of workers aspired to possess the world, and yet it knew nothing of the world. When a burglar means to force a house, he first makes a study of the surroundings, the doors, the locks, he knows where the strong boxes are, and how to get into them. But the Commune was a novice at the trade of

burglary; was reduced to slay in order to steal, and found itself finally embarrassed by useless crimes, not knowing where the treasures, the secret hoards, which it had committed crime in order to possess, were to be found. The comparison pleases me, and I extend it.



THE LAST PLACARD
OF THE COMMUNE

Paris was in the hands of those savages, exactly like a combination lock. They had gotten into the house, and the Commune stood knitting its brows before the ponderous safe which contained the social riches, but was obliged to content itself with the copper which had been left outside. Therefore in its vindictive rage it set fire to the invaded house before it departed." These are the arguments of repentance after

these stinging words of Rossel. He was not the only generous and noble spirit led into the movement, only to find that he had associated himself with an ignoble and disreputable crew.

Bad as the Commune was, terrible as the wreck of property and of life in the great seven days' fight had been, neither the remembrance of this nor any other thing could excuse the ferocity and vindictiveness of the middle classes of Paris when once they had got the Commune down. They were not content with setting their feet upon its neck, but they wished to mangle and torture it. Prisoners were treated with a ferocity which would scarcely be credited if it were to be described. I have little doubt that dozens, if not scores, of innocent people perished because of the denunciations of stupid or villainous servants and zealous tradesmen. Scores of foreigners narrowly escaped death at the hands of the regulars, simply because they were foreigners and found some difficulty in explaining their presence in Paris. The Marquis de Galliffet was accused and never made any very explicit denial of the charges, of having decimated his processions of prisoners without any trial or other formality than pointing his finger at the ones to be shot. Many of the stories told of the regular troops and their excesses of vengeance were exaggerated at the time, but enough is established as history to make one believe that the older a nation grows the more terrible is a civil war within its boundaries.

From the diary of a French writer, who carefully observed the seven days' fight, I take a few sentences which show the temper of the time. The writer is speaking of the closing days of the fight. "Never again will such a spectacle be seen." "I have just been upon the

whole length of the Rue de Rivoli, lighted by fires all along the route, — the Ministry of Finances, the Tuileries, and I don't know how many private houses. The effect of the flames rising up to the blue sky — for the weather is most beautiful — is quite startling. Every few yards there is a kind of barricade, and around it a heap of corpses. In the midst of these fires, breathing the sulphurous air, and under the impression of the indignation and irritation inspired by so many crimes, man seems to undergo a complete transformation. One looks with a kind of cruel satisfaction upon the faces, yellow as wax, of the bodies struck down by the balls of the *chassepots*, and involuntarily one falls to cursing those dead men in the name of the massacres and the victims everywhere to be seen. It would seem as if sensitiveness would be destroyed, but it is, on the contrary, increased. Going back in the evening towards the Champs Elysées after having passed buckets at the fire of the Hôtel de Ville half the day, I met in the Rue St Honoré a long file of prisoners that soldiers were taking to the head-quarters. Among them were women who were really hideous. The men marched, some carrying their heads erect, others, with a sombre and terrible aspect, others, completely broken down with fear. In the party were many young girls, and even children. One man was leading by the hand his two little sons, a daughter, six or seven years old, hung about his neck. The crowd followed upon the heels of the prisoners, yelling 'Death! Death! Death to the *pétroleuses*! Down with assassins! Don't take them any farther! Shoot them right here!' And from the fury which shone in the eyes of these people, it seemed as if at the first halt they would precipitate themselves

upon the prisoners and tear them to pieces. The little girl looked upon this angry crowd with her great black eyes filled with an indefinable expression of astonishment, of fright, and of sadness, and the more frightened she became, the more she tugged at the neck of her poor father. His wandering look seemed for a moment to fix itself upon me. I could not restrain myself. I ran to the man, who held the little creature like a shield against the death which he very likely merited, and I said to him in a supplicating voice, 'Give me your little daughter. I will give her back to you.' For answer, he only said to me, 'I am innocent. I don't know why I have been taken into this company.' Just then soldiers pushed us violently apart.

The excited statement of the London "Times" on the last day of May, that Paris was no more, that we might look for it in future, but should find its place only, was scarcely justified by facts. Yet the destruction had been so great that there is nothing wonderful in the formidable nature of the impression which it produced in neighboring capitals. The Hôtel de Ville, the Lyric Theatre, the Palais Royal, the Grand Library of the Louvre, the Council of State, the Cours des Comptes, the Palais de Justice, the vast granaries on the Boulevard Boudon, and the Tuileries, the enormous warehouses on the docks of La Villette, dozens of rich mansions in the Rue de Lille and the Rue Royale, and in other of the principal avenues — had been either totally destroyed or so damaged that their demolition was necessary; and such had been the determined efforts to burn the historic cathedral of Notre Dame, and the churches of St. Eustache, the Madeleine, and the Trinité, that it seemed to those who read the sensational accounts

published at the time as if the French capital were razed to the ground, yet two years afterwards there were but few marks of the conflagration or of the battle of the streets visible, and tourists invariably indulged in exclamations of disappointment. There were no ruins to see.

Here we may take leave of our notes of the great insurrection. French society revenged itself terribly upon those who had temporarily interrupted its course. The hatred of the classes was intensified rather than extinguished. Men like Rossel, Ferré, Bourgeois, Milhère, Delescluze, and Rigault appear to have left behind them persons who consider them as martyrs, and it was not until after the general and complete amnesty that the aspirations for a second Commune were substantially checked. All those who were anxious for the reconciliation of the opposing forces in French society men like Victor Hugo, men like Father Hyacinthe did their best by word and pen to bring about a fraternal feeling. But, alas! Fraternity exists only upon the portals of the public buildings, where it is written up in connection with its handmaidens, Liberty and Equality.

No one connected with the Commune appears to have manifested much heroism or bravery when his final moment came. Raoul Rigault had no time to protest or to fume against his captors. He was pushed against the wall and shot like a dog. The recital of the death of Milhère, who was a man of some power as a publicist, and who at the time of the Victor Non riots had a temporary notoriety, is rather interesting. Milhère was taken after the regular troops had broken down the barricades at the Pantheon, in the home of his father-in-law, who lived hard by, and was brought

before a general installed near the Luxembourg. As the wretched man was dragged into the house with a thousand people howling at his heels, the general said, "So you are Millière?"—"Yes," said the revolutionist, assuming a certain dignity, "and you must remember that I am a deputy"—"That may be so, but I rather think you have lost your quality of deputy. For that matter, we will proceed to have you identified." The officer who had arrested Millière presently told him that the general's orders were that he should be shot. "Why?" said Millière. The officer answered, "I only know you by name. I have read articles of yours which quite disgusted me. You are a viper, whose head must be crushed. You detest society." Millière answered, "I do indeed hate society in its present form"—"Very well, then you shall be expelled from its midst. You are about to be shot." Millière protested that this was barbarous cruelty, worthy of savages, etc., but he was taken at once to the Pantheon, where the general by a refinement of cruelty, had ordered he should be shot in a kneeling position, as if begging pardon of Society for the evil which he had wrought. A participant in the execution says that Millière refused to be shot in a kneeling posture. The officer said to him, "It is the orders; you will be shot thus, and not otherwise." He played a little comedy, tore open his coat, showing his naked breast to the platoon charged to shoot him; so the officer said to him, "You need not indulge in any theatricals, just take it easily, and it will be much better." Millière answered, "I have a right, in my own interest and in that of my cause, to do as I please"—"Very well, then, get on your knees!" Millière then said, "I will never do it myself;

you can make me do it if you wish." The officer then had him forced on to his knees, and his execution was then proceeded with. He cried, "*Vive l'humanité*" and was going to chant something else, when death interrupted him.

Among the Americans present in Paris during the reign of the Commune and the battles in which it was crushed, no one saw more, nor went about more bravely determined to observe, even at the risk of his life, than Mr. Omer T. Glenn, of Cincinnati. This gentleman has kindly communicated to me from his private journal a few notes, which are not without a striking interest. With reference to the famous courts-martial, Mr. Glenn writes: "I passed by the Châtelet Theatre, on every side of which except the rear, huge crowds were gathered. Prisoners were being tried rapidly. I had not long to wait before a batch of twenty or thirty came out under guard of the blue-uniformed soldiers, who did most, if not all, of the shooting at the Caserne Lobau. These prisoners were marched down to the Caserne Lobau, placed over against a wall, the huge folding-doors of the building were then closed, and we immediately heard a rattle of musketry, followed by the usual stray shots at those who still showed signs of life. A gentleman who was with me said, 'Let us get away from this horrible sight. I can't stand it,' so we crossed the street, and took our way up the Boulevard St. Michel. Here and there soldiers and civilians were cheerfully at work replacing the paving-stones, levelling barricades, etc. The chances of being called upon to aid in this work were so good that I concluded to return, after a promenade of a few squares; so I went back to the Châtelet.

"In a few minutes out came another

party of prisoners under guard. These were men ranging in age from eighteen to sixty, some of them hatless, almost every one appearing to be of the working class. I am inclined to think that they knew they were marching to immediate death, they looked so *effrayés*. Arriving at the Caserne Lobau, the same scene was gone through with, the closing of the doors, the rattle of musketry, one or two cries, then some stray shots. It seemed to me that the executioners wore the same appalling expression of countenance as the prisoners themselves. I ventured to remark to a *bougeois* at my elbow, 'At this rate of destruction, Paris will soon have no workmen left'—'Oh' replied he, 'there are plenty of others to come up from the country.' This butchery at the Caserne Lobau went on for several days.

I once went to Père La Chaise, and there talked to some workmen who had been buying some executed Communists. The workmen thought they had covered in about four hundred men. I also went to Montparnasse. Here dead men, disinterred at various points in the city, were being brought in in wagons, to be thrown into the ditches dug for the Communards. As the crowd pressed forward to get a view of the bodies about to be tumbled into the trenches, an old guardian, in uniform, would cry out, 'Move back, ladies and gentlemen! Move back!' It is not a pleasant spectacle, I assure you. These funerals of the wagon-loads of corpses went on all that day. I do not believe there were thirty thousand executions, as has been reported, perhaps five thousand in all."

The official statistics with regard to the punishment of the insurrectionists have a pathetic interest. Of course there is included in these statistics only the punishment of the prisoners who

were brought before regular courts after the complete cessation of hostilities. This does not comprise the hundreds, if not thousands, who were shot by the sentences of courts-martial during the battle. From the 3d of April, 1871, to the 1st of January, 1872, thirty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-eight individuals were arrested as participants in the insurrection. Of this number the military courts sat in judgment upon thirty-six thousand three hundred and nine, of which two thousand four hundred and forty-five were acquitted, ten thousand one hundred and thirty-one were convicted and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven were liberated after examination. As the official documents of the Commune say that some hundred and fifty thousand armed men took part in the revolt, these figures would indicate that France was not too severe in her punishment. The government papers say that among those arrested were seven thousand four hundred persons who had been previously convicted for crimes against the law. There appear to have been but little more than a hundred sentences to death passed by the military courts from 1871 to 1875, at the end of which period the "Commission of Assassins," as the sympathizers with the Commune called the Parliamentary Committee which dealt with the prosecutions, made up its report. There were many singular and rather inexplicable sentences. Thus, Rochefort, who was not really a Communist, but who had to leave Paris because he told the Commune the danger into which it was marching blindfold, found himself sentenced to confinement in a fortress for life, and was sent off to the other end of the world, whence he made his escape in most romantic fashion, and found his way to New York, and

thence to Switzerland Paschal Grousset, the good-looking and amiable young man whom the Commune dignified with the appellation of its delegate of foreign affairs, managed to save his head, although he passed through five minutes of the most terrible suspense in front of the Grand Hotel in Paris, when he was recognized in a cab, and was saved, as if by a miracle, from being torn in pieces. He shared Rochefort's condemnation and punishment, and fate destined him also to share in the audacious journalist's escape from the penal colony of New Caledonia.

In the shop of a bookseller on the Boulevard I one day found the photograph of a working-man, upon whose face there was an expression of mingled awe, contempt, and fear, the look was positively so mysterious and awful that it at once commanded respectful attention. I inquired the history of this singular picture, and was told that it was the face of a workman photographed, doubtless in the interest of some psychological study, a moment or two before he was executed. The expression of this poor fellow, standing thus upon the threshold of eternity, still hot with the passions and the enmities of time, may be taken as typical of the attitude of the fighters for the Commune during the last terrible seven days, of which I have endeavored here to give some account.

After the horrors of this prolonged struggle, peace and security seemed to bring with them a complete nervous reaction, from which all who had been spectators of, and partial or unwilling participants in the drama, suffered for many days. The principal physicians of Paris assert that hundreds of people had their brains literally turned by the horrors which they were compelled to witness, and it is not strange that even those who were not predisposed to insanity were in a mental condition far from normal for a lengthy period.

From Paris I went to London, and at St Denis, as the train crawled out of the walls of the capital, and passed the half-torn fortress, we found the Prussians, who departed from their usual dignity so far as to give the passengers in the train an uncouth cheer, and to cry "*Vive la Commune!*" But this gratuitous insult was far from being in accordance with the usual custom of the Germans, who, as a man, had quite as great a contempt for the Commune as the French property-holder could have.

In London we seemed in another world. The calm of the great green parks, the laughter of the children in the streets, and the undisturbed flow of commerce in the mighty metropolis, seemed almost unnatural, so accustomed had the eye and ear become to the sound of battle and to the sense of danger.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX.

After Storm, Calm — London and Paris — Points of Resemblance and of Difference. — London and Paris Compared — Old London — Contrasts in Manners, Food and Drink — Sunday in the Two Capitals — Mutual Respect and Comical Concealment of It

THE contrasts suggested by the arrival in London after the confusion, the bloodshed, and the dangers in Paris, were highly unpressive and striking, but they are even at ordinary times only less in degree. English sympathies had been deeply stirred by the turmoil on the "Continent," as our British cousins with their insular coolness call the greater portion of Europe, and London had, with its magnificent charity, done good alike to Germans and to French. But beneath the sympathy it was not difficult to discern a kind of pity which was not unmingled with scorn, and there was a disposition in the upper classes to deny and perhaps to deny the value of the revolution through which the neighbouring country, the secular enemy and antagonist, but now the prostrate and appealing ally, had passed.

That England was stirred by the vast demonstration of German military power there was abundant proof. It was apparent in the renewed attention to coast defences, the rebirth of the military feeling in the remotest centres, the most rural of counties, and the disposition to turn for consolation in the presence of these huge triumphs of a neighbor and kindred race, to the contemplation of the "Greater Britain," of which Sir Charles Dilke has given us so picturesque and adequate an account. England had not been in the midst of important events for the two or three preceding years.

The Reform Bill agitation over, the country had settled into one of its long periods of inertia, — as it seems to the foreigner — periods in which the needed next reform seems to crystallize in the national mind without apparent glow of feeling or noisy demonstration of any shape whatsoever.

London and Paris, between which there is an incessant and most curious interchange of sentiment and of travel, are as unlike each other in some respects as if they were thousands instead of a few hundred miles apart. Each has flowing through its centre an historic stream, whose banks are lined with imposing and with venerable mansions, and the citizens of each city pay especial reverence to these rivers, and are as proud of them as if they were Amazons, Congos, or Mississippi. Each city has an ancient and ornate Cathedral church, and the lover of the beautiful finds it hard to choose between Notre Dame and Westminster. Each has its corporations with their innumerable traditions, their furs and feathers, their gowns and furs, their privileges and accumulated wealth, each has a municipal legend, which is full of glory and fighting, of careers of citizens enriched by trade and ennobled by their sovereigns, each has a huge institution devoted to military and naval glory, and each its crypt in which a hero sleeps. There is a kind of cousinship be

the Pantheon and St. Paul's. Each capital has its observatory, which it thinks the first in the world, and each its academies of painting, which respectively assert their supremacy without doubt as to the legitimacy of their claims. Each has its parliament, its ministries, its official "season" and diplomatic luxury, activity, and splendor, each its annual visitation of the rich and the great, who go to Paris and London because they are London and Paris, and for no other reason at all, and each its throng of adventurers who come to prey upon the rich and to bask in their sunshine with that recklessness of the future characteristic of their class.

But after a little, one finds it difficult to establish analogies between London and Paris. Both cities are alike in this regard, that while their citizens manifest and express the greatest veneration for the relics of the past, the modern and new portions of the capitals are unpicturesque and prosaic. Perhaps the Londoner attaches more importance to the past than does the Parisian. In France hundreds of thousands of people date everything in their country's history from the Revolution of the last century, which, as Taine says, made "a new France." But in England, although in their time they have cut off a king's head, they have not cut loose from the traditions, the legends, and the beauties of former centuries, and they still speak of them with bated breath. The Parisian cockney is a cynic, and the London cockney an enthusiast. If Alphonse or Adolphe go to Versailles for a Sunday's outing, they are more than likely to criticise the landscape gardening of Le Nôtre, and to poke fun at the shade of the great monarch. But 'Arry on the sands at Margate or at Hampton Court is as truly patriotic as when within the

sound of Bow Bells, and he finds little, if anything, to object to in the monuments or the manners bequeathed to him by the Englishmen of past epochs.

Modern Paris, with its enormous and wide avenues, with their broad sidewalks bordered with graceful trees, with the lightness and grace of the huge yellowish-white mansions, with their balconies and their immense ranges of plate-glass windows, then dexterously decorated shops, and then superb churches, halls, markets, fountains, and squares, is a dazzling and bewitching vision to those who first look upon it, and from April to November the beautiful town is bathed in delicate sunlight and rarely overhung with the gray and frowning skies which joined to the canopy of sooty and sulphurous smoke, make London so oppressive to the new-comer. But London has a quiet beauty of its own, which the great town does not hastily reveal, and which one must learn to find out. There are certain temperaments specially delighted with what they are pleased to term the "mellowness" of London — its mists, which seem to give a kind of glumness to the commonest objects, its winding streets, with unexpected stairs and gateways, triply protected with iron hooks and spikes, its broad expanses of court, around which ancient houses stare down upon blackened, almost unrecognizable, statues of half-forgotten worthies, its mysterious rookeries, dignified with aristocratic names, to which the busy Londoners repair for refreshment, the shadowy taverns into which the sun almost never peeps, the recesses protected by oaken screens, by red curtains, in which men take their dinners and drink with the gravity of conspirators and communicate in whispers, though they have nothing whatever to conceal.

It is worthy of note that while Paris is the most literary of European capitals, the stranger is not so prone to associate its architectural and physical features with some literary remembrance as he is in London. One thinks of Dr Johnson and of Dickens in a walk up Fleet Street and through the Strand, but one rarely gives a thought to Balzac on the boulevard. In London, the high streets and the by-streets are filled with children, clean and dirty, well and ill dressed, decorous and screeching, children young and children half-grown, babes under the feet and brats at the corner; but in Paris, one starts in search of a child almost in vain. The street Arab, so familiar to English and American eyes, is unknown in Paris. If the baker's boy, in his white cap, is disposed now and then to be popular, he does it with the air of a mature and *blase* clubman. As for M. Hugo's famous *Gargamelle* I have yet to see his exact type. He must have gone out with the 1845 Republic. But London is a city full of children and of children who take then care in their good capital, unrestricted by draymen, policemen, and other functionaries dreadful to juvenile folk elsewhere.

While in elegance of modern architecture Paris undoubtedly takes the lead, in independence and in quiet comfort, not devoid of a certain picturesqueness, London, if it could get rid of its smoke, would be without a rival. In Paris there is always a feeling of attention. The life is intensely public, glaring. The street is a *salon en extenso*. One instinctively feels in his pocket for his gloves, and looks to his cane when he goes abroad. At home, there is the lodge-keeper, a kind of jack-in-office, in his den. In a "quarter" of Paris there are a thousand little centres like so many gleaning, covetous, and back-

biting village circles. Both Paris and London have a curiously provincial flavor which is not perceptible in other great cities. If any thing striking happens in London at two o'clock of an afternoon, it is talked of in Whitechapel and Brompton in the same minutely gossiping vein before sunset. "Everybody knows everybody who is anybody in Paris," said a Parisian to me once. As the cities become great, the citizens in them instead of growing unconcerned in the presence of daily events, take a ludicrously exaggerated concern in them. London, with its four and a half millions, Paris with its two and a half millions, of what might be called intamural folk and with their colossal aggregations of wealth of culture, of crime, of misery, of adventure are as eager for the latest news of a rifle-match or a horse-race as a New England village might be.

Much of new London sprang into being during the long wars, when Great Britain was cut off from association with the continent, and when, consequently, her architects and builders were deprived of models of taste — when, in fact, the people cared little for taste in their shelters, hence the miles and scores of miles of hastily-planned, squat and blackened house-fronts, which conceal happy and harmonious homes, but which to the outward vision are repulsive enough. When Paris got the informing touch of modern improvement under the Empire, when Napoleon III, who had had his gaze sharply fixed on London's defects during his residence there, resolved that he would leave a monument built out of the lime-stone quarries of France in the capital, where he managed to maintain his rule well or ill, old Paris, was destined to lose some of its charm and mysteries in the presence of this pressure of improvement, but

"old London" has kept its strangeness and oddity, and bids fan to keep it long. The wood pavement has found its way into many a black alley and in front of many an antique pile, but the craze for the widening of streets has not been allowed to interfere with old London.

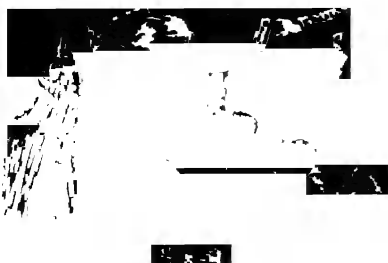
Many points of contrast between London and Paris have disappeared within the last twenty years. Of the ordinary Paris, nothing was more impressive before the many changes which invaded the two capitals consequent on the great current of international travel, than the difference in the aspect of the two great cities on the Sunday. To the American of the Atlantic and the Middle States, the profound repose of respectable London on the sacred day was as natural and proper as, to his thinking, the open transaction of business, the gaiety, and the festal atmosphere of the Sunday of Paris was shocking and detestable. The American found, however, that there was an unpleasant Sunday side to London, and was duly shocked in presence of the throngs of roughs, and of wretchedly-clad women and even children waiting, at mid-day, the opening of the public houses, where intoxicating liquors were freely dispensed. But this the tolerant traveller noted as the result of the depravity consequent upon ignorance, while he went back to the old French Revolution, with what he was wont to call its mischievous teaching, for the license prevalent in the French capital. Nowadays the Parisians close their shops, not because they consider Sunday as more worthy of observance than any other *fête* day, but because they take it as the occasion of their weekly airing, and their promenades among the beauties of the clean streets. Among the fashionable tradesmen Sunday-closing is universal in Paris. In

the Rue de la Paix, on many of grand boulevards, and in most of avenues devoted to shops where art of luxury are sold, the shutters are up, only a Hebrew now and then ply his commerce in bold defiance of general rule. The hundreds of shop Paris which depend upon the custom the foreign traveller are as careful to keep Sunday as they are to put "English spoken," and "*Se Habla Español*" upon the plate-glass of their windows.

On the other hand, the sternness the London Sunday has been broken by the great invasion of the alien element, the Italian, the German, the Jew, the Greek, and the wand in the great capital in pursuit of something to eat on a Sabbath afternoon sees the doors of an inviting *café* open where he would have sought for refreshment in vain some years ago. A stranger's idea that all classes of Londoners give themselves up with Italian devotion to a solemn stillness the Sabbath is incorrect. In some of the upper circles, receptions are held, dinners are given, in the literary artistic guild, the day is used for meetings and conversation, but it is rare to hear of a concert or an entertainment in the strict sense of the term, at any private house on Sunday. The trains at certain hours of the day, the parks in summer are filled with hundreds of thousands of promenaders of all classes, and bands of music sometimes play strains taken from opera *bouffes* which bear the mark of Paris export. Museums are not yet open to the public as in Paris, although here and there an exhibition, as at Greenwich, where one may wander through the stately halls and see the pictures of great naval battles and the memorials of Nelson, with reverent gestures by the whims

old guardians ; and a singular feature of London society is the aristocratic gathering in the Zoological Gardens (popularly known as the Zoo) from four to seven on a summer Sunday afternoon. The holiday making of the Londoner in the many beautiful resorts near the capital, such as Hampton Court, Richmond,

riment, but the Parisian crowd is not satisfied without a balloon, and, possibly, a horse-race, a shopping excursion among the booths of the fairs, which are as numerous as the saints in the calendar, fireworks, and a roystering dinner in the evening with probably a merry carriage-ride home after dinner. In London, people



SUNDAY MARKET IN PETTICOAT LANE

Windsor, Kew Gardens, Dulwich, is vastly more decorous and subdued than that of the Parisian, who, in company with his wife or his sweetheart, finds his way to Versailles or St Cloud, to Meudon or Sceaux, to the forests of St. Germain or Fontainebleau, to Ville d'Avray or to the pretty villages on the banks of the Seine. If the London cockney indulges in a roll on the grass, it is the extent of his man-

go abroad simply for exercise, for which every healthy English man and woman has a kind of mania, in France, no one thinks simply of physical exercise, and the glow of appetite which follows it, but rather of the sensuous beauty of green lanes and turfy lawns, the sight of pretty fountains, symmetrical parks, and a look at the fashions as displayed in the moving throngs. France being a highly

democratic country, every conceivable kind of vehicle, unless it be an advertising van, is admitted to the Bois de Boulogne. The cook goes to ride with her coachman lover on the box of his cab, which falls into line behind the stately equipage of an English duke, a Spanish grandee, or the President of the Republic, if he happens along. But the unfortunate wight who attempts an entrance to Hyde Park in a numbered carriage will find himself most haughtily motioned away, and must wait until he can afford a livery, hired or owned, before he can mingle with the "upper ten." Perhaps there is no sight in London park on any day so amazing as that of the immense number of handsome carriages returning from the Grand Prix, through the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris on a Sunday afternoon. But two-thirds of the people who fill these handsome vehicles belong to the great mob of adventurers and adventuresses, who perpetually fill the motley world of Paris. There is a "Hospital Sunday" and a "Studio Sunday" in London, but in Paris, Sunday is the chosen day for any and almost every great public *fête* or celebration. An election is held on Sunday, the great horse-race of the year occurs on Sunday, ministers address their constituents on that day; and if first performances at the theatres are not given on Sunday evenings, it is because the managers have learned by long experience that the Sunday papers are read with more interest than those of any other day, and they wish the criticisms of the *premières*, which take place on Saturday evenings, to appear in them. The continental papers are never tired of reviling the English Sunday as a horrible institution, calculated to promote suicide or despair; and a lively French lady once informed me that the terrors of the Channel on a Saturday night and the ter-

rors of a gloomy Sunday in the English metropolis had sufficiently alarmed her to prevent her ever again visiting the British Isles.

As Paris grows larger it takes on, as London long ago took on, a climate of its own. Humboldt, in a burst of indignation against the France which he never liked, once said that Paris had the worst climate in the world, and the great traveller's dictum has at least some foundation in fact. When the gloom of November settles down over the fair city, Paris is scarcely more agreeable than London. The vast area of chimneys, letting forth the smoke of the soft Belgium coal, year by year, makes the winter atmosphere very like that which, when one first sees it in London, Manchester, or Birmingham, gives a shudder of repulsion. But in great cities, people take small note of the weather, their lives being artificial and indoor, for your true Londoner is, despite his frantic devotion to exercise, an indoor being eight months of the year. It is not strange that he should be so in a climate which elicits such mention as I once read in an English journal, namely, "January, February, March, April, May, June, and the other winter months." Paris has its fogs, dreary and uninviting as those of London. It sometimes has cold and rainy Junes, and the weatherwise say that the climate of the north of Europe is slowly changing to cold, fog, and damp. Both the Parisian and the Londoner seem determined to fortify against this inroad of the elements by an increased devotion to alcohol, and since the great war of 1870-71 Paris has learned to drink deeply. Both in Paris and London, eating and drinking are elevated to the dignity of pursuits. Some of the finest and most imposing edifices in newer London are joint-stock restaurants,

palatial halls above and deep and warm basements where juicy steaks and chops sputter upon the grills, and where the foaming ales and wines, presumably good, flow freely until the small hours, except on Saturday night, when everything is relentlessly closed on the stroke of twelve, and if "Big Ben," in his tower by the Thames, should sound the last of his twelve strokes before the bar of the publican and the *café* keeper is shut, a burly policeman is at hand with first a friendly warning and next a peremptory summons. The rigidity with which the laws regulating small matters are enforced, in both London and Paris, is a source of constant wonder to the American, accustomed to more latitude in the carrying out of laws which he makes for himself.

It is odd to remark that the citizens of each capital constantly reproach those of the other with their lack of knowledge of the art of cooking. It is a firm article of faith in the Frenchman's calendar that the English are savage in their appetites, and have no national dishes, while the Englishman is unshaken in his conviction that the French live upon messes and slops, and numerous bits and corners of things of which the fastidious stomach of the Anglo-Saxon would not allow him to partake. The real fact is that good and wholesome cooking is to be found in the homes of the middle classes in each of the great cities, and that when you come to the tables of the nobility, the merchant princes, and the *nouveaux riches*, in London or Paris, you find their dinners composites made up by cosmopolitan cooks, and showing a choice not always in harmony with the laws of health, from the luxuries of every country under the sun. Strong and long potations have gone out of fashion in the

highest society in England. There is no longer heavy drinking at lunch or dinner. It is reputed bad form, and in Paris it was never good form outside the *bourgeoisie*, as for the "people" of each capital, it drinks whatever comes handy, and all it can get, and for the last few years, wretched adulterated stuffs have been sold in both cities. The populations of London and Paris are swindled with pale sherris, Marsalas and Beannes, St Emilion, and other seductive fluids with exotic names, which are concocted out of the strangest materials, and the *vin ordinaire*, a huge bottle of which is placed before the workman of Paris at his noonday meal, comes from a glucose factory scarcely half a dozen miles from his restaurant. Gone are the festal days when, in the lustrous lands of the south, the soldier and the peasant paid for their wines by the hour and not by the bottle, — having, for a modest subscription, free access to the casks at the *cabarets*. In London, the omnipresent beer-can still holds its place in the popular fancy, and beer does its work in keeping hundreds of thousands of artisans and all the serving classes in a befuddled state of content, under conditions which might otherwise arouse their liveliest complaints.

To the American mind the importance attaching to the food supply in England especially is very striking. You open the morning paper and you find columns upon columns on the mutton from Australia, the wheat from Dakota, the Russian and Hungarian supplies of grain, the prospects of a crop in Egypt, the bad harvests because of the rain in English counties, and all this treated with an earnestness which betokens its national importance. The Paris paper lightly gossips of Lamartine in his palmy days, or tells a tale of Louis Philippe or

Napoleon I. The London paper grapples with the problems of the crowded quarters of the East End, and waxes eloquent over the "dead meat supply." Out of this struggle for food, this recognition of the fact that the nourishment must and does come from without, has grown the "Imperial policy" of Great Britain, with its Woolwich, its navies which sweep the seas, its tremendous accumulation of money in colonial enterprises, its venturesome speculation in countries thousands of miles away, and probably its tremendous antipathy to protection. Twenty years ago, France, plethoric and proud, ridiculed England for this close attention to the food question, but now the crisis has fallen upon France also, and her legislators, ceasing to quarrel vainly among themselves over idle questions of "groups" and dynasties, *café* factions and church cliques, begin to talk of protective duties on foreign wheat, and the word *protection* is, on some days, found as often as the word *picture* in the scholarly and thoughtful French periodicals.

Finally, London and Paris have an intense and well-grounded respect for each other, which each is always doing its utmost to conceal under an assumed cynicism and critical coldness. Your Parisian talks of the fogs, the blackness, and the gin palaces, and the brutality of the Anglo-Saxon with great contempt,

but he is enthusiastic, when the stranger is not by, in his praise of English order, respect for law, the grand regularity of Parliament with its ancient formulas and imposing traditions, the modest pretensions of royalty, and the popularity of its representatives, and although he does enjoy seeing the lion's paw caught in the net, still, when the lion roars, he cheers as loudly as if England had not been his secular enemy, had not invaded his country fourteen times, and had not sat in Calais town for more than three hundred years. The Londoner of high and low degree showed how intense was his real admiration for Paris when she was in her great struggle, and while he is wandering about the avenues of the capital on his Easter holiday, or in mid-summer, when the whole city seems transformed into a beautiful garden filled with stately palaces, he is hearty in his compliments, and it is not until he gets home again, and has lost the thin edge of his souvenirs of travel, that he begins anew to consider the Frenchman as prone to frogs, as deficient in manly strength, and, possibly, in need of moral backbone. Yet there is not so much intercourse between the two capitals as might be supposed from their proximity. It is said that but fifty-five thousand English people came to the great Paris Exhibition of 1878, and in 1867 the number must have been less.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

The Germans at Dieppe — The English Channel — An Effective Fortification. — The "Precious Isle set in the silver sea" — The North Sea Coast — English seaside Resorts — The White Cliffs of England — The Great Commercial Highway — George Peabody at Portsmouth

IT is said that when the Germans were at Dieppe, they indulged in some speculation as to the ease with which the Channel could be crossed, and England invaded. They might have erected a column to their speculations like the "Napoleon's Column" which stands on the heights of Boulogne, and as it weaves to and fro in the brisk salt winds which blow over the cliff, serves to remind the passers by of the vanity of Napoleon First's great plan. The German hosts were wild with triumph in those days of 1870, when they talked so coolly of a bold enterprise, and they were perhaps pardonable. The French have long since given up any wild schemes for the invasion of the island which stands to the northward, boldly rising out of the stormy waters, the "precious isle set in a silver sea" of which Shakespeare spoke so fondly, and whatever may be the ambitious dreams of the German Chancellor, they can scarcely have extended so far as to comprehend within their any scope a hostile excursion from Amsterdam or Rotterdam to Harwich or Dover. If some day the absorbing process of which one now hears so much is completed, and Germany gains a new shore line on the North Sea, there may be much bluster about coaxing England, but the time for that has not yet come.

The English, however, are fully awake to the possibility of danger, and their channel and north-easterly coasts are

amply fortified. The defences of the Thames, and of the roadway of Dover, the entrenched camp of Plymouth, the great works at Milford Haven and Pembroke, awaken the admiration even of the jealous Continental powers, and the fortifications of Portsmouth Harbor, where hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in the creation of armored forts, seem to leave little to be feared. The gigantic guns in the forts on the pier at Dover are among the wonders of Europe. Yet although the project of a tunnel underneath the chalky bed of the channel has been agitated for more than twenty years, it has made but little practical progress. It is of no avail that the French protest that such a tunnel can in no case be made use of for military purposes, that it might be neutralized by act of Conference, that it could be effectively neutralized by act of dynamite, that no force sufficient to capture even a small town could under the most extraordinary circumstances be forced through it, John Bull prefers to distrust the foreigner, as he distrusted him at the beginning of the century, when he was staking at him with all his might and main. The channel has been crossed by balloon, crossed by hardy swimmers, who had not the fear of sharks before their eyes. Human beings have done their best to bring the "silver streak" into contempt and show that it is not difficult to traverse, yet England considers it her practical fortification,

especially when she sets afloat on it her superb Channel fleet, a floating fortress which, in normal times, may be ordered away to any danger point, but in periods of disturbance on the northern part of the Continent is at its post. The island fortress has round about it a tremendous moat filled with the most capricious and difficult waves in the world. The coast-guard squadron, with its non-clad turret-ships, its torpedo boats, and some of the "wooden walls" which are still valid, is very powerful. Twenty years ago the coast fortifications of the United Kingdom were absurdly insufficient. The "Martello" towers of the old days could be knocked to pieces in a few minutes with modern artillery, but when rifled cannon came in, the English determined to fortify their coasts so that they should have no cause for regret.

After 1860 the work went on with great rapidity, and the new port of Lowestoft, the huge group of batteries at the mouth of the Stowe at Harwich, the works at Shoeburyness and at Sheerness, the Hoo and Darnett forts protecting the great arsenal at Chatham, the perfected defenses of Dover Castle and the splendid lines of forts which hedge about the maritime establishment at Plymouth, — forts having granite walls three feet thick, strong enough to defy almost any known projectile, and then embrasures furnished with metallic bucklers, — all these immense and formidable chains of iron, steel, and stone bulwarks have been paid for by the nation uncomplainingly, but they have added enormously to its burdens. Great Britain complains but little of the debt consequent on playing at the game of war. More than two-thirds of her national indebtedness is due to one long series of wars which have been waged by her within our modern days against powers

which clashed with her interests or with her ambitions. She points her cannon at the Continent, and at the same time professes desire for absolute peace with all Europe.

A wonderful coast line is this of the North Sea and the English Channel on the Continental side, with its ancient historic cities, and its hustle of nineteenth-century movement and commerce. At a fishing village five miles from Boulogne, one may fancy himself transported back to the Middle Ages. There is little if any hint of modernism in costume or architecture or anything else therein. In the French coast towns Cherbourg, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais, there is a curious contrast of the old and new, fishing towns nestle about the churches on the hillsides, and down by the water are fine quays and imposing warehouses. Of these French coast towns, Calais and Dieppe are, perhaps, the most picturesque. On the breezy heights of Sainte Adresse, back of Havre, are innumerable *châteaux* and villas, where the merchant princes who once owned great fleets have retired to the enjoyment of fortunes such as their successors may never hope to make.

Triouville, on its pretty sands, behind its black rocks, and backed by an exquisite, almost idyllic, succession of rural glades filled with picturesque Norman farms, is a famous midsummer *rendezvous* for the fashionable world. At Triouville, under the Second Empire, September was the high season, when the courts arose and the magistrates went to bathe, all the social world followed them. All along the coast of Normandy and Brittany smart towns are springing up, filled with hotels and country houses created for the residence of the English, the American, the Belgian, and the German travellers, who

like to spend a few weeks by the Northern Sea. The English come in throngs to the French bathing places, and the French go in turn to walk over the cliffs of Dover, or to dwell for a time in the gorgeous hotels at Brighton. An English duke takes up his station at Dieppe, and a French duke goes to Portsea, or to Ventnor, or some other romantic nook on the pretty shores of the Isle of Wight.

The English coast towns on the Channel are perhaps less cosmopolitan than their continental rivals opposite. But some of them, like Brighton, are quite splendid. Brighton is more than ever "London-super-mare," now that the swift express trains from the central railway stations in the metropolis are so frequent. A famous novelist, a poet fond of contemplating the waves, or a smart scientist, will have their houses at Brighton and yet keep in the London movement, getting away from the smoke and steam of the dingy metropolis as night settles down over it. Time was when Brighton had a physiognomy of its own, but this is now gone. The long promenade, with its front of noble hotels and villas, shaken and rattled by the impetuous wind, might be taken for a quarter of London which had been accidentally blown out to sea. Hastings has more flavor than Brighton. It is, especially in midsummer, charming, and at Easter, when crowded with visitors, almost as gay as its more fashionable neighbor.

The characteristic features of an English seaside resort are enormous and

monumental hotels, solemn as Egyptian pyramids, and sometimes almost as gloomy, yet with substantial comfort bestowed within their massive walls. But the curse of the English fashionable hotel is its intense devotion to regulations. Everything seems arranged by rote, until one grows to fancy himself



THE SCOTCH VOLUNTEERS AT BRIGHTON

in a prison rather than in a hostelry. One must regulate life by stern method; and this the Briton does readily, and it is noticeable that he grumbles only when he travels abroad, submitting at home to small tyrannies quite past comprehension. After the hotel, in importance, comes the "pier." A first-class bathing town often has two piers, and

on these daring structures, which run far out into the stormy water, concert-rooms and restaurants are constructed, and one has the pleasure of risking hat or bonnet in a struggle with the wind, in company with thousands of others, every morning, while listening to the music of a regimental band. In important naval and military stations, there is almost no show of uniform, for the English officer doffs his costume as soon

as he leaves the weekly excursions of throngs of cockneys.

At the French seaside resort, the Casino, with its gay crowds of richly costumed ladies of the upper, middle, and the lower worlds, and the beach, with its freakish and perfectly unrestrained carnivals of bathing, furnishes, perhaps, more amusement than can be found in any English coast town. The continental peoples do not go to the



ON THE SANDS AT BRIGHTON

as he is off duty. The variegated aspect of the street of a German garrison town, where hundreds of officers are clanking their swords and perpetually saluting, is unknown in England. The hotel, the pier, the promenade along the shore, the daily assemblage, especially in ports like Dover and Folkestone, to see the new arrivals and to comment upon them, — these, joined to the most discreet bathing, in which the sexes are separated with prodigious care, are the main points observable at English seaside resorts, unless we compre-

hend the weekly excursions of throngs of cockneys. The English ride, drive, walk, play lawn tennis, bathe, and feed, on scientific principles, they are not in pursuit of pleasure so much as of health and repose.

Very beautiful and impressive are the white cliffs of England, rising out of the Channel on a calm summer's day, and very remote and much-to-be-longed-for do they seem when the traveller is toiling towards them in a diminutive packet, in the midst of the boiling surges in win-

ter. The Channel ports, on either side, are small and inconvenient, and the craft which can enter them afford but poor accommodation to the traveller. Up and down the great highway of the North Sea and the Channel, and the way to the mid-Atlantic, go the silent fleets, great lines of steamers trading from Holland to the Indies, the German and the Belgian ships, the enormous argosies on their way to Antwerp, now one of the principal ports of Europe. The Orient pours its riches through this narrow strait into the Scheldt and the Zuyder Zee, whence they are dispersed throughout the vast domain of Germany and of the North. The quays of Antwerp can receive and discharge in one day more freight-cars than any other three terminal stations in Europe. Antwerp is the greatest distributing point on the Continent to-day.

When the storms and fogs begin the list of disasters on the Channel lengthens with frightful rapidity. Collisions must naturally be frequent on a route so thronged with craft of all kinds, from the huge merchant steamer to the small fishing-smack. There is a sudden crash in the night, two great shadowy forms have met, hundreds of lives are lost, and the next morning a hundred newspapers tell a story of horror. It seems as if these disasters were fated to occur from time to time. Innocent emigrants bound over seas are swept out of existence before they have got out of sight of land. Now and then the Channel swallows up a victim in a most mysterious manner, as it took down the "Eurydice" close by the Isle of Wight.

It is strange that there is so little said and sung about the Channel in England, while so much is made of it in France. It is true that the English have their attention diverted to greater seas and

narrower escapes farther from home, but they have produced no one who has sung or spoken so melodiously or forcibly of the historic strait as the old gray-haired poet who lived on a Channel island for half a generation rather than breathe the air of Paris with the usurper. Victor Hugo is a good sailor, immensely fond of the sea, and from his vantage in Guernsey, studied the Chan-



VICTOR HUGO

nel as lovingly as in his youth he had studied Paris. In his "Toilers of the Sea" it is always the phenomena of the Channel that he describes, the worn and crumbling rocks, the bold shores, the tormented waters, the sudden storms, the flashing of the lightning, and the mysterious and deadly mists of La Manche. He tells with pathetic force in one of his books the story of that brave Captain Harvey who went down in the Channel on the night of the 17th

of March, 1870, while making his usual trip in his fine steamship the "Normandy," from Southampton to Guernsey Harvey was known to the venerable poet, because he had taken him to see the review of the English fleet at Sheerness on one occasion, and had decorated his ship, saying that he had done it "for the exile." This touched Victor Hugo's heart, and when Captain Harvey's ship, the "Normandy," collided with a great screw steamer going from Odessa to Grimsby with a load of five hundred tons of wheat, and went down in the mists and the waves, he gave him such an epitaph as only a Hugo can give. He drew a picture of the noble captain standing erect on the bridge, revolver in hand, keeping back the selfish and unuly, forcing into the boats one after another all his passengers and his crew, saying a pleasant word to a little boy who was sent last; and then quietly going down into the waves with the ship, from which he would not be separated. "Every man," said Victor Hugo, "has one right, the inalienable right of becoming a hero, and Captain Harvey used his right."

It was from Portsmouth, in the early days of 1870, that the fine war-ship the "Monarch" sailed for America, having on board the remains of the great American merchant who had so long made London his home, and who had endowed its poor with so many charities. Mr. Peabody died in London, at the

residence of his friend, Sir Curtis Lampson, and while the dead merchant lay in state in Westminster Abbey, thousands of poor came to pay their tribute of respect to one who had known how to make so good use of his wealth. The scene at Portsmouth at the time of the embarkation was quite affecting. Thousands of the poorer classes appeared to think it an occasion on which they should show special respect, and the departure of the "Monarch" from the port, attended by the capricious little corvette the "Plymouth," which looked like a swallow alongside a barn when in the immediate neighborhood of her British convoy, was saluted by the thunder of hundreds of cannon.

I shall never forget the quaint remark of an old man at the railway station. I inquired of him, on the morning of the ceremony, at what time the train bearing the remains and the delegation from London would arrive. "Well, sir, we are expecting of 'im down at nine o'clock," placing an indefinable emphasis on the "im," which indicated that in his mind the departed merchant was still a vital personality.

George Peabody certainly left the impress of his talent as well as of his munificence upon the great capital, and it is almost startling to those who had known him in life to come upon his bronze figure, serenely seated in the midst of the bustling crowd, hard by the Royal Exchange.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT.

England's "Silent Highway" — The Sources of Her Greatness — Her Protection of Her Trade — Her Power with the Mighty — Greenwich and Its History — The Protection of Commerce — London's Port — The Docks and Their Revenue — London Bridge — Docks in London

WE have said elsewhere that England has carefully defended the passes of the Thames, the great "silent highway," as it is called, one of the chief avenues of the commerce of the world, and the most marvellous spectacle, when international commerce is in its normal condition, on the face of the earth. To the stranger, however, the first sight of the Thames is a disappointment, for no foreigner can share the feeling of the British tar who, on returning from a long cruise in the Levant, looked up with rapture to the cloudy sky above him, as he entered the Thames, and exclaimed, "Thank God! none of your beastly blue sky here!" There are moments in summer when the spectacle of the Thames, bearing upon its noble in-coming tide its majestic procession of barges and lighters, filled with riches from all parts of the world, is not only picturesque but positively beautiful. Through the hazy shimmer of a June afternoon this vision of the wealth borne obediently by Father Thames every day into the metropolis, is one not to be forgotten. But the blackness of November is nowhere so black and dreary as by the Thames side, nowhere does architecture seem so spectral, fantastic, nowhere misery so repulsive, so frightful. The creatures that cower in the recesses of Westminster Bridge seem far more wretched than the poor of Naples or of Dublin. By day the mud-flats, when the tide is out, with

blackened, buildings with the mazes of alleys and piers, and innumerable small craft flying hither and yon, as if hopeless of finding their way in the general gloom, — all these give a shiver, and one is inclined to turn from the contemplation of them.

If the same may now and then be said to woo to suicide, it is difficult to imagine the Thames as tempting to self-murder. It is something to fly from, and although in its muddy waters and its slimy ooze poor wretches do now and then find death suicide being punished with the greatest rigour by English magistrates is a crime against society, even the hungry are wary of jumping in.

On the Lower Thames we have the commerce, and the military preparations which advance and protect commerce, hand in hand. He who watches the arrival of the stately fleets from every clime under heaven, understands why Woolwich, — the vast arsenal and preparation field of the army, — has its existence. England fully understands the maxim that "he who trades must be prepared to fight," and Woolwich is a standing advertisement of the British willingness to protect her commerce, and to seize upon any favorable opportunity for aggression where her commerce may find a new outlet.

So too, Greenwich, in its historic repose and monumental calm, represents the nobility of the British marine in a

noble arcades, great gay halls filled with pictures of battles on sea, chapels, monuments, and comfortable homes for the old sea-dogs who accept the homage and the gratitude of the nation with becoming dignity. Greenwich gives one an idea of what England has done, Woolwich is a perpetual reminder of what England can do.

There is not much that is romantic on the Lower Thames. Gravesend, below which are the six great military works which protect the entrance to the river, is pretty enough in summer time and is full of historical souvenirs. There it was that, in 1522, the great emperor, Charles V., embarked with Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey in a procession of barges waiting to receive them; there that Henry VIII. landed when he was on his way to invade France, and there that Charles I., when he was a prince, and when starting on his harum-scarum trip to the court of Spain, narrowly escaped recognition and arrest by the ferryman for whom he had no silver, and whose palm he was obliged to cross with a piece of gold.

From Gravesend, in the old days, cunning barges, sometimes marvellously decorated with carved and gilded ornaments, used to ascend the Thames, and it was not uncommon to see a royal train of these barges, thirty-five or forty in number, slowly making their way to the upper reaches of the river, escorting some majesty who had come from foreign parts and landed at Gravesend. To-day, the town is a yachting station, where the Royal Thames Yacht Club has its headquarters, in the season and where thousands of fashionable folk go whenever the races are announced. Up river, a little way, is Greenwich, another favorite resort for yachtsmen, and renowned as the place from which Sir

John Franklin sailed, in 1845, on his disastrous voyage to the Arctic Ocean. Still farther up, on the left, is the noble park at Greenwich, on a lofty point in which stands the famous observatory, an humble group of buildings without any architectural pretensions whatever. Greenwich is famous for that peculiar delicacy of the Thames, the infinitely little white boat whose shine annually worship all the ministers of the Crown, who even go down to Greenwich to indulge in a dinner at which speeches, supposed to be pregnant with the coming political policy of the year, are pronounced.

The old manor of Greenwich was a royal residence in the fourteenth century, and it is on record that Edward I. made in offering of seven shillings "at each holy cross" in the chapel of the Virgin at Greenwich in 1300. There stood, in 1433, a palace, romantically known as the Manor of Plaisance. This was owned by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and at his death, the manor and the palace reverted to the Crown. Henry VIII., who was born at Greenwich, was very fond of the old town, and spent huge sums of money in the erection, says an ancient chronicler, of sumptuous houses. "Greenwich," says Lambard, "was, when Henry VIII. came to the throne, a pleasant, perfect and princely palace." There the king married his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, there he astonished all England by introducing at the feast of Christmas, in 1511, a masked dance "after the manner of Italie," and there, in 1533, the Princess Elizabeth was born. Greenwich Hospital, which covers a wider area than any royal palace of England except Windsor, is, to my thinking, one of the finest buildings on the Thames. There is nothing in central London, not even

TYPES OF ENGLISH LOWER CLASSES



Somerset House, which can be compared with it. Its lofty cupolas and its handsome colonnades rival in beauty the finest of the continental palaces, and the "painted hall" is one of the most unique museums in Europe. From the observatory there is a pretty view of the river and the perpetual procession of ships. It is said that this observatory stands upon the site of a tower which, in Elizabeth's time, was called "Minesheu," and is supposed to be the "Tower of Minerva," referred to in the celebrated romance of "Amadis de Gaul."

In Woolwich, over opposite but few things of importance have ever happened. The town is mean and poor in appearance, straggling along the Thames side in uncomely fashion. The inhabitants have a local witicism to the effect that "more wealth passes through Woolwich than through any other town in the world." But, unfortunately this wealth is in the holds of ships which do not stop there. The Royal Dock-yard extends along the river for more than a mile on the western side of the town, and, like that at Deptford, was founded by Henry VIII. For at least three hundred and fifty years the work of preparing and maintaining England's supremacy at sea went on almost uninterruptedly in this commonplace and ordinary-looking government establishment. Old Pepys, who was a "clerk of the acts of the navy," has told us much of Woolwich, and the great business and confusion which prevailed there in his time. In the latter half of the last century, and in the long wars at the beginning of the present one, Woolwich grew. The national strength seemed drained into it. Immense granite wharves and docks, ranges of workshops and warehouses, sprang up, and when steam and iron were brought into use in the navy,

St. John Rennie remodelled, with wonderful skill, all these docks and workshops, created a vast steam-reverse basin, mast-ships, and river-walls, and Woolwich was soon as well equipped for building first-class iron steamers as it had been for sending forth the old wooden "first-rates." But it was found insufficient for the building of new armored ships; then enormous tonnage could not be launched forth on so shallow and crowded a river, and so, in course of time, Woolwich Dock-yard fell into disuse, and has now been transferred to the War Department, and absorbed into the domain of the Royal Arsenal. This arsenal is the only one in the kingdom, all other military establishments at dockyards receive their supplies from Woolwich, and from Woolwich go forth all the stores for the innumerable campaigns of England in foreign lands. Ten thousand men are here, in normal times, constantly employed in buildings and yards which cover three hundred and thirty-three acres, and when England is making a special effort the number of workmen is nearly doubled. Here are the heavy artillery for the land and the sea service,—the carriages, the shot and shell, the cartridges, ammunition for small arms, torpedoes to protect the coast, and everything for the trade of war, which is a distinct branch of trade,—a trade to protect all other trades.

In the chief laboratory there are more than five hundred machines of various sorts in operation. There the Martini-Henry bullet is made at the rate of a million a week, and, if need be, three millions weekly can be turned out. In the cap factory are machines producing thirty thousand caps per hour, and the gun factories, where the great thirty-eight-ton guns are made, and where one may see the eighty-one-ton gun, which,

with a charge of three hundred pounds, will send a shot of one thousand four hundred and sixty pounds with an initial velocity of one thousand six hundred and forty feet per second, are very extensive. The coiling machines, the furnace, with its forty-ton hammer, which cost £50,000, with its steam-crane, which can lift one hundred tons with its tongs, which weigh sixty tons, and takes a dozen men to manœuvre, with the doors of its furnaces, which look like the gates of infernal region, with its turnery, where the tubes and breech-pieces of thirty-eight-ton guns are handled like toys, with its rifle ordnance factory, its uniting furnaces, its pattern-room, in which exact duplicates of every kind of gun made in the arsenal are shown to those of whom the authorities are not suspicious, the forges, with their steam-hammers, their travelling-cranes, then lathes and shears, and hydro-pneumatic apparatus, all on a gigantic scale.—all these form a dazzling galaxy of wonders, and confirm the opinion of the visiting foreigner that order and foresight are the first qualities in the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The stores, or Control Department, as it is called in the military jargon, form a most extraordinary spectacle at Woolwich, and from these stores ten thousand troops can be at any moment supplied with everything that is necessary for immediate entrance on a campaign. This is not so astonishing now as compared with the matchless preparations for war in Germany, but at the time when it was first done, there was nothing like it, or at all to compare with it, in all Europe.

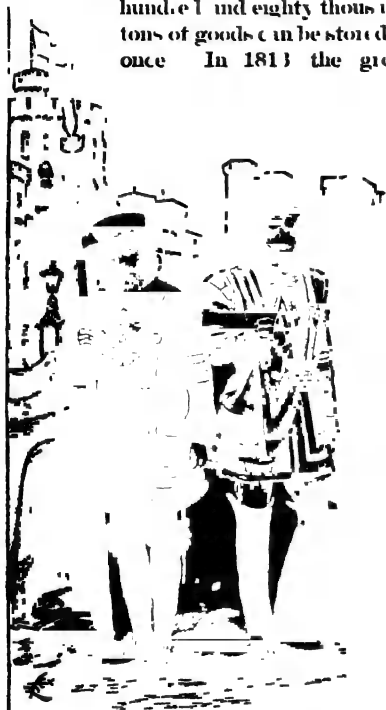
But we must not linger at Woolwich longer than to peep at the garrison buildings and the Royal Artillery barracks,—one of the few imposing structures in the town, glance at the Crimean memorial, the bronze statue of John

Bell, or at the great bronze gun captured in India in 1828, or at the Royal Artillery Museum and the Military Academy, founded by George II. It was at this academy that the unlucky Prince Imperial, the son of Napoleon III., finished his military education as a queen's scholar, and his school-fellows paraded at Chislehurst when his body was brought home from South Africa, and buried beside that of his father in the new home of the Imperial exiles.

Hutton, the writer, in the early part of the last century, said that London with Westminster resembled the shape of a great whale, Westminster being the under-jaw, St James's Park, the mouth, Pall Mall, etc., northward, the upper-jaw, Cock and Pie Fields, or the meeting of the seven streets, the eye, the rest, with the city, and southward to Smithfield, the body, and thence eastward to Limehouse, the tail, "and it is probably," he adds, in his quaint description, "according to the proportion, the lugest-of towns, as the whale is of fishes."

From a point below Woolwich to London Bridge the river is known as the Port of London,—a port six and a half miles long, with a depth, at low water, of even twelve feet at London Bridge. The tide of this Thames is quite remarkable. The water rises twice a day to the height of seventeen feet at the Bridge, and, in extreme spring tides, to twenty-two feet. On this Lower Thames one finds perpetual amusement in the contemplation of the docks, on which more than 8,000,000 sterling have been expended in the present century. Nearly all of them are on the east side of the town, and have been brought into existence by joint-stock companies. Altogether they cover about eight hundred acres. The most extensive of them, the West India Docks, begun in 1800 by William Pitt, were

finished in two years. This area, of three hundred acres, is surrounded by walls five feet thick, and the chief import dock is one hundred and seventy yards long by one hundred and sixty-six wide. It is said that in the warehouses of these docks one hundred and eighty thousand tons of goods can be stored at once. In 1813 the gross



GUARDIANS OF THE TOWER

revenue returned on a capital of £1,200,000 of this company was £449,090. The St. Catherine's Docks, close by the frowning ancient Tower of London, and near the centre of the great commercial metropolitan market, furnish an admirable instance of the resistless power of commerce in making room for itself, even in the most crowded centres. The creation of these docks, found necessary

in 1827, necessitated the displacement of nearly twelve thousand inhabitants and the pulling down of thirteen hundred houses. The Surrey, the London, the East India, the Commercial Docks, all cover scores of acres, and in one single warehouse in the London Docks one hundred and twenty thousand chests of tea can be stored at one time. These are the great wine docks of London, and here from forty to forty-five thousand pipes of wine are always in stock.

London Bridge is certainly one of the most curious and remarkable spectacles in Europe. Seen from one of the bridges above, upon the Thames, or from the shore, it presents to the view an endless procession of loaded vans, drays, carriages, cabs, and omnibuses, and as one cannot see the wheels of these vehicles, they seem to be moving by magic along the stone coping of the great structure. In the immediate neighborhood of this artery of travel spanning the stream, are some of the noblest of the London monuments. The Tower is not far away, the streets by the water side are crowded with traffic to an extent the description of which would seem almost incredible. Blockades exist for hours; drivers expend their vital force in oaths innumerable. All in vain the avenues of London are too small for the commerce which encumber them. Dore was fond of wandering in this part of London, and once told me how much he enjoyed the stupefaction of the teamsters, who, engaged in a blockade, and wedged in among other teams, could not prevent him from sketching them, but flew into a passion and shook their fists at him. This weird and curious quarter of London especially struck the fancy of the great French artist, who has left on record most faithful impressions of the long and narrow alleys lined with high warehouses.

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

Up River — The Historic Thames — The University Races — Oxford and Cambridge — The Great Race of 1869 — Harvard vs. Oxford — Putney — Wimbledon — Hammer-smith — Mortlake — Thames Tactics — A Reminiscence of Charles Dickens — His Powers as an After-Dinner Speaker

ABOVE Blackfriars' bridge the Thames has been fringed within the last twenty years by a stately embankment which rivals the handsomest quays of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Ranged along this fine embankment are the historic gardens of the Temple with their monumental new structures in striking contrast with the older dingy, and more interesting ones of Somerset House, one of the finest monuments in London with huge masks of ocean and the eight rivers, the Thames, the Humber, the Meuse, the Medway, the Dee, the Tweed, the Tyne, and the Severn, on the quay stones of the river arches or water gates. This Thames front of Somerset House is enriched with columns, and pilasters in Venetian style. In front is a terrace under which is the central water gate, and on the balustrade is a colossal figure of the Thames. This is one of the few monuments which were created in the reign of George III. and in this handsome building the Inland Revenue has its home. Here the births, deaths, and marriages of the inhabitants of England are inscribed. Just above Somerset House is the Waterloo Bridge, which is led up to by Wellington street, a fact which never fails to attract the attention of Frenchmen visiting London. The new embankment describes a stately curve, and sweeps around past the new handsome quarter where once stood Northumberland House, but now filled with mammoth hotels and clubs, and

theatres as fine as those of Vienna or Paris, past the Whitehall Gardens and the governmental quarters, and finishes at Westminster Bridge just beyond which stand the Houses of Parliament. On the other side of the Thames we have a London, unimpressive, yet startling in magnitude, a labyrinth of streets, all of which look very much alike, with undecorated house fronts, with shops which seem all cut out after one pattern, with here and there vast breweries, potteries, warehouses, and an occasional mansion rising out of the surrounding mediocrity. Everywhere one is confronted with the spectacle of the daily struggle for food on the part of the very poor. Everywhere is the same sharp contrast between the luxury attendant upon wealth and the crime attendant upon long-continued poverty. The great rambling structure over the Thames opposite Westminster Palace attracts your attention, it is a hospital. Further up is Lambeth with the Archbishop's Palace, — Lambeth, a great city by itself, confronted on the other side by Westminster, another vast community, and one, it is said, where more wretchedness and misery are concentrated than in any other part of London. Yet through its run avenues filled with luxurious houses and with splendid hotels. Out of it rises the great gray Abbey, and near by are the breezy expanses of St James's Park, and in ten minutes one may walk out of slums such as no other capital in

Christendom can show, to the very gates of Buckingham Palace, where, in the season, the Queen receives, at what she is pleased to call a Drawing-room, those ladies who have arrived at the felicity of a court presentation.

Passing in review our journey up the Thames, we find that the first conspicuous object on the stream was Woolwich, and midway between Woolwich the Arsenal, and Windsor the Palace, is the Parliament House, whence the policy of the nation radiates upwards to the sovereign and downwards to the engineers and artisans, who put the national will in force. But we will come back to the Parliament later on, and meantime continue our journey up the stream past the walls of gloomy Millbank Prison, past Chelsea, with its memories of Carlyle, and its rows of unromantic-looking houses, and on to Putney, Hammersmith, Mortlake, Richmond, Twickenham, and Hampton Court, picturesque and verdurous resorts, which seem to belong to another world when compared with the oozy marshes and mud-flats of the lower stream. The stretch of river from Putney, or, more properly speaking, from Hammersmith Bridge to Mortlake, is specially renowned as the annual contest ground of the University crews, and the charms of this bed of stream have been recited in prose and verse by a hundred authors. All classes of London society are annually agitated over several events which belong to the domain of sport, and in other countries would interest only a certain class. In the British Islands no one feels above attending a horse-race, and aquatic sports are distinctly within the range of aristocratic amusements.

Of late years boating and boat-racing have ceased to be classed as healthful sports, perhaps because of the furious

onslaught made upon them by Charles Reade, perhaps because so many champions who were thought to be certain of long and robust life have turned up as confirmed invalids of shaky tenure of existence just after their University course and boat triumphs were over.

It is not difficult to understand why the inhabitants of an island and the greatest sailors in the world should be intensely interested in a contest of oarsmen, but the stranger is struck with the vehemence of opinion manifested on this weighty topic even by calmen, and hucksters, and persons who might be supposed to confine their interest to subjects connected with their daily toil. Charles Dickens reported that, shortly before the international contest on the Thames in 1869 he heard one calman confidentially remark to another that he hoped the Americans would win, but that he was sure they would not. The calman's confident prophecy was correct: the Americans did not win, and undoubtedly because of the reasons which were assigned by their English critics. There was never a race in the whole calendar of the annual contests which awakened so much interest and national feeling as this one, in which the trans-Atlantic cousins had at first seemed to make so good a figure. Their training was watched with jealous scrutiny, and renowned boatmen like Harry Kelly indulged in daily mysterious bulletins, all of which seemed to point to the conclusion that the laurels would be carried over sea. The old University of Harvard had sent a goodly crew in the highest sense representative of the whole country. There was even a man from far-off Oregon, — a man who had but to appear on the river to excite admiring cheers, for he was a young Hercules. Trainers, writers, and loungers spent a merry three weeks'

time at ancient Putney, walking over the breezy downs of Wimbledon, and along the banks of the stream, dropping in at boating-clubs, lunching in balconies overlooking reedy hills, or following at respectful distance the flashing oar blades of the practising crews. The International race was appointed for the midsummer season, long after the usual time for the University race, and only a few weeks before the fashionable world usually departs from the capital. But, despite its lateness in the season, it seemed as if all London, if not all England, had come forth to witness the contest.

The various points along the stream on this University race-course are among the most interesting in the neighborhood of London. Putney itself a part of the manor of Wimbledon, was a favorite resort of Queen Elizabeth, where she visited old John Lacy, a wealthy member of the Clothworkers' Company of her time, and one of the last visits of her life was to Putney, where she died on her way to Richmond, but two months before her death. At Putney the parliamentary generals had then headquarters when Charles I. was at Hampton Court. Cromwell long had his abode in a house in Putney, although the exact site of the edifice is unknown to-day. Just across the stream is Fulham, with a noble lawn shaded by magnificent trees, and a bishop's residence not far away. At Putney, too, Gibbon was born, in 1737, and the house in which the great historian spent his youth and a portion of his mature life was afterwards the residence of the celebrated traveller, Robert Wood, author of the "*Ruins of Palmyra*." At Putney Heath, in 1652, occurred the famous duel between Lord Chandos and Colonel Henry Compton; and there, too, in May,

1798, William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, stood up, pistol in hand, against William Tierney, a Member of Parliament, but no bloodshed ensued. Eleven years later, on this same heath, two cabinet ministers fought a duel, and George Canning was shot and dangerously wounded by Lord Castlereagh.

The scene at the water-side at Putney in the boating season is very animated. The boat-houses, simple in construction, are thronged by smart young gentlemen in white and blue flannel,—gentlemen whose faces bear evidence of prolonged study or familiarity with affairs in the city, as well as gentlemen who appear never to have undertaken anything at all beyond the laborious task of amusing themselves. The inns are odd and old to the American eye, but they are quiet comfortable, and the tyrannous waiters who tell you what you want, and even insist upon what you shall have are serviceable when once one has learned their peculiarities. This was the starting place for the Thames regatta when it was in its prime, and now the Oxford and Cambridge crews both take up their abodes at the famous Star and Garter, or at a private house, while undergoing what is called their "coaching." For ten days before the celebrated race and for a day or two afterwards, Putney is transformed into a kind of fair. Ambulating negro minstrels, so called, being merely cockney singers with their faces blackened, indulge in sentimental ditties, after which they demand sixpences and pennies from every passer-by. The classic game of Aunt Sally is in full swing, and boating parties, composed of ambitious young gentlemen who only know how to catch "crabs," and rose-faced damsels who are afraid of the water, are innumerable. Then, on the great day, all London proceeds to

install itself on house-roofs, on bridges, on towpaths, in every nook and corner whence a glimpse of the race can be obtained, and indulges in unrestrained excitement during the few minutes of the struggle. Colors are worn as proudly as in the days of York and Lancaster, and the return to the centre of the town by every imaginable sort of craft on the river, by every vehicle, from an aristocratic drag to an humble omnibus, is not so indecorous as the return from the Derby, but is characterized by almost as much noise and excitement.

It was from a point just below Hammersmith bridge that the International race was started, and that the Harvard crew set off with such a tremendously rapid stroke that those unfamiliar with Thames tactics at once accorded them the victory. But the old boatmen and the experienced *habitués* of the race shook their heads and said that that stroke would not win. It was not far from winning, despite its bad form, but the knowledge of the course and the peculiar slow and steady stroke of the Oxford's was destined to win. England put all its national pride into one great shout on that bright afternoon when the Oxford's came in ahead at Mortlake, and there could have been no doubt, if any had existed before, after that shout was heard, that, in matters of rivalry, England considers Americans as foreigners quite as much as if there were a total difference of language and of manners, as in the case of the French or the Germans.

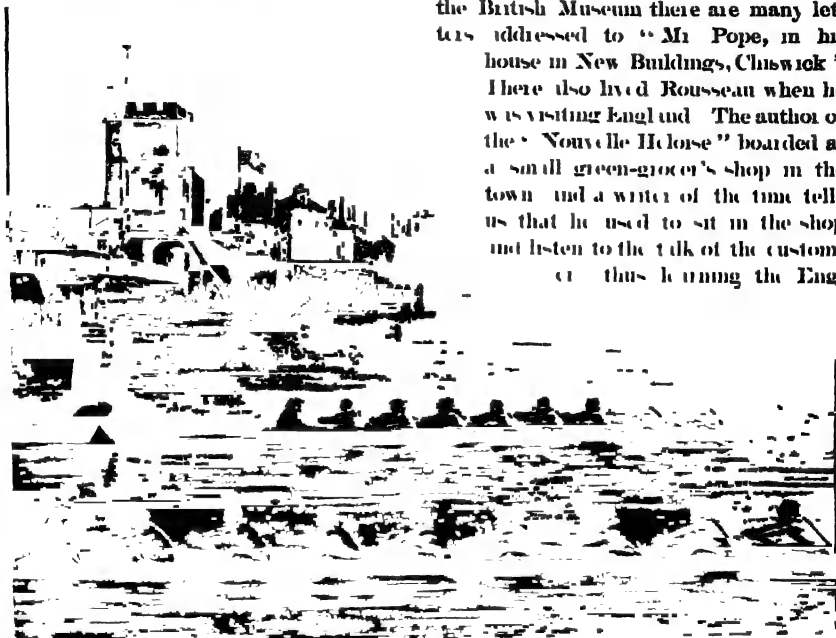
Hammersmith is celebrated for the site of the old Dove coffee-house, which was renowned in the last century, and which is now a little inn called the Doves. A room overlooking the river is still pointed out as the place where Thomson wrote part of his "Seasons,"

composing the lines about winter while looking on the frozen Thames and the country round about, covered with snow. From the window out of which the old poet looked there is a fine view of the long reach of the Thames across Chiswick Eyot far away. In the parish church, is a monument to Lord Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, who was the commander of a squadron against the Spanish Armada and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his services. In Hammersmith, once stood the celebrated Brandenburg House, now demolished. It was built by Sir Nicholas Crispe, in the reign of Charles I., and was one of the most splendid of English residences even in that time of general splendor. Fairfax made this house his headquarters in 1647, and many years after the house was given to Margaret Hughes, a pretty actress, of whom Pepys tells us indiscreetly that "she was a mighty pretty woman, but not modest." It was in Brandenburg House that Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. rested during her trial in the House of Lords, and there, too, she died, in 1821. It was shortly after her death that the house was pulled down.

It is not far from Putney to Wimbledon, where the great annual contests of the riflemen of Great Britain are held. The encampment of these marksmen lasts for several days during the summer season, and is visited daily by thousands of people from the centre of London. A friendly rivalry is kept up between the rifle teams of the north and south, the British, the Scotch, and the Irish competing with each other in skill, and the whole occasion reminds an American of an old-fashioned training-day. Sometimes, when the season is rainy, the mushroom booths and buildings of the encampment are but poor shelters, and

the riflemen pass a miserable week. Now and then royalty lends its prestige to the matches, which are controlled with the greatest rigor, and the reports of which attract great attention in all parts of the kingdom.

Among other interesting points along the University race-course



BOAT-RACE ON THE THAMES

on the Thames, Chiswick is of first-rate interest. Here is the famous villa of the Duke of Devonshire, and here Hogarth's house is still shown, and his tomb is hard by his old residence. Chiswick Hall was once the residence of the masters of Westminster, and is better known in these days as the Chiswick Press, from which such noble specimens of English typography have been sent forth. The Chiswick Art or Eyot, an osier bed, pictu-

resque with swans' nests, was the point at which the International boat-race between Harvard and Oxford was practically decided. It was there that the struggle was the sternest, and that the Oxford tactics definitely asserted themselves. At Chiswick lived Pope before his retirement to Twickenham, and in the British Museum there are many letters addressed to "Mr. Pope, in his house in New Buildings, Chiswick."

Here also lived Rousseau when he was visiting England. The author of the "Nouvelle Heloise" boarded at a small green-grocer's shop in the town, and a writer of the time tells us that he used to sit in the shop and listen to the talk of the customers, thus learning the Eng-

lish language. Charles Holland, the celebrated comedian, was also born at Chiswick, and was buried from the church there. He was the son of a baker, and after the funeral Foote said, "We have just shoved the little baker into his oven."

The end of the race-course, Mortlake, is but a short distance to the east of Richmond, and was an old residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. There,

Anselm celebrated the famous Whitsuntide of 1099, and there, one of the arch-bishops died of grief, after his excommunication by Pope John XXI. There, too, pictorial tapestry was first woven in England, St. Francis Crane having established works there in rivalry with the royal tapestry works in France. Many portraits of Crane and Van Dyck were wrought at Mortlake in tapestry, and Charles I. was munificent in his patronage of this establishment. The Mortlake copies in tapestry of the Raphael cartoons are still to be met with in England. Under the floor of the church in Mortlake lies Dr. Dee, the most renowned of English astrologers, and there too, is buried Partridge, the almanac-maker, whose burial Steele described in the "Tatler," and in the same church lies Phillips, the fellow-actor of Shakespeare, who left, as one of his bequests, a thirty-shilling piece in gold to the immortal poet.

Shortly after the International boat-race, in 1869, the defeated Harvard crew was entertained by one of the aristocratic London rowing-clubs at a grand dinner at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham. This Crystal Palace, which was built out of materials taken from the edifice of the noted World's Fair of 1851, crowns the summit of pretty Sydenham hill, not far from London, and contains within its roomy corridors a series of Egyptian, Greek, Spanish, Assyrian, Byzantine, and mediæval courts illustrative of architecture, as well as numerous museums, theatres, aquariums, aviaries, and other curiosities calculated to strike the public fancy. In one of its stately dining-rooms, overlooking the beautiful gardens, the dinner of the conquerors was given to the conquered, and a goodly company of English celebrities gathered to soften the defeat of the strangers. It has often been

said of Charles Dickens that he was the prince of after-dinner speakers, but never did he distinguish himself with more charm than on this occasion, when he was sorely puzzled what to say. Dickens was then beginning to show signs of the extreme fatigue which he had undergone in his later years, but he knew how to summon, despite physical weariness, the vivacity which, added to his humor and felicity of diction, made him irresistible.

When he rose to begin the speech of the evening, at the close of this banquet, he stood as if completely lost and abashed for some two minutes, during which people began to whisper and to gossip, wondering what might be the cause of this strange hesitation. But, presently commencing in a low voice, he recited a simple anecdote concerning the *role* of Harvard in the great civil war in America. He told the story of the Harvard Memorial and before he had spoken a dozen sentences, he had not only awakened the greatest sympathy but the most profound interest with and in the guests of the evening. From the pathos of the sacrifices of the children of the great University during the war, to sparkling and half-sarcastic comments on the uselessness of sending the nervous American into the moist English climate to grapple with the sneaky sons of Albion, was a leap which Dickens made with dexterity and safety, and when he sat down he had not only apologized for the defeat of the Americans as well as any one of themselves could have done it, but he had given, in complete and admirable fashion, a little glimpse of the university life beyond the sea,—a glimpse which otherwise the English public would not have obtained. The homage and deference paid to Dickens, as a master in his art, and one of the foremost writers of his time, was

well shown on this evening, when Eng-
 lishmen of far wider accomplishments
 than his cheerfully took second place,
 bowing before the celebrity which had
 been won by the exercise for a quarter
 of a century of one of the most dazzling
 and remarkable talents of the epoch. Only
 a year later, Dickens lay in Westminster
 Abbey, and of all the sorrowful messages
 sent over sea, there were none more
 sincere than those which came from the
 children of old Harvard.

Beyond this sinuous course devoted to
 the water-sports the Thames bends
 away into pretty flats, fringed with wil-
 lows and with green lawns, where in
 summer time, the artist moors his house-
 boat, or the privileged sportsman stalks
 abroad with his gun. Far away is the
 great botanical establishment at Kew
 Gardens, fringed round about with
 handsome towns and villas, which look
 seductive from a distance, but are when
 closely examined proved to be built in
 flimsiest fashion. All London, indeed,
 is hemmed with loosely and carelessly
 built houses, which rent for modest
 sums but which are soon out of repair.
 Building is a gigantic speculation, dear
 to the heart of the London capitalist,
 but it has brought sorrow to thousands
 of moneyed men who have desired too
 large returns for their reckless expendi-
 ture.

Kew has a rather ugly-looking church,
 in which the organ, long used by Handel,
 still makes music. In the church-yard
 lies the great Gainsborough, landscape
 and portrait painter, and there formerly
 stood Suffolk House, the residence of
 one of the great Dukes of Suffolk. An
 old chronicle tells us that, in 1595,
 Queen Elizabeth dined at Kew with Sir
 John Puckering, Lord Keeper of the

Great Seal. "Her entertainment for
 that meal was great, and exceedingly
 costly. At her first lighting, she had a
 fine fanne, with a handle garnisht with
 diamonds. When she was in the middle
 way between the garden gate and the
 house, there came running towards her
 one with a nosegay in his hand, and deliv-
 ered yt unto her with a short, well-
 penned speech. Yt had in yt a very rich
 jewell, with many pendants of unfil'd
 diamonds, valued at £400 at least. After
 dinner, in the privy chamber, he
 gave her a fan pan of virginals. In her
 bedchamber, he presented her with a
 gown and juppon which things were
 pleasing to her Hignes, and to grace
 his lordship the more, she of herself
 took from him a salt, a spoone, and a
 forcke of faire agatte."

Kew has been the residence of innum-
 erable celebrities. There Sir William
 Chambers long had charge of the forma-
 tion of the botanical garden, and in
 1765 he published an account of the
 various temples and ornamental build-
 ings which he had erected in them.
 George III. for a long time lived at Kew
 House, and appears to have been very
 much the slave of his servants, for it is
 recorded of him that, after the death of
 his head-gardener, he made a personal
 visit to the under-gardener, and in a
 tone of much gratification said, "Brown
 is dead—now you and I can do what we
 please here." After George III.'s death,
 until the accession of the present Queen,
 Kew was apparently neglected. In 1840,
 the gardens were adopted as a national
 establishment, and, under the able man-
 agement of the present director, the
 botanical establishment has become the
 richest, if not the most beautiful, in all
 Europe.

CHAPTER SIXTY

Richmond and its Romance — Richmond Hill — The "Star and Garter" — The Richmond Theatre — The Thames Valley — Twickenham — The Orleans Walks, and Their English Home — Strawberry Hill — Hampton Court — Wolves and Cromwell — The Royal Residence — Windsor and Its Origin

IT is a little more than eight miles from Hyde Park corner to Richmond, but the transition is as great as if the distance were five hundred miles. The aspect of gloom and severity which reigns in the metropolis the greater part of the year is entirely left behind and one has before him on Richmond Hill a vast and noble prospect of parks and winding rivers, of stately trees, pretty bowers, and comfortable villas.

There is nothing exactly like the view from Richmond Hill to be found in any other part of Europe. The mellowness of the landscape, with its profusion of beautiful elms, is very striking, the atmospheric effects are soft, and lend a kind of enchantment to the great vista of the park. Overlooking the most beautiful section of this pleasure ground is the famous "Star and Garter" Hotel, renowned in the annals of gastronomy, and the scenes of many famous reunions of statesmen, and of the literary and artistic guilds. Mr. Barnett Smith, in his "Life of Gladstone," tells us of a speech made by the Premier when he was a much younger man, at the "Star and Garter," and of the phenomenal impression which the eloquence of the statesman, afterwards to be so celebrated, then produced. It was on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to England, and at his dinner Mr. Gladstone proposed the toast of the "Prosperity of the Church of St. James in Jerusalem, and of her first bishop."

"Never," says the author, "was heard a more exquisite speech. It flowed like a gentle and translucent stream and, as in the second portion, he addressed Alexander directly, representing the greatness and the difficulty of the charge confided to him, the latter at first covered his face from emotion, then arose and returned thanks with dignity as well as with feeling. Subsequently we drove back to town in the clearest starlight, Gladstone continuing with unabated animation to pour forth harmonious thoughts in melodious tone."

Richmond is said to have got its present name by command of Henry VII., who, before the battle of Bosworth, was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire, but its old name shows that it was held in high esteem before the tenth century, for the splendor of its views and the charm of its great forests. It was called Syenes, which is supposed to be a corruption of the German *Schon*. There Edward I. had a country house. Edward III. died in the palace there. Richard II. lived in Richmond in the early years of his reign; there his first wife Ann of Bohemia died, whereupon he cursed the place, and had the palace torn down. Then Henry V. had it rebuilt, and founded several "Houses of Religion." Early in 1492, Henry VII. held a grand tournament at Richmond, "upon the green without the gate of the said manor." There Philip I., King of Castile, stayed for three months while the

negotiations for his marriage with the Lady Margaret were in progress, and there the Spanish monarch was entertained with great magnificence, and many notable feats of arms took place at the tournaments held in his honor.

Henry VIII held a series of splendid entertainments at Richmond, and there Cardinal Wolsey came now and then to reside, by permission of the King, after he had presented his newly-erected palace of Hampton Court to Henry. All through the succeeding centuries Richmond appears to have been a favorite resort for royalty. James I., in 1610, gave Richmond to his son, Prince Henry. In 1647 the Parliament ordered the palace to be made ready for the reception of the King, but Charles refused to go there, contenting himself with an occasional hunting excursion in the then new park. At the time of the restoration the palace was dismantled and the accounts of the time say that several boat-loads of rich and curious effigies formerly belonging to Charles I., but since identified, were taken from Richmond to Whitehall in 1660. Thus, more than a century before the great French Revolution, the English did exactly for Richmond what the French were destined to do for Marly, the old palace in which Louis XIV. had spent his declining years.

Richmond Palace is said to have covered an area of more than ten acres. In the middle of the eighteenth century "Richmond Green" was one of the most fashionable of suburban resorts, and there the fine gentlemen of the period came to play whist at the clubs on Saturdays and Sundays. "You will naturally ask," says one of the chroniclers of that time, "why they cannot play at whist in London on these two days as well as on the other five. Indeed, I cannot tell you, except that it is so established a

fashion to go out of town at the end of the week that people do go, though it be only into another town."

Richmond Lodge was a favorite abode of Caroline, wife of George II., and there she had costlier buildings than had been previously seen in England, erected on a gigantic scale. There she created a "hermitage," a "Merlin's cave," a "grotto," a dancy, and a menagerie, the interior of the "hermitage" was ornamented with busts of Newton and Locke, and the presiding genius of the locality was Robert Boyle, his head encircled with a halo of gilded rays. George III., who had little sympathy with the improvements made by Queen Caroline, had them all swept away, and, in a fit of spite, destroyed the terrace which she had built along the river, — a terrace which was said to be at that time, the finest in Europe.

Beyond the entrance of the gates of the Richmond Park, on Richmond Hill, is the prospect of which old Thomson wrote in his somewhat conventional verse a century and a half ago. Thomson and Turner have both celebrated the beautiful landscape, and, if they could come back to earth now, would be shocked to see that the wavy ocean of tree-tops has been intruded upon here and there by prosaic lines of house-fronts. The view up the great valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill is thus described by Mr. Thorne in his charming work on the environs of London: "A thick-wooded tract, relieved by open meadows and gentle undulations, where the eye rests always on the tranquil surface of the river, with its eyots, skiffs, and swallows, and the beech-clad hills of Buckinghamshire, the Surrey heaths and downs, and the Berkshire heights, over which dimly visible through a veil of purple haze —

" 'Majestic Wind-or lifts his princely brow ' "

" 'Hampton House,' with the elm-groves and avenues of elm-walks on one side of the river, and on the other the dark massive forms of Hampton Court and the long chestnut-avenues of Bushey Park are as prominent and effective features in the landscape as when Thomson wrote 'But the raptured eye exulting' looks from the terrace in vain for 'huge Augusts' or the sister hills which skirt her plain' or even 'lofty Harrow,' though the lights may be made out from the garden terrace of the Star and Garter and in clear weather from some part or other of the park. The view is one of a wide expanse of quiet, cultivated scenery. Its charm is not dependent on the hour or the season. It may receive an added grace or assume a nobler beauty at certain seasons, or in any exceptional atmospheric phenomena, but it is alike exquisite, seen, as we have seen it, in the earliest dawn or broad daylight, when bathed in the crimson glory of a sinking sun, or lit by a full or waning moon, in the first freshness of the spring, the full leafiness of summer, the sober gold of autumn, or the sombre depth of advancing winter."

At the Star and Garter Hotel Louis Philippe stayed for several months after his flight from Paris, there Napoleon III, when he was a struggling prince, now and then had apartments, when he had a windfall of money. The famous "Four-in-Hand Club" used to drive down and dine there every Sunday, and near by Sir Joshua Reynolds gave his pleasant little dinner parties in the sunshine, gathering about him the most eminent of his admirers. One of the few landscapes which Reynolds painted was a view from the drawing-room win-

dow of his Richmond villa. Mrs Fitzherbert lived on Richmond Hill when she won the affections of the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became George IV. At the noted "Queensberry House" there was a brilliant *coterie* for many years, until the Duke of Queensberry grew tired of his country-seat, where he had entertained Pitt, Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and other celebrities of the time, and one day he left it forever, saying that there was nothing to make so much of in the Thames, and that he "was quite weary of it, and its flow, flow, flow, always the same."

The neighborhood is filled with splendid mansions, each one of which has its history and legend, too long to recite here.

The Richmond Theatre has been famous for more than two centuries and a half. The present edifice was built by Garrick, and there Garrick, Liston, Mrs Siddons, Mrs Jordan, and Charles Matthews often appeared. Charles Matthews the elder made his "first appearance on any stage" at Richmond, and there Edmund Kean died, in a small room in a house attached to the theatre Kean had, in his latest years, played many a time to "a beggarly account of empty benches."

It is a pleasant walk through these intensely interesting regions, from Richmond to Twickenham, a village prettily placed on the Thames, between the high ground of Strawberry Hill and a range of verdant meadows backed by Richmond Hill and Park, on the other side of the river. Horace Walpole was the genius of this locality, and has done more than any one else to make Twickenham celebrated. It is but a small hamlet, once owned by the monks of Canterbury, but, when the monasteries were suppressed, it was annexed to

Hampton Court, and Charles I gave it to his Queen. Then it was seized by the Parliament, and, after many changes of ownership, finally reverted to the crown.

Twickenham is chiefly interesting as a favorite resort for exiles from the continent during this century. There Louis Philippe came in 1800, when he was Duke of Orleans, with his two brothers whom he had met in London for the first time since their exile from France after the great revolution. He took up his abode there, and then residence came to be known as "Orleans House." Destiny brought Louis Philippe back to it again when he was a second time an exile, half a century after his first visit. The old king bought it in 1852, of Lord Kilmorey, who went to live nearby, while the present Duc d'Aumale took up his residence in Orleans House and there held, until after 1870, when he returned to France, a kind of literary court. His spacious picture-gallery, his superb collection of ancient and modern pictures and drawings, miniatures, enamels, MSS., and his exquisite library, were celebrated throughout Europe. Gradually all the members of the exiled family grouped themselves at Twickenham. The Comte de Paris lived in York House, the Prince de Joinville at Mount Lebanon, and the Duc de Nemours at Bushey Hill. Twickenham was the head-quarters of Orleans politics, and so great was its prestige in the eyes of the Bourbons that Don Carlos of Spain went to live there in 1876, after his unsuccessful campaigns in the Carlist cause among the Basques in the Pyrenees. Pope's villa, at Twickenham, is also celebrated. There the little poet resided until his death in 1744, and there he worked in his garden in the intervals of verse-making and the entertainment of his friends.

Almost every travelled American has visited Strawberry Hill, where Horace Walpole had his famous Gothic Castle, from which he used to indite the biting epistles which became classics in English, and not far away lived Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, once Pope's fast friend, but later on his bitter enemy. Charles Dickens lived in Twickenham Park in 1838, and there Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Lindseer, Staunfield, and Malclise, had according to the testimony of John Foster "many friendly days" together.

Further up stream lies Hampton Court and the village of Hampton, from which is a pleasant view of the long reaches of the Thames, with their lines of little islands or eyots, and the broad meadows on either hand, the elms of Bushey Park, the towers and prettily-massed roofs of Kingston, and the wooded hills of Surrey. At Hampton proper is "Garrick Villa," which, in Garrick's time, and when he came frequently there was known as Hampton House. There the noted actor built an ambitious Corinthian portico, and had handsome grounds laid out. On the lawn he erected a Grecian temple, in which he shined a statue of Shakespeare, for which it is said he stood as model, and so engaged the sculptor: by his caprices during his sitting for the work, that the artist threatened to give up the commission. There Garrick was fond of giving dinner and garden parties and festivals at night, when his grounds were lighted by colored lights. Thither came the Spanish minister of the time, the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, and Horace Walpole. Old Johnson even penetrated to Hampton House, and when Garrick asked him how he liked it, said, "It is the leaving of such places that makes a death-bed terrible."

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Hampton Court, much visited by cockneys and tourists, is a kind of genteel asylum for the widows of distinguished servants of the crown. In fact, both Hampton Court and Kew Palace are occupied by aristocratic pensioners, who have rooms or suites of rooms assigned them at the hands of Her Majesty. Old Cardinal Wolsey, when he bought Hampton Court, was at the height of his power, and it is said that, expecting still greater honors, he meant to make there one of the finest palaces in Europe. The structures which he raised at Hampton were the cause of the envy which finally cost him his position, and led him to regret his high ambition. After a noble entertainment which Wolsey gave at Hampton to the French ambassador in 1527, King Henry himself felt envious, and asked Wolsey why he had built so costly a house.

"To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign," said the Cardinal, biting his lips, and handing over the splendid establishment to His Majesty, who accepted it with alacrity.

It was at Hampton Court that Henry had the first news of the death of Wolsey. Thither Princess Elizabeth was summoned from Woodstock, and urged to abjure Protestantism, and there the great council of the Lords was summoned by Elizabeth, in 1568, to consider the accusations against Mary Queen of Scots, respecting the murder of Darnley. There James I and Charles I successively lived, and there Charles sought refuge with his Queen from the tumult in London, and there, in 1647, he was a prisoner.

Hampton Court has echoed to the footsteps of Oliver Cromwell, who was very fond of the palace, and came often to it; and there one of his daughters was married, and his favorite daughter, Lady

Claypole, died. History tells us that the great Protector had an organ taken away from Magdalen College, Oxford, and set up in the great gallery at Hampton Court. The first and second Georges liked the palace and lived there, but, after then time, the state apartments and grounds were much neglected. Few visitors came to see them, but now hundreds of thousands come yearly to the palace and the park. The tapestries, of which there are many very beautiful ones, are the chief curiosities. The pictures are numerous and poor. In what is called the "Presence Chamber," there are the celebrated "Hampton Court Beauties," a famous series of portraits of the ladies of the court of William and Mary, familiar in engraving to all the world.

But the especial jewel of the upper Thames region, and the one most sacred in the English eye, because it is the residence of the Queen, is Windsor, of which Dean Swift wrote to Stella, "that it was in a delicious situation, but that the town was scummed." Modern Windsor town has nothing of especial interest in it. Its streets look prosaic and uninviting enough, but here and there is an ancient inn like the "Garter," which boasts in its records of the patronage of old Pepys and of Sir John Falstaff. Not many years ago the houses of Mistress Page and of Master Ford were still pointed out, but they have now been swept away, and but few memorials of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" remain.

The "Castle" is noble and imposing. Chief of the royal palaces, which are few in number, it is also the chief by the multitude of interesting associations grouped about it. It has been for seven hundred years a royal residence, the scene of beautiful pageants, of courtly assemblages, of many crimes and cele-

brated political events Viewed from the park it springs with incomparable grace and majesty from the eminence overlooking the broad valley of the Thames, and the little town seems to nestle confidently at its feet Of course its origin is attributed to "William the Conqueror," as it is necessary that the sovereign's abode should be intimately connected with the beginning of the present aristocracy in England It is said that the Conqueror got the manor by exchange from the Abbot of Westminster, and that he then made Windsor a royal residence "But," says Thorne, "there is no evidence that his works were more than additions to already existing buildings."

Under William Rufus, Windsor Castle was both a prison and a palace and there the Earl of Northumberland was long confined Henry I held his court at Windsor in 1106, and there summoned the nobles of England and those of Normandy There Henry II lived and lavished money on the vineyards which then flourished in the neighborhood From Windsor Castle King John set out to meet the barons who made

him sign the Great Charter, and later on the barons besieged the Castle, but it held firm against them Under Henry III Windsor was the finest royal dwelling in Europe There Edward I and Edward II held court and councils, gave audiences, had jousts and tournaments, there Edward III, Edward of Windsor, as he was called by the older historians, lived long and happily, and he it was who built the "Round Tower," the most striking feature of the castle Here he held his famous "Round Table," which he had conceived the fancy of reestablishing in imitation of Arthur and his loyal knights, and here, in 1344, was inaugurated the newly founded "Order of the Garter." On this occasion knights from every part of Europe flocked up to Windsor and the huntings and hawkings, the banquets and dances, and the tournaments lasted for many weeks In the bright pages of old Froissart, the sprightly chronicler there are many descriptions of the festivals at Windsor on St George's Day when the knights, with the king at their head, proceeded to the chapel where the rites of installation were performed

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

English Royalty — The Court — Memorials of Windsor — St George's Chapel — The Park at Windsor — The Royal Palaces — Drawing-Rooms at Buckingham Palace — Memorials of Buckingham Palace —

ENGLAND is very far from having a court in the sense that the word is understood in Germany or even in Austria. M. Philippe Daryl, in his clever book on public life in England, tells us that no court proper is to be found in that country, and that if there be one at all it only exists on paper. "The almanach," he says, "gives us a pompous list of officials, a lord chamberlain, a vice-chamberlain, a lord steward, a master of the horse and a master of the hounds, a mistress of the robes, a dean of the Chapel Royal, physicians and surgeons in ordinary, controllers, treasurers, equerries, gentlemen in waiting, the grooms of the chamber, a poet laureate, pages, women of the bed chamber, maids of honor, etc. Every one of these draws a salary and partakes generally of the fortunes of the cabinet, but the duties are practically sinecures, and, except on rare occasions, neither regular service nor regular attendance is demanded. They recall in nothing the traditions of Louis XIV.' Doubtless this is in some measure true, yet there is none the less the strictest of court etiquettes kept up at Windsor, and it is accounted the highest honor which a distinguished civilian can receive to be asked to the Castle and presented to the reigning sovereign, and possibly be asked to stay to dinner. As for the military people of distinction, they all look forward to the time when they shall get from the august resident therein

some pleasing message. The humblest railway or steamship servant wounded in an accident, the soldier stretched out on some far off plain, or the general who has just carried through some great enterprise in the interest of that trade which always follows just behind the army—all look to Windsor for their reward. In France, the different ministers intervene between the chief of State and the recipient of favor or honors, but in England the messages often come so direct that they seem to bring the citizen into closest relation with that majesty for which he has such profound respect. Furthermore, although a court may not be kept up in the pompous and ornate fashion of Berlin at all times at Windsor, there is a court circle which cannot be broken into, one which is always maintained above and outside the sphere of ordinary conventional society, and which has its expression in the levees or drawing-rooms in the parlors of Buckingham Palace or St James.

Queen Victoria has associated her name with Windsor almost as closely as that of any of her predecessors. Elizabeth was delighted with Windsor Castle, and had a fine gallery and banqueting house built there as well as many gardens laid out, all of which have long ago been swept from existence. She it was who built the north terrace, and in her new gallery in the latest years of the sixteenth century, Master William Shake-

spere's sprightly comedy of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was played by Her Majesty's command, the poet himself directing the rehearsals and the first performance. A few years later Ben

ments, its images, and its costly fittings, and the soldiers of the Parliament hunted the deer in the royal park and forest. To Windsor the body of Charles I was brought, shortly after his execution, and



QUEEN VICTORIA

11cm Photograph by A. B. Brown Old Bond Street, London

Jonson's "Music of the Gipsies" was presented at Windsor, having previously been played before King James on two occasions. When the Parliamentary Generals came in they stripped St George's Chapel of its plate, its vest-

ments, its images, and its costly fittings, and the soldiers of the Parliament hunted the deer in the royal park and forest. To Windsor the body of Charles I was brought, shortly after his execution, and

History tells us that Charles II. took

the sum of £70,000 sterling, voted after the Restoration, for the removal of the body of Charles I to a fitting sepulchre, but that noble monarch never rendered any account of the money. Under George III there was a veritable court at Windsor, and it used to assemble on Sunday afternoons on the terrace to listen to the music of the military bands, the King with the Queen, the children, and the royal suite promenading up and down a lane composed of his loyal subjects, who bowed low as he passed them.

Under the reign of the present Queen great improvements have been made at Windsor. The Prince Consort was very fond of the old building, and suggested most of the changes, among which are the restoration of the lower ward, that of St George's chapel, the Wolsey chapel, which is a kind of memorial of the Prince Consort himself, and many of the changes in the upper ward, the entrance hall, and the state staircase. Prince Albert's improvements were very skilful, and have added immensely to the beauty of the fine range of buildings, which stretches fifteen hundred feet from east to west along the high table-land, around which, on its western end, the Thames makes a great sweep.

St George's chapel is often enough described in our days, as it is the scene of christenings, marriages, and funerals in the very numerous branches of the royal family. It is a noble burial-place of kings, and in its vaults lie Henry VIII, Jane Seymour, Charles I, George III, George IV, William IV, Queens Charlotte and Adelaide, and many lesser dignitaries. On the Albert Memorial chapel, or the Tomb House, as it was formerly called, the Queen has expended large sums in restoration or decoration, in memory of her husband, and in the

centric of the chapel stands the sarcophagus of the Prince, bearing a recumbent statue, habited in a suit of armor. The body of the good Prince does not repose here, but in the Royal Mausoleum, at Frogmore.

That portion of Windsor in which the Queen resides is not very often open to the public, for the Queen spends the greater portion of her time at Windsor, visiting her castle in the Northern Highlands, and simple, but pretty Osborne House, on the shores of the Isle of Wight, only for comparatively brief periods. The private life of the Queen is described as simple in marked degree, made up of the same quiet and refined pleasures which fill the life of any lady of distinction, interspersed, however, by seasons of hard work, for the Queen is not a queen in vain, and has papers manifold to sign, and in troublous times many complaints to hear and questions to ask. She has a special wire from the Houses of Parliament to Windsor, and when she is at the Castle knows all that is going on at a very short time after it occurs. At any hour of the night or day she may read from the slip of paper which rolls out from the machine the story of the debates, the accidents, and incidents which have occurred in the kingdom. All bills, orders in council, etc., are drawn up in her name, according to the pleasant formula which assumes that she governs as well as reigns. She has to attend to the post every day or two, with as much care as if she were the head of a commercial establishment. Foreign despatches, proclamations, ratifications, decrees, letters-patent, orders for execution,—all these great and small affairs require the "Victoria R" before they are legal. "In summer," M. Daryl tells us, "she signs these papers, seated in a pretty tent

pitched on the lawn at Balmoral " We are told that she is very fond of letter-writing, and keeps up an enormous correspondence with her German relatives.

The Audience chamber at Windsor is decorated with Verrio's conventional ceilings, but the walls are hung with the richest tapestry from the Gobelins, and illustrate the life of Esther. Here, too, are many portraits of members of the English royal family, and a noble picture of Mary Queen of Scots. In the Vandeyck room are no less than twenty-two portraits by the celebrated painter, and in the Queen's state drawing-room are pictures of the different Georges. The fondness of the English for recording the glory of their Continental campaigns is illustrated in the Waterloo chamber, which is a fine hall used for state banquets. Around this hall are ranged the pictures of the sovereigns, the generals, and the politicians who took part in the war that ended at Waterloo.

The Presence chamber or Court hall-room, hung with beautiful tapestries and ornamented with granite vases, St George's hall, more than two hundred feet long, with its trophies of arms and armor, its shields and banners, emblazoned with the arms of all the knights from the foundation of the celebrated order, the Guard chamber, filled with military and naval trophies, and the Queen's Presence chamber,—are the only rooms ordinarily shown to the public. But beyond them lie the real treasures—the Queen's and King's closets, beautiful cabinets filled with pictures by Holbein, Claude Lorraine, Titian, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Rubens, and the Rubens room, the Council chamber, the Throne room, which contains some superb portraits by Gainsborough; the great Corridor, five hundred and twenty feet long, lined with busts of

noted personages, the Plate room, which contains the nautilus cup of Benvenuto Cellini, the Library, the Raphael cabinet,—these are not exceeded in magnificence and interest even by the superlucal residences in England. Many of the dukes have palaces which compare very favorably, however, with the other royal abodes.

Miles away to the south of the town stretches Windsor's great park, full of the noblest and wildest forest scenery, breezy slopes, over which herds of deer wander, great avenues with the boughs of trees interlocked above, cool glades through which little brooklets glide, and throughout the whole an atmosphere of refined age and calm. Here and there the ancient elms are decaying and have fallen, but the forest keepers take tenderest care of them. Many of the trees are inscribed with brass plates and bear especial names, like "the oak of William the Conqueror" and "Queen Victoria's Tree."

Of this park, and of Windsor as seen from it, Mr. Daryl, in his admirable book, says "With its foliated passages, its winding corridors, its grand round tower, its little window-panes sunk into lead, its irregular roofs and innumerable steps, this immense palace is assuredly not a model of simplicity or of architectural regularity. But what a grand appearance it has upon the terrace heights overlooking the Thames, when the setting sun is lighting up its windows, which rise high above the level of the forest trees! How much this mass of feudal walls and modern buildings resembles the British constitution, and how that fantastical decoration seems the natural surroundings of that sleeping beauty, the English monarchy. More than Westminster Abbey or St Paul's—more than any edifice—Windsor

has a calm majesty, which is quite in the fitness of things, and surpasses your expectations. All is grand, sumptuous, and striking. The trees in the Long walk, four or five centuries old, and dying of old age, as they border an avenue two leagues in length, the gold plate, worth forty million francs, the pictures, which any museum in the world would be proud to possess, the park, in which the deer are fed, the guards in their grand uniforms, who keep watch at the posterns, and, above all, the machicolations, and the ramparts, two hundred feet above us, profile against the sky dominating the horizon of a dozen counties. If we met a live unicorn at the end of an alley we would hardly feel surprised. At Windsor the atmosphere almost seems Shakespearian, as at Versailles one seems to be walking in a tragedy of Jean Racine."

Our spightly French friend alludes with certain fantastic cynicism to what he is pleased to term the Sleeping Beauty, but the monarchy in troublous times awakens from its feudal dream, and shows that it knows how to take part in the vicissitudes and troubles which come to the nation. As these pages are written the English world is disturbed by a deadly struggle with Arab fanaticism, by the resistance of a so-called Prophet, resistance heightened and strengthened by the conviction of the Arabs that their cause is just, and no sooner has the strain been felt in England than the head of the aristocracy rises to the level of an astonishing activity. The Queen, who has such marked dislike for public ceremonials, and who has so studiously refrained from participating in them since the loss of the Prince Consort, — whose life-long mourner she is determined to be, —

now appears as the giver of *fêtes* as well as of military decorations. The musty halls of Buckingham Palace are aired and thrown open, levees and drawing-rooms are announced, the court, of which M. Duyl denies the existence, comes out of its enchanted nap, and proceeds to dazzle the eyes of the groundlings, the hen-apparent is sent to the disaffected sister island, there to dispense hospitality and money, and to bear with good grace the lack of reciprocal courtesy.

Besides her residence of Windsor the Queen has three royal metropolitan palaces. Buckingham Palace, properly the residence of the sovereign and the court, St James's, used exclusively for state receptions and levees, and Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, and where she held her first Council. Buckingham Palace is far more impressive in exterior than in interior. It is pretty enough in the midst of its symmetrical shuubby and in the neighborhood of the green slopes of St James's park in summer, when the season is at its height, and when the long procession of high-swung barouches bears to it the hundreds of ladies who are presented at court. These poor ladies undergo a ferocious inspection from the populace, which flocks up to the park to see the swells as they wait in line then turn to descend within the palace grounds, and the assembled people pass many a rough comment upon the bare-shouldered dowagers and the shrinking maidens who brave the elements and the eyes of the vulgar on their way to pass before the platform on which the Queen stands to receive her subjects. On Drawing-room days the Queen wears a mourning costume with diamonds, and the Order of the Garter, and about her are grouped the princesses

and many of the dignitaries of the royal household. The ladies pass slowly before the platform, then long trains, the feathers in their hair, — for flowers are forbidden at court, — giving them a most singular appearance. There is no buffet, and the fatigue of the long waiting and the crush in the Drawing-room are sometimes so prostrating that a lady who has been presented at court does not again appear in society during the season. The etiquette is of the greatest rigidity. The moral character of every person who is presented for presentation is inspected microscopically, and no lady who has been caught in the meshes of a divorce suit, no matter how faultless she herself may be, can hope for the momentary glimpse of the majesty of the realm. Buckingham Palace doubtless stands on the old Marlborough garden, which was planted by James I in the seventeenth century, and which, after his time, was a popular resort, where people of the best quality, according to old Evelyn, used to go to be "exceedingly cheated at." There Dryden was wont to go with his mistress, Mrs Anne Reeve, to drink sweetened wine and eat cheese-cakes. Later on there was a Buckingham House, which the Duke of Buckingham built in 1703, and Defoe speaks of this as one of the great beauties of London. George III. lived at Buckingham House,

and there many of his children were born. There Dr Johnson used to go to consult books in the fine library, and there he had a famous conversation one day with George III.

When the Palace was reconstructed, in the second quarter of the present century, the celebrated Marble Arch, which has long stood on the north-east corner of Hyde Park, was one of the ornaments of the Palace. It was removed in 1851. The marble hall and sculpture gallery, the grand drawing-room, where, on the occasion of state balls, the famous tent of Tippoo Sahib is erected, the Throne room, beautifully hung with crimson satin, with the royal throne or chair of state, in which Her Majesty is seated when she receives addresses, the picture-gallery of moderate merit, and several other gaudy drawing-rooms, — are the principal features of the Palace. During the present reign a few Costume Balls, as they are called, have been held in these halls, but since the death of the Prince Consort the only festivals have been the drawing-rooms for presentation, and at all of these at which gentlemen are presented the Prince of Wales represents the Queen. The royal stables are close by, and the Palace can hardly be a healthy residence, since under it runs one of the greatest of the London sewers.

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO.

St James's Palace — The Story of Kensington — Its Gardens — The Charges which Royalty Entails — The Prince of Wales — An Indiscreet Hen Apparent — Marlborough House — The Title of Prince of Wales — Habitual Views of Allowances to Royal Personages — Sandringham

ST James's Palace, on the north side of the Park, is an ugly old pile of blackened brick, once a hospital for leprous females. But it is historically most interesting, and when it stood in the midst of green fields, and before it was dwarfed by the immediate vicinity of the lofty Marlborough House, it was perhaps, impressive. Henry VIII first made a royal palace of St James's. Edward and Elizabeth occasionally resided there. Mary made it the place of her retirement during the absence of her royal spouse, Philip of Spain, and there she died. From the Chapel Royal, which is one of the fashionable places of worship in London, Charles I set forth from the Park guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans to Whitehall, on the morning that he lost his head. There Monk planned the Restoration: there the Dukes of York and Gloucester were imprisoned in the civil wars, and at the close of the seventeenth century, the Court at St James's was very brilliant. This phrase, the "Court of St James's," so constantly used in diplomatic jargon, came into use shortly after the burning of Whitehall, in 1697, when the St James's Palace was first used for important state ceremonies. George IV was born in this palace, and, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia with old Blücher were installed therein during their visit to London. The old ceremonials of the honors of the Guard Chamber are still enacted by the

Yeomen of the Queen's Guard on Levee and Drawing-Rooms days, in honor of distinguished visitors.

Not far away is Clarence House, where the Duke of Clarence, who afterwards became King William IV, for sometime resided. This mansion is now the London residence of one of the Princes Royal.

Kensington Palace, which is in the parish of St Mark's in Westminster, is a handsome edifice of brick with stone foundations, and stands upon the site of the mansion which was destroyed by fire in 1691. In the new palace Queen Mary and King William, Queen Anne and the Prince Consort, and George II died. George III rarely visited Kensington, but the Duke of Kent was very fond of residing in the lower southeastern apartments, underneath the so-called King's Gallery, and there Queen Victoria was christened on the 24th June, 1819. The story of her reception of the intelligence of the death of William IV has been often told, but may be once more recited here. The noted painter, Sir David Wilkie, has left a representation of the scene, but with a painter's license he departed somewhat from the truth. In the diaries of a lady of quality, under the date of June, 1837, is the following entry: "On the 20th at two a.m. the scene closed (this is an allusion to the death of King William), and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord

Conyngham, the chamberlain set out to announce the event to their new sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time, before they could arouse the porter at the gates. They were again kept waiting in the court-yard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, and stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the Queen, on business of state and even her sleep must give way to this.' It did, and, to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. The first act of the Queen was of course to summon the Council, and most of the summonses were not received until after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who I suppose was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her. The Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen stood up and prevented him from kneeling, kissing him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill-made, that my brothers tell me the scene of swearing allegiance to their

young sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else."

Not far away are the delightful Kensington Gardens, several hundred acres in area, and there, when King William lived in the Palace, the great gardens, which Queen Caroline had caused to be laid out, were opened to the public on Saturdays, and all visitors were required to appear in full dress. It was Queen Caroline who formed the serpentine, which divided the Palace grounds from the open Hyde Park, and near the bridge over this serpentine there are many fine walks beneath fine old Spanish chestnut-trees.

The nation is proud and pleased to pay all the charges which royalty entails upon it, and these charges are various and numerous enough to bear recapitulation here. Theoretically the Queen's income is free from all taxes and charges, but we learn that Sir Robert Peel, when he was prime minister, in 1842, announced that the Queen had declared her determination to submit to the income tax. This statement was received with enthusiasm, but the Queen is supposed from that day to this never to have paid any income tax. Among the so-called Civil List charges on the Consolidated Fund are £60,000 for Her Majesty's privy purse, £131,260 for Her Majesty's household, including annual salaries and retired allowances, £172,500, expenses of Her Majesty's household, £13,200, royal bounty, alms, and special services, pensions granted by Her Majesty, £23,714, unappropriated items, £8,040, revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster drawn by Her Majesty, about £44,000 annually, expenditure on the royal palaces, several thousand pounds, on the great park, £25,000 annually,—in short, on all the immediate personal expenses and those

connected with the royal residences, nearly £500,000. The royal yachts and the naval charges amount to £34,656, and this is the annual average cost of the four royal yachts for ten years. Escorts and salutes, and the pay of naval and marine aides-de-camp cost about £5,000 more, the military aide-de-camp, the household troops, pensions in connection with the Orders of the Bath and of St. Patrick, allowances to marshals of ceremonies and trumpeters, and other small items which come under the head of royal escort, cost £70,000 annually. Many items formerly defrayed by the revenues of the crown, such as grants to the Church of Scotland, royal functionaries in Scotland, hereditary usher, the hereditary keeper, master of the audience court, the officers of the Order of the Thistle, the six trumpeters, Her Majesty's historiographer, clock-maker, the warden at regalia, Her Majesty's charities and bounties, the Ulster king-at-arms, the pensions paid to English clergy, the pensions paid to French refugee clergy, bounties to the clergy and school-masters of the Isle of Man, and many other items, are now assumed by the nation, and count in the sovereign's Civil List, the total payments on account of which are about £619,000 annually. During the life of the Prince Consort £30,000 per annum was payable to him, and the total sum drawn under the act giving him a yearly sum had been £630,000. In 1852 a generous gentleman bequeathed £250,000 sterling to Her Majesty for her personal use. It is but proper that the Queen should be a great land-owner, as she is the head of a landed aristocracy, and her private estates, while they do not rank in size with the great ducal possessions, are very considerable. In Aberdeen she has more than twenty-five

thousand acres, and her rental from Aberdeen, Hants, and Surrey is about £5,500. The grand estate of Windsor is more than ten thousand acres, and is valued at £22,000 odd per annum. The Queen bought Claremont for £74,000, in 1882. This noble property cost Lord Clive nearly £150,000, and covers four hundred and sixty-four acres. Besides her English possessions the Queen has property at Coburg and at Baden, in Germany.

Other payments by the nation to the royal family may be briefly reviewed as follows. II R II the Princess Royal, present Crown Princess of Prussia, the able, amiable, and interesting wife of Prince Frederick William, heir to the German throne, received yearly, after 1858, £8,000, and there is an odd little item of £40 for a special steamer to convey the Crown Prince to and from whenever he visits England attached to the estimates on behalf of this princess royal. When she was married, the nation gave her a money grant of £40,000.

The Prince of Wales has received annually since 1863 £40,000, as a charge on the Consolidated Fund, besides which he enjoys the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which have averaged £65,000 annually for the last ten years. This Duchy of Cornwall is a little treasury in itself. The lands of the duchy are about seventy-four thousand acres in area, and the coal, tin, and lead mines yield enormously. The invested and cash balances of the duchy amount to £180,000. For annual repairs of Marlborough House the Prince has about £2,000. The Princess of Wales has a separate annual charge on the Consolidated Fund of £10,000; and whenever the Prince makes a journey in the interest of the nation, as when he went to St. Petersburg to invest the

Czar with the Order of the Garter, his travelling expenses are from £2,000 to £3,000.

Shortly before he reached his majority the Prince of Wales received the accumulated revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting to more than £600,000. Of this sum one-third was invested in the purchase of Sandringham, and a part of the remainder was spent in building the pretty mansion there, and in fitting out the Prince and his household for his active campaign of social duty. The Prince of Wales is the first gentleman, as the Premier or Prime Minister is the first man, in England. The position of heir-apparent to the throne is by no means a bed of roses. It is as trying and requires as energetic conduct as that of a great politician, and in troublous times the conduct of the present Prince, as well as his energy and courage, have done much to prevent crises. When the Queen is puzzled and annoyed at Mr. Gladstone's course it is the Prince of Wales who pops into the Premier's office and makes him a friendly call. When there is a chance for a favorable alliance on the continent, it is the Prince of Wales who appears in Paris or Rome, Berlin or Vienna, leaving always an excellent impression behind him, and often accomplishing in a few moments' conversation what the diplomats have been bringing up to the verge of accomplishment during long months of negoti-

exchange of despatches. The Prince is but a small land-owner, for he has but



PRINCE OF WALES.

From Photograph by A. J. Young, Old Land Street, London

a rental of £10,000 from fourteen thousand eight hundred acres in Norfolk and Aberdeenshire. Should the Princess of Wales survive her husband she would

Wales survive her husband she would

receive from the nation £30,000 per annum, or £10,000 less than she now receives in addition to her own portion. When the Prince went to India, in 1875, out of the £142,000 expended during the journey, £60,000 was allowed as pocket-money and to be given as gratuities. It is not astonishing that all who participated in that memorable excursion never cease to sing the praises of the Prince of Wales.

The entrance to Marlborough House, which is the town residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, looks like the entrance of a great club, and the stranger might be pardoned for mistaking it for a club-house, as it stands in the region of the costly palaces which the great number of club associations have adopted as peculiar to their own. This house, which has been much improved in later years, was built for the great Duke of Marlborough, in 1710, was at one time the residence of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV, and later on, was a kind of museum, until the department of science and art was removed to South Kensington, when Marlborough House was prepared for a princely residence. There all the Prince's children, except the eldest, were born, and there the heir-apparent lives a cosy and honest English life, receiving cordially great numbers of friends without much of that strictness and etiquette which prevails in his goodly mother's palace of Windsor. The sentries, majestic in their bearskin caps, who walk up and down before Marlborough House and the entrance to St James's Park, are the only indications that royalty graces the neighborhood.

It is generally supposed in America and on the continent that the title of Prince of Wales is hereditary for the eldest son of the reigning English sover-

ign, that he has a right to assume it as soon as he is born. But the fact is that every heir-apparent to the English throne is Prince of Wales only by an act of special creation in his own particular case. Sometimes this act is delayed for many years, and sometimes it is not enforced at all. Edward II was the first Prince of Wales, the story, which has been told recently in the British press on the occasion of the majority of the eldest son of the present Prince, being that, "to reconcile the Welsh people to their subjugation, and to the recognition of the sovereignty instead of the mere suzerainty of the English, King Edward I promised them a prince born in their own country, and unable to speak a word of English."

The legend tells us that the shrewd Edward kept his promise by presenting to the Welsh people his son Edward, who had just been born at Carnarvon, and who certainly could not speak English, and who would have found it just as difficult to speak Welsh. Edward II. was not created Prince of Wales until he was seventeen, Edward III. was never made Prince of Wales, but was called the Earl of Chester, the Black Prince. Edward was called Prince of Wales when he was thirteen, and from his time date the three ostrich feathers and the motto "Ich Dien" (I serve), the princely device, which the present heir-apparent thoroughly fulfils. Some of the princes of Wales, notably he who became George IV, certainly served no one but themselves. The famous Madcap Prince, of whom Shakespeare has given us such pleasant pictures, was a Prince of Wales; and after him there is a long line of princes good, and ~~princes~~ bad. George I's son did not become Prince of Wales until he was thirty-two. Among the bad princes ~~was the son~~

down Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose reputation is summed up in the biting epitaph written shortly after his death.

This Fred, however, left a son to be Prince of Wales, and afterwards to be George III., of whom America heard much.



PRINCESS OF WALES AND FAMILY

From Photograph by W & D Downing, Abney street, London

"Here lies Fred, who was alive and now is dead
Had it been his father, I had much rather,
Had it been his brother, sooner than any other,
Had it been his sister, there is no one who
would have missed her,
Had it been his whole generation, best of all
for the nation;
But alas! poor Fred, there is no more to be

In an interesting article published in the "Daily News" last year, occurs the following statement concerning the financial arrangements for the Prince of Wales: "Until the accession of the Queen, the annuity of the Prince of

reigning sovereign, and was granted by him out of the Civil List George I gave out of a Civil List of £700,000 a year an annuity of £100,000 to the Prince of Wales, the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall being about £10,000 a year. After he became king he did

said to him: "Sir, I can bear it no longer. If you count your money once more I will leave the room." The contrast between the miserly father and the spendthrift son is quite in the vein of the old comedy. It belongs to the oldest comedy, that of human nature.

"George II, out of his Civil List of £800,000, allowed to Frederick, Prince of Wales, a 'poor, dissolute, flabby fellow-creature,' says Carlyle, an annuity of £60,000, which, with his hereditary revenue as Duke of Cornwall, gave him £60,000 a year. The alleged inadequacy of this allowance was, at the instigation of Bolingbroke, brought before the House of Commons by Pulteney, whom the King struck off the list of the Privy Council for his pains. Through the intrigues of the Court at Leicester House, a motion for its increase was nearly being carried. The annuity which George III himself granted to his Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, was £50,-



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES FOR INDIA

not emulate his father's generosity. George II was the Harpagon of kings. He must have been the original of the king in the nursery rhyme, who was always in his counting-house counting of his money, for that was one of his favorite occupations. Horace Walpole mentions that one of his bedchamber women, with whom he was in love, seeing him count his money very often,

000, the annual revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall amounting to about £12,000. George, Prince of Wales, bore considerable resemblance, in character, to his grandfather, Frederick, Prince of Wales. He imitated him in political intrigue, and endeavored, through his friends in the House of Commons, to obtain an increase in the annual allowance made to him. After some unsuccessful attempts,

the King, not desiring to run the risk which his grandfather had incurred on Mr. Pulteney's nearly successful motion, made a proposal by Mr. Alderman Nottage, in the House of Commons, in 1787, for granting an additional £10,000 a year out of the Civil List. In 1795 an additional annuity of £65,000 was settled upon the Prince, and in 1803 a further addition of £16,000 a year was made. This increase was, however, practically mortgaged for the payment of the Prince's debts, put down at £650,000, and did not swell the income available for his personal expenses.

It is said, that, as the numerous grandchildren of the Queen marry the sums which have been voted by Parliament to the members of the royal family will be enormously increased. The Princess Beatrice, the last of the children, will, doubtless, have as generous a proportional allowance as has been made in the case of her brothers and sisters. But," says a recent writer, "when the time comes for dealing with the third generation of the royal house, it may be necessary to reconsider what is expedient and practical." The grandchildren of George III., to whom annuities have been voted, are only three,—the Duke of Cambridge and his two sisters. The English-born grandchildren of her present Majesty are no fewer than eighteen,—very likely to be more. It is well, perhaps, that the prospects to be made in respect to provision for them should be established in a new House of Commons, more fairly representing the general owners of

the country than any of its predecessors. Mr. Bright once described the public service of the country as a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy. The statement is much less true now than when Mr. Bright made it. The younger members of the aristocracy, the Lord Walters and Lionels, and the Hon. Alans and Johns, are flocking into commerce, professions, and adventures, are filling a state and clearing the backwoods. The time may come when the remoter scions of the Royal House may find the need and the happiness of taking a similar course.

The hen-apprent of the hen-apparent, Prince Albert Victor Charles Arthur Edward known to his family and at his university as Prince Edward, has recently attained his majority, after having been to sea, is becomes an English Prince, and seen a good bit of the world. At Trinity College, Cambridge, which Maugham called the noblest place of education in the world, he has been reading many hours daily, and his first public acts, such as the exchange of notes with the venerable Gladstone, and numerous representatives and politicians, indicate much strength of character. Sandringham, where the festivities on his coming of age took place, lies in a pretty country near the sea, among hills and rich marsh meadows, dotted with cattle and wild and picturesque stretches of heath, broken by plantations. The house is surrounded by a handsome park dotted with lakes.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

Fortunes and Incomes of Members of the English Royal Family. — Ancient and Hereditary Pensions. — The Invisible Court. — Its Functionaries. — Presidency. — The Aristocratic Element in the House of Commons.

THE charges upon the "Consolidated Fund" caused by the maintenance of the Royal Family, do not cease with the handsome payments to the Queen and to her eldest son. His Royal Highness Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, has received annually, since attaining his majority in 1865, £15,000, and after his marriage in 1874, £10,000. His pay and allowance as Rear Admiral and superintendent of naval reserves, amount to nearly £1,500 per annum. He has the free use of Clarence House, on which Parliament spent a vast sum in altering it and fitting it for his use. He is shortly to inherit the great estates and wealth of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and an income of fully £30,000 yearly. His wife brought him a pretty fortune of £90,000, besides a marriage portion of £300,000 and a life annuity of more than £11,000. In case she outlives the Duke, she is to have £6,000 in Consols. The immense accumulation thus enumerated was the basis of the strenuous opposition of Sir Charles Dilke and others, in 1874, to a new grant to the Prince, who had married the richest heiress in Europe. But only eighteen people ventured to vote against the Crown. Her Royal Highness Eleanor, Princess Christian, is allowed £6,000 annually, and on the occasion of her marriage was given £80,000. She has Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, as a royal residence. The Prince Christian, who is the Park Ranger, gets from the

Queen £500 a year, besides many perquisites. The gracious and charming Marchioness of Lorne, her Royal Highness Princess Louise also receives £6,000 from the nation and had out of the annual appropriations £30,000 when she was married. She lives in Kensington Palace, rent free. The late Princess Alice of Hesse also had an annual grant of £6,000 in Consols, a dowry of £30,000 and during her lifetime received from the nation £126,000. His Royal Highness Arthur, Duke of Connaught, up to his majority in 1871, had received £6,000 per annum, and since his majority has had £10,000 annually. He draws £1,000 every year as military pay, and his wife brought him a dowry of £15,000. Mr Gladstone, who supported the annuity bill in Parliament for this Prince, was excluded from the list of invitations when the Duke was married. The Duke of Connaught has a suit of rooms in Buckingham Palace, and a fine mansion at Bagshot Park, built for him and administered by the Woods and Forests Department. From 1874 to 1882, his late Royal Highness, the Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, received annually £15,000, £10,000 a year when he was married, in 1882, and at the time of his marriage was given £140,000 by the English people. Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cambridge, has received £6,000 annually since her widowhood in 1850. Her Royal Highness Augusta, Princess and

Duchess of Mecklinburg-Streitz, has had £3,000 yearly since 1843, when she was married, and whenever she journeys abroad, it is in a special steamer, for which £80 is allotted. His Royal Highness George, Duke of Cambridge, has £12,000, besides game-rights, residences, and pasturages, amounting to £3,000 more per year. As Field Marshal commanding-in-chief, he has £4,500 per year and as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, a little more than £2,000 per year. Thus the head of the army receives about £33,000 every year, as commander-in-chief, and nearly £70,000 as a gift from the nation. Audacious attempts have been made in Parliament to reduce these payments. Joseph Hume, John Bright, and others have attempted to lower them to £8,000 or £12,000, but in vain. In London, the Duke of Cambridge resides in Gloster House in Piccadilly, which has been given him by the Queen as his town residence.

Mary, Princess of Teck, has £5,000 annually. His Serene Highness the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar has about £3,500, and various nephews live half-pay or retired pay, as vice-admirals or as governors of castles or park-keepers. In addition to these there is a long list of pensions to servants of deceased sovereigns, and the grand total of money paid out by Great Britain, in twelve months, in connection with the royal family, is about £870,000, to which should be added the cost of keeping up the royal public parks and pleasure-gardens.—Battersea, Bethnal Green, Bushy Park, Chelsea Military Asylum, Edinburgh Royal Botanic Gardens, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Kew, Holyrood, Kensington, Regent's Park, and Primrose Hill, Richmond Park, St James's Park, Victoria Park, etc., *ad infinitum*. But the nation gives this money very

willingly, because it really considers it as spent upon its own pleasures, and it prefixes each park with the word 'royal,' to confer upon it an additional dignity. The nation sums up and embodies its own majesty in the royal family, and it considers that it gives proof of its own magnificence in treating these hereditary representatives magnificently.

At all times, until recent years, the sovereigns of England have felt free to bestow pensions with reckless generosity, and Great Britain has an enormous list of ancient and hereditary pensioners. The present Queen has in forty-six years expended nearly £750,000 in Civil List pensions. The unredeemed ancient pensions, the grants made by Parliament in perpetuity, and pensions granted since the passage of the Restraint Acts, and made payable for more than one life, give an enormous total. But England is not the only country which is encumbered with pensioners. It is to be noted, however, that year by year, a large part of the increase in expenditure on pensions and gratuities comes from the army estimates, and is due to the constant small and large wars in which England is engaged. The Financial Reform Almanac calls attention to the fact that, in this black year of trade, 1884, John Bull has had to pay a corps of 140,000 pensioners military, naval, and civil, for doing nothing, and that then drawing, amounting to £7,500,000 sterling, swallowed up the whole of the income tax laid on the national profits during twelve months.

A brief review of Her Majesty's household and the expenses attendant upon it may not be considered uninteresting by republican readers. In the Lord Steward's department, the Lord Steward, Rt Hon Earl Sydney, receives £2,000 a year, the Treasurer of the

Household and the Controller, £1,000 each, Master of the Household, £1,158; Secretary to the Board, £500, Keeper of the Privy Purse and Private Secretary to Her Majesty, Hon. Sir H. F. Ponsonby, whose name is so often seen affixed to telegrams sent from Her Majesty, £2,000, an Assistant Keeper, £5,000, another Assistant £500, Secretary of the Privy Purse, £3,000, and Clerks, trivial salaries. In the Lord Chamberlain's department, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Kinnaird, has £2,000 per year, the Vice-Chamberlain, nearly £1,000, the Controller of Accounts, the same, the Chief Clerk, £700, Paymaster of the Household, £500, Master of the Ceremonies, £1,000, the Lords-in-Waiting, each £702, the extra Lord-in-Waiting gets no salary, Grooms-in-Waiting, each £334, but extra Grooms-in-Waiting are without pay. The Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, each £200, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, £2,000, Gentlemen Ushers daily waiters, considered a very honorable appointment, each £200, Grooms of the Privy Chamber, each £120, Gentlemen Ushers, quarterly waiters, each £80, Sergeants-at-Arms, each £80, the Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson £100, the Examiner of Plays, £500, the Librarian at Windsor, £500. In addition to these there are attached to this intangible court, for which the French writer, M. Daryl, seems to have sought in vain, a Painter in Ordinary, a modern Painter and Sculptor, a Surveyor of Pictures, a German Librarian, a Governor Constable of Windsor Castle, Her Majesty's Body Guard of Yeomen of the Guard, with a captain, at £1,200 a year, an honorable guard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, with a captain, at £1,200, with a standard-bearer, with a clerk of the cheque, an adjutant, and a sub-officer

There is also a Master of the Horse, the well-known Duke of Westminster, at £2,500, a Master of the Buck Hounds, at £1,500, a Clerk of the Marshal, at £1,000, an hereditary Grand Falconer, if you please, at £1,200, a Crown Equerry and Secretary to the Master of the Horse, at £8,000, several Equerries in Ordinary, at £600 and £500, extra Honorary Equerries, pages of honor. In the department of the Mistress of the Robes there is first the mistress, the Duchess of Roxburghe, who receives £500 a year, Ladies of the Bed-chamber, extra Ladies of the Bed-chamber, Bed-chamber Women, extra Bed-chamber Women, a Lady attendant upon Princess Beatrice, the Maids of Honor, each of these last receiving £300 a year, the Groom of the Robes, and a Clerk of the Robes. There are, furthermore, the Dean of the Chapels Royal, who is no less a personage than the Bishop of London, a Sub-Dean, a Clerk of the Closet, Deputy Clerks of the Closet, a Domestic Chaplain, a Domestic Chaplain of the Household, an hereditary Grand Almoner, a High Almoner, a Sub-almoner, a Secretary and a Yeoman. There are also numerous physicians in ordinary, extraordinary, surgeons in ordinary, surgeons extraordinary, physicians of the household, surgeons of the household, surgeon apothecaries, surgeon at Osborne, surgeon oculists, surgeon dentists, dentists of the household, and chemists and druggists all attached to the Royal House.

The arrangement of the Prince of Wales's household is, on the whole, extremely simple, and there are no salaries attaching to any of the appointments: the Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Lords of the Bed-chamber, the Controller and Treasurer, the Grooms of the Bed-cham-

bei, the Equerries, the extra Equerries, the Private Secretary, the Librarian and German Secretary, the Clerks, the Governors for the Prince, the Physicians, Surgeons, etc., and they are few as compared with the great array of the Queen's attendants. The household of the Princess of Wales is composed of the Chamberlain, the Ladies of the Bed-chamber, who are always ladies of high distinction, Bed-chamber Women, extra Bed-chamber Women, and a Private Secretary. All this enormous expenditure and weight of salaries, paid for services which are, to say the least, in a great majority of cases entirely unnecessary and rarely performed, is placed upon the broad backs of the English middle classes, and is borne almost with ease.

The vast superstructure of royalty and aristocracy is apparent to the stranger nowhere so palpably as at a public banquet, where, after the toasts are begun, he observes that it takes almost as long as is allotted to ordinary speeches in dinners in many other countries to get down to the subject-matter of the evening. There are, first, what are called the loyal toasts, which are never omitted and which, at dinners of importance, almost invariably comprise the army and navy, the church and the law, if the law is present. The reason for this is easily found in the table of precedence, which is as familiar and as much a matter of course to English men and women as it is odd and singular to many foreigners. The table naturally begins with the sovereign, and descends in the following order: the Prince of Wales, the Queen's younger Sons, the Grandsons of the sovereign, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Lord of the Privy

Seal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, the Lord Chamberlain, then come the Dukes, according to their patents of creation, of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and those created since the Union, in the same order as dukes, dukes' eldest sons, earls, according to their patents, marquises' eldest sons, dukes' younger sons, viscounts, according to their patents, earls' eldest sons, marquises' younger sons, the bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, all other English bishops, according to seniority of creation, bishops of the Irish Church created before 1869, Secretaries of State, if they be barons; barons, according to their patents. We have now come down through a long list to a very important parliamentary functionary, who is heard quite as much of in the course of a year as the Queen or the Prince of Wales, but who, as will readily be seen, is a long way from the throne,—this is the Speaker of the House of Commons. Below him is the Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, the Controller of Her Majesty's Household, the Master of the Horse, the Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, the Secretaries of State under the degree of baron, viscounts' eldest sons, earls' younger sons, barons' eldest sons, Knights of the Garter, Privy Counsellors, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the Master of the Rolls, the Lords Justice of Appeal, the Lords of Appeal, Judges, according to seniority, viscounts' younger sons, barons' younger sons, baronets, according to date of patents, Knights of the Thistle, Knights of St. Patrick, Knights of the Grand Cross of the Bath, Knights Grand Commanders of the Star of India, Knights of

the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Knights Commanders of the Bath, Knights Commanders of the Star of India, Knights Commanders of St. Michael and St. George, Knights Bachelors, Judges of County Courts, Companions of the Bath, Companions of the Star of India, Companions of St. Michael and St. George, Companions of the Indian Empire, eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, baronets' eldest sons, eldest sons of Knights of the Garter, Thistle, St. Michael and St. George, St. Patrick, the Bath, the Star of India, Knights Bachelors, younger sons of the younger sons of peers, baronets' younger sons, younger sons of knights in the same order as eldest sons, and, finally, gentlemen entitled to bear arms, in whom we recognize our old friend Armiger or Esquire. The ladies take the same rank as their husbands or is their brothers, but merely official rank on the husband's part does not give any similar precedence to the wife. When it is remembered that in every large assembly, like that of a meeting before a great banquet, or a reception, a crush, a party, this table of precedence takes form in the mind of the persons who manage or give the entertainments, and is adhered to with all the rigidity possible under the circumstances, it is easy to see that conventional form is a prime element in every English gathering, or at the public dinners. It is sometimes galling to cultivated and distinguished representatives of the United States to be placed in inferior positions at table, far below the Japanese Minister, or, possibly some petty East Indian potentate, simply because America sends abroad only ministers with extraordinary powers, and an ambassador must necessarily take precedence of a minister.

The aristocracy represented in this court practically governs England, and it is striking to observe that in the House of Commons the aristocratic and landed interest far exceeds any other. In the present House, for instance, there are one hundred and forty-one members who are connected with the peerage by birth, and one hundred and twenty-eight connected with it by marriage, and three Irish peers. There are one hundred and sixty-eight officers of the army, retired officers, prominent officers of the navy, the militia, and the yeomanry, there are seventy-nine sons and heirs of peers who are great land-owners, one hundred and ninety-eight land-owners, and but four farmers, one mason, and one miner. It is estimated that the House of Commons represents a collective ownership of seven millions five hundred seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and seventy-four acres of land, which yield a rent-roll of £5,901,218, but the House of Lords represents an ownership in acres of fifteen million two hundred thirteen thousand two hundred and eighty-nine, giving a rental of £12,751,596, and if to this we should add the acres and rentals of representative peers, we should have, as the total land representation of the peerage, — some five hundred and twenty-four men, — sixteen million four hundred eleven thousand nine hundred and eighty-six acres, worth £13,542,620 per annum. All but thirty-three of the peers who sit in the House of Lords are land-owners, and there is paid to them, in annuities, pensions, and salaries, £598,000 annually, of which the peers royal get £100,000 odd, and the prelates or spiritual peers, about £165,000. Although the House of Lords is pretty fairly divided into Conservative and Liberal sections, on questions of land

the Liberals flock over to the Conservative side. The fortunes represented in this ancient, and latterly, rather tired, body of aristocrats, are enormous, and a few facts relating to them, recently published in England, are worth giving here. The Duke of Northumberland received £525,000 in 1873 from the rate-payers in London for his old castle in Trafalgar square. The Duke of Sutherland had £300,000 invested in railways in the north of Scotland in 1874. It was estimated that the value of the estates in the West End of London owned by the Duke of Westminster was £220,000 a year, — more than a million dollars a year as ground rental. The Duke of Hamilton, who has coal-fields covering nearly nine thousand acres, gets royalties of £114,000 annually, and the ultimate value of these coal-fields is estimated at more than \$60,000,000. This is the noble Duke who sold his library for £170,000 in 1884. An idea of the fortune of the Marquis of Bute may be had from the fact that he spent £1,000,000 sterling on Cardiff docks to improve them. The Earl of Derby owns Bootle and Kirkdale, Liverpool, and gets enormous sums from the Mer-

sey Dock Board. The Earl of Sefton got a quarter of a million sterling from the corporation of Liverpool for three hundred and seventy-five acres of land for a park. Earl Dudley exhibited the diamonds of his Countess at the Vienna Exhibition, and their value was stated at £500,000 sterling. The Duke of Norfolk sold a market to the Sheffield Corporation in 1876 for £276,000. The Earl of Seafield has forests forty-one thousand acres in extent. Their wood was estimated in 1856 to be worth £1,200,000. It is said that, in thirty years from this time, one of these forests will give £50,000 a year from its nineteen thousand acres. The Earl of Stamford got £175,000 for one estate of three hundred acres of wooded land in 1875. No wonder these great land-owners cling to their land. Hundreds of the smaller land-owners, finding their tenant farmers discontented and deserting them, say, in melancholy tone that they are, in the expressive southern phrase, "land poor." Out of the whole seventy-seven million eight hundred thousand acres in the United Kingdom, twelve men own four million four hundred forty thousand acres.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

The Parliament Palace — History and Tradition — The New Home of the Plutocrats — The Victoria Tower — Westminster Hall — The House of Lords — Procedure in the Hereditary Chamber — The Force of Inertia — Parliamentary Custom

THE huge gothic palace opposite the Thames is certainly the most impressive of modern English monuments, and is said to be the largest range of public buildings erected for several centuries in Great Britain. Every great nation thinks it possesses the first legislative assembly of the world, and that when the members of that assembly come together, the listening peoples in the four quarters of the globe tremble with excitement. But there is some foundation for the English boast that the Parliament Houses shelter the first parliament of the world, for in no two other legislative chambers is so wide a range of force, and one covering and surrounding so vast an extent of sea and land ever discussed and directed. When we hear on the Continent of "parliamentary government," and of "parliamentary procedure," these terms mean something so totally different from what they represent in England, that a comparison of the difference would be almost astonishing. A mass of flowery tradition of almost as rich a gothic as the exterior of the Parliament Houses surrounds all the proceedings of the English legislative bodies, yet the palace in which they meet is as new as the plutocracy which has crept into legislative representation in Great Britain.

The new Westminster Palace stands on the site of the old royal palace of the kings of England from Edward I.

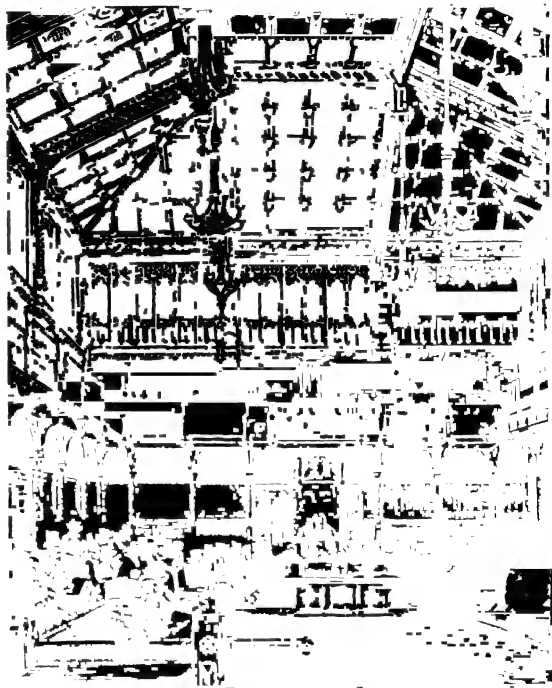
to Elizabeth. It is first named in a charter of Edward the Confessor, made a little after 1052, and within the old palace walls the Confessor died. In 1066, William the Norman held his councils there; there the Abbot of Peterboro' was tried before the king in 1069, there William Rufus built his great hall with its majestic and phenomenal roof which not even the malicious Irish patriots with their dynamite can shake, and which is quite as likely as royalty itself to last for many centuries to come. In this great hall William Rufus held his court in 1099, there also Henry I. gave many a festival. In 1213 the boisterous Thames invaded the great hall, and dignitaries of the State went to and fro in boats under the roof of William Rufus. But repeated conflagrations ate away the greater part of the old palace, the great hall always being kept in good repair for feasts, for coronations, for arraignment of personages charged with treason, and for the keeping of the courts of justice. There Henry VIII. defied the legate of the Pope, and sometimes parliaments were held therein.

In 1834 a great fire swept away St. Stephen's Chapel, the House of Lords, and many of the surrounding parliamentary buildings, and Turner painted a picture of the fire. The old House of Lords, — the walls of which were very thick and strong, and underneath which was the cellar where Guy Fawkes hatched

his Gunpowder Plot, was taken down about 1823. Many of the other fine rooms have disappeared, among them the Prince's chamber, which was hung with tapestry representing scenes in the babyhood of Queen Elizabeth. At the time of the fire of 1834 the House of Lords occupied the old Court of Requests, which was hung with tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

This new Parliamentary palace was begun on the 27th of April, 1840, from the designs of the architect Charles Barry, who was selected out of ninety-seven competitors. Mr Barry's plan has often been severely criticised, but he built with a view to the future, and although to-day his palace stands opposite to unsightly rows of factory chimneys, and has but a little way from it some of the vilest slums of Europe, when the march of improvement goes up the Thames, the palace, with its noble twin, Westminster Abbey, stands in no danger of being dwarfed by any structure which may be placed opposite or near it. The enormous pile covers about eight acres, and has four principal fronts, the terrace on the Thames being nearly one thousand feet long. There are eleven quadrangles or courts, and within the walls are five hundred apartments and eighteen official residences, exclusive of

the Royal State Apartments, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and the great Central Hall. Enlightened by the sad experience of the previous fires, Mr Barry endeavored to make his building fire-proof. All the



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

bearers of the floor are cast iron, with brick arches from girder to girder. The roofs are of wrought-iron cast around galvanized plates. The stone of the wall is unfortunately beginning to decay, and commissions have repeatedly been appointed for discovering remedies for hardening the walls.

The main features of the palace, which is of the Tudor style, with here and there imitations of the picturesque town-halls of the Flemish cities, are the Clock Tower, at the northern end, which is like that of the Town-House at Brussels, and the great Central Hall, with a stone lantern and spire. The Clock Tower is one of the features of London, it is three hundred and sixteen feet from its base to the top of the steeple. The clock has the largest dials in the world, and the minute-hand is said to require, on account of its great length, velocity, weight, friction, and the action of the wind upon it, twenty times more force to drive it than the hour-hand which is nine feet long. The mellow tones of the great bells of this tower striking the quarters, halves, and full hours, may be heard in nearly all the districts of London, especially at night, and as long as Parliament is in session the lime light burns on the tower's top.

The Victoria Tower, three hundred and thirty-six feet high, is covered with figures which, seen from the street, look almost infantine, but which are really colossal figures, ten feet high. This tower was originally intended as a repository for the state papers and records of the nation, and is divided into eleven stories, each of which contains sixteen fire-proof rooms. The roof of the tower weighs four hundred tons. At the portal below are great statues of the Lion of England, bearing the national banner, and here and there, in the carving, are the royal arms of England's former sovereigns. Here also are the statues of the guardian saints, St George, St Andrew, and St Patrick, and in a niche in the archway over the royal stairs is the statue of the present Queen.

The public entrances to the Houses are by the St Stephen's staircase, and

by Westminster Hall. In the first days of a parliamentary session this hall is frequently crowded with people from all classes of the London population, who wait patiently hours to see the different celebrities pass in, and to cheer and to hoot them, as their inclination may prompt. On such occasions the hall is lined on two sides with gigantic policemen, forming a line through which the deputies of the nation may safely pass to their labor, and no matter how important a place in the social scale a spectator may have, if he does not obey the injunctions of these policemen, he is liable to be turned out neck and crop. Midway on the eastern side of Westminster Hall is the members' entrance to the House of Commons. At the south end a broad flight of steps leads up to St Stephen's porch, and here is a noble window the stained glass of which represents the insignia of the different sovereigns. On the left there is an entrance into St Stephen's Hall and the Central Hall, which has an immense span of stone Gothic roof, is just beyond.

Of course there is a royal entrance to Parliament, and this is from the Victoria Tower. A staircase leads to the Norman porch, beautifully ornamented with statues of kings of the Norman line, and with frescoes representing scenes in Anglo-Norman history. On the right is the Queen's Robing-room, and beyond is the royal gallery, where those fortunate people who are admitted to see the Queen open or prorogue Parliament wait until the arrival of the procession, which comes through St James's Park and makes its entry through the Victoria or royal gallery into the House of Lords.

The Hereditary chamber, which has recently seen so many fierce attacks upon its very existence, and which bases its claims to respect chiefly upon its period

of duration, like Thomas Hardy's village, of whom his comrades said "He be mighty ancient, that be his chief quality,"— sits in a chamber which is modern when compared even with the House of Representatives in Washington. It was only completed in 1860, and Sir Charles Barry seems rather to have overdone the stained glass, the escutcheons, the unicorns, the lions, the gilding, the polychrome coloring. Lord Redesdale is reported to have said that the House of Lords resembled the parlor of a casino. M. Philippe Daryl in a spiteful moment, remarked that, on grand days when the peeresses fill the gallery, in their blue dresses, red flowers and fans, and pale-green feathers, the appearance is that of a Bohemian glass shop filled with porcelain. This spiteful saying exaggerates the somewhat glaring incongruities of color and of costume perceptible at an assembly of rank and fashion on the occasion of a speech from the throne. The three great archways with their wall frescoes,

the canopied niches with pedestals supported by angels bearing shields, illustrated



RECENT DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN LONDON

with the arms of the barons who won Magna Charta from King John, the flat ceiling with its royal monograms and its heraldic devices, the walls covered with oaken

panellings and busts of the sovereigns of England, the galleries with red metal railings, the great throne at the south end covered with its pretty scarlet carpet bordered with white rows of lions, and fringed with gold colours, the Peers' Lobby and the Library, a superb range of rooms, and the decorations of the corridors which lead to the Central Hall and thence to St Stephen's, and so to the Westminster Hall entrance, — are all imposing but scarcely harmonious.

The throne is of course the chief feature of the House of Lords, and is always saluted by a peer upon his entrance as a kind of concession to royalty's omnipresence. There are three divisions of the throned canopy. On the central one the Queen takes her seat, on the right, the Prince of Wales, and the left has been vacant since the death of the Prince Consort. It would require pages to describe the decorations of the chaus of state, and the standards, the crests, the shields, the pedestals, the coronal pendants, and the shafts surmounted by crowns. The peers have seats on benches covered with red morocco leather, which extend around three sides of the central table. Behind these benches are galleries for the wives and daughters of peers, for the press, and for spectators who are invited. There are seats for only two hundred and thirty-five peers, although there are more than double that number in the House of Lords, but the sitting-space is never crowded. "It is rare," says Mr. Escott in his "England," "to find more than a third of the sittings of the House of Lords occupied. There is no need for members, as in the House of Commons, to come down a couple of hours before the business of the day begins and bespeak places for themselves by affixing a card."

Another quotation from Mr. Escott's able work will give us a capital notion

of the House of Lords as it appears to the comprehension of a cultured Englishman. "It is not only in the respects of sumptuous ornamentation, the presence of ladies full in the sight of assembled legislators, that the interior of the House of Lords presents such a contrast to the House of Commons. There is an air of agreeable *abandon* in the men and behavior of their lordships. The countenances of the members of the House of Commons have, for the most part, the look of anxiety or preoccupation. They enter their chamber like men oppressed with the consciousness of responsibility, burdened by a despotism of immutable laws and rigid etiquette. There is nothing of the sort in the House of Lords, no painful evidence of the thralldom of ceremonial rules or customs, or of the ruthless sacrifice of pleasure to duty. The whole atmosphere is redolent of well-bred *nonchalance* and aristocratic repose. For instance, there is in theory a Speaker of the House of Lords, called, though he always is, the Chancellor, just as there is a Speaker of the House of Commons, but the functions of the two are separated by a gulf which is conclusive as to the difference of their relative positions, and also as to the spirit in which the business of the two Houses is conducted. The Speaker of the House of Commons is something more than *primus inter pares*. For the time being he is regarded as of a nature different from and superior to the honorable gentlemen by whom he is surrounded. Though there is nothing which the House of Commons likes better than a personal encounter, or a vituperative duel between any two members, there is nothing approaching to disrespect of the gentleman who is the first commoner in England, the custodian and embodiment of its privileges, that it will tolerate.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is, in fact, the commissioner-in-chief of the privileges and prerogatives of the House of Commons, whom the House has accorded to make the depositary of its ceremonial interests. To the Lord Chancellor no such trust has been delivered. The peers are a self-governed body, the preservers of their own order, and the protectors of their own privileges. Though the keeper of the Queen's conscience may sit enthroned in majesty on the wool-sack, he is not fenced round by a divinity sufficient to deter noble lords from lounging indolently at half-length upon its well-padded sides. Save for the dignity of his garb the Chancellor might be nothing more than a Chancellor of the Court. Unlike the Speaker in the House of Commons his lordship does not decide who shall have priority. When more than one peer rises then lordships keep order for themselves. The Chancellor has not even a casting vote when the numbers in a division are equal, and his only strictly presidential duty is to put the question, and read the titles of measurers. On the other hand he is the direct representative of royalty on all occasions when the sovereign communicates with Parliament, and he is the representative official mouth-piece of the House of Peers when they hold intercourse with public bodies or individuals outside."

When the Lord Chancellor takes his seat, which is shortly after four o'clock, he wears a red robe and an ermine mantle, a tremendous wig, and three-cornered hat. At his feet are seated clerks in magisterial robes, and on the right of the wool-sack is another clerk,

whose duty is to keep a list of those present. Private bills are first considered, the stranger gaining nothing from the mumbling formula that the Chancellor reads, except that the "Con-



JOHN BRIGHT

From Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

tents' have it, and then business proceeds very much in the same order as in the House of Commons, with the exceptions above noted in the paragraph from Mr. Escott's volume. The Ministerial Whip, or whipper-in, or, to be more explicit, the able gentleman who makes it his business to see that members are on hand for party purposes at the proper moments, is as prominent a feature of the House of Lords as of the Lower House. The spiritual peers, the bishops, and the gathering of Privy

Councillors and sons of peers in the space in the Strangers' Gallery are features which will strike an American as very odd and curious. In the Lower House forty is a quorum, in the Upper House, three. In the Lower House particular notice is required for the asking of questions of ministers, and the rule is very rigid, but in the Upper House members of the Opposition embarrass the government with as many questions as they like. What is the use of privileges unless one can employ them? So think the noble lords who disdain the rigidity of the Commons. Nowadays the taking of a division in the House of Lords is very similar to that in the Commons. The "Contents," as the "Ayes" are called, go down into the right lobby, and the "Non-Contents,"—the "Noes,"—into the left lobby, and, as they return, their votes are counted and announced to the Lord Chancellor.

A striking characteristic of the English Parliament, and one which renders it totally different from that of most legislative bodies, is the calmness and the gravity with which issues of the most tremendous importance are discussed in the Upper House. The self-confidence and poise are founded upon the long possession of great fortunes, each member who rises to discuss the issue feeling somehow convinced that, whatever happens to the world at large, or to the British Empire, he will enjoy ease and comfort to the end of his days. This is not the feeling of a member of the French Senate or the French Chamber of Deputies, nor of the German parliamentary bodies, nor of any continental assemblies for deliberative purposes. When the noble lords enter into a discussion of the reform of the tenure of landed property in Great Britain they will perhaps appreciate the lack of calmness sometimes perceptible in continental

legislative bodies. They have already had a foretaste of what they may expect in the heated and animated speeches of some of their members on the questions of the extension of the franchise and the redistribution. In both Houses there is a tendency to attack discussion of even the most vital crisis in the slow, formal, and elaborate manner which never ceases to surprise the stranger, no matter how many times he may have assisted at the beginning of such a discussion. England opposes what might paradoxically be called the force of her inertia against the immediate settlement of pressing questions, and she does it with great effect. Go back to 1867, and you will find that Parliament had just finished the slow and steady discussion and adoption of the Reform Bill. Go forward to 1881, and you will find Parliament slowly and steadily adopting the extension of the franchise with almost the same forms, the same men, with slight exceptions, and the enormous slowness noticeable half a generation ago. Mr. Bright is in the same hall, on the same platform, at Birmingham. He fights the same battle, but it is on a slope still further advanced. There has been progress, but it has been a thin red line steadfastly unwaveringly advancing, without fuss or confusion, without cheers or excitement, progress which the nation is content to have slow, because it feels it sure. The nation is anxious that iniquities and injustice abroad should be crushed or thrown aside at lightning speed, but at home it is willing to wait, ready to adopt compromises, make sacrifices, everything in favor of the good old motto "*Festina lente*." Nothing surprises Parliament. It is a cynical, *blasé* body, willing enough to engage in a contest, but determined not to be shaken out of its primitive and abiding calm.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

The Irish Members — The House of Commons — The Speaker — The Peers and the Creation of New Peers — The Passion for the Possession of Land — An Active Session — Procedure — Bringing In Bills

THE Irish Question does not alarm the British Parliament. Go back to 1867, and you will find the government passing a bill for suspending Habeas Corpus in Ireland. You will read long debates on perturbed affairs in the sister island. Go forward to 1881, 1882, 1883, and 1884, the same discussions are reopened, the same rigorous measures of coercion are applied, the same dogged determination is manifest, yet progress has been made, concessions where not unreasonable have been accorded. Go back again to 1867, you will find Parliament discussing the question of an expedition of Abyssinia. Go forward again to the last twelve months, and you will find the Committee of Supply discussing the credits of an expedition to the Sudan. The same programme of the assertion of the national strength, of pushing forward the national trade, of increasing the circle of the British Empire's influence, has been steadily pursued during the half generation with but little interruption because of the ups and downs of ministries, with, on the whole, but few approaches to danger. The total lack of the dramatic faculty in the mass of English politicians is noticeable to any one who has long lived among Continental people. Mr. Daryl puts down in his note-book on the occasion of his first visit to the lobby of the House of Commons, that "no one assumes an air of importance, no one rushes away with fienziéd air, as if about to communicate

news of the utmost consequence — in short, there are no *poseurs* in English politics as there are none in English literature or in English art." The Rt. Hon. gentleman who comes down in evening dress, refreshed by his frugal dinner, to the House of Commons, and who with a flower in his button-hole sits listening to the lengthy platitudes of some country members, betrays but small impatience when he rises to respond to some silly accusation or groundless criticism. Prime Ministers in England accept with meekness a vast amount of flummery and the infinity of useless questions to which they are subjected. But when they attack the business on hand, whether it be the extension of the franchise or the rectification of a frontier, they state the case with extreme plainness, rarely with any flowers of rhetoric, although Lord Beaconsfield sometimes remembered his ancient flowdiness of metaphor in his later speeches. Nothing can be more striking than the plainness with which orators like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright express their ideas. There is elegance in tone and inflection and in look, but none of the passionate or flowery utterances of a Gambetta or a Castelnau. The children of the north, while they appreciate eloquence, set it coolly aside in their own discussions and statements in Parliament. A hero is praised, but not in exaggerated terms. There is a sense of the dignity of the place and the occasion always noticeable in speeches of

Parliament except in those that an excited Irish member, a noble marquis, or a piping little lord may indulge in, — language which they afterwards regret, just as Mr Chamberlain sometimes takes the bit in his teeth, and wishes he had not later on. But within the walls of Westminster Palace decorum of speech, if not always of action, is the rule. In the face of such an issue as that about to be decided in Central Asia, where two opposing forces seem with resistless attraction approaching each other for a final and desperate clash, the English Prime Minister, although realizing that his ministry for the moment does not stand upon a secure foundation, states with utmost calmness, and with exceeding brevity just exactly what England is prepared to do. In France he would expect to be talked about in the newspapers for a week after this declaration. Enthusiastic reporters would describe his attitude, his dress, and his gestures when he made an important statement. Old anecdotes would be furnished up and made to do duty anew. In England he goes home quietly at three in the morning, after an exhaustive night, to his official residence, and nothing is said about his personality in the morning papers. When, as in recent times, the ebullition of a certain small party, like the Irish members in the House of Commons, causes a conflict and a necessity for answer to swiftly given and generally odious accusations, the calmness of the Ministry seems to increase rather than to diminish, and the imperturbability of the Speaker is beyond reproach. Mr Gladstone has lately lent his influence with a grim good-humor to enforce the closure, which is recognized as an heroic remedy against the delay of public business.

Mr Henry James, in one of his spark-

ling studies called "The Point of View," makes an American citizen, wearied with Europe's petty divisions and formulas, indulge in some pleasanties at the expense of the British House of Commons, which is discussing at great length the Hares-and-Rabbits Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the Burial Bill, and other things which, he adds, are of such infinitesimal importance. There are indeed seasons when the British Parliament seems to confine its attention to matters better fitting the consideration of a town council or a body of "selectmen," as we say in New England, but there are also long periods during which every evening, when Parliament sits, is occupied with questions of far-reaching influence, and the greatest gravity, and to pore over the *verbatim* reports of last night's session in the "Times" is enough to convince one that a conscientious member of Parliament must study the history of the whole universe. He knows more about the Antipodes than he knows about White Chapel, and he hears more talk of the Mauritius, the Bermudas, the Afghan frontiers, and the Upper Niger, than of the pollution of the Thames, or the rebuilding of Soho, or the condition of the pool in Liverpool, in short, the Parliament is Imperial first and local afterwards. It does not occur to the American mind that England is an Empire until one gets into Parliament, and hears the constant repetition of Imperial and of Empire.

It is difficult to reconcile the predictions of Radical gentlemen that the House of Lords will some day thwart the will of the people, and will then be swept away, with the continuous creation of peers by cabinets headed by illustrious commoners like Mr Gladstone himself. The creation of these peers is

set down as one of the necessities of political life, and it is accepted as perfectly natural that a great orator or a plutocrat, who has gathered to himself ample acres, should sit in the body to which belong the princes of the blood royal, all the dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons of the realm. A peer is made out of an orator who is needed in the House of Lords, as was the case with Lord Derby. The Gladstone ministry has created sixteen peerages in three years; the preceding ministry made forty-three peers in six years, and of their numbers was Mr Disraeli, elevated to the title of Lord Beaconsfield. The Gladstone Cabinet, before that, made thirty-six peers in five years, and one peeress, the Duchess Burdett-Coutts. Lord Beaconsfield himself said, in one of his early novels, that the English peerage was due to three sources,—the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of its honors by the elder Stuart, and the boroughmongering of our own times. "These," he added, "are the three main sources of the existing peerages, and, in my opinion, disgraceful ones." Mr Disraeli used his scornful phrase before successive Reform bills had made Parliament a cleaner body than of old. "But it is still true," says an able Radical writer, "that the exercise of electoral influence is the surest road to the House of Lords." This same writer says "When the Tories were in office, in 1866, several peers were created who owe their titles to political partisanship, and, from 1874 to 1880, the large-acred Tories had a rare time of it, while superannuated or incompetent colleagues of the minister were elevated into the House of Lords when offices could not be found for them. For nearly forty years Sir John Parkinson sat for what was once the pocket-borough of

Durham. In 1874 the people of Durham asserted their independence and rejected Sir John. He was at once created Lord Hampton. Colonel Wilson Patten, another old colleague, had to be provided for, so he was created Lord Wimborne. The Ormsby Gores had done much for the Tories in Shropshire and other counties, and the late Lord Harlech had his reward in his elevation to the Upper House, in 1876. Mr John Tollemache had long served the Tories in Cheshire and Suffolk, he had his reward the same year by being created Lord Tollemache. Mr Gerard had helped to score for Lancaster, he became Lord Gerard. Mr Hilton-Johnson, whose seat for Wells was abolished by the last Reform Bill, was consoled with the title of Lord Hilton. Sir Charles Adderley retired from the ministry and became Lord Norton. Mr Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield, Lord Cairns became Earl Cairns, and Mr Gathorne-Hardy became Viscount Cranbrook." This same writer makes the assertion that, since the accession of the House of Hanover, a very large portion of the modern aristocracy, probably one-half, owe one or more titles to the exercise of electoral intimidation. But whatever influence the House of Lords may be disposed to exercise is more than neutralized by the constant and deliberate attempts of the House of Commons to bring up the laboring classes to a position where they can defend their rights, and to actually place their rights in their own hands, as has been done in the case of the agricultural laborers by the passage of the recent Franchise Bill.

The passion for the possession of land by men who have accumulated much wealth in England surpasses all other passions. For a long time to come, despite the agrarian agitation, the owner-

ship of land will be the basis of power and influence and the stepping-stone to a fixed place among the nobility. It is said that out of one great manufacturing establishment in South Wales two peerages and a baronetcy have been produced during the present century. This was brought about by the absorption of all the land in the neighborhood by the wealth of the Welsh iron-masters. A Mr. Lloyd, who went up to London owning no acres at all, leaves as his successor a son owning more than thirty thousand acres of land in eleven different counties, and a seat in the House of Lords. The law and the army furnish from time to time able recruits to the Upper House, and there are also what are called the Civil Service peerages. There distinguished servants of the Crown are placed to give the country the advantage of their experience, legal and general. Since 1859 the House of Lords has had added to its ranks Lords Ripon, Clyde, Strathearn, Sandhurst, Napier, Midgala, Anev, Wolseley and Alcester. Historians, poets, and novelists, and such small-beer rarely reach the House of Lords, unless they are also important wine-pullers and distinguished politicians.

The House of Commons in the midst of an active session looks like a modern chapel which has been taken possession of by a genteel company of practical men who feel somewhat out of place. If the great House of Representatives in Washington, with its noise its sudden darting to and fro of pages, the clapping of hands, and the buzz of voices from the galleries, is confusing to the stranger, the British House of Commons is simply bewildering. Ushered through the brilliant lobby into one of the dark galleries, the visitor looks down upon a small and compact hall with its twelve side

windows painted with the arms of the boroughs, with the green glass compartments in its ceiling, tinted with floreated circles, and with its floor of perforated cast-iron. "It is impossible," says Mr. Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," "to burn the House down. You might set fire to and destroy the furniture and fittings but the flooring, walls, and roof would remain intact." Mr. Timbs did not think of dynamite, even that, as we have recently seen, can do but comparatively slight damage. On three sides of the House are galleries for members and strangers, the six hundred and fifty odd M.P.s having scarcely three hundred seats around the table, upon which lie the papers and documents, and just behind which, at the head of the room, Mr. Speaker is enthroned upon a kind of Gothic chan on a platform. The reporters are huddled into a small gallery over the Speaker's chan, and above them is a little cage, out of which the ladies are allowed to look, as Oriental dames peer through the mysterious lattices of Turkish towns. At the north end of the House is the Bar, and there sits the Sergeant-at-Arms, a terrible and important functionary. On the Speaker's right, on the front bench, sit the ministers, on the left front bench, the leaders of the Opposition, the Ins fronting the Outs so closely that even a whisper can be heard. Below the Speaker's chan stands the Clerk's table, on which lies the Speaker's mace while the session is in progress, and on either side of the House runs the lobby, into which, at a division, the members pass, the "Ayes" to the west, the "Noes" to the east. This has been the home of the Lower House of Parliament since 1852, and here the second and third stages of parliamentary reform have been originated and pushed through.

The procedure in the House of Commons is simple enough, but too long for detailed description here. "The House," says Mr. Escott, "is at once a mirror and epitome of the national life. There is no rumor of any sort, social, commercial, diplomatic, or political, which does not make its way into the lobby of the House." "Before the House," says Mr. Palgrave, "passes yearly every national anxiety." In the House of Commons originates the taxation of the realm, and there also are born most of the bills which directly affect home politics. A member of Parliament gets no compensation for his services and the unhappy men who try to follow their regular professions and keep pace with political life very often break down under the strain, or are compelled to neglect their private interest, and thus to travel on the verge of ruin. A conscientious member of Parliament has to work in committee in the morning, and if he does not go to secure one of the three hundred regular seats, or a cognate vantage in the members' gallery while the chaplain is saying prayers at ten o'clock at each session, even if he only comes in after dinner, he will find his strength all taken by the long session, which on several days in the week does not close before two and three in the morning. The scene in the Commons, with these politicians of the three kingdoms, some lounging, some sitting erect in correct morning or in faultless evening dress, and every one, excepting the person who happens to be speaking, with his hat jammed over his eyes, is rather amusing. The daily programme is usually the same. Before the dinner hour, which grows later every year in London, petitions and private bills are in order. If an important debate is expected, after dinner, members flock

down from the clubs and from their houses, and by placing a card in the brass rack on a seat, or leaving papers or gloves, they secure a good place for the evening's work. The presentation of petitions is simple in the extreme, and is often merely the inscription of the subject and its origin, says Mr. Escott, on a piece of paper, sent to the reporters' gallery. There are, however, official books on the table in front of the Speaker's chair for the reception of these important documents. A member who wishes to be troublesome can have the petition read out at length by one of the clerks at the table. Next come notices of motions relative to questions, resolutions, or bills, and these motions illustrate in the simplest manner the inconvenience of having a responsible ministry that sits in either House. The time and patience wasted over these absolutely formal and generally useless questions it is impossible to estimate. As there are always more motions than can be handled readily, members have to ballot for days on which they may present their motions, and many hours are thus consumed. Tuesdays and Fridays are for motions, Mondays and Thursdays are government nights, Wednesday is open for bills only, not for motions, but on this day Parliament rises before dinner and does not sit again in the evening.

The bringing in of bills and carrying them through their different stages to the royal assent which makes them Acts of Parliament, is attended with numerous formulas, which come from the old Norman procedure. When a bill having passed through the various stages in the Commons is sent up to the Lords, the clerk of the Commons indorses on it "*Ses bails aux seigneurs*," and a bill sent down from the Lords to the Commons is indorsed in the same way. When

a bill has passed through both Houses, and Majesty has given its consent in person to its being made law, if it be a bill of supply, the Clerk reads forth the French phrase "*La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n diction, et ainsi le veut*" To other public bills the form of assent is, "*La Reine le veut*," to private bills, "*Soi fait comme il est d sire*" But in rare in-

stances, where the Royal assent is refused to a bill, the Clerk says, "*La Reine s'avisera*" (The Queen will think about it) All private and personal bills are passed upon petitions, and many of them have to be advertised in newspapers, especially if there is any interference proposed with land or with other property



CHARLES STUART PARNELL

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

The Treasury Whip — Parliamentary Forms — Orders of the House of Commons — Authority of the Speaker — The Home Rule Members — Fishmen in London — Anomalies of English Representation — "Reform" — The Reconstruction of London's Municipal Government

THE Treasury Whip, or the party agent who attends to the assembling of the majority for the government during any important debate, is more active and indispensable in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords. He has an office hard by the Parliament, whence he can send forth lithographed notices by scores, whipping into the ranks the deserters and negligent, and in many cases he sends despatches hundreds, even thousands of miles. A prominent member of Parliament will travel from Nice or Naples at the summons of the Whip without complaining, and it is amusing to notice the precipitation with which active members bolt their dinners at the club and depart from the comfortable bachelor palaces in the gustiest and muddiest of weather so soon as the summons is heard. After a great discussion, when the issue is to be decided by a division, the lobbies of the House of Commons seem like the ante-chambers of a palace on fire. People are rushing to and fro, some to summon, others to answer summons. The legislators of the Kingdom muster as obediently as school children under the Peers' gallery, and then divide to right and left into their respective lobbies, after which the door-keepers indulge in an exploration in the hall and even look under the benches to see if any member has forgotten his duty. Back again come the voters, sometimes with the tumult of triumph manifest, but

only on occasions when the issue is national. The dignity of the House is rarely startled out of its equilibrium, although in recent years, under the vexations of the Home Rule party, and the strong and sweeping accusations made in the heat of the struggle for direction of the foreign policy or for the franchise bill, there have been wrangles and disputes quite as singular and as much to be deplored as those which often occur in legislative chambers in Latin countries. But those who wish an elaborate description of the procedure in the House of Commons, will find it in Mr. Escott's excellent book already referred to, or in many a compendium of Parliamentary law. The House is full of formulas handed down from generations when monarchy was by no means so limited as it is to-day in its prerogatives, the manner of going into committee, by replacing the Speaker for the time being by the Chairman of the ways and means being one of the most interesting of these survivals. It comes, Mr. Escott tells us, from the old days of the Tudor and the Stuart despotism. The Speaker's motion "That I do now leave this chair" is based upon the old exclusion of the King's emissary and spy, their speaker, whom the Commons did not choose to have in their midst when they were engaged in important committee work. The presence of the ministry in Parliament, the acceptance or rejection by the government of clauses and

amendments in bills, the constant declarations of the Government's policy, and the lengthy and evasive speeches of the Premier or of his right-hand man, when the Ministry desues not to commit itself, — all these are strange, and striking to the stranger, but seem perfectly natural, and the only proper way to the English mind. In fact, nothing can exceed the rigidity of the English belief that things are done in England as they should be done, and that foreign ways, if they differ from English ways, must necessarily be erroneous.

One of the oddities of the House of Commons is that the Speaker cannot leave his chair for the evening until the adjournment is formally moved, and if Mr. Biggs, or other of the enemies of the present Speaker, could manage to prevent the moving of adjournment until all the members had left, the Speaker would stand an excellent chance of remaining in his place all night. It is recorded that the House was once deserted save by the Speaker himself, who had to sit on and on until a member of Parliament should be hunted up, and brought in to make the necessary motion. Mr. Escott tells us that when the House session is closed for the night, the Speaker, "rising from his chair, bows to the Secretary of the Treasury, who acts as his adjutant and who returns obeisance. Immediately after this is audible the cry of 'Who goes home?' a relic of those times when members of Parliament used to make up parties for the homeward journey to protect themselves against the attacks of highwaymen. The police in the lobbies, however, do not echo this shout, but simply announce that 'House is up.'"

The authority of the Speaker has been much more definite and pronounced since 1881, at which period the small but com-

pact Irish party undertook the obstruction of public business by a campaign such as only the Celtic mind, with its whimsical love of fun, and its ingenuity when bent on annoyance, could devise. The adoption of the closure, borrowed from French parliamentary practice, was much criticised when first brought into operation, but it has on the whole worked well. It must be conceded that a parliamentary body has the right to force a decision as to the closing of a discussion which is sterile and profitless, when public business is delayed and pressing. The Irish rejoinder to this is of course that all is fair in war, in anything which hinders the action of England and, furthermore, that Old Ireland will not get her rights unless she insists upon thrusting them on the public view at any and all hours. Frosty and well-bred Mr. Parnell with his keen incisive way of speaking, his polished manners and his imperturbable temper, is now and then somewhat embarrassed by the action of the more impulsive members of the Irish group, some of whom would, if they did dance a jig on the Speaker's table, and play leap-frog over the venerable Premier's shoulders if they thought that by so doing they could cause a check in the management of public affairs. It is noteworthy that when an Irish member has something definite to say, and says it in a manly and straightforward fashion, he is almost always listened to, if not with sympathy, at least with courtesy, and the present Premier is extremely painstaking in his responses even to the youngest of the boisterous company. Several very young men have been returned to the Home Rule Party in Parliament, and among them is a son of the famous novelist and essayist, Justin McCarthy, and T. P. O'Connor, who possesses real eloquence,

and who, although he wrote a bitter and savage book on Lord Beaconsfield, actually possessed the good-will and possibly the admiration of Disraeli until his latest day. The loyal Irishmen those who do not affiliate with the Separatists and Home Rulers, are as firebrands to their noisier and more patriotic brethren who never fail to engage in a contest which perhaps has been merely hinted at in some very mild remarks. Many of the young Irish members find their parliamentary laurels rather difficult to wear. In London they are environed with an atmosphere of dislike which no sensitive man can long endure without feeling resentment and allowing it to warp his judgment, and, furthermore, as they have no compensation and little time for professional work of any sort, they accumulate obligations more pressing than those which they have towards their constituencies.

The Home Rule members of the Irish representation in Parliament are twenty in number, and it is to an American curious to note the small number of electors in comparison with the populations of the districts by which they were placed in office. But a little more than five thousand electors voted to put John Deasy and Mr. Parnell in Parliament as the representatives of Cork, which has one hundred thousand inhabitants. But, in considering the number of electors, we have to remember that large numbers of electors in Ireland were permanently disfranchised as a condition of Catholic emancipation, and that it took the peers until 1850 to decide that it was safe to allow the Irish suffrage to be lowered to a £12 rental, which has been retained at this figure ever since that time, and not later than 1883 a bill for the assimilation of Irish to English electoral rights was thrown out. It is also true that

Irish voters are compelled to appear in person if objected to at the revision courts, and there is a system of legalized conspiracies for disfranchising objections, similar to those which were kept up by the action of the House of Lords and its confederates in Great Britain until public opinion swept them away. Mr. Justin McCarthy was returned from Athlone, which has six thousand nine hundred inhabitants, by three hundred and sixty-five electors, Mr. Dawson, from Carlow, with seven thousand inhabitants, by three hundred and eight electors, Mr. Moore, from Clonmel which has ten thousand population, by four hundred and thirty-four voters, Mr. O'Donnell, from Dunguvin, by three hundred and ten electors, out of seven thousand population, Mr. Kenny, from Ennis, Mr. Lavel, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the last two from Galway, which has nearly nineteen thousand inhabitants, by one thousand one hundred and twenty-four electors, Mr. Smythwick, from Kilkenny, Mr. Collins, from Kinsale, and The O'Donoghue and Messrs. MacMahon, Gabbitt, O'Brien, Redmond Power, Leamy W. H. Redmond, and Sir John McKenna, by electors in about the same proportion as the others.

The English representation in the Parliament of Great Britain is divided into that from cities, boroughs and districts, and that from counties and divisions, and in the last session of Parliament one hundred and seventy-nine cities, boroughs, burghs, and districts, possessing an aggregate population of three million two hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and thirty-eight, and submitting to aggregate assessments of something like £38,000,000, had in Parliament two hundred and thirty members, who were returned by four hundred forty-three thousand six hundred

and seven electors, seventy-two cities, boroughs, burghs, and districts, having eleven millions five hundred and thirty-seven thousand one hundred and twenty-four population, and an aggregate electorship of one million five hundred and two thousand four hundred and thirty-six, as well as an aggregate assessment of £258,710,700, returned but one hundred and thirty members, ninety-eight counties and divisions, with seven million four hundred and ninety-four thousand eight hundred and three population, and an aggregate electorship of four hundred and eighty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-seven, and aggregate assessments of £102,427,491, returned one hundred and fifty-eight members, while sixty-one other counties and divisions, with twelve million five hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven population, seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand one hundred and twelve aggregate electorship, and an aggregate assessment of twenty-five per cent larger than that of the whole ninety-eight other counties and divisions, returned but one hundred and twenty-five members. This will strike any one as a curious anomaly, and "these figures demonstrate," says a writer in the "Financial Reform Almanac," "with equal clearness, first, the monstrous anomalies of our present electoral system, and, secondly, the folly of our pseudo-philosophers, who imagine that the only true principle of representative government, namely government by majorities, is erroneous, and ought to be partially nullified by minorities. They have so far succeeded by means of their three-cornered crotchet as to place the great towns of Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, and Manchester on a footing of perfect equality, as regards the vote power, with the most insignificant place

in the kingdom. . . . It is preposterous that forty-two little boroughs should send forty-two members to the House of Commons, while the nineteen great citizen boroughs, with more than twenty-seven times the population, and with twenty-five times more electors, and assessed at nearly fifty times the amount of income tax, have only one more representative. To secure a real representation of the people one thing is essentially requisite, namely, electoral districts, doing away with the distinction between counties and boroughs, whose real and permanent interests are identical."

During the recent campaign in favor of the extension of the franchise, and while the plan for redistribution was being arranged, a list of one hundred and sixty towns and places, each one of which had more than ten thousand population, but none of which had direct representation in Parliament, or were incorporated for parliamentary purposes with represented cities, boroughs, or districts, was published. These one hundred and sixty towns had an aggregate population of three million two hundred and ninety-seven thousand two hundred and seventeen, exceeding that of the seventy-two boroughs and cities, which, as we see above, were represented by one hundred and thirty members. Yet they had no voice in Parliament whatever, whilst the latter sent seventy-two members to the House of Commons alone. A striking illustration of the manner in which the system worked is furnished by St. Helens, which has a population of nearly sixty thousand inhabitants but no member in Parliament, while Port Arlington, with scarcely two thousand five hundred inhabitants, has just as much vote-power as Manchester.

But the House of Commons is industriously reforming itself, and reforming

out of existence the privileges which have so long kept millions of men who should have been voters practically non-voters, and the Distribution Bill, which has been led into the public view by the new-born Franchise Bill, is to sweep with a vigorous broom the old constituencies. All boroughs which have less than fifteen thousand inhabitants are to be merged in surrounding county districts, those boroughs with less than fifty thousand inhabitants are to have but one member each, and those between fifty and one hundred and sixty-five thousand are to retain two members each. All urban constituencies with more than one hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants, and all counties, without exception, are to be divided into districts, represented each by a single member. Both Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury are understood to adhere warmly to this plan, which has nevertheless been tried with small success for several years in the French Parliament. Gambetta tried with all his might to break up the single-member constituencies, and to substitute for *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* the *Scrutin de Liste*, in other words, to build a compact and vigorous party which could be handled and controlled by the usual party agencies, rather than to allow the continuance in office of a set of petty representatives, each committed to all the hobbies, and possibly all the faults, of his small group. Liberals like the late Mr. Fawcett, after a careful survey of the Redistribution Bill proposed by their party, decided that they could not give it their support. Mr. Courtney even resigned his office as Secretary of the Treasury, and when he did so said that Mr. Fawcett, if he had lived, would have retired from the postmaster-generalship as an indication of his disbelief in the one-member system. The Redistribution

Bill, in its present shape, is the result of a compromise, which seems to have been somewhat suddenly resolved upon, and to which the leading statesmen of both parties will adhere, because they feel in honor bound to do so, although, on second thought, they may not find the measure the best that could have been proposed. Parliament professes to have been anxious to secure a substantial representation of minorities, and of all important interests, and that it can do so by separating the rural from the urban voters.

The history of England for the past thirty years may be said to represent a constant progress towards electoral reform, and towards an amelioration of the abuse consequent on the maintenance of privileges, — progress checked and hindered, sometimes absolutely set aside, by the pressing anxiety of attending to affairs abroad. England is willing and able to set her house in order, but every time she takes the mop in hand, and has made ready to go on with the cleansing, a disturbance outside calls her forth, and the internal economy must suffer for the time being. Two great parties in the enormous metropolis of London are at present eager to do battle over the question of municipal reform. The absorption, the concentration, the centralization party finds itself confronted by the passionate admirers of the vestry system. The old-fashioned and amiable gentlemen who have long been prominent in vestry affairs look forward with horror and with some little contempt to the advent of professional politicians; and the question would be decided within a year, doubtless in favor of the centralizing party, were it not for the constant aggravation of the Egyptian problem, and the necessity for the nation to concentrate its strength

upon extension and self-protection abroad. Very likely the Redistribution Bill has been put back for a long time by the death of Gordon at Khartoum, but, although delayed and harassed by the peculiar duties which England chooses to assume abroad, the plan of liberal reform is never relinquished. During a period of six years of Conservative rule, when Imperialism was thought of more importance by those who had the governing power in their hands than the correction of abuse and the consequent spread of contentment at home, the Liberals never lost hope, and they took up the unfinished work where they had left it when they left power.

The centralization of the city government in London, or, to speak by the card, the reconstruction of the government of London by means of a municipal bill, will doubtless be taken up by the same Parliament which will have to inaugurate some of the sternest legislation ever known in England with regard to the tenure of land, and it is not until the tenure of land has been changed in its form that the absolute reconstruction of London and of its government can be hoped for. It is the privileges of gentlemen like the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster; it is the fact that vast tracts of land within the metropolitan district are in the possession of families from whose grasp they will not, under present legislation, be allowed to pass, and of

aristocratic owners, who have nothing to gain and much to lose by the march of popular improvement,—it is to these things that the delay in the rebuilding of London, as Paris and Vienna have been rebuilt, is to be attributed. No emperor can, with magic wand, cause streets of palaces to rise where now there are gummy acres of three-story, mean-looking houses, built of greasy bricks. The landed interests in London clash, they could not be brought harmoniously to work in favor of a great improvement, and London must wait for its rebirth until the country has passed through its bitter experience of agrarian reform. Doubtless London like Paris, will always be kept more or less under the thumb of Parliament, for it is the capital, and, as such, must be subjected to restrictions and rules to which other cities might with reason object. But when some mighty alchemist has melted up in his crucible of municipal reform all the antique plate and jewelry of the State, and all the formulas and rubbish of the petty vestries, with their cross-purposes and their maintenance of old privileges, there will arise out of the vapors a capital which, while it may not be gifted with the beauty of more southern cities, will have a might and elegance, and a grandeur worthy of the largest collection of human beings in any civilized country.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

The Evolution Towards Democracy — Sir Charles Dilke and Mr Chamberlain — English Directness and Plainness of Speech — Lord Hartington — Mr Labouchere — English Sources of Revenue — The Land Tax — How it is Evaded — The Trade in Land — Treating the Privileged Classes — The Coming Struggle

NOT even the first gentleman in England pretends to deny that the country is formally engaged in the gradual evolution towards democracy. Now and then some two-penny demagogue, who wishes to obtain notoriety as an agitator, insists that the progress is imaginary rather than real and that nothing can be accomplished save by violent and immediate revolution. But this sort of demagogue is not even considered respectable within the limits of his own advanced party, and to be thought not respectable, in the English sense of the word, is equivalent to the complete wrecking of one's hopes. Radicalism itself, from the aristocratic point of view, is naturally thought low. If a gentleman of birth and position like Sir Charles Dilke, or a gentleman of undoubted capacity and fitness for affairs like Mr Chamberlain, openly associates with the Radicals, he is qualified as eccentric, but the unwritten and unspoken criticism which those who daily meet these gentlemen in the political arena reserve to themselves, is that their eccentricity is perilously near the verge of the disreputable.

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr Chamberlain, and other advanced standard bearers of the democratic idea, trouble themselves but little as to the opinion of the aristocratic class. They occupy themselves in the most industrious and practical manner with directing the pacific

revolution which will bring in its train greater changes than any other country in Europe has seen in this generation. Mr Chamberlain is perhaps, open to the reproach of too great frankness in pointing out the sweeping reforms or alterations which are to be made in the systems of government and society. He rouses an antagonism which otherwise might have slumbered contentedly on its carved and painted benches. What Mr Bradlaugh, in his Hall of Science, may or may not say is thought by the members of the House of Lords of small consequence, but when a cabinet minister and the Director of the Board of Trade openly advocates changes in the property laws, they are roused not only to resentment but to action. There never was, in the history of American political campaigning, a more active, energetic and determined canvass of a country than that undertaken against Mr Gladstone and his works by the Marquess of Salisbury, in the autumn and summer of 1881. Neither is there in the heat of American political speaking any greater violence of language, or, I had almost said, vituperation, than was manifest in the speeches of those who opposed the Franchise Bill. That stateliness and elegance of diction in writing and speaking on political affairs, which was once characteristic of the great lords of the country, has long been conspicuous by its absence. It was the firmness

of then belief in the durability of their privilege which gave them such self-possession. Now they begin to see that the increase in the Democracy's power fatally means the decrease of their own.

Every well-educated Englishman of Protestant training has that inconvenient conscience which will not permit him for a long time, even when it is for his own interest, to advocate a measure which may do wrong to any one, and since the full and frank exposure by the apostles of the new democracy of the abuses of privilege which were grafted upon the land system and upon the grounding of political power on the possession of land, many a lord of high degree is beginning to confess that a change would not be unwelcome even to himself. Men like the Marquis of Salisbury, who have a firm belief in the Imperial idea in the necessity for England of a constant aggressive attitude, in the perpetuation of Lord Beaconsfield's dangerous policy, comfort themselves with the conclusion that no democracy can maintain or direct the antique policy of Great Britain without having the protection of a governing class having leisure, because of its fortune got from land, to occupy itself in a dignified manner with the conduct of armies and navies, with the regulation of treaties and the chess-board games of diplomacy. "A democracy," so say these noble lords, "would place us in the precarious position of a second or third class power in Europe. If we have an upheaval of the substrata of society, and the accession to power of men who know nothing of our old plan of government, we shall go to war. Give us Beaconsfield's game, with its risks and dangers, rather than the stay-at-home policy of the Radicals, who would break up our

vast empire and destroy our influence abroad. Let us not listen to Quakers, like Mr. Bright, and Utopian theorists, like Mr. Chamberlain, or to shriekers, like Mr. Bradlaugh, who would have us concentrate our whole attention upon the poorer classes at home." Between the clums of the old aristocracy and the new democracy, — claims so diametrically opposed to each other, — a Liberal minister of war, like Lord Hartington, must from time to time, suffer great perplexity. A Liberal cabinet, with men within it who believe that England should send no military forces on conquest, and men within it who believe just the opposite thing, is a divided force, which can but suffer from the division. That notable English conscience which prevails, as we have said, among the aristocratic as well as lower down in the social scale, is conspicuous in the case of the Marquis of Hartington, the eldest son of one of the very greatest of all the English land-owners, the Duke of Devonshire, whose estates extend into fourteen different counties, and who owns nearly two hundred thousand acres of land, which give him almost as many pounds sterling as annual rental, who has forty-two church-livings in his gift, six magnificent country-seats, — Chatsworth, Hardwick, Holker Hall, Compton Place Bolton Abbey, Lismore Castle — and Devonshire House in London. Not more than three centuries and a half ago the head of this great house was an obscure country gentleman in Suffolk, to-day his descendants hold three peerages and two hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in England and Ireland. This founder of the house was William Cavendish, supposed to be he who wrote the life of Cardinal Wolsey, and whom Shakespeare mentions. The Cavendishes have always

had the reputation of being good landlords, and a more touching demonstration of affection was never witnessed in England than at the great gathering of the tenants at Chatsworth, when Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had been assassinated in Ireland, was brought home to be buried.

The Marquis of Hartington, now a comely gentleman of fifty, is reported to be utterly frank in his opinions as to the future. He was once asked by an American how he could contribute to a current of opinions which would one day sweep away all members of his class, and he answered that there was no help for it, by which he doubtless meant that his conscience compelled him to it. Such men stand high in the estimation of both parties, at the same time, like the young nobleman in Mr. Henry James's story, they have not the remotest notion that all the revolutions in the world will abate the amount of their income one jot. Lord Hartington went into the House of Commons when he was twenty-three, thence to St. Petersburg, whither he attended Earl Granville, who was then ambassador. In process of time, found himself vested with a mission of bringing about a vote of non-confidence against the ministry in Parliament, did it with much skill, made a parliamentary reputation, interspersing his political labors with social enjoyment with the Prince of Wales, whose elder he was, and with whom he has in his time indulged in many a frolic, and when he was of mature years stood in the rather unique position of being heir to one of the noblest of the English duchies, in possession of a vast income of his own, a leader of fashion, and an acknowledged leader of the Liberals. Minister of war to-day, he can look back to the age of

thirty-three, and reflect that he then held the same office. He was a civil Lord of the Admiralty at thirty, in fact, he was fully up to the level of his advantages and improved every one of them, when he could not be in active political ministry he was willing to be a postmaster-general. He is one of those who like to do everything thoroughly. If he drives a diag it is faultlessly correct in style. He is a great hunter. He loves whist, and he enjoys to the



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

From Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

utmost one of those old-fashioned parliamentary sittings, such as sometimes occur over a debate on the address, when good sound blows are given and taken with perfect temper on either side. A stammering and rather shy speaker, what he says is always telling.

Some degree of the resentment privately cherished against Lord Hartington by members of the landed aristocracy, who, while they respect, cannot agree with him, is visited openly upon new-comers, like Mr. Chamberlain, whose

called with English bluntness a *parvenu*, and like Sir Charles Dilke, who is considered as unreasonably radical. These gentlemen occasionally receive verbal castigation from some noble marquis or other able aristocratic politician, but this only adds fuel to the flame of their enthusiasm. Sir Charles Dilke is the brother of Ashton Dilke who died some years ago, and who was far more advanced in radicalism than the present representative of the family and owner of the "Athenæum" — the principal literary critical journal of London — has ever presumed to be. Mr Chamberlain does not in his speeches talk so much of possible republicanism as of practical measures for reform in legislation, but in his public writings and speeches Sir Charles Dilke has clearly shown that he likes republicanism with a continental flavor. He was, even when at the University, thoroughly radical in his ideas. He adored as indeed did every one who met him, the Italian patriot Mazzini. He is said to have attempted to convert the Prince of Wales to republican opinions. He had that symmetrical education which enables all English gentlemen to do so much and many things so well. To him is due the phrase of "Greater Britain," which has been embodied in English politics. A man of twenty-five, he ruled the world and made a brilliant book. At twenty-six he was a Liberal leader in Parliament, and the old family home in Sloane street was the scene of many brilliant gatherings of the lights of the literary and scientific society of Northern Europe. Sir Charles is a straightforward politician. Although a good Democrat he does not sympathize with the Irish demand for separation, doubtless prompted by the growth of the Democratic feeling in Ireland as in England, and there have been threats to

blow up his Sloane-street residence with dynamite. On the continent he is popular. He has a country-house near Toulon, where he goes to get rid of the melancholy gathered in the London fogs, and it gives him a certain pleasure to be interviewed by radical Frenchmen, who attribute to him monstrosities of statement which make the hair of the aristocratic gentlemen in the House of Lords stand upon end with horror when they read them.

There are several gentlemen in the House of Commons who form an able addition to the little corps of distinguished and wealthy Liberals and Radicals — men like Mr Labouchère, of huge fortune of consummate journalistic ability, freshness of style, and charm of manner yet with frankness born of complete independence, and who tell the truth to shame the devil, no matter if England be the worse for it. Mr Labouchère is twice member for Northampton with Mr Bradlaugh, and has well and firmly stood for his colleague each time that the great free-thinker and free-speaker has forced his way in only to be expelled again forthwith from the House of Commons, which dislikes to receive him. Mr. Labouchère goes everywhere. Now he may be found at Marlborough House, getting the latest gossip from the Prince of Wales, and next he will be heard of in his place in the Commons, demanding the full withdrawal of the English troops from Egypt. He is a kind of guerilla, fighting on the side which pleases him best, and always anxious for truth, the word which he has inscribed as the title of his picturesque and sparkling journal.

Democracy means, among other things, a careful investigation into the sources of revenue and of expenditure in England, and during the last ten years the

nation has awakened to the fact that the landed aristocracy has, during its long season of privilege, managed to abate or abolish the greater part of taxation upon its land, and also to convey into its own family circles nearly all the important revenues from government service. The statistics on this point are extremely curious and interesting. It is confidently asserted that the House of Lords represents 211 families of barons, who have 2,492 people, holding 4,099 offices, receiving from the English nation £31,126,188 annually, 60 families of viscounts, with 963 people, holding 1,561 offices, and receiving £11,241,202 per year, 200 families of earls, with 3,891 people, holding 5,963 offices, with £48,181,202 per annum, 33 families of marquises, with 626 persons in 1,252 offices at £8,105,950 yearly, and finally, 28 ducal families, with 319 people, holding 1,013 offices, at £9,760,090 every year. Thus the gigantic total of 108½ millions sterling remains in the hands or in the disposition and gift of the House of Lords. What ducks and drakes the coming Democracy will make of this money, and how quickly it will wrest it from the hands of the hereditary House! The stinging English statement that the public service is a house of refuge for the poor relatives of the aristocracy is founded upon absolute fact. These appointments, represented in the 13,888 offices, which the House of Lords in one way and another disposes of, are in the army, the navy, the church, the universities, the Colonial and Indian civil and military administrations, — the established church furnishing some of the fattest places. There are hundreds upon hundreds of appointments of £10,000, £3,000, £3,000, £1,500, and £1,200 yearly. It is not astonishing that, with

this superabundance of power and patronage in its hands, the hereditary house should frown upon the admission to the franchise of the two millions of voters whose liberation must be accounted the final triumph of the Democratic spirit in Great Britain. In England, quite contrary to the case in Ireland, no great bitterness of feeling seems to enter into the agitation for land reform; but the movement is characterized by the very greatest determination. The race question is of course eliminated. The farmer, too, has a kind of pity for the gentleman who is stranded financially by having left upon his hands the farms which can be no longer worked to advantage and the farmer looks with a little suspicion upon the elevation of the agricultural laborer to political independence. Such is the respect for rank in England that there is a kind of reluctance to take away or to hint at taking away the broad acres upon which the ducal and baronial claims and fortunes are founded. There is not, nor ever can be the least possibility of a *Jacquerie* in England. The Democracy is cool and long-headed, and understands that it must keep itself well in hand to gain its victory by votes, not by shouting and fighting. To fight were hopeless, to demonstrate in noisy crowds is of comparatively little use. In last summer's campaign each party ridiculed and denied the authenticity of the other's demonstrations in mass meetings. The vote is the thing, and the Democratic voters feel that in time they will be more than a match for aristocracy and plutocracy combined.

The statistics of land-ownership, and particularly in England and Wales, have been very carefully collected by the contending parties since 1872, when the agitation took definite shape. John

Stuart Mill and John Bright had made many statements as to the monopoly of land in the kingdom, and so a Parliamentary Commission was established to investigate the holdings of rentals, and came before the public with the astonishing statement that, instead of there being few, there were a great many owners of land in the three kingdoms, in fact, that there were more than 1,100,000 persons, having a combined holding of 72,000,000 acres. They took care, however, to exclude such parts of certain counties as are included in the metropolis of London, which would have made a very great difference in their aggregate. Furthermore, they had reckoned leaseholders as owners, which, as a member of Parliament said at the time, was very much like calling a hired horse an owned horse. They had also tumbled into this curious return of land-ownership all the crown property, the war-offices and railway property, the asylum, almshouses, charity, poor, and other trustees, church-wardens, parish and police-officers, colleges, ecclesiastical commissions, and dozens of other bodies or persons who could not officially be defined as owners of land. They also stated the extent of commons and waste lands in such a manner as to render their whole return untrustworthy and misleading. From careful returns made in 1874 it appears that in England and Wales 12 persons own more than 1,000,000 acres, 66 persons, 1,917,076 acres, 100 persons possess 3,917,641 acres, 280 persons, 5,425,764 acres, or nearly one-sixth of all the enclosed land in the two countries, 523 persons own one-fifth of all England and Wales; 710 own one-fourth of both countries, 874 persons possess 9,267,031 acres, and 10,207 persons possess two-thirds of the whole of England and

Wales, 4,900 men own more than half England and Wales; 26 persons own half the county of Northumberland, which contains 12,200 acres. In Scotland a striking instance of land absorption is that of the Duke of Sutherland, who owns nearly one-eighteenth part of the whole land. In Ireland, out of the whole area of twenty million odd acres, 12 persons own 1,297,888 acres, 292 persons own one-third of the island, 744 own nearly one-half of it, and two-thirds of the land of Ireland is possessed by 1,942 people.

The aim of the new democracy is free trade in land, the prevention of the appropriation of common lands by private land-owners, very possibly a change in the system of tenure, increase of land-owners, and the game-laws, the conversion of lands now lying idle to the supply of food, thus lessening the necessity for foreign imports, and the bringing up of the land tax to its old level of four shillings in the pound, — a tax that was levied by legislation in the time of William and Mary, but that has been regularly avoided by an ingenious system of allotments and redemptions ever since. The democratic statisticians reckon that some thirty or forty millions might be restored to the annual revenue if the tax-evading land owners could be made to pay up. The redemptions or sales of land tax, at eighteen or twenty odd years' purchase, according to value, came in at the time of Mr Pitt, who took any means to raise money, and it has been practically maintained ever since by the system of quotas. In the south counties of Great Britain the land-owners have rarely been made to pay more than one shilling in the pound, many have had to pay but six pence, some only one penny, and some less than a farthing. The general

average for land taxation of Great Britain was only one and three-fourths pence, in the assessments of 1877-78 "This," says the author of a powerful article on the British Revenue System, "is a pretty account to be given of a tax called by act of Parliament one of four shillings in the pound on the full annual value." In fourteen years of the reign of William III., the whole public income from all sources was £107,437,510, to which the land tax contributed more than one-fifth of the total amount. But in 1883 the public income from taxes and ordinary receipts amounted to £87,205,184, to which the land tax contributed but one-eighty-second part of the whole.

Thus the coming struggle to put the taxation upon the privileged class, to modify, substitute, possibly withdraw, many of their privileges, to bring into the public service new classes of men not representing special families, or branches of families, to establish party government rather than class government,—all

this is meant by the democratic and radical revolution in England. There is no need to fear bloodshed, or ruin of property. The Englishman is eminently conservative, and especially with regard to the sacredness of property. There will be changes of ownership without destruction of the things to be owned. In 1832 the first Reform Bill was thought by the conservatives to have a reign of terror behind it, but 1867 came slowly to the front and brought no grizzly horrors of revolution. The conservative country squire might say that the progress of these reforms had indirectly brought about the dynamite atrocities and the revolt across the Irish channel, but few would be willing to grant this. Between 1867 and 1884 a new England has been constructed within old England, but it is still behind the curtain. It will appear in the twinkling of an eye one day presently, and then all the world will consider its advent natural and proper.

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

Public and Popular Speakers — Spurgeon in his Tabernacle — The Temperance Question — The Financial Reform League — Fights for Rich and Poor — Illustration in the Hall of Science — Republic in Meeting in Tivoli Square — Cladstone at a Funeral — "Oh! How Didst thou!" — Public Meetings in England — The Lord Mayor of London — Banquets at the Mansion House — The City Companies — "Lord Mayor's Day" — The Procession

ALTHOUGH the *Rubrics* are from time to time disposed scoffingly to deny that the House of Commons and the House of Lords constitute a people's parliament, they are in no wise deprived of the most ample opportunities for public and even noisy discussion of all the questions which vitally concern Great Britain. The frankness and plainness of speech so prevalent in Parliament, the disposition to disguise unsavory truths by ambiguous phrases are still more apparent in the speeches of public orators not in political life, and while they do not quite reach the violence sometimes remarked in the addresses of politicians in America, yet they are extremely plain. We have in America heard so much of the inability of the English to speak in public freely and without embarrassment, that it somewhat surprises an American residing for a short time in London to discover a great number of excellent public orators outside as well as within the sphere of politics.

Two men who speak directly to the public heart, whose spheres of influence are widely different, and whose reputations have passed far beyond the boundaries of their native land, merit a moment of our attention. Spurgeon and Bradlaugh are great forces in the metropolis, forces which are undoubtedly used for good. Spurgeon is intensely spirit-

ual, bounding in homely metaphor, yet sometimes mounting to the height of genuine eloquence. He sways his tremendous congregation, made up from the lower middle classes of London's shopmen, workmen, and women, irresistibly whichever way he wills. To the thousands for whom the higher intellectual life is scarcely possible he is an unfailing fountain of inspiration, and he draws to the huge Tabernacle, as it is called, perhaps the oddest collection of strangers, from all parts of the world, that can be found in any building used as a church. Foreigners go out of curiosity, the piously inclined visit the Tabernacle to judge for themselves of Spurgeon's spiritual force, and hundreds of the Arabs of London, — people homeless and almost destitute, men and women from the slums — steal into the great galleries as if coming to the sanctuary for a refuge which they can find nowhere else. Spurgeon rarely touches directly on the great national topics, but, when he does, his touch is firm and vigorous. His denunciation of a mistaken policy has weight which is felt up river at Westminster. In him are none of the tricks and follies found in the delivery of the fashionable clergyman. There is no hesitancy, no coughing, and no interpolation of "Ahs" and "Ohs." Indeed, all the great English speakers enunciate their words quite fully and clearly, and with much the

same inflection found in American orators

The Metropolitan Tabernacle, in which Spurgeon preaches, is certainly one of the curiosities of London. It stands in a rather frowzy section of the great city, — where rambling streets, ill-kept, are lined with low and dingy houses, and as the great congregation of nearly seven thousand persons pours out of the Tabernacle, on Sunday mornings, it is compelled to pass through a double row of degraded men and women, who are waiting impatiently for the opening of the public houses from one to three o'clock. The amiable Londoner of the upper class, when asked to give a good reason for the laws regulating the sale of liquor on Sunday in the British capital, frankly confesses that he knows nothing of it, save that it seems planned to promote rather than check intemperance. On a dull Sunday the London workers and the equally large class of people out of work rise late, and, instead of bending their thoughts on church and chapel (for in England the dissenting churches are called chapels, to distinguish them from the established Episcopal church), pace the streets or linger at corners, longing for the moment when the Sunday carouse may begin. In the mid-day hours the gin-palace doors swing widely open, long processions of miserably clad people hasten to and fro, bearing jugs or bottles, or crowd around the high counters, paying their hard-earned money for that which is not bread. At three o'clock they are turned out, and the doors are banged remorselessly together, but from six o'clock again gin and rum reign supreme until a late hour. Throughout each quarter of London inhabited by the poor classes the public houses have monopolized the best street corners. They are of uniform type, neatly painted

outside, divided into stalls with high partitions, the fever for class distinctions prevailing even in these establishments. To foreigners, nothing can be more comfortless than these dens, where the new comers constantly crowd out those who precede them and where the language and the atmosphere leave much to be desired. The worthy gentlemen of the Financial Reform Association — a league established nearly forty years ago for the advocacy of economical government, just taxation and perfect freedom of trade — constantly lay before the people the ruin wrought on the nation by the favors heaped upon the publican because he contributes so powerfully to the revenue. This Reform League says a revolution is needed in fiscal matters, when the lands of the rich pay but £1,000,000 sterling a year in land tax, while the pipe and pot of the laborer pay £10,000,000 sterling per annum in customs and excise duty, when the rich man's quota of taxation is collected from him cheaply and directly, but the workmen's allotment is collected by a system that robs them of still another £30,000,000 sterling in the process, when the lands which are bequeathed by the rich at death pay no probate and little succession duty, but the savings of the people in the lower and middle classes are taxed at the rate of six and one-half millions yearly by probate and legacy duties, when the remedy of the law and the transfer of small land and house properties is kept out of the reach of the mass of the people by the heavy exactions in deed stamps and other legal fees and charges, when sobriety and temperance are discouraged by a tax of £4,500,000 sterling per annum on the workman's tea, coffee, and cocoa, and the workman has to pay still other

millions for the collection of these £4,500,000

The Financial Reform League is not in error in condemning the excise as one of the most grievous burdens on the people. These excise duties were first imposed in England in 1666. They were then solely laid on public drinks, — beer, cider, spirits, coffee, and tea, — and they took the place of a revenue, hitherto due from the land in the shape of feudal rents. The amount of the latter revenue in 1660 was £100,000 sterling per year, but the amount of the newly imposed excise was £610,000 sterling per annum. Thus, the facility with which the poor can be robbed for the benefit of the rich being established, the retention of excise ever since as a great branch of the revenue has followed. The famous malt duty was abolished some time ago, but Mr Gladstone substituted for it in 1880, an excise on beer, which has since brought in an enormous revenue. It seems to the impartial observer as if the English workman drank his beer and spirits in large quantities to no other end than to aid in supporting the fleets and armies of Her Britannic Majesty and the maintenance of her great body of collectors and officials throughout the immense extent of territory over which the English flag floats. But the workman would probably say, as indeed he does say when the subject is brought to his attention —

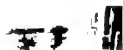
“D—n a man’s eyes,
If ever he tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.”

Mr. Spurgeon, from his outlook in the high pulpit of his Tabernacle, sees clearly what is going on around him, and battles against the intemperance of the lower classes, but the battle is a long and difficult one.

The stronghold of the redoubtable Bradlaugh, whose name is as familiar as that of the Prince of Wales to Londoners, is in an unpretentious structure in Old Street, in the City Road, — another quarter which to American eyes seems shabby and somewhat degraded. All around it are the humble, although cleanly, houses of the commoner sort of mechanics and laborers, liberally interspersed with the shining gin-palaces above alluded to. Within the Hall of Science, as Mr Bradlaugh’s secular church is called, order, however, reigns supreme. There is always a great crowd to hear the distinguished orator and Republican, who is usually accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Besant, whose name has been so long associated with his work, or by some other of the ladies or gentlemen of the advanced Radical party in the kingdom. Strangers of all shades of opinion are welcome, and now and then a sturdy supporter of the Monarchy gets up in his place and indulges in an assault on Bradlaugh, if it happens to be one of those nights when that orator attacks what he calls “The House of Brunswick.” Nothing can exceed the ingenuity with which Bradlaugh manages to escape the accusation of disloyalty, while at the same time he plainly condemns Monarchy as a system. To be rated as “disloyal” in England is to be not respectable, and would be pretty nearly equivalent to social ostracism. Bradlaugh is a born controversialist, and of no mean order. He should have been a politician, and would have been far more useful to the state in that capacity than in his coveted rôle of simple agitator and social economist. In his oratory, which is nearly always striking, sometimes brilliant, often profound, there are slight traces of an early humble origin — nameless shibboleths — lapses from pro-

priety in speech, which seem to cling more closely in England than in America to men who have fought their way up from the bottom. Bradlaugh never forgets what is due to his congregation, which gives him an abiding place, a foothold, in the great city, the majority of whose inhabitants is entirely hostile to him. But he knows that out beyond Lon-

lays down his accusations of what has or has not been done in Parliament House. Then the crowds start in procession for Westminster, but are always turned back by the police before they reach Parliament, and disperse good-humoredly, without more than the usual proportion of broken heads, when the people are "out" in London town. In



MASS-MEETING ON TRAFALGAR SQUARE

don, and outside of the trading class, there is an England which listens to him with admiration and respect.

Now and then he sallies forth on some great occasion, regardless of the danger, always prominent in London, of butting his head against the law. He summons thousands of the populace to meet him in Trafalgar square at the foot of the Nelson monument, and there he

puts this would be magnified into the proportions of a great riot, the prime minister would be asked to "explain," some one would say that a revolution was at hand. But it is thought odd if on a Lord Mayor's Day, or on the return from the Derby, there be not some well-cracked heads. The blows seem to be the result of surplus energy rather than a disposition to do injury. I once saw

in front of Charing Cross half-a-dozen rough young fellows push into the very midst of a Lord Mayor's procession, striking out right and left, rolling over and over in their haste, and coming out on the other side all in the best of good nature, each having taken the other's buffeting as a part of the ceremony.

Bradlaugh naturally frowns on disorder, and the authorities have no fear of his meetings. Half-a-dozen gigantic policemen stroll sleepily through the crowds, and if a disturbance occurs they walk lazily towards it confident that it will have ceased and that the disturbers will be dispersed by the time the representatives of the law arrive on the scene. Bradlaugh at the bar of the House of Commons, Bradlaugh in the lobby of the House, scuffling with the officials who expel him, Bradlaugh in the courts, where he is prosecuted for technical irregularities, Bradlaugh in his own vigorous newspaper and in his reported lectures, in his books and on his John-street platform,—is a figure which London will miss more than it now fancies when he has passed away. He adds to the piquancy and picturesqueness of public life, and, when the new Democracy has got far on its road he will probably grow tamer and more dignified, settling into a permanent and comfortable place. At present he is proud to be called atheist, which dread word carries with it his condemnation in every orthodox household in London. Democrat, Republican, energetic advocate of temperance, he is never happy if not in opposition. When the police forbade him to speak within the limits of Devonport he made his address from a boat on the waters of the Tamar which was three feet from Devonport shore, but outside its jurisdiction, when the mechanics of London had built a hall on a lot of land which

was suddenly claimed by the landlord and adjudged to him by the courts, and when this greedy landlord claimed, according to law, the building also, Bradlaugh came up with a hundred men who carried the building off piecemeal. When Disraeli discovered, in 1868, that Bradlaugh's paper, the "National Reformer," had never deposited the £800 of caution money exacted by the law as a preventive against blasphemous or seditious publications, and when he called on Bradlaugh to pay up or cease to print, Bradlaugh's only response was the insertion under the heading of the journal, of this phrase, "A Paper published in Defiance of the Interdiction of the English Government." For this he was brought before a jury, but the case was dropped. Gladstone, when he came into the ministry, took it up and prosecuted it, but it was taken by Bradlaugh to the Supreme Courts, and there the atheistic orator was victorious on every point.

Bradlaugh is very popular in Paris, where he is not quite understood, but is supposed to be something very radical and desperate. He finds a certain support among the respectable French Radicals, for whom his atheism is not so shocking as it is to the English Liberals. The voters of Northampton, who have sent him three times to the House of Commons, believe in and admire him. His colleague, the witty and wealthy Mr. Labouchère, part owner of the "Daily News" and sole proprietor of the sprightly "Truth," never loses an opportunity in the House of Commons to give Bradlaugh a lift, and does it with much grace and courtesy.

Testing out the volcanic force which lies at the bottom of Bradlaugh's temperament, he must be deeply moved by an attack, not upon himself, but upon

some doctrine dear to him, or some one who enunciates theories which he holds sacred. He is the least self-conscious of men. If he alludes to himself it is only as the representative of others. I once heard him in an inspired burst of oratory, which, like many others, passed away without record, but it was enough

street, for when he wants a mighty congregation he goes to the grassy slopes of Hyde Park, or stands amid the sculptured lions which he around the Nelson Memorial.

Mr. Bradlaugh is no longer looked upon by the Conservatives, since the advent of Mr. Chamberlain, as the chief of



LORD MAYOR'S DAY — SAILORS IN PROCESSION

to give any speaker lasting fame. He was describing the persistence of his own purpose, and his faith in the ultimate results towards which he strove. Few men in England, few in Europe, could have spoken better than he did then, none could have carried in their words greater weight of conviction. He does not need a larger room than the diminutive "Hall of Science," in John

teriors. His star has perhaps paled a little before the lustre of the career of this slight, boyish-looking man, who, from the platform in Birmingham as from his place in Parliament, states the most revolutionary propositions in quiet and dignified language, adding to them that authority which comes from his position as a member of the Cabinet. "He wore," says Mr. Lacey, in his re-

cently published diary of the two Parliaments, "on the occasion of his first appearance in 1877, in the House not spectacles, with tin or brass rims, as Felix Holt would inevitably have done had his sight been impaired, but an eye-glass—positively an eye-glass." Mr. Lacey goes on to inform us that the Conservatives had a preconceived notion of Mr. Chamberlain's appearance and manner that they had "evolved some fancy picture," and that they were greatly surprised "at seeing the genial member for Birmingham in a coat, and even a waistcoat, and on hearing him speak very good English in a quiet, undemonstrative manner." A Radical with an eye-glass and a bank account appeared to the Conservative mind an anomaly, so fixed is the impression that those who ask for land-and-revenue reform are greedy and needy Socialists in disguise. All the Liberals without exception, are looked upon somewhat askance by the Conservative people in the country districts. Mr. Lacey himself tells us that an old lady, reared in an atmosphere of clericalism, on having Gladstone pointed out to her among the celebrities at the funeral of a distinguished friend, whispered, "Oh, how dreadful! I do trust he is not coming to create a disturbance."

Public meetings in England are always conducted according to certain well-established and long-practised rules, but are characterized by much the same freedom and energy of expression found in America. There is none of the cast-iron formalism which flourishes on the Continent, and the English plainness of expression flourishes to the fullest extent. A meeting always has a resolution laid before it; speeches are then made by the mover and the seconder, after which a noble lord, or a Rt. Rev. bishop,

or a distinguished merchant, is found next on the paper, and presents his views. Then the resolution is "put," and it is at this point that the unexpected speeches happen in and add to the interest. In the University meetings in the spring, at the great assemblies in St. James's Hall, in London, St. George's Hall in Liverpool, and that famous building where John Bright has for so many years held forth before his always admiring constituents, in Birmingham, the audiences are so similar to our own that an American feels at home among them.

At the hospitable board of the Lord Mayor of London and in the numerous corporation buildings in the "city," many great speeches are made yearly. The Lord Mayor occupies a lofty position, and one which costs him dearly to keep up. But every incumbent of the office takes a special pride in spending the £8,000 which the city gives him for his year, and as much more out of his own pocket, while he is lodged at the Mansion House, in entertaining political, literary, and commercial dignitaries and celebrities. He holds the first place in the city, after the sovereign, and is the only man in England who can say when he is within his own boundaries that he has precedence of the Prince of Wales. George IV. disputed this privilege, but it has never been questioned since his time. The Lord Mayor is annually chosen, by what is called the Livery, in the last days of September in each year, and rules a twelvemonth. He is ordinarily the senior alderman, the city proper having twenty-six wards, each returning an alderman, and subdivided into precincts, each of which returns a common-council man. The Livery men who choose the Mayor are the chief dignitaries of the Trade Com-

panies, who furnish a voting constituency of about ten thousand persons. They, with the senior aldermen, choose the principal officers of this ancient city corporation, the style of which is the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of London. Next to the Lord Mayor are two sheriffs and a recorder, which latter

palace, and appears a little out of place in the midst of the intense bustle and hurry over the smooth pavements in the vicinity of Lombard street and the Bank. On reception nights, and when grand banquets are given, the Egyptian Hall is open. This lofty room can accommodate four hundred guests, and the din-



DINNER WITH THE LORD MAYOR

functionary officiates in the Lord Mayor's Court, held at Guildhall. This recorder has an unlimited jurisdiction, both legally and equitably, for cases within the city boundaries. His court is one of the curiosities of London, the modes of procedure being derived from the ancient customs of the city, in large part. The Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, is a rather gloomy structure, built in imitation of an Italian

palace, and appears a little out of place in the midst of the intense bustle and hurry over the smooth pavements in the vicinity of Lombard street and the Bank. On reception nights, and when grand banquets are given, the Egyptian Hall is open. This lofty room can accommodate four hundred guests, and the din-

stentorian voice, whose duty it is to cry the toasts as they are announced. The turtle, the Madena, and the claret of the Mansion House are far-famed, and one sees at the table of the great Mayor those traditional figures of aldermen which he seeks elsewhere in vain.

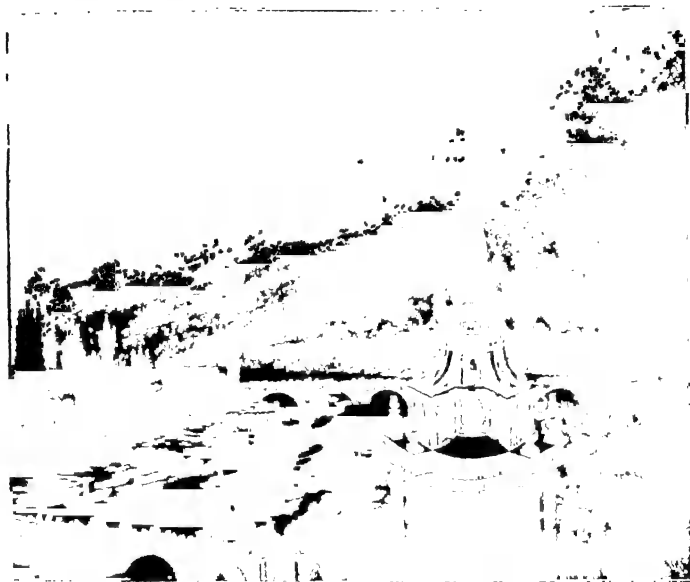
The riches of certain of the trading guilds are almost fabulous. Their yearly incomes from ancient investments for which they have no possible use unless for charity are, it is said, squandered in costly banquets, and in the accumulation of rich stocks of wines, so that it is not strange if the aldermen of London have fat paunches and rosy cheeks. There are no less than eighty-two of these city companies, each one having its hall, and all being rated in the order of precedence. Guildhall, in King street, Cheap-side, the town-hall of the city of London, is the chief of all the halls, and is rich with historic memories. It is in this room, where the colossal giants Gog and Magog keep watch where six or seven thousand people may be assembled on great occasions, and there, for more than three hundred and fifty years, the inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayors of London have taken place. There the Sovereign dines on the Lord Mayor's Day which succeeds his or her coronation. There George IV met with Alexander of Russia and Frederick William III of Prussia, at a great dinner, which cost £25,000, and at which, it is said, gold and silver plate worth £200,000 was employed. There have been held the successive dinners which have marked the progress of the Reform bills since 1831, and when the mighty hall is lighted up with the six or seven thousand gas-jets, arranged in stars, mottoes, and devices, and when at the dinner on Lord Mayor's Day, the Mayor and his guests are marshalled to the banquet by

the sound of trumpets, and the twelve hundred invited guests sit down to dinner, the spectacle is highly imposing. This dinner annually costs £1,500, of which the city gives £200, the Lord Mayor half, and the two sheriffs the other half of the remainder. Mr Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," tell us that for this colossal feast forty huge turtles are slaughtered, and the serving of the dinner requires two hundred servants and eight thousand plate changes.

The most ancient of the great city companies is the mercers, whose charter was granted in 1393. Next come the grocers, then the fish-mongers, then the goldsmiths, skimmers, and bakers, whose charters are earlier, but whose rank seems to have been determined as less. Then come the saddlers, carpenters, wewers, and parish clerks. Out of the Mercers' Company have come kings, princes, ninety-eight Lord Mayors, and the illustrious Whittington and Gresham. It is said that the Fish-Mongers' Company purchased the land near London Bridge, on which stands one of its halls, at the enormous rate of £630,000 per acre. This company has furnished fifty Lord Mayors to London. The banqueting-halls, the museums of plate and treasure, the festival and picture-rooms of these ancient companies give, as nothing else can, an idea of the accumulation of wealth and the splendor brought together on the dingy banks of the Thames.

The 9th of November, generally foggy or muddy and rainy, is Lord Mayor's Day in London. Then the newly elected functionary proceeds from the Mansion House westward, along Fleet street, and the Strand, past the site of old Temple Bar (which was demolished a few years ago), on to Westminster, where he takes the oath

before the Baron of the Exchequer. In recent years the procession has varied much in character, according to the fancy of the mayor-elect. Sometimes it is military, allegorical, or historical in character. But one is sure to see Gog and Magog, and a good fight before the chief butler to the sovereign at coronation feasts. On state occasions, he wears a massive silk robe, richly embroidered, at courts and civic meetings, a violet silk robe with fur, and bars of black velvet, and when he presides at the Criminal Court, or on the bench at the Mansion House, a scarlet robe with fur and borders of black. As the repre-



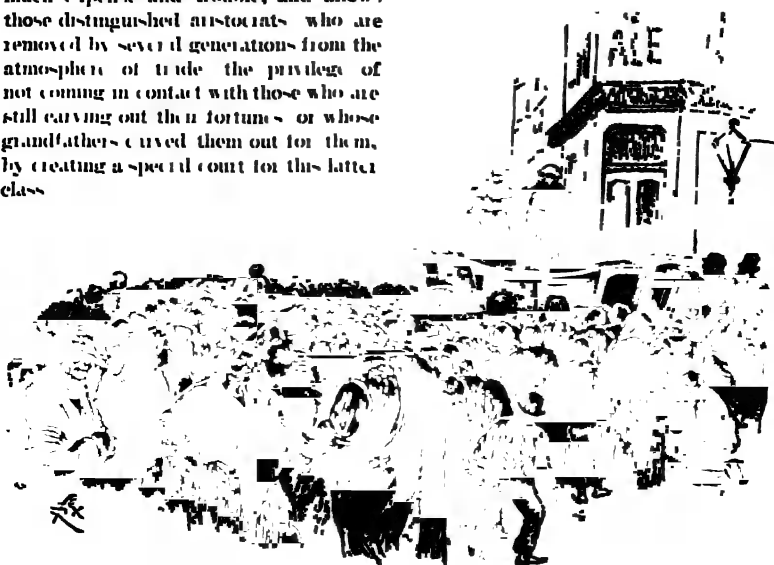
THE THAMES FROM THE TOP OF SAINT PAUL'S — WESTMINSTER PALACE IN THE DISTANCE

and Magog, and a good fight before the procession has passed by the point from which he views it. The Mayor and Lady Mayoress ride in their state coach, followed by the sheriffs in their state coaches, and by aldermen.

The city gives the Lord Mayor his coach, but not his horses. He is expected to supply the Lady Mayoress with her carriages and horses. In his house-

hold are no less than twenty gentlemen. The Mansion House is rent free, and the plate and ornaments are worth £30,000 or £40,000. The Lord Mayor keeps three tables, a fine retinue of servants, and in the old days, like a very monarch,

representative of England's commercial power and wealth, he relieves the court of much expense and trouble, and allows those distinguished aristocrats who are removed by several generations from the atmosphere of trade the privilege of not coming in contact with those who are still carving out their fortunes—or whose grandfathers carved them out for them, by creating a special court for this latter class.



ARCHBISHOP MANNING PREACHING TEMPERANCE

CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

"The City" — The Daily Pilgrimage to It — Exact Limits of the City District — Demolition of Temple Bar — The Griffin — Fleet Street — Chaucer's Battle in this Famous Avenue — The Newspaper Region — The Temple — The Inns — The Law Students — St Paul's and its Neighborhood — The Crypt in St Paul's — The Publisher's Haunt — The Bank — Lombard Street — Christ's Hospital — The "Times"

FROM eight to ten o'clock on every morning of the week, except Sunday, hundreds of trains and omnibuses — trains in subterranean avenues, on the street level, and on high viaducts, from which one may look down upon the attic windows of acres of houses — carry the commercial and professional classes of London into what is called "The City." Within this tract is concentrated three-fourths of the intellectual and financial activity of the largest city in the world. From ten o'clock to four the vast avenues are crowded with hurrying, anxious folk, primly dressed, polite and deferential even in their haste, knowing the value of a minute and exacting its full worth, settling transactions which involve thousands, and sometimes millions in interviews that last barely half an hour, and exercising influence over dozens of small countries scattered up and down the mighty seas. The city man is aware of his own importance in the world's economy, and is gifted with becoming dignity. He is hard to get at in the first instance, — seems inclined rather to repel than demand business, as befits one who may take his choice of the best enterprises set on foot, but, once having given his attention, he decides and acts with the greatest swiftness.

The "City," so called, is that part of London which, in the old days, was within the walls, together with what was

known as "The Liberties," which immediately surrounded them. "The Liberties," says Mr. Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," "are encompassed by the line of separation, the boundary between them and the county of Middlesex and marked by the Bars, which formerly consisted of posts and chains, but are now denoted by lofty stone obelisks, bearing the city arms which may be seen eastward, in White Chapel, the Minories and Bishopsgate street northward, in Caswell street, at the end of Finsbury, and in St John's street, and westward at Middle row, Holborn, while at the west end of Fleet street, the boundary is the stone gate-way called Temple Bar." This old stone gate-way is gone now, and, had it remained, it would have seemed insignificant enough under the shadow of the somewhat gloomy and ill-arranged palace where London has finally placed the numerous tribunals which were formerly crowded into small and old-fashioned rooms in the neighborhood of Westminster. Near where Temple Bar stood, at the entrance into Fleet street from the Strand, is a memorial monument with a griffin sprawling on its top, and with bas-reliefs, which the populace, urged by some curious feeling difficult to explain, took delight in breaking shortly after they were placed in position.

Fleet street, with its thousand ancient

souvenirs of historic exhibition and possessions, and with its associations with Goldsmith and Johnson, is the chief rendezvous of journalism in London. There are the offices of all the great newspapers, except the "Times." "The Daily Telegraph" and "The Daily News" have palatial abodes, and the writers of the articles which move the thought of England meet to discuss politics and literature in dusty venerable taverns, whose owners are proud of the memories which their houses evoke, and turn them to excellent account. In Wine-office court, just off Fleet street, is the "Old Chesline Cheese," where the favored visitor is allowed to sit in a chair from which Dr. Johnson thundered forth his magniloquent sentences, and close by is the house where Goldsmith lived in 1761, when Johnson first visited him. Johnson's house, in the court named after him, from which he used to march forth on his stately promenades along Fleet street, is also close at hand. The house in Bolt court, where he died in 1774, was burned more than half a century ago. Chaucer and Milton both lived at times in Fleet street, and there is a pretty story told of Chaucer's once having soundly thrashed a Franciscan friar in the celebrated avenue, when he was a student of the Inner Temple, and being fined two shillings for the offence. The taverns and coffee-houses are usually to be found in dark little passages or alley-ways, and one instinctively looks for costumes of past ages, and is surprised to see the quaint rooms crowded with gentlemen sprucely dressed in the latest fashion of the West End. Fleet street is almost the only portion of the city in which there is a considerable movement at night. During the sessions of Parliament, or in exciting war times, processions of cabs are constantly moving

between Westminster and the newspaper offices, but by one o'clock in the morning nothing is heard save the beating of the great presses, deep down in the subcellars, under the muddy streets. Fleet street is often called the cradle of steam-printing. There Beasley, Woolfall, and Taylor, by their joint exertions, finally succeeded in doing cylindrical printing. This was immediately adopted by the "Times," in 1814.

At the upper end of Fleet street there is a gate-way to the Inner Temple, and no ramble in London is more interesting than that through the tortuous lanes and little streets, and between the houses in which the lawyers and law students of the metropolis reside. Out of Fleet street leads Chancery lane, filled with the offices of barristers and legal printers. On the west side of this street is Lincoln's Inn. In these old courts of chambers, which were mainly built in the time of James I. was the ancient hall in which the Commons of the society used to meet for their masks and Christmas festivities, when the benchers laid aside their dignity and the students danced before their judges. The new hall and library, — noble buildings of the Tudor style — the council-room, are all most interesting, and one cannot but wonder that so serene and tranquil a retreat, like that of some old university, has been preserved in the very heart of one of the busiest of modern cities. The new hall in Lincoln's Inn has a vaulted kitchen forty-five feet square and twenty-five feet high. Attached to it and adjoining are cellars capable of containing one hundred pipes of wine, whence we may conclude that good cheer reigns in Lincoln's Inn. Farther away, on the north side of Holborn, is Gray's Inn, also a noted rendezvous of the legal fraternity, possessing an oval

hall, built three hundred years ago, with a great oaken roof divided into seven bays by Gothic arched ribs. All the inmates of these four inns of court—the two Temples, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn—have the exclusive power of practising as advocate or counsel in superior courts. The student who wishes to gain admittance to any of these has a sharp fight for the privilege, but once admitted he is entitled to the use of the libraries, to a seat in the church or chapel, and to have his name set down for Chambers. "He is then required to keep Commons by dining in the hall twelve terms (four terms occurring each year), on commencing which he must deposit with the treasurer £100, to be returned with interest until he is called. But resident members of the universities are exempt from this deposit. The student must also sign a bond, with sureties, for the payment of his Commons and term fees. In all the inns no person can be called unless he is above twenty-one years of age and three years' standing as a student. A Council of Legal Education has been established by the four inns of court, to superintend the subject of the education of students for the bar, and, by order of this council, law lectures are given by learned professors at the four inns, all of which any student of any of the inns may attend. The examinations also take place, and scholarships, certificates, and other marks of approbation are the rewards of

the successful students. Nevertheless, persons may still be called to the bar regardless of the lectures and examinations, but in all cases, keeping Commons by dining in the hall is absolutely necessary.

These dinners in the various halls are



AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

very curious. At five or half-past five o'clock in the afternoon the barristers and students assemble in their gowns, and the benchers proceed in procession to the dais. The steward then strikes the table three times, grace is said by the treasurer or senior bencher present,

and the dinner begins. Each table is arranged by messes, and to each mess is allowed a bottle of port wine. The dinner is usually simple, but there are many ancient formulae and ceremonies, some of which provoke a smile to-day, like that observed in the Inner Temple on the 29th of May, when each member drinks to the happy restoration of Charles II in a golden cup of sack. At Gray's Inn they occasionally toast the memory of Queen Elizabeth. Now and then the younger students from these vast ranges of buildings called "Courts" hold high wassail in the public houses and queer old taverns on Fleet street, and show that Englishmen of to-day drink as deeply as Englishmen of Dr Johnson's time.

The neighborhood of St Paul's is one of the most interesting quarters of the city. St Paul's is the Pantheon of England's naval and military heroes, and the burial-place of many of her greatest painters. In the crypt lies Sir Christopher Wren, who built the great church, and whose handiwork is visible everywhere in the city, Sir Joshua Reynolds, immortalized by Flaxman's statue as much as by his own work, Parry, Opie, Lawrence, and Van Dyck, Turner, West, and Milton Archer Shee, in the middle of the crypt, under an altar tomb, are the remains of the great Nelson. In this crypt, for more than two years, lay the body of the Duke of Wellington, the coffin placed upon the top of the sarcophagus which covered that of Nelson, but now the old Duke reposes in a porphyry tomb, sculptured out of a single block, weighing more than seventy tons, and placed upon a massive basement of Aberdeen granite, at each corner

which is sculptured the head of a lion. This severely noble tomb is far more impressive than that of

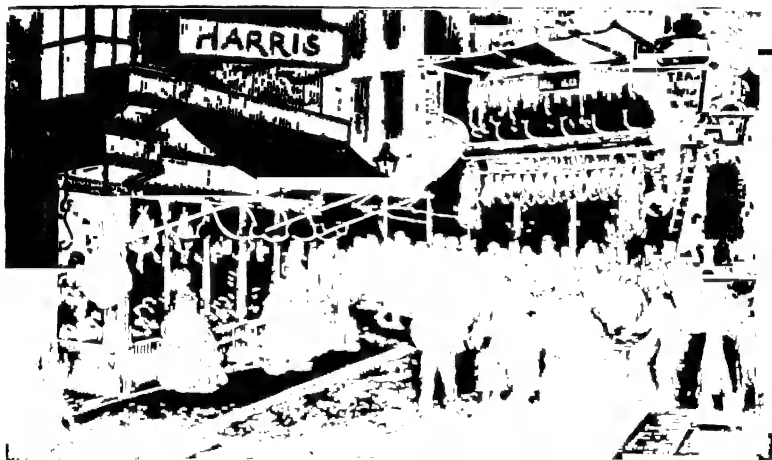
Napoleon I at the *Invalides* in Paris. In the crypt of St. Paul's stands the state car on which the body of Wellington was conveyed to the cathedral at his funeral. At the Chapter House of this church, every time a new political party assembles, there is a kind of new clerical parliament, composed of a dean, four canons, twelve minor canons, six lay figures, and twelve chorists. Here the Lord Mayor's chaplain preaches his annual state sermon, and on the anniversary of the great fire, 1666. In May, during the anniversary festivals, noble concerts are given in the church, and the annual gathering of the charity children, eight or ten thousand in number, held in St Paul's in June, is one of the prettiest and most pleasing of English public assemblies. Thither go the judges and law-officers, in long procession, for blessing on their labors before the beginning of the annual sessions.

Back among numerous streets and unromantic places in the neighborhood of St. Paul's are the publishers. One of the most famous streets in which the purveyors of literature abound is Paternoster Row, so called from the sellers of rosaries and the text-writers who lived there in the time of Henry IV. From Paternoster Row and its immediate vicinity go out most of the great works which have done so much during the Victorian period to ennoble English literature. The London publishers do not indulge, like those in Paris, in costly and luxurious offices, with tapestries and pictures and *bric-à-brac*. They do then work in business hours, in plain and simply furnished rooms, and reserve their comfort and luxury for the suburban homes, to which they hasten as soon as four o'clock sounds from the church-towers of the city. The man who at one o'clock may be found lunching in a modest little

rookery in some back alley, in a dark, open stall, where there is no cloth upon the table and where napkins are unknown, sits down to dinner at seven o'clock in his noble country-house, looking out upon a splendid lawn, and does his evening work in a costly library. London is their rendezvous, and nothing else. A solicitor will receive you in a back office simple as that of a Hebrew

labor, black care goes home with them, and lurks beside the turtle-soup and the bottle of old port on their dinner-table.

In front of the Mansion House, and past the Royal Exchange, and down Threadneedle street, in the neighborhood of the First Bank of England, whose structures cover more than four acres, there is a continual rush of teams, carriages, drays, omnibuses, and other



SATURDAY NIGHT IN WORKMAN'S QUARTER

retail dealer just beginning business, but, if he invites you to bring your papers to his house, you will find he lives like a merchant prince. Every city man sacrifices about two hours daily in going to and from his business. When the trains leave the city in the afternoon they are crowded with men who are studying briefs, prospectuses, and memoranda, which they extract from little black bags, placed carefully beside them. One feels that their going into the city has been but the beginning of their day's

vehicles of almost every description, from early morning until after business hours, and through this moving mass hundreds of thousands of pedestrians pick their way with the deftness born of long practice. Near by is Lombard street, so called from the old "Longo-bardi," the rich bankers who settled in that district of London and grouped their countrymen around them before the time of Edward II. There also the goldsmiths, who lent money, and jewels, and from the badge of the

Lombards. or Longobardi, the three golden pills of the Medici family, we get our modern pawnbroker's sign "The days have long passed when," as we are told in the "Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham," "all sorts of gold and silver vessels were exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them" The wealth of the men of Lombard street does not to-day consist of golden chains, like that of Gresham, as was found to be the case after his death But gold and silver lacemen still had their places of business in the street at the beginning of this century For more than five and a half centuries this celebrated avenue has been devoted to finance, and in the long and narrow streets, with their gloomy courts which radiate from it, are the business offices of some of the most powerful commercial houses in the world The first idea of the London Exchange came from Sir Richard Gresham, who proposed to Cromwell "to make a place for merchants to repair unto in Lombard Streete" Underneath the dust of this avenue are the ruins of Roman houses, and many Roman remains have been found They are the last lot unearthed, and are supposed to indicate that they belonged to the period when London was burned by Boadicea The value of the ground in this neighborhood may be adjudged by the following instance, which Mr Timbs gives us in his valuable book on London A piece of ground at the corner of Lombard street, formerly the site of Spooner & Co.'s banking house, was let to the Agra & Masterman's Bank, for nine years, at £86,000 per year Owing to a change in the management of that bank, it was next sold to the City Offices Bank, at a premium of £70,000 sterling. Later

on, a building was erected upon it, at a cost of nearly £70,000, the gross rental of which is estimated at £22,000, — the London and Canada Bank paying £12,000 for the ground floor and basement It is not easy to get building sites in the centre of the banking world The Mercantile and Exchange Bank purchased premises in Lombard street for £20,000. The directors of the bank then let the first floor of the house to the Asiatic Banking Corporation for £1,000 per year The amalgamation of the London Bank of Scotland with the Mercantile and Exchange Bank having made it necessary to value the premises in Lombard street, the directors of the Bank of Scotland paid £10,000 to the shareholders in the Mercantile and Exchange Bank as their proportion of the increased value of the premises, which are now estimated as worth £40,000 The value was thus doubled within a year

Every week-day, and at all hours of the day, — even later hours than those kept by the regular city man, — hosts of able people from all corners of the earth flock into the city, bearing in their busy, and often aching, brains, schemes which they hope to float in the inspiring atmosphere of this commercial centre, and by which they hope to enrich themselves. Among these waiting and hoping folk the Americans are very prominent. They are of all types the breezy, fresh, and enthusiastic Western man, who, despite the English assertion that gush and a confidential air will kill any enterprise offered in the city, behaves in unconventional London in the same boisterous and buoyant way that he would at home, the sharp, quiet-mannered financier, who has come determined to measure capacities with the magnates of Europe's financial head-quarters, the wild-cat speculators, who find persons

resembling them in the London market, and who slowly lay their plans for gulling the public, and, finally, the Lugebriained but timid inventors, — the men with every kind of novelty from perpetual motion to a new barbed-wire fence, — all learning by bitter experience how hard it is to turn the current of suspicious capital into their own particular channels. The *Odysseys* of these speculative-minded men, amid the rocks and waves of London, are often attended with pathos, and sometimes terminate in tragedy. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and as there are at all times from six to seven thousand important schemes waiting attention, it is not odd that the many thousands of less important enterprises are swept aside, forgotten, or readily dismissed. It is precisely the uncertainty, the delightful suspense, the dreamy anticipation of success which tempts so many foreign investors to stay on and on in London until their credit, their courage, and often their health, have departed. They arrive fresh with vigor, and will tell you they are well aware of all the obstacles, have profited by the experience of others, and have come to stay. And they do stay, moving from the huge and glittering hotels, in which they at first installed themselves, into the more modest quiet of the West End square, then into cheaper lodgings, again to second-rate taverns, finally, into the country, but clinging on with perhaps no other capital than a good hat and umbrella and their ever-seductive address, determined against fate. Out of this throng of unsuccessful people sometimes leaps to the very height of financial victory a man who had seemed marked for disaster. Some lucky chance has brought him to the front, and all the others, seeing the good turn fortune has done him, struggle on, using an energy

and patience which, in more legitimate pursuits at home, would have made them solid fortunes.

The Royal Exchange is imposing, and is filled with memorials of Sir Thomas Gresham, who carried out the project which his father had recommended to Cromwell, and had his famous crest, a grasshopper, placed over the first exchange in Lombard street. Then the "Burse," as it was called, was placed in Cornhill, whither, in 1570, came to the dedication, "midst the ringing of bells in every part of the city, the Queen's majesty attended with the nobility, from her house in the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet street, Cheap and so by the north side and the Burse, through Threadneedle street, to Thomas Gresham's house, in Bishop-gate street, where she dined." Sir Thomas Gresham died before he had half completed his plan for enriching the Exchange with statues. This building was destroyed in the great fire in London, and, oddly enough the founder's statue was the only one which did not fall into the flames. The second Exchange was opened at the close of the seventeenth century, being built by the city and the Mercers' Company. It was a noble structure, well studded with statues of kings. But this in its turn was burned in 1838, and as the fire reached the clock-tower at midnight the bells were heard chiming the familiar air, "There is nae luck about the house." The present Exchange, dedicated by Queen Victoria, in 1844, is renowned for its portico, adorned with Westmacott's sculpture. On this portico is the inscription "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Mr. Henry George, while addressing an open-air meeting recently in front of

the Mansion House, pointed to this inscription on the Royal Exchange and said it should read "The earth is the landlord's, and the fulness thereof." In this building are Lloyd's subscription-rooms, where meet the noted merchants, ship-owners, underwriters, insurance, stock, and exchange brokers of London. Lloyd was an old coffee-house keeper, from whose establishment at the corner of Abchurch lane, Lombard street, Steele used to indite his epistles to the "Tatler."

The Bank of England looks like a great fortress, and it is well protected externally from attack. At night there is a military force on duty, and clerks are also detailed to keep a night-watch. There is little danger, however, that the masses, whether excited by Mr. Henry George or any other agitator, will ever attempt an assault upon the venerable and exalted financial institution. It is not far from this centre of commercial London to the water-side and the great Custom-house, with its majestic front, five hundred feet long, with a broad esplanade between it and the river, and to the long avenues, literally crammed with heavy drays, bearing to and fro every conceivable sort of merchandise from the ships which crowd the docks. Here and there throughout the city rises a fine building devoted entirely to the providing of refreshment. The city restaurant-keepers acquire fortunes in a very short time. Their custom is certain. Yet they court it by bestowing upon their customers every possible comfort and luxury. From ten o'clock until four these great restaurants and the numerous clubs scattered throughout the city quarter are overflowing with hungry people, but after sunset few people linger, and by the time the lamps are lit in the gorgeous gastronomic establish-

ments of the West End, the city *restaurants* has counted his cash and closed for the night. The City is the best paved, the cleanliest kept part of the metropolis, and contains many of the most brilliant shops in London. In Cheapside, in the Poultry, in the neighborhood of the General Post-office, in King William and in Cannon streets, a stranger may shop to great advantage. In Cannon street a fragment of the London Stone, supposed to be the great central mile-stone from which the British high roads radiated, and to have been placed in its present location more than a thousand years ago, is still to be seen. It is mentioned as a landmark in a list of rents belonging to Christ's Church in Canterbury, in the time of King Athelstan, who reigned in the tenth century.

One of the noblest charities in the city of London is Christ's Hospital, which was due to the exertions of the good citizens to provide for a large homeless population. Henry VIII assisted this work by large grants, and young King Edward VI gave the hospital its name. The hospital was not originally, as it is to-day, a school, but at all times its directors rescued young children from the streets to shelter, feed, and clothe them. For more than three hundred years Christ's Hospital has been a school, and is proud of its old traditions and its ancient uniform. Many a fashionable mother presents with pride her son attired in the long blue coat and yellow stockings, and wearing the livery girdle which all the children received at Christ's Hospital must wear. They go bareheaded in all times and seasons, and one of these boys, on his vacation visit to the Continent, is as much followed and stared at as a lion or an elephant would be. There are

but a few arches and a bit of a cloister of the old building remaining. Many of the oldest buildings have been restored. From Newgate street the public can look in upon the great hall, and, on any Friday, may get admittance to see the children having their supper in this hall, the eight or nine hundred boys, in quaint costumes, going carefully over the various ceremonies which have come down to them from the sixteenth century. The Charter House, in Aldersgate street, is another noble charity, founded by a London merchant, where eighty pensioners live together in collegiate style, and where forty poor boys are annually received for free education. This Charter House, which has given to the world Sir William Blackstone, Addison, Richard Steele, John Wesley, George Grote, and Bishop Thirlwall, has an income of £29,000 sterling annually. Yet another college is that named after Sir Thomas Gresham where lectures are annually delivered on different sciences, free of any charge to the public.

Christ's Hospital is filled with memories of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, all of whom are blue-coat boys. It has many ancient privileges, such as that of addressing the Sovereign on the occasion of his or her coming into the City to partake of the hospitalities of the corporation. Presentations to this school are greatly coveted. The institution has five hundred governors, headed by the royal family, and many of these have the privilege of presenting pupils.

Not far from Blackfriars Bridge and looming up a conspicuous monument as the traveller from west to east enters the domains of the City by way of the embankment, is the office of "The Times," which is now in the hundredth year of its existence, and which was never more brilliant and prosperous than

at present. "The Times" is the epitome of English achievement, day by day, and has the utter lack of self-consciousness and the quiet dignity which are so noticeable in an Englishman, and it also has the abundant confidence and the utter inability to look at any subject from other than an English point of view. In its huge red brick building "The Times" sits enthroned a positive authority, against which many cavil, but none dare rebel. The present office stands upon the sight of the old Monastery of Blackfriars, in Printing House Square. Mr W Fraser Rae, a noted English publicist has recently given to the world a brilliant monogram on the centenary of "The Times" in which he traces through a hundred years the course of the great paper. Perhaps no incident in the history of this journal is more striking than its exposure of a vast conspiracy that had been formed for swindling foreign bankers out of £1,000,000 sterling. "The Times" was quite successful in the unearthing of this fraud, and its services to commerce are commemorated by a tablet in the Royal Exchange. There have been three generations of Walters, proprietors and conductors of "The Times," which is a magnificent property. In the printing of this journal, which sometimes comprises sixteen large and well-printed pages, a perfected press, invented by the third Walter, is used. The main features of this are simplicity and compactness, combined with enormous speed in working. A large reel, covered with a canvas roll of paper, revolves at the one end, at the other end the printed sheets issue, folded and printed ready for the publisher, at the rate of fifteen thousand copies per hour. The paper on the reel is four miles long. In less than half an hour these four miles of

paper are converted into newspapers "Every night," says Mr. Rae, "when the Walter presses are running in 'The Times' office, a quantity of paper weighing ten tons and representing a roll one hundred and sixty miles long, is thus transformed into newspapers." The

civilized or partly civilized world, constitute one of the most wonderful intellectual achievements of modern times. No matter how tremendous the expense and effort attendant upon the getting of telegraphic news, "The Times" never blusters about these



SALVATION ARMY

editor of "The Times" is no longer a one-man power, striking terror because of his very mystery. Much of the work of decision is done in council, but there is still an enormous amount of detail, which falls upon the shoulders of the chief, and it is no secret that Mr. Chenery, the late editor, who has been succeeded by the able Mr. Buckle, died of overwork. The telegraphic pages of "The Times," embodying as they frequently do on a Monday morning, lengthy dispatches from every part of

things, but prints, in its bright, clean type, on its immaculate paper, the news of the world.

There are always "causes" to take up much of the attention of the papers of the great city, and among the latest is the movement for perpetual religious excitement known as the "Salvation Army." The military nomenclature of its machinery masks a worthy scheme for reaching a class that is not touched by the churches. It is not wisely managed, but it does much good.

CHAPTER SEVENTY.

The Smoke and Dirt of London — Temperature — Poor People and Dirty People — The London Season — What it Is, and What it Means — The Races — The Derby — Going Down to Epsom — The Return — Goodwood — Ascot — The Royal Academy — John Millais — Sir Frederick Leighton — Music and Musicians

AT six o'clock on a June morning the stranger who takes a walk through London can scarcely realize that it is the same city, in the same country, which he visited on four o'clock of a November afternoon. Before the millions of fires are lighted, and the thick, black smoke begins to pour out from the chimneys, the soft gray of the skies, and the grayish-brown of the noble lines of buildings, walls, and monuments, and the great houses and bouquets of trees and evergreen foliage, harmonize perfectly. In this tranquil morning hour London would be, if its streets were clean almost as beautiful as Paris. But the smoke, meeting the mist, hovers in the street, as soon as the thousands of foundries, breweries, manufactories of all sorts, and the domestic hearths have lighted their fires, and from nine o'clock in the morning until late at night London has a climate peculiar to itself. "The temperature of the air in the metropolis," says Mr. Timbs, "is raised by the artificial sources of heat existing in no less than two degrees, on the average mean, above that in its immediate vicinity." All the artificial sources of heat, with the exception of the domestic fires, continue in full operation throughout the summer.

It would seem as if the excess of the London temperature is still greater in June than in January, but the fact is otherwise. The excess of the city tem-

perature is greater in winter, and at that period seems to belong entirely to the nights, which average considerably warmer than in the country, while the heat of the days, owing, without doubt, to the interception of the solar rays by the constant fall of smoke, falls, on a mean, about one-third of a degree short of that in the open plains. "There are hundreds of places in London" says Mr. Timbs, "into which the wind never finds admission, and even on the widest streets there are many through which a free current is rarely blown. It is only in the night, when combustion, in some measure, ceases, and the whole surface of the earth is cooled, that the gases are gradually removed and the whole atmosphere of the city is brought into an equality."

If London could dispense with the burning of coal it would be transformed, in less than a month, from one of the smokiest and dirtiest cities in the world into one of the most picturesque and beautiful. The mists and fogs which visit the metropolis would lend an additional picturesqueness to the old and mysterious city, but they are mixed with sulphurous fumes, which are very unhealthy, for many medical authorities assert a constant lowering of the physical type in London, and question whether the London population could be perpetuated without a perpetual influx of fresh blood from outside.

from other countries. The smoke and the coal-dust, the sulphate of ammonia, produced in the atmosphere by the burning of enormous quantities of coal, and the sulphurous acid, are at first intensely disagreeable to the stranger. If a window be left slightly open, books, writing-paper, fine linens, and silks are found soiled and smudged with the black particles which hover in to do their unpleasant work, and a wristband, immaculate at nine o'clock, must be changed at noon. One soon discovers why it is that the

Londoner is perpetually washing his hands, and that toilet-rooms are to be

clever dramatist and journalist, Mr. George Sims, electrified benevolent London when he showed, in a well-written pamphlet, how the poor of London live, how they are crowded in dens such as exist in no continental city. The instinct of decency and cleanliness seems to be banished from the souls of these people, who live in an atmosphere of unsavory odors, and whose methods of thought are so muddled by constant absorption of beer and spirits that they do not realize their own degradation. In addition to the very poor there is an adventurous class, several hundred thousand strong, which passes a wretched existence of expedients and make-shifts, living in almost bare, comfortless lodgings, knowing no warmth or light save that of the public house or the theatre, or



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE

found in every crowded thoroughfare. From the difficulty of keeping clean in London town probably arises the fashion prevalent among the upper classes of speaking of the poor as dirty people. In no other place in the world is a smart, even an elegant, exterior so important as in London. The papers record with surprise the appearance of a well-dressed man in the dock of a police or criminal court. To be ill-dressed is almost a crime.

The poor people in London are indeed dirty people, and they have few facilities for the promotion of cleanliness. That

that of the too rare sunlight during the short summer.

London has its fashionable season, its period of social and intellectual, as well as chief commercial, activity, in the months of March, April, May, June, July, and August. The "season" proper may be said to begin after Easter, and to close punctually with the rising of Parliament, on the 12th of August. In February and March publishers are busy with new books, the painters are frantic with preparations for annual exhibitions, horse-racing begins, the university crews are busily at work on the river, finish-

ing with their annual struggle. But house-keeper is nervous with ambition to "town," as all Englishmen call it, is make money, and in the great metropolis, with four and a half millions of people, a stranger who arrives on a sum-



THE QUEEN CONFERRING THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD

Then the rich families come in from their country retreats. The fashionable hotels treble their rates. The gentlemen who pay ten guineas for their suite of rooms during the spring are asked to pay thirty after the first of May or to retire. Every landlord and lodging-

mer evening has an excellent chance of sleeping in the streets, if he has not engaged his rooms several days beforehand.

It is not the foreigners, but the English of the upper and middle classes, who spend the money during the season.

The British hotel-keeper professes some slight disdain for American patronage, because the American does not drink wine. A country squire, a prosperous clergyman with his family, or a rich manufacturer, with his half-dozen grown-up daughters, one or two smart sons, and his bustling wife, will spend as much money at dinner at a London hotel as an American party will dispense in a day. The well-to-do country people enjoy their London season and lavish money upon it. If they economize it is in the discreet privacy of their rural home. One cannot pass through the London season without heavy expense. The ancient and rather shabby lodging-houses in the historic streets on the Strand, and in the great squares at the West End, are almost as expensive as the mammoth modern hotel. The theatre, the opera, and concert are all dear in comparison with ordinary prices in America. A seat at a fashionable theatre, where the play begins at a quarter before nine o'clock and closes promptly at eleven, costs half a sovereign, or \$2 50. Flowers, fruit, and, in short, everything which partakes of the nature of a luxury, are dear, even at a central market like Covent Garden. But England is filled with people who are rich and whose fathers were rich before them, and who scarcely appreciate the value of money. The luxurious and handsome hotels in London, at the termini of the great railways, profess to make moderate charges, but to live in them as one lives in an American hotel one must pay nearly double the American charges. London plucks the stranger within her gates, whether he comes from outside England or from foreign parts, but the resident finds it a cheap, healthy, and agreeable place to live in. He learns not to think of the weather at all. In-door life is

comfortable and entertaining, and when the Englishman goes out of doors, it is for vigorous exercise on horseback, on the river, in the cricket field, or a brisk walk along the suburban streets, or a thirty-mile promenade on the bicycle, which has become almost as prominent an institution in London as a family carriage.

The holidays, festal occasions, political and sporting anniversaries are important events in the London season. After Easter comes a Bank holiday, while business is suspended when the Quarter Sessions begin. On the second Sunday after Easter the Conservatives celebrate what is called Primrose Day, the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, in 1881. In May the Academy exhibition of paintings is opened, and on the evening preceding it, unless it be a Sunday, a grand dinner is given at Burlington House, at which the president of the Royal Academy presides, and speeches are expected from the Prime Minister, foreign ambassadors, distinguished orators and writers. In May, too, comes the anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, — a Bank holiday, — when all the commercial world enjoys a rest, and the younger class of employes a great frolic. Next in order are the Epsom races, and the Whitsuntide holidays.

The Derby, famous the world over, is one of the most curious and interesting of the racing-festivals in England, and brings out the most motley collection of people of all classes that can be seen during the year. The great annual meeting, on Epsom Downs, takes place just before Whitsuntide, from Tuesday to Friday. Wednesday is the Derby, Friday is the Oaks, or, as the populace would call it, "The Hoaks." If the English think it extraordinary that the

French should always choose a Sunday for any grand parliamentary display before the beginning of an important debate, the French think it no less singular that the English should adjourn their Parliament in order that its members may attend a horse-race. Legislation is, in fact, invariably adjourned for the Derby, and Sir Wilfred Lawson and other reformers spend their breath in vain in pointing out the wickedness of wasting people's time in attendance upon a trivial sport. The passion for horse-flesh is so great in England that it infiltrates into conversation and metaphor. The slang of the turf is often used in political illustration, and instances may be mentioned where it has been employed in describing the charms of an actress or a professional beauty. The sailor and the jockey contribute thousands of phrases to English conversation. On the Derby day, in the afternoon, all business in London is suspended, except the important business of transportation. Thousands upon thousands of people have gone down by road on drags and coaches, packed with hampers of food and drink, and, long before the hour of the races, are ranged in rows on the fuzzy and irregular hill-sides, which are thronged with a collection of mountebanks, gypsies, and adventurers of all classes, and brown-faced fortune-tellers, mounted on stilts, come to the drags to tell the fortunes of the ladies seated there. Young clerks from the city have begun their libations at an early hour, and soon quarrel and fight. A "Welcher," or a betting man who cheats, is thrashed within an inch of his life. The enormous grand-stand, which can accommodate thousands, sends forth a shout of half awe-struck pleasure when the arrival of the Prince of Wales is announced, and it is not too

much to say that when the horses are led forth upon the turf fifty thousand people rush to their heels to admire and comment upon their points. The race itself is like all horse-races, — interesting mainly to those who have risked upon the result. The races have been regularly run at Epsom since the time of James I when he lived at Nonsuch palace, and was fond of visiting the Derbys to see the horses run. In their present form the races date from 1780. Formerly there were spring and autumn meetings, but now there is a spring meeting in April, lasting only two days, and from which the fashionable world holds aloof. Then there is the May meeting, from the Tuesday to Friday before Whitsuntide, unless Easter comes in March, when the races take place after the Whitsuntide week. Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, established the race known by his name, in 1780, and in the year previous to this he established the "Oaks," so called from one of his country seats. The Derby race proper is a one-and-one-half-mile contest for three-year-old gelds and fillies, and is usually run in from two minutes and forty-three seconds to two minutes and fifty-two and one-half seconds. Thirty years ago Tattersall's, the great sporting rendezvous in Auction Hall for horses in London, was crowded at the book-making before the Derby day with a miscellaneous collection of peers and plebeians and prize-fighters, "butchers, bakers, and candle-stick-makers," farmers, soldiers, and even ladies, — all anxious to indulge in this form of gambling. The owner of a Derby winner, on one occasion, had to receive £70,000 from the ring at Tattersall's, and so strict are the regulations that on the settling day all this money, with the exception of £200 or £300, was in the hands of his bankers. Jockeys like

Archer, Fordham, and Wood accumulate large fortunes, and Archer, who heads the list of winning jockeys in England and France (for he often rides at the races on Longchamps, in Paris), makes as much money as the most successful of dramatic authors or leading actors

During the last racing season five prominent English gentlemen, owners of five studs of horses, won more than £10,000 each, Mr T Hammond winning £12,379, Mr

which the view extends, on one side, to Windsor Castle, and on the other to St. Paul's Cathedral, and all the way up to London, fifteen miles, along pleasant country roads, well dotted with rural inns, with furzy banks, copious forests, country valleys, surrounded with handsome shrubbery, — there is a veritable carnival of the rudest horse-play and sport. The noisy people feel it their duty and their privilege to attack quiet people, and as two-thirds of the holiday-makers ride upon the tops of drags or in open wagons a kind of battle goes on. Now and then the quiet people are provoked into retaliation by streams of water poured on them from squirt-guns, made especially for the occasion, and by a shower of pocket-flasks, stale biscuits, bits of lobster-shells, and even champagne bottles. Every license that the exhilaration of fresh air and an unlimited quantity of wine can produce seems permitted, and the interference of the police would be looked upon as an unheard-of innovation. The object of the rougher class seems to be to ruin the garments and

spoil the pleasure of the gentler number, and in this they thoroughly succeed. The result is that gentlemen who visit the Derby clothe themselves for the occasion in garments of simple gray and in white hats, which they count upon laying aside as useless thereafter. The ladies,

with their customary tact, dress in sober colors, and if the road carnival becomes too uproarious they take refuge in the interior of the coaches. It was once my fortune to visit the Derby with a party who had in their service a huge, good-natured, and neatly dressed American negro. This unfortunate servant occu-



ON THE ROAD TO EPSOM

R. Peck, £11,906, the Duke of Westminster, £11,769, Mr. Manlon, £11,494, and Mr. Rothschild, £10,931

The return from the Derby is a sight that, once seen, is never to be forgotten. Thousands of coaches, drags, light carriages, omnibuses, and country wagons stream down past the grand-stand, from



FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND

ned a conspicuous place on the front of the drag; but before we had gone ve miles on our return he was hidden nder the back seat in the interior, whence he hardly dared to emerge after e was in the comfortable security f the stable at a London hotel. Here nd there on the road from Epsom up to

London certain societies post good-looking men, who hold up placards for the contemplation of the crowd. These placards are generally adorned with religious mottoes and devices, and on one occasion a huge poster displayed these words, "Where will all this end? In hell-fire."

There are numerous races after the Epsom during the season; the summer meeting at Sandown, the Ascot, to which the fashionable world goes in throngs, the New Market meeting, and the Goodwood meeting, — all these are great events for society; and even the Queen has been known to attend the races at Ascot on the cup day. Perhaps the most brilliant assemblage of ladies in the early part of the London season is to be found at Epsom, on the Oaks day, — the Derby being more especially reserved for gentlemen.

The private view days at the Academy and the Grosvenor exhibitions bring together large gatherings of celebrities. In the handsome rooms devoted to the Royal Academy in Burlington House some seventeen hundred pictures, or perhaps half as many as are annually displayed at the Paris Salon, are exhibited. The characteristics of the English painting are too well known to need much discussion here. The foreign observer looks in vain for the brilliancy of tone and the harmony of color to which the continental schools of painting have accustomed him. He finds in the solid and enduring works of John Millais, Alma Tadema, Mr Watts, Luke Fildes, Mr Holl, Mr Herkomer, and Sir Frederick Leighton, enough talent, even genius, to bestow renown upon any academy. Sir Frederick Leighton is the accomplished and versatile president of the Royal Academy. The foreigner looks with astonishment upon the great mass of dull and flaccid compositions by the younger men. If English art needs any informing purpose it is that of sunshine. It wants blue sky and translucent atmosphere. Now and then a master like Millais can extract a weird poetry and charm from the sombre and gray qualities of a Scotch landscape, as

in his noted picture of "Chill October." The Academy is filled with capricious painters, who delight in fantastic and unnatural subjects, in which they can use colors evolved from their own imagination rather than copied from anything in the visible universe. In portraiture the Academy is strong. All the English pictures, except the above-mentioned portraits, have a strong literary tinge, — they tell a story, often striking, sometimes touching. The English painter is not satisfied, like the French, with mere contrast of color without coherence, he wishes to recite something, to interest more in his subject than in his technique. The military painters are not very numerous for a nation so often at war as Great Britain. Neither do the painters appear to have profited by the picturesque facilities offered in India and other dependencies of Great Britain for the choice of taking subjects. English and Scotch people, it is said, wish English and Scotch pictures, and there is no doubt they will pay liberally for them. Nowhere else in the world does the modern painter get more splendid remuneration than in London. Half-a-dozen of the leading artists live in veritable palaces, which are the outgrowth of their own industry, — "industry" is perhaps the proper word. John Millais lives in a noble mansion, and has a spacious studio, in which he often receives royalty. Sir Frederick Leighton inhabits a phenomenal house, with tessellated pavements, cool court-yards, cabinets filled with antiquities and costly *bric-à-brac*, and receives like a prime minister or a peer of the realm. George Boughton and Alma Tadema also have fine places of residence. Tadema's house is like his work, archaeological and fascinating. In the neighborhood of Holland Park there is an artistic colony, with dozens

of roomy, noble houses, where painters live in a very different style from that of the traditional garret to which they were supposed to be condemned. Besides the annual Academy exhibition there is a fine display of the works of living painters, in oil and water colors, on the 1st of May, at the Grosvenor Gallery, which was established by Sir Coutts Lindsay a few years ago, doubtless to give increased facilities for exhibition to painters who are crowded out of the Academy. Then there is a society of painters in water-colors, of which Sir John Gilbert is the president; also the Institute of painters in water-colors, the Society of British Artists; and the general exhibition of water-colors, which has a black-and-white exhibition during the season, and other minor displays. The English government gives a liberal aid to art, and the multiplication of art-schools throughout the kingdom is very remarkable. All this movement in favor of art-schools and art-education sprang from the exhibition of 1851, and from the impulse given to the study of the beautiful by that good and able man, the Prince Consort.

Of good music in London there is no lack during "the season." London has no opera-houses which can vie in splendor with those of Paris and Vienna, but in prosperous seasons there are two Italian operas and a German opera, conducted by Hans Richter, who has a great repu-

tation in London. The concerts are legion. The real impulse to musical culture in London is given by the Germans. Sir Julius Benedict is deservedly popular, and, despite his great age, still conducts with vigor and skill. Sir Arthur Sullivan, famous because of his light operas, is already renowned for solid musical accomplishments. Sir George Grove and Mr. McKenzie are among the chief authorities in the musical world. The aristocracy does but little for good music. The famous Philharmonic Society, which Mendelssohn used to conduct, gives concerts at St. James's Hall, beginning in February, and continuing into the season. The Richter concerts are also given at St. James's Hall. The Philharmonic's audiences are mainly recruited from the upper ranks of English society, the prosperous and cultivated Germans and Jews attend the Richter series. One of the odd institutions of London is the "Ballad Concert." The populace is never tired of the little tooting ballad or simple song. Its appetite for these modest forms of musical composition is enormous. The culture of sacred music is very important. There is a sacred harmonic society conducted by Charles Halle, a German, who has lived in London for nearly a half-century, also the Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnaby, and the Bach Society, where Mr. Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, wields the baton.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

Queen's Weather — The Coaching Meets — The Flower Shows — Simplicity of English Manners —
 Politeness and Excellence — Foreigners and English Society — The London Theatre. — Ellen
 Terry — Wilson Barrett — English Comedy Writers — In the Parks — Rotten Row — Some
 Noble Houses in London — A Town of Men — Political Influence — The Clubs

IN the high London season there is more out-of-door life, there are more lawn and garden parties, more assemblages of fashionable ladies and gentlemen at the flower shows of the great horticultural societies, than would at first seem possible in a country with a climate so variable as that of England. If the climate is variable, however, it is also eccentric, and now and then the Londoners are gratified with a summer which has the strange charm of the North with the sweetness and subtlety of the South. In 1884 for instance, in the great gardens attached to the South Kensington Museum, where a successful "Health Exhibition" was held, thousands of gentlemen in evening dress paraded after dinner on the green lawns and on terraces until the late darkness came, at half-past nine or ten o'clock, after which the grounds were illuminated, and London seemed transformed into Upper Italy or Southern France. Mr Punch, in his sprightly periodical, once illustrated by means of a picture the reason why the British public did not take kindly to *utiles* of the Parisian form. He showed a crowd of stout dowagers and fat fathers of families suddenly subjected to a shower of sleet, just as they had begun to enjoy their coffee in the open air. The people of London have a phrase, however, which illustrates their devotion to the Royal Family and their appreciation of a fine day. They say

when the sun is radiant and there are no sudden changes that it is "Queen's Weather." Oddly enough, whenever Her Gracious Majesty appears in public, she is blessed with tranquil skies and the absence of down-pour, but other members of the Royal Family and other English personages are not so fortunate. The orator who goes to address a public meeting without his Macintosh or his umbrella is as foolish as if he went without the subject-matter of his speech.

The "Coaching Meets" and the "Flower Shows" bring together as fine a collection of handsome men and pretty women as can be found in any European capital. London takes a special pride in its flowers and fruit, which are forced into a precocious and somewhat abnormal maturity in the great conservatories and forcing houses. The prosperous merchant likes to boast of his orchids, rhododendrons, and an infinite variety of roses. This is indeed a more creditable fashion than a pronounced extravagance in the line of fast horses, wines, or even old china. There is in the English capital a very large class devoted to the doctrines of Mr Bunthorne, — a class which, while perhaps it does not accept Oscar Wilde as its apostle, still follows pre-Raphaelitism in dress and in the furnishings of its homes. These people stand out in bold relief against the sturdy mass of English folk of all classes, and there are few if any of them

in the upper circles. An English Duke is bluff and simple in his ways, delighting rather, if he boasts at all, to boast of his drawings by Raphael, and his majestic parks and lakes, than of any peculiarities in costume or speech. There is even an affectation of simplicity on the part of certain noblemen of high rank, a kind of deference to the growing democratic feeling, but a deference which the gentlemen in question would doubtless be slow to acknowledge if they were accused of it. An ill-natured critic has said that an English public is captivated by eccentricities quite as much as by excellence. This is but partly true. Originality in thought and expression is always respected by English society, although it sometimes calls forth comments of extreme bluntness, and criticisms which in some circles might be called rude. To win the respect of the English the foreigner must remain *himself*, and never attempt to copy English ways of speech or dress.

Taking the London season altogether it may perhaps be called the most interesting one in Europe. There is less of dramatic, but more of musical, brilliancy in the London than in the Paris season. There are more circles, each one larger, more entertaining and wealthier, in London than elsewhere. Set down a foreigner in London from any part of the world, accord to him a good appearance and character, a certain refinement, and a few letters of introduction, and if he does not at once find the sort of society which he likes he will be very hard to please. He will not find the upper world at all difficult of access, if he is celebrated, amusing, or instructive, and, on the contrary, if he is dull and selfish, even though he have millions, he cannot enter the charmed sphere. London wants the best in people and in things,

and recognizes, with great impartiality and good-nature, all kinds of merit. When it has once adopted a favorite in a certain specialty it hesitates for some time before accepting a rival in the same line. It appears to think that it can be loyal to but one excellence in a single department, and if that excellence receives the seal of royal praise it is guaranteed a permanence in public favor which nothing short of a great scandal or misfortune can destroy.

The theatre plays an important part in the recreations of the London high season, and great progress has been made in the last few years in the mounting and production of plays. In scenic splendor London is easily the superior of Paris to-day, the Parisians having given themselves bodily to the spectacle, with its mane jokes, and its silly, fairy extravagances, while the ordinary French comedy, illustrative of manners and morals, requires no scenery beyond that of a parlor, a field, or a garden. The latest production of the brilliant Dumis, the comedy of "Denise," is in four acts, without any change from the scenery of the first act. Mr. Irving, and, later, Mr. Wilson Barrett, have given a sharp influence to the archaeological school upon the stage. In their productions at the Lyceum and the Princess's Theatre of Shakespearian plays and melodramas they have expended large sums in strict adherence to realism, and with the view to great splendor. Mr. Irving is, and will long remain, *fiacre princeps* in the London theatrical world, for he unites to his extraordinary ability as a stage manager that grain of genius, combined with eccentricity, which captivates the London heart. No one is better fitted than Miss Ellen Terry to serve as a piquant contrast to his varied moods, and to

portray the chief feminine characters in the plays which he has so strongly stamped with his own individuality. Mr. Wilson Barrett is a newer applicant for London favor, but has made rapid progress, and stands almost shoulder to shoulder with Irving. In three or four years he has secured a prominence which no one dared prophesy for him. The production of "Claudian" and similar plays marks a new era at the old and well-known Princess's. Of good comedians, men and women, London has no lack, many of them are as familiar to the American as to the English public. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. David James, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Hart Conway, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Toole, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Calhoun (an American girl, who has made a fine reputation in London), Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Tenniss (who appears to have been created expressly to act harmoniously and impressively with our brilliant companion, Miss Anderson), and others less known outside of London, yet who compare favorably with the actors and actresses of Vienna. With bright fun and burlesque London is amply supplied, and a house in which the orchestra stalls are occupied by courtiers, parsons and their families, or by proud old dowagers from the upper circles of some rich county, will listen without apparent prudishness to what would scarcely pass unchallenged on the American stage. What Mr. Irving, Mr. Barrett, and one or two others have done for the London theatre is to raise it from the level of an amusement to that of an art. For those who wish merely to be amused, the late Mr. Byron and the very lively and witty Mr. Albery, as well as the perennial Mr. Gilbert, the Siamese twin of Sir Arthur Sulli-

van, furnish all that is necessary. The London critics of the theatre and the concert are severe and just. Among them are many celebrities, like Mr. Burnand, editor of "Punch", Mr. Knight, of the "Athenæum", Mr. Sala, of the "Telegraph", Mr. Yates, of the "World", Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Saville Clarke, and the industrious Mr. Sims, who both writes and criticises plays. If the London stage has not yet produced artists to take the place of Phelps and Buckstone, and of Adelaide Neilson, there is no reason to believe that it will not one day find them, and it seems certain that at no remote period England will have a school of contemporary comedy writers as good as those of the old days. The obstacles that block the way at present are the indisposition of the public to listen to the treatment of English social topics with the frankness with which French comedians can discuss French society, and the ease with which a French piece can be adapted, remodelled, and anglicized, so as to make a delightful work, free from guile, and sparkling with wit. English society is so different in many small and, at first sight, unperceptible particulars, even from American society, that when Mr. Benson Howard undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Albery, the adaptation of "The Banker's Daughter" to a London stage, he was met in almost every scene with the remark from his collaborer, "That will not do here, that must be changed. Our audiences would not understand that, the young lady would not do that in London," and so on *ad infinitum*.

The "Rotten Row" has sometimes been thought to derive its odd name from *Route du Roi* — the King's Way, but Mr. Timbs tells us that the name "rotten" is distinctly to be traced to

rotteran, to muster. This seems natural enough, as Hyde Park was used for a muster-ground during the civil war, and many great reviews have been held there. It must be a very ugly day indeed when "Rotten Row," in Hyde Park, is not filled during the high season from five to seven o'clock, and often in the morning hours, with throngs of pretty women of all ages from sixteen to sixty, escorted by gay young cavaliers, or by hale and fat old millionaires and members of Parliament, peers and promoters of companies, merchants and professional men, taking their ride, and exhibiting as pretty a command of noble horses as can be seen anywhere in the world. From all the aristocratic sections, — from Grosvenor and Berkeley squares, from Park Lane and Mayfair, from Belgrave square and St James's square, and even from the grave and decorous district westward from Portland place, between Oxford street and Marylebone road, from Westbourne terrace, from the pretty districts around Regent's Park, — hundreds of horsemen and equestriennes take their way to the park after a late lunch, ride till dinner time, and return home only in time to dress for that repast. The fashionable day, to use an Hibernianism, is in the night. The daylight hours are spent in vigorous recruiting of the energies which have been exhausted by "ball and rout" (for the English still use the old-fashioned "rout"), by receptions and dinner-parties, crushes in the *salons* of the ambassadors, or late suppers after the theatre. During the "season" most of the noble town houses of the aristocracy are occupied. Some of these are veritable palaces, worthy of the best days of Italy. Apsley House, the old home of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner, is above a century old, and a

mob demonstration at the time of the first Reform Bill broke its windows, whereupon the old Duke put up iron shutters, which remained there during his lifetime. Apsley House is famous for its picture-gallery, in which the Waterloo banquet was annually held on the 15th of June, until 1852. It contains one of the most noted *Correggios* in the world. Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, dates from the early part of this century. Here the hospitable Duke receives company from all parts of the world, and now and then the mansion, which is not unlike a Genoese palace, has a grand staircase and is filled with celebrated pictures and statues is thrown open to persons who attend a concert or entertainment in aid of some charity. The picture-gallery in Stafford House is said to be the most magnificent room in London. Munillo Thorwaldsen *Correggio* Lawience, Ffytche and Lundsee have contributed to the decoration of this noble house, built for the late Duke of York at whose death the lease was sold to the first Duke of Sutherland. The Marquis of Westminster has a grand mansion, called Grosvenor House, in Upper Grosvenor street, and it contains *Munillos*, *Titians*, *Gudons*, *Rembrandts*, a miraculous Paul Potter, and a group of the best works of Rubens, four of which were bought out of a Spanish convent for £10,000. The Duke of Devonshire has a plain, rather ugly, mansion, called after his title, in Piccadilly. It is not strange that a man who has so splendid a country home as Chatsworth should not care for an expensive London residence. In Lansdowne House, belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Priestley made the discovery of oxygen, and in the picture-gallery there hang the portraits of Hogarth, of

Peg Woffington, and of the painter himself. The Marquis of Hertford, Sir Robert Peel, Lionel de Rothschild, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Dudley, the Duke of Norfolk, and many other noblemen have fine collections of paintings, ancient and modern.

London speedily impresses the stranger as a town of men. At first sight the foreigner moving about in the great metropolis seems to discover in it no place in public for the gentler half of the human race. While in Paris one finds ladies almost everywhere that gentlemen may go, in London they seem to be confined to their homes, to the parks, and to brief excursions from their carriages to shops. At the theatre, and at some of the fashionable restaurants, brilliant toilets and pretty faces may be seen, but the exterior of London is not sufficiently inviting to draw forth the ladies daily and at all hours as one may see them in Paris and Vienna. In London the masculine mind is supreme. From time to time there have been salons governed by ladies of distinction and having a wide influence, as in Paris, but now they scarcely exist. Mr. Escott tells us that it is "because the social conditions of English society have changed that the *salon*, in the sense in which it is usually spoken of, has almost ceased to exist, rather than because no opportunities or inducements are to be found to influence politics through society." He also tells us that Lady Palmerston, who died in 1868, has had no successor. Lord Palmerston was indebted for most of his influence and popularity to the social tact of his wife and to her *salon*. "Lady Palmerston," says Mr. Escott, "received not only at night, but in the day, and all her invitation cards were written with her own hand. By consummate skill she pre-

served for her assemblies the seal of distinction, and every one who was invited to them regarded the invitation as an honor, although he was not single in the enjoyment of it." There was no resort in London so interesting to the man of the world, or so useful to the politician. Ministers went there to ascertain the true current of public and polite opinion. Mr. Escott goes on to tell us that "more than one great lady has tried to fill the place left vacant by Lady Palmerston," but that she has uniformly failed, because her invitations were in the hands of, and were issued by, secretaries, whips, and clerks. He adds that the great leaders of the two chief political parties in the state cannot and will not study the art of social entertainment, and that dinners and receptions are given as matters of necessity and not of choice.

A considerable political influence is doubtless wielded by the mistresses of many country-houses, who enjoy good position and large fortune, and who can invite to their homes large categories of celebrities every year. A lady who lives for six months in a palatial home only two or three miles from the metropolis, and who assembles about her the best minds of the times, sometimes takes pleasure in giving these minds an impulse and watching the result of that impulse, during the four or five months of the high season, when the political and intellectual activity of London is at its best. Mr. Escott says that English society has been greatly modified since the Reform Bill of 1832, and that it at present comprises, closely blended together, the aristocracy, the democracy, and the plutocracy. He thinks the aristocratic principle has been strengthened and extended in its operation by the plutocracy, but the antagonism

between wealth and birth has long been disappearing. Yet the homage paid by society in England to the aristocratic principle is genuine. In clubs the blending of aristocracy and plutocracy constantly goes on, although the plutocrat often has to submit to extreme rudeness on the part of the aristocratic gentlemen whose society he covets and courts. Many a newly enriched Englishman makes himself permanently unhappy by forcing his way into a club the other members of which owe their wealth to their parents, and are beginning to assume that haughtiness which appears to accompany remoteness from trade in Great Britain. "To belong to a club," remarks Mr. Escott, "does not necessarily guarantee a personal acquaintance with any one of the members." "In some clubs where a less rigid system of etiquette exists it is not thought irregular for one member to address another of whom he knows nothing if they happen to occupy contiguous chairs in the smoking-room. In such matters as these and in many others, every London club of importance has special features of its own." Clubs, he thinks, are useful as a connecting link between society and statesmanship. The Liberal clubs are more comprehensive and homogeneous than the Conservative clubs. The Carlton, the Conservative head-quarters, is "a purely political and social institution—the accepted rendezvous and head-quarters of the accredited representatives of a party. The Reform Club lacks political uniformity among its members, and a pervading consciousness of a political purpose." This English view of the two great representative and opposing English clubs must, I think, have special interest for us. The passion for exclusiveness, so foreign to the American character, so prominent in the Eng-

lish, is equally pronounced in Liberals and Conservatives. "Club-land"—Pall Mall, St. James' street, Albemarle street, Hanover square—is a curious district. The club structures are truly palatial, imposing—models of comfort within. Hundreds of men may be seen at eleven o'clock in the morning, lounging at the windows, looking at the muddy streets and dull houses, apparently thinking of nothing and doing nothing. These gentlemen are faultlessly dressed, have a languid air, and a Frenchman would accuse them of being troubled with spleen. The truth is that most of these gentlemen are active enough in their special and peculiar directions, social, political, or even commercial. The daily lounge at the club is a part of the "good form" which is so requisite to the Londoner of the upper classes. In the Reform and the Carlton, and at Brooks, nearly all the political celebrities of England may be seen some time during the season. If a foreign visitor could stand in Pall Mall for twelve hours, and have pointed out to him by some one familiar with London faces the gentlemen who go in and out of the clubs, he would, before two o'clock in the morning, have seen two-thirds of the leading Englishmen. The clubs of the Army and Navy, of the Athenæum, the Travellers', the United Service, the Union, Oxford and Cambridge, the Oriental, the Junior Carlton are thronged every day during the eight or nine months of the year with the wittiest, brightest, the most powerful, and the bravest. So long as these clubs maintain their present position, the *salon* with ladies in command is not likely to reappear. Eastward, and in the Strand, and in Covent Garden are the literary, artistic, and theatrical clubs, and the Garrick Club house, in Covent Garden, and the Savage, in the

Savoy, are familiar to all travelled Americans. In one or two club organizations the rather unwonted experiment of bringing ladies and gentlemen together has been encouraged, but has met with small



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success. London has clubs for people interested in mountain explorations in sporting and coaching, for amateur artists and collectors of art, for merchants and bankers, for officers in the East India service, for gentlemen devoted to the noble art of pigeon-shooting, polo clubs in great numbers, clubs for improving the breed of dogs, clubs for the officers

of the Six Services; clubs of the Church of England, clubs for yacht-owners, clubs for the promotion of canoeing, for the cultivation of chess, diplomatic clubs, fat-cattle clubs, and clubs for

whist, as well as clubs political, literary, artistic, and theatrical. There are Shakespeare, "New Shakespeare," Plato, and Goethe societies, and literary societies for the study of even contemporary poets as Browning, which often draw upon themselves considerable ridicule by their enthusiasm. The Browning society is active in study of the great poet to whose fame it has devoted its efforts. Of course Mr Browning, a man of exceptionally robust and serious sense though most kindly and unassuming in social contact has nothing to do with the curious association which assumes his name. The yacht clubs, with their club-houses at

Cowes, Southsea, Queenstown, Harwich, Oban, Rothesay, Southampton, Ryde, and Greenhithe on the Thames, nearly all are presided over by aristocratic commodores, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Connaught, Lord Richard Grosvenor, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and others, all paying special attention to this sort of sport.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO.

The Strand — A Historic Avenue — The City and Country Types — English Love for Nature — The Farmer and his Troubles — Rural Beauty in Warwickshire and Derbyshire — The Shakespeare Festival in 1879 — Stratford — Birmingham, the "Toy Shop of Europe."

NOWHERE does the pulse of London beat more feverishly than in the "Strand," — the long and crowded avenue which leads from Charing Cross to the site of the ancient Temple Bar. Here all classes of English society meet and jostle as nowhere else within the limits of three-quarters of a mile every day, and especially for an hour or two after dinner. Here, too, vice flaunts its dirty wickedness as it dares not do in New York or Paris. London will not have its social irregularities classified or licensed, and gives them full liberty in certain quarters. On the evening of a great national holiday the spectacle in the Strand, and in many streets leading from it, is often shocking. Almost every foot of the historic thoroughfare (which got its name from being at the brink of the Thames) has its interest. In Northumberland Court Nelson lodged, and Ben Jonson lived when a boy. In Craven street Benjamin Franklin long resided. In York House, now replaced by a shop in the Strand, Lord Bacon was born. In Buckingham street lived old Samuel Pepys. At the Adelphi Lady Jane Grey was married. At Coutts Bank Queen Victoria keeps her private account. In Cecil street Congreve invented the rocket. In Fountain Court Blake the painter died. At No. 132 Strand stood the old Drake's Head Coffee-house, of which Dr. Johnson was so fond. In Arundel street is the Arundel Club, whose members sit up all

night to discuss grave questions, and are known as the latest clubmen in London. In Norfolk street lived William Penn. Dr. Johnson and Boswell often took supper at the Whittington Club, still in existence. In Exeter street lived the bookseller from whom Johnson and his pupil G. W. Hick borrowed £5 on their joint note when they first came up to London, and at a wigmaker's in Maiden Lane, Voltaire lived during most of his three years' stay in England. It was the flood of reminiscences and the procession of ghostly figures from the romantic past that made Charles Lamb, as he quaintly tells us "often shed tears for fulness of joy at sight of so much life in the Strand."

Half the gentlemen whom one meets on Regent street or in Piccadilly have what we should call in America a "country air." There is in their dress and in their manner a nameless something which betrays the fact that they spend the greater part of their time outside the walls of a large city. Put them on horseback in the park and they appear more at ease than in the crowded and fashionable thoroughfares. Nine out of ten of them much prefer the easy and luxurious comfort of their secluded homes, buried in the depths of blossoming gardens, and surrounded by blooming hedges in summer, and still keeping in winter something of the verdurous richness for which the rainy island is famous, rather than the hurry

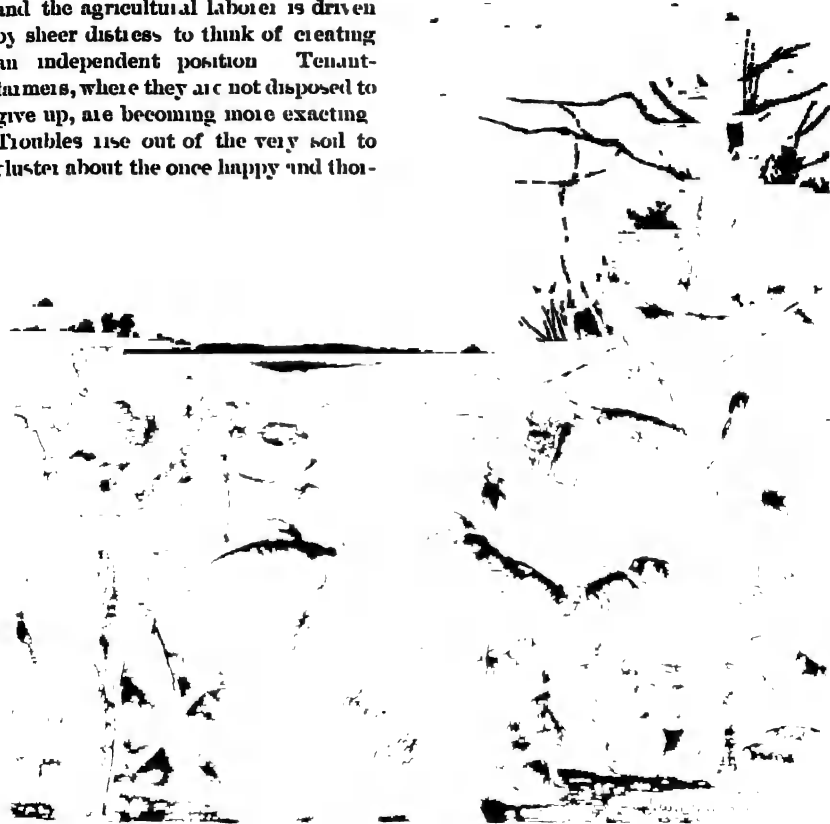
and smoke of the metropolis. To the tenacity with which the Englishman in comfortable circumstances clings to his country or suburban home, and refuses to be ranged and numbered as a constant dweller in the city, may be ascribed the enduring individuality so marked in England. In truth, the great cities throughout the islands might almost be regarded as blots upon the exquisite landscapes. There can be few more startling transitions than that from the sylvan tranquillity of the country round about Chatsworth to the smudge and prosaic gloom of Birmingham, or the arrival in Liverpool after a day's wanderings through the quaint streets in ancient Chester, or the journey from Warwickshire by a swift train into London. Louis Blanc used to say that, in France there was 'an abyss between the city and the country.' Surely there is also a sharp separation and difference in England between town and country. The wealthy Englishman delights in rusticity. He apes none of the foreign distaste for green meadows and for robust exercises. Ninety-nine Englishmen out of one hundred feel a thrill when participating in the vigorous sports of the country-side: the fox hunt, with its brutal pursuit of the wild but fleet enemy of the farmer; the leaping of fences and water-courses, the heavy fall, the assemblage over the sherry bottle before and after the ride, and the discussion after dinner of the day's outing. The blissful glow which follows a complete use of bodily strength all day in the open air is thought finer by many an Englishman than the Italian's ecstatic delight at the opera, or the Oriental's semi-swoon in the rapture induced by perfect climate and lack of aggressive nerves.

Everywhere in the country one finds noble houses, fine lawns, beautifully kept

gardens, greenhouses and fruit orchards; and one sees healthy and placid people quietly enjoying an unambitious and pleasant existence,—not a selfish one, but one filled with hospitality, and of enlivened by refined thought and expression of it. The passion for hunting helter-skelter over fields, without much regard to whom they belong, has received grave checks both in England and Ireland since the land agitation has begun. Mr. Anthony Trollope has told us no little about it in the pretty story of "The American Senator," and the daily press has sufficiently enlightened us as to the peril to Irish aristocrats who try to follow the hounds and sometimes find themselves facing an infuriated Hibernian mob. Going down from London to Portsmouth, one day in midsummer, I observed that all my fellow-travellers in the compartment looked out of the window with great eagerness, and presently I discovered they were noting the game, that whenever a grouse appeared, or a hare scudded away to shelter, they found an amount of pleasure in the spectacle which it was quite out of my power to share. These people live close to Nature, finding a charm in the contrast of Nature's wildness in one region with her complete subjugation to and marriage with art in another close beside it. The era of small farms, minute subdivisions of tilled land,—which would do away with the great "plantations," as they are called, and with the uncultivated places where one who can pay for the privilege may hunt as frequently as primitive man did,—would be looked upon as an unfortunate period by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen. The arrival of the peasant proprietor on the scene would be thought to take away its chief attraction. Yet that advent is near at hand. In many a country a rich land-

owner finds his tenant-farmers giving up in disgust under the pressure of foreign agricultural competition, bad seasons, and poor harvests. The gentleman owner discovers that he must let land lie fallow and the agricultural laborer is driven by sheer distress to think of creating an independent position. Tenant-farmers, where they are not disposed to give up, are becoming more exacting. Troubles rise out of the very soil to cluster about the once happy and thor-

open by the aristocrat, and by-and-by discovers that he is heir to the difficulties in presence of which the aristocrat



STOPPING THE HUNTING

oughly independent landed proprietor. The great aristocrats make concessions in the hope of tiding over the temporary difficulties, incomes are diminished, and people shift their investments from land in England to land in Dakota or Egypt. The plutocrat pops into the place left

had lost his courage. Yet land is the thing most coveted by men of newly acquired wealth in England, and will be so for many a long year to come. The "Statesman's Year Book" of 1884 shows that while the cultivated area in the kingdom has increased by nearly ten

thousand acres since 1881, the area under all kinds of crops has decreased by forty thousand acres

In London one gets the idea that England is perplexed with a thousand difficulties, — annoyed by innumerable anxieties. The atmosphere is one of unrest. The talk is of a military expedition to some remote country, the hap's and mishaps of commerce, the phases of the "Eastern Question," the consolidation of the Colonial Empire, the future of Egypt, the advance of Russia, the competition of America, and the discontent of Ireland. But it is easy to get out of this atmosphere of uncertainty and ambition into a serene England, where the present in nowise disturbs the repose of the past and the beauty of its accumulated memorials. However much London may be convulsed with stormy discussions which seem to involve the future of the whole British Empire, the peasants and the middle classes one or two hundred miles away from the capital are but little interested by these debates. In the pleasant country towns things go on in the same old dreamy and tranquil way in which they have been progressing for hundreds of years. The great land-owner is secure in his castle, and appears unconscious of the fiery utterances of Mr. Chamberlain. The "Squire" is not in the slightest fear of approaching revolution, and the peasantry seem scarcely to have heard of the great change supposed to be impending. There is little doubt that they all know that a silent transformation is beginning; but they make little allusion to it.

The rural beauty of England is so great that the Englishman is excusable for the extreme pride which he takes in it, and for his enthusiasm in the description of it. In no English novel or

essay will there be found much sighing after the soft South, with its semi-tropical warmth and profusion of flowers. The Northerner rejoices in the ruggedness of his hills, his stormy shores, his mysterious mists and fogs, his quaint rocks and inlets. Midland people boast of their great parks and noble pastures, their splendid castles and well-kept farms, and the Southerners, of the grassy downs, and sheltered nooks where even exotic shrubs prosper, and where in summer there is a luxuriance of vegetation and blossom worthy of the Mediterranean shores. If one wishes to get an adequate notion of the supreme content of the Englishman with his island home let him attack its advantages and belittle its excellences. He will soon find sturdy responses to all his strictures and criticisms. Both the English and French are fond of comparing everything they see abroad with something at home, and of making comparisons advantageous to their own possessions.

A curious feature of the country districts in England is often remarked, particularly by American travellers. Although it is said that Great Britain is intensely populated the country does not appear to be so thickly settled as in the older portions of the United States. Thousands of acres are given up to "plantations" of young trees. One may travel miles without meeting a human being or without seeing a farm. The roads, excepting in the vicinity of the great manufacturing towns, are never crowded. Driving or walking through Warwickshire or Derbyshire one does not meet at every turn, as in France, Belgium, and other continental countries, peasants going to and coming from market, or working by the roadside, or bands of strollers. One is often tempted to stop and inquire where the people have gone.

The ancient towns seem unlikely to be awakened from their immemorial sleep. The birth-place of Shakespeare is as quiet as it was three hundred years ago.

In Warwickshire, in Derbyshire, and in the Lake Region, the rural beauty of England is manifest in its perfection. Here are no mighty glens, no lofty mountains, no enormous lakes or majestic streams, but, although everything is on a modest scale, it forms a harmonious picture which is absolutely enchanting. Stratford, with its quaint streets, its sleepy church among the noble trees, its flowery lanes bordered by comfortable cottages, Warwick, with its ancient hospital and its noble castle, Charlecote, where Sir Thomas Lucy, whom Shakespeare lampooned as "Justice Shallow," built a rambling hall in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Hampton Lucy Luddington, in whose church Shakespeare is said to have been married, Coventry, with its numerous spires, its legends and its embowered streets—all these in midsummer are surprisingly beautiful. To go from London to Birmingham by the old highway, the travel on which is said to have contributed to the up-building of Stratford before Shakespeare's birth in that town had made it a place of pulchritude, takes one through the exquisite Arden district, where the hedges, woods and coppices, the gentle hills, the beautiful valleys, the "mooted granges" of which Tennyson speaks, the winding streams and wild glens, offer a perpetual feast to the eyes.

Stratford itself is familiar to all the world, and I therefore shall not attempt to describe it. The Shakespeare house, where "Nature nursed her darling boy," has somewhat the aspect of a museum, and the temptation to meditate within its walls is lessened by the business-

like air with which the custodians exact sixpence for access to the birth-room, and sixpence to the museum. At the tercentenary Shakespeare anniversary and festival, held at Stratford in 1879, there was a great gathering of Shakespearean scholars and commentators, and of the lovers of poetry and the drama, to witness the dedication of the Memorial Theatre, which now stands in a pleasant garden on the banks of the river. This simple and unpretentious festival, which lasted for several days, seemed to awaken but small enthusiasm among the country people in the neighborhood, some of whom would perhaps have been puzzled to tell who Shakespeare was. But no monument can be so appropriate as this stately pile of Elizabethan architecture—the theatre, with museum, library, and picture-gallery, attached. A company of London comedians performed the comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Actors and actresses, in the intervals of their labor joined in pretty excursions in the evergreen byways and the verdurous fields. Perhaps some day there will be founded a school of acting, the influence of which will do much to improve the public taste for Shakespeare and his works. The theatre is but a little distance from the village church, and above the tomb in this church is the old monument which represents Shakespeare writing upon a cushion, with an entablature bearing his coat-of-arms above the niche in which his image appears.

The famous Inns at Stratford are small and quaint. The "Red Horse" has been immortalized by Washington Irving, and the Shakespeare Hotel has its rooms adorned with paintings illustrating the chief scenes in the great poet's comedies and tragedies. The waiters in this unique hostelry have long been accustomed to designate each room by the

name of the play from which its painting is taken, and in the morning, before the guests have emerged, one hears the servants calling out "Hamlet wants his boots, Ophelia wants his hot water, Julius Cæsar wants his brandy and water, Coriolanus wishes his breakfast sent up at once." Throughout Warwickshire the common people have a curious flavor in their speech, a dry humor, and odd forms of expression, which it is perhaps not presumptuous to characterize as Shakespearian. In drawing his peasantry the poet simply put his immortal wit and his pungent philosophy into the homely phrase which he heard every day around him, and a great contemporary novelist, in following this illustrious example, shows that the men of England can talk to-day as picturesquely as they did three centuries ago.

In Birmingham one steps out of the domain of history and souvenir, and comes down to the prosaic present. Birmingham has no older history than that of many of the towns of New England. It took no part in the politics of the nation before the beginning of the present century, except when Charles I. and his Parliament were at war. Then Birmingham was zealous in the cause of the "Round Heads," and even seized the Royal plate which King Charles left when passing through the town from Salisbury to London. Birmingham was punished for this audacious act by Prince Rupert's plundering expedition on the following year. It seems odd to reflect that Birmingham had no representation in Parliament until after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, — a triumph for which the Political Union had worked vigorously. Not until after the representation of "The People's Act," in 1866, did Birmingham get its third

member. Old Hatton, in the eighteenth century, made a prophecy concerning the future grandeur of industrial Birmingham. He said "We have only seen her in infancy, comparatively small in her size, homely in her person, and gross in her dress, — her ornaments mostly of iron from her own forge, but now her growth will be amazing, her expansion rapid, perhaps not to be paralleled in history. She will add to her iron ornaments the lustre of every metal that the whole earth can produce, with all their illustrious race of compounds, heightened by fancy and garnished with jewels. She will draw from the fossil and vegetable kingdoms; press the ocean for her shell, skin and coral. She will also tax the animals for horn, bone, and ivory, and she will decorate the whole with the touches of her pencil."

Birmingham has done all this, even more. To the far Orient she sends ornaments of every description to Persia, to India, and to America, she exports brass and iron, steel and silver, and bronze and gold. She enrages the French by making them "*Artiles de Paris*," she makes copper coins for half-a-dozen governments. Her silver and her electro-plating, her brass foundries, her chemical works, her guns, swords, pistols, jewelry and tinkets, her lamps, her pens, her ornamental glass, — these are scattered over the world. "The Toyshop of Europe" is a proper name for Birmingham. She applies the same energy and patience to the fabrication of a pin that she does to the construction of an hydraulic jack big enough to launch the Great Eastern, or raise the Cleopatra Needle to its pedestal on the Thames embankment. Her public buildings and parks, her statues, her non-conformist churches; her memorials of

Peel and Priestly, Watt and Boulton, "Adam Bede" Rowsley, and the Murdock and Eglington, her halls, from ancient Peacock Inn, the old seats which have gone forth such splendid utterances in favor of Liberalism, —are all worthy of her wealth and the taste of her citizens. The varied industry, however, has left its stain on the town, which, like Manchester and Liverpool, is dingy cold, and a trifle repellant in appearance.



GEORGE ELIOT

Hawthorne states that in Derbyshire is

to be found the most exquisite scenery he ever beheld. Thither George Eliot went for the scenery and her characters for

of the Dukes of Rutland, stately Chatsworth, with its long halls filled with drawings by Raphael, and with its costly gardens, conservatories, orchid houses, Matlock Buckstone Buckwell and Wordsworth, Hardwick Hall and Bolsover Castle, — stand in the midst of romantic valleys, walked in by rocky and foliage-clad

crags filled with grottos, nooks, charming streams and well-kept forests.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-THREE

The Lake Country — The Home of Poets and Essayists — Scotland — Glasgow, its Commerce and its Antiquities — The Great Northern Capital — Edinburgh and its Memorials — The Home of Burns

THE "Lake Country" of England has for us a double interest because of the undefinable charm associated with its richly clad hills, its pretty expanses of water, and its rich valleys, and because the district was once the home of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Southey, Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Hemans. There are in all this district no mountains which rise above the height of four thousand feet, no lakes which we should account large, but lake and valley, and forests and country roads, are all in the most exquisite setting. Here and there, on the "Fells" and "Scares" as they are called, there are bits of wild scenery approaching the grand. One should enter this district by Grange, after crossing what Wordsworth called "the majestic barrier of the Lancaster sands," and which annually demands the lives of many uncautious travellers, and after an excursion to old Furness Abbey and to Ulverstone, one may set off through the crumbling villages and sheltered roads to Windermere and Conistone, near which latter lake John Ruskin has a country-seat. Thence one may go to Ambleside, where a day or two at the old "Salutation" tavern will be found a perfect rest. This pretty country is dotted with mansions and picturesque cottages. At Elleray stood the old home of Professor Wilson (Christopher North). Close by Ambleside is the ivy-shrouded house or "The Knoll," where

Miss Martineau lived for many years. Not far away is Dr. Arnold's old house, where the great Rugby master used to come in vacation time to recruit from his arduous duties. In the vale of Grasmere Mrs. Hemans wrote some of her most sentimental verse. De Quincey and Wordsworth both lived for short periods in Grasmere village, and there in the humble church-yard is the grave of Wordsworth.

It is but a short walk from Ambleside to Rydal Mount, the favorite home of the poet, — a charming cottage hidden under ivy and rose-trees, the very place for contemplation and the cultivation of the muse. Professor Wilson used to say there was "not such another splendid view in all England as can be had from the eminences along the road from Ambleside. The views of Windermere from this route are indeed delightful. The islands lie clustered together; the lakes seem like a grand tranquil river bending around a point. Bold or gentle promontories," adds Professor Wilson, "break all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage, or cottages, embowered in trees, and the whole landscape is of a sylvan kind, parts of it are so studded with woods that you see only here and there a wreath of smoke, but no houses, and could almost believe that you were gazing on the primeval forests."

From Ambleside to Keswick the route is charming, and in holiday time is

thronged with excursionists from London. At Keswick is the old home of Southey, — *Greta Hall*, — on a small hill, close by a pretty river, on the road to Cocker-mouth. Lake Derwentwater, with its picturesque islands, with its silvery expanses, within an amphitheatre of rocky but not high mountains, broken into fantastic shapes, heaped and splintered with little precipices, with shores swelling into woody eminences — is the gem of this region. Near it is the resounding cascade, *Lodore*, about which Southey wrote his astonishing verses, intended to represent the babble of the waters, for the amusement of his children. Near by also are the mountains of *Helvellyn* and *Skiddaw*.

Scotland has for us a romantic interest which nothing can abate, although long years have passed since the "enchanter of the north" aroused the curiosity of the world concerning the legends and the history of the great northward promontory, with its mountains, morasses, and waste lands jutting out into the Northern sea. Scotland does not impress one as a sterile country, and yet three-fourths of its surface are unproductive agriculturally. Scarcely more than five millions of acres are under cultivation on the main land and the numerous islands. But the little population of hardly more than four millions of people is one of the most prosperous and interesting in Europe. Glasgow is to-day the second city in the United Kingdom, larger, but perhaps not wealthier, than Liverpool, and is one of the great ocean termini of the world. Approaching Glasgow by night, through the picturesque upland country which lies between Keswick, Penrith, and Carlisle, and crossing the debatable ground where for centuries the borderers waged merciless war upon each other,

the strange land which has produced so many great men, — the land where Carlyle was born, and where he lies buried, — one sees the landscape lighted up by hundreds of wend flames, the skies aglow, and many a stranger, taking his first walk in Glasgow city, inquires of the amused passers-by where the great conflagration is in progress. By day the flaming chimneys and the little mountains of coal refuse do not look so interesting. Glasgow has its beauties, however, — its broad and solid commercial avenues, lined with stately stone buildings, its shops, which vie in splendor and importance with those of London and Dublin. The great wharves along the *Broomielaw* are packed with goods of every description, little steamers on the Upper, and great steamers on the Lower, Clyde, seem almost innumerable. Down river the ship-building yards are, even in dull and panicky times, crowded with thousands of operatives, who toil upon the iron and steel monsters, which plough the seas throughout the civilized world. One feels that here is a great outlet like London, Antwerp, or Marseilles. Here the pulse of commerce beats strongly, albeit not feverishly.

There is a sturdy independence of the metropolis in Glasgow, as indeed throughout Scotland. The names of celebrated English authorities in science and in literature, of English poets and painters, are not so often heard here as those of the Edinburgh school. Scotland is not England, although it is now an integral part of Great Britain. It is an individual country, with a profound originality, with its old customs and methods of thought but little trenched upon by political union with the South. One-third of its population is packed into eight large manufacturing cities. Glasgow with 770,000, Edinburgh with 286,000, Dundee with

143,000, Aberdeen with 105,000, Greenock, the port of Glasgow, with 66,000, Leith, the port of Edinburgh, with 59,000, Paisley with 55,000, and Perth with 28,000. The total town and village population is two-thirds of the whole, — a very small encouragement for the farmer, yet the wild hill country, stretching away from the outskirts of Glasgow to Cape Wrath and the far Hebrides, contributes largely to the wealth of the busy city, pours into it its flocks and herds, and the produce of its lakes and inlets, and takes back merchandise brought from every port of the world. In the most seemingly inaccessible nook in the Highlands you may find evidence of frequent intercourse with the outer world.

On the hill at the top of the famous "High Street" stands the old Gothic cathedral, with its large aisles, broken by short transepts, its dozen bays exactly alike, and its uniform clerestory windows. Nothing in all England is more beautiful than the crypt of the cathedral, with its sixty-five beautiful pillars, surmounted by delicately carved capitals and graceful early English arches, with the light streaming in through the lancet windows. Curious, too, is the old church-yard, paved with gravestones, and the Necropolis, perched high on an eminence beyond the cathedral, not unlike the fantastic Odd Fellows' cemetery in San Francisco, or like some ancient Turkish cemetery. Here are the monuments of celebrated men like John Knox, the Reformer, and of Dr. Wm. Black, and within the cathedral is the tomb of Edward Irving. This old cathedral, which braved the fury of the Reformation, was so loved by the city nestling at its feet, that, when the Presbyterian ministers had prevailed on the magistrates in the sixteenth century to have it destroyed, the guilds of the city arose in arms and dared the officers of

the law to execute the decree. From many a point of vantage among the vast marble monuments in the Necropolis one can look out over Glasgow, with its thousands of chimneys, along the seemingly endless lines of masts on the Clyde, and over the hills of Lanark and Argyll, above which hangs the vaporous blue or the peculiar gray so noticeable in Scottish scenery. Glasgow is faithful to the memory of the great "Scotch Wizard," and in the centre of George's square rises a monument of Sir Walter, with a group of statues illustrating the different characters which sprang from his teeming brain clustered about the foot of the monument. Westward, in modern Glasgow, is the great University, opened half a generation ago. Glasgow is filled with students, — hundreds of painstaking young men who come from the hills and the shores of the inland lakes and rivers to carve out solid careers in the face of poverty and difficulty, nowhere so stern and so persistent as in this strange, barren land, which yet produces so much wealth, intellectual and material.

As in certain quarters of London one seems to go hand in hand with Dickens, and to meet in the different localities visited the characters which never had existence save in his fiery imagination, so in Glasgow and Edinburgh one is constantly reminded of Sir Walter Scott and his creations. The Cross, the Gallowgate, the Salt Market, the old corner of Trongate and High streets, where stood the prison into which "Rob Roy" was thrust in Glasgow, and the Grass market, Castle Hill, the Cowgate, St. Giles's Church, Arthur's Seat, Cannongate, Holyrood, and most of all, Melrose, in and about Edinburgh, recall to mind those enchanting days when one was first introduced to Walter Scott's world. The Scotch do not hesitate to

call Edinburgh the finest city in the kingdom, and Mr Baddeley tells us that in no city, unless it be Bath, "has Art so successfully turned to account the peculiar advantages vouchsafed to her by nature. In both cities the architects, whether designedly or not, seem to have gone to work thoroughly in harmony with the physical lines laid down for them, and their success is unquestionable. While the smooth green slopes and woody meadows, forming the gulle of the 'Queen of the West,' called forth a regular style of architecture which should not displease the eye by any startling discord, the rugged inequalities and sudden transition from smiling plain to bare and frowning rock, which mark the site of the 'Modern Athens,' seem to demand a corresponding incongruity in their artificial treatment. Edinburgh is a city of contrasts, bold and striking."

The sense of contrast is heightened when one comes directly by swift express train from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Unaccustomed to picturesqueness in the great majority of British towns, the stranger is startled and delighted at the exquisite scene presented to him as he looks from hill to hill over the town and the rugged castles, the noble monuments, and the fine public edifices. New Edinburgh harmonizes well enough with the character of ancient Edinburgh, and this result, so rarely accomplished when ancient cities have modern quarters added to them, has not been achieved without much study and care. This new quarter was not in existence a century ago, and the magistrates of the city, in order to promote its creation, offered a premium of £20 to the first builder of a house in it. Now it is a great district of fine streets, squares, and monuments.

Prince's street, with its evergreen plots,

its gardens, its deep dell, out of which arise the black crags of the Castle, is a splendid avenue. At its east end is Calton Hill, and above it Waterloo Place where stands a rather audacious imitation of the Parthenon, called "The National Monument." A little beyond are the Nelson's monument and the Observatory, also the monuments to Dugald Stewart and to Professor Playfair. Northward lies Leith and the Forth, eastward, Portobello, one of the sea-side resorts of Edinburgh, and close at hand is Arthur's Seat. On the south side of the street, and not far from the handsome Waverly station, is the beautiful gothic monument to Sir Walter Scott, with a statue of him underneath the airy arches. In the niches, as in the Glasgow memorial, are characters from the works of the great poet, and novelist. Scotland has borrowed boldly from the Greek architecture in the construction of its National Gallery, and its museums. In Palmerston Place stands a fine Gothic Cathedral, — St Mary's, — founded by two ladies, who spent £100,000 upon the edifice. Eastward, in Melville and George streets, are many memorials and bronze statues, the Albert Memorial, with the Prince Consort on horseback, and the Melville Monument, — an imitation of the Trajan Column.

The great feature of Edinburgh is the Castle, which may be reached from the new town across the valley of the Princes Street Gardens, — once the basin of the Nor Loch, in which offenders against the laws were ducked, — and so along by the Waverly Bridge, or the "Mound," as it is called, on which stands the National Gallery. The Castle is entered through a *porticulus* gate under the Old State Prison, whence two luckless Argylls, in the history of Scotland, have

een taken forth to execution,—one for his loyalty to Charles II., and the other for his allegiance to Monmouth. Those rather antiquated bits of furniture,—the Regalia of Scotland,—have room to themselves, where they have posed since they were unearthed two generations ago by a search-party, headed by Sir Walter Scott himself. They had been hidden away in the times of the Stuarts, in a fortress on the coast.

Kincaidine, lest their exposure to view should awaken feelings hostile to the unity of Union with England. Queen Mary's room, St Margaret's Chapel, in the enclosure in which stands the ancient canon, the origin of whose name of Mons Meg is a matter of such grave dispute, are the other chief features of the Castle. The outlook over Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth and the hills of Fife beyond is fascinating. On Castle Hill, the old house of the first duke of Gordon, the General Assembly room of the Church of Scotland, where John Knox met the first Assembly in 1560, the Free Church Assembly Hall, in Glass Market, where hundreds of covenanters perished for their religion, and where the Porteous riots took place in 1736, Grey Friars' Church, with the tombs of the Covenanters, the university and museum with their splendid natural history collections, Cowgate, James's Court, where Johnson was received by Boswell on his tour to the Western Highlands, and where Hume wrote part of his history of England, the Longmarket and High street, with St Giles's church, the old city Cross, the Tolbooth,

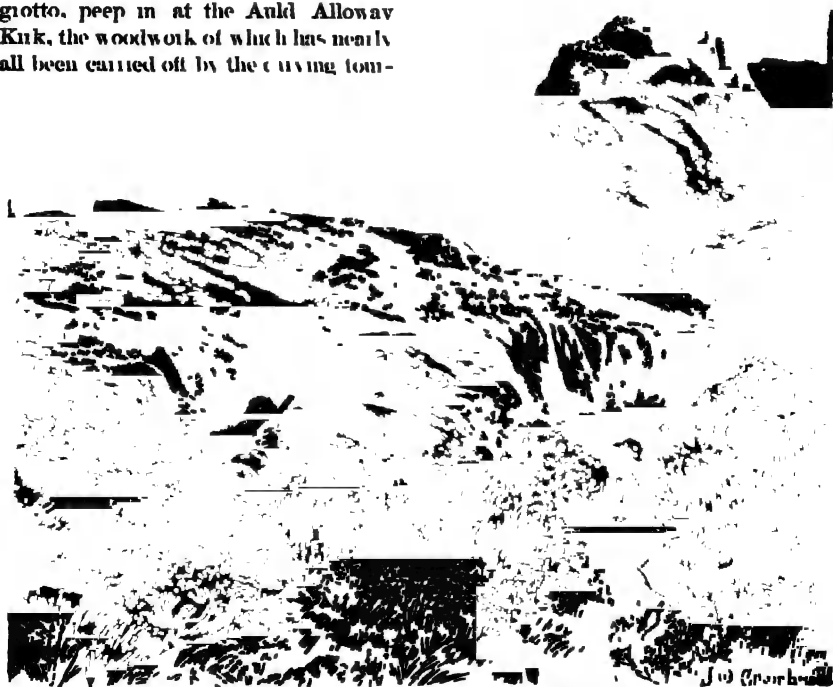
"The Heart of Midlothian," Parliament square, with its equestrian statue of Charles II and the humble stone on which appear the letters and figures I. K., 1572," supposed to be the site of John Knox's grave; Parliament

House, with its noble roofs of carved oak, and its superb library, the Tron Church, where stood the weighing-beam to which the keepers of false weights were nailed by the ears, the high, fantastic, narrow house in which John Knox lived from 1559 to the time of his death, Moiry House, from the balcony of which Mary Stuart and Lord Loine looked down upon the Marquis of Montrose as he was led to execution, the Canongate church-yard, where he buried Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Dr Adam Ferguson, Queensberry House and the old White Horse Inn, and last, and of most importance, the beautiful and original Holyrood Abbey and Palace,—these are wonders and treasures such as few other towns in Great Britain can boast of, grouped together by accident as well as if the grouping had been in obedience to some harmonious, preconceived design. In Holyrood Lord Darnley's rooms and Queen Mary's apartments are still shown, and at the entrance to the audience chamber a little dark stain upon the floor is pointed out as the blood of the unfortunate Rizzio.

From Glasgow and from Edinburgh the chief excursions are not, as might be supposed in a country so devoted to manufacturing and to the special pursuit of wealth, to coal mines, or great metallurgical establishments but to the homes and graves of poets and romancers. The brief and pleasant ride from Glasgow takes one through interesting old towns like Paisley, where Christopher North was born, like Irvine, where Robert Bruce surrendered to the English army, and where the poet Montgomery first saw the light, past Troon, the great summer resort of the Ayrshires, near by the frowning ruins of Dundowning Castle, and brings one to Ayr, on the pretty sea-

coast at the mouth of the river of the same name. Here, on this picturesque country side, everything is filled with memories of the poet whose lyric genius lifted him into immortality. Here one may wander along the Doon, visit the Burns monument, in which may still be seen the Bible which Burns gave to "Highland Mary," note the quaint statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, in a grotto, peep in at the Auld Alloway Kirk, the woodwork of which has nearly all been carried off by the carving tom-

was married to Jean Armour, and where his plough turned up the mouse's nest; and farther away, near Dumfries, is Ellisland farm, where Burns wrote Tam



DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

ists, and enter the rude cottage in which the poet was born. Straying through the woods and fields from Mauchline to Montgomerie, one comes upon the pretty house where "Highland Mary" lived as a dairy-maid, and "Poesie Nansie's" cottage, where the "Jolly Beggars" met; the farm at Mossnol, where Burns

O'Shanter and the ode "To Mary in Heaven." Thousands of pilgrims annually visit the humble house in Dumfries, where Burns lived when he was exciseman, where he died, and where, in the vault beneath the mausoleum in St. Michael's church-yard, the poet and his wife repose.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR.

Scotland and Ireland — The Scotch Highlands — Scenes of Scott's Stories and Burns's Poems — Belmoal — Over to Belfast — The Irish Land League — Imprisonment of Parnell and his Partisans — The Crimes Act and its Causes — A Land League Mass Meeting — The Wild and Savage Peasantry

IN the Scotch Highlands the "Globe Trotter," who is familiar with stately mountains, with yawning precipices, and noble sea views, from India to Canada, is often tempted to stop and inquire of himself whether he would really be interested in the Scottish uplands and hills if it were not for their sturdy chain Loch Lomond, with its guardian mountains, Loch Katrine, Stronachlachar, Tarbet, Callendar, Oban, the Caledonian Canal, Inverness, the lands of Ross and Sutherland, the Isle of Lewis, with pretty Stornoway, the Isle of Skye, the Chain of Highlands, Staffa and Iona, the Cuman canal, threading its way through the moist green pastures, — these places are all celebrated, but without the enthusiastic celebration of them by writers and poets native to the soil they would have remained in comfortable obscurity, enjoyed only by the shepherd, the fisher, and the bold hunter on the steep mountain sides. A certain indefinable attraction seems to exhale from Scotch scenery, even in the dispiriting environment of the mists which come so frequently and stay so long. Out of the great gray clouds come dashing little showers, which seem to have a kind of malice, and drench the traveller to the skin before he can reach shelter. In these rains and mists, the lochs, with their deep mountain walls, disappear as if by magic. The holiday tourist, whose time is limited, bemoans his sad fate

when he crosses Loch Lomond without seeing the peaks and crags of which he has heard so much, and concerning which he has formed such tremendous expectations. In the Trossachs (the misty country) when the sun shines brightly through the oak copses, among the silvery gray birches, and when it gilds the purple crags and the rich carpets of green grass, there is plenty of excuse for the wildest enthusiasm. The color charms of Scotland are mild as compared with those of Switzerland and Italy, but to the dweller under the gray and rainy skies of England they seem surpassingly beautiful. Glasgow, which is by all reports one of the thirstiest towns in the three kingdoms, and which does not always content itself with water, has made Loch Katrine, which is thirty-four miles from the city limits, its chief reservoir. For the building of the aqueduct from the lake to the city a sum of £1,500,000 was necessary, and seventy tunnels had to be rebuilt. The leafy glens filled with labyrinths of rocks, and mounds studded with oak, rowan, and huch, are perhaps more weird in a rainy than in a sunshiny day, but the greater part of Scotch scenery needs sunshine to bring out its values.

One of the noblest stretches of Highland scenery is that which lies along the railroad from Callendar to the great fashionable seaside of Oban. The ride from the Trossachs to Callendar is from

end to end associated with Sir Walter Scott's poem of "The Lady of the Lake." At the foot of Loch Vennachar the traveller is shown the spot where Roderick Dhu flung down his gage to Fitz James. It is a high tribute to creative genius that the guides always speak of Sir Walter Scott's characters as if they had really lived. The route from Callendar to Oban takes one through the pass of Lucy, where gentle heights, clad with silver birch, hazel, oak, and heather, rise gradually into irregular and majestic hills. Loch Earn, Glenogle, Pilchurn Castle, Loch Awe, the passes of Brandon and of Awe, the bridge of Awe, — around which cluster memories of Bruce and Wallace, — and Dunstaffnage Castle, are all picturesque, and many of them imposing. Oban is a pretty town extending along the shore of the semicircular bay which gives it its name, and which seems landlocked by the island Kerner. From Dunnolly Castle, a noble ivy-shrouded ruin, on a pedestal of rock on the north end of Oban bay, the sea-view is delightful. In the harbor lie dozens of yachts, and from these little crafts there is always an influx of titled and aristocratic ladies and gentlemen, who fill the hotels with the show and glitter of London, who delight in parties, mountain excursions, and balls, who, in short, carry into the remote recesses of the highland sea-shore the gayety of the metropolis, exactly as the Frenchman takes his theatre, his sweetheart and his horse-racing with him when he goes to the sea-side for what he is pleased to term his "mid-summer repose." Through the pretty archipelago one goes to the little bay of Crinan, whence by the Atlantic canal travellers are transferred to Ardrishaig, — a three-mile ride in a canal boat, something larger than a wash-tub, — an excursion which is decidedly de-

pressing when performed in the midst of a pouring rain. At Ardrishaig great steamers, equipped with American luxury, with showy restaurants and handsome parlors, fly downward past Rothesay, one of the most fashionable Scotch sea-sides, and thence by the Clyde to Greenock. Northward from Oban leaves the great water-route of the Caledonian canal to Inverness through what is called the Great Glen of Scotland, which consists of a chain of lakes connected by shallow streams. This route is so straight that the steamer's course is only four miles longer than the air line taken by the crow in his migrations. On Loch Ness is the celebrated fall of Fyers, sometimes described as the most magnificent cataract in Great Britain, and the one which inspired Robert Burns with a poem. Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, is a well-built modern town, prosperous and canny. Near it is the battle-field of Culloden, where the house of Stuart met its final ruin nearly a century and a half ago, and a lover of Shakespeare can make an excursion to Cawdor Castle, a noble specimen of the old baronial strongholds of the north.

Landed proprietors in Scotland fully appreciate their privileges, and lease the temporary enjoyment of them for enormous sums. Millais, the painter, and other artistic celebrities lease fishing and hunting grounds for sums which would be thought ruinously extravagant in America. John Millais is very fond of painting in the Scotch Highlands, working energetically out of doors in rain or sunshine every day for months together, lovingly studying that nature which he knows so well how to reproduce. The Queen, it is said, enjoys no portion of her year so much as that spent at Balmoral Castle, between Ballater and Braemar. All through this region the

scenery is wildly picturesque. Prince Alfred speedily fell in love with it, and there bought a handsome property, which to-day comprises ten thousand acres of clearing, with more than thirty thousand of deer forest. In this secluded retreat the Queen receives only a few persons belonging to the Court and those semi-weekly messengers who bring from London the constantly accumulating mass of papers which the royal hands are obliged to sign.

Stirling, with its noble ancient castle, which in 1304 resisted the battering of all the besieging instruments brought from the Tower of London, with its monument to Bruce, its historic Town House, and the Old Ridge, where the Scots under Wallace defeated the English; Dunblane and Bannockburn, the ruins of Linlithgow Palace, in the castle of which Queen Mary was born — are all worthy of attention. Nobly situated Perth, with its Roman memories, its palace, in which the Scottish kings were crowned, and its quaint church of St John, where John Knox used to preach, Dundee, on the banks of the Tay, with its great range of docks covering more than thirty acres, and Aberdeen, on the Dee, with its great lines of masts extending for miles, and its old bug of Balgownie, celebrated by Byron in *Don Juan*, — all offer ample inducement to the student and the tourist. Both Scotland and Spain have an extra European flavor which is quite piquant. Both are rugged promontories extending into strange seas. Each has a certain wildness which is fascinating, each a delightful history and crowded past, each a certain barrenness contrasted acutely with a perfection of color and of utility. To get out of middle Europe into either of these countries is a side excursion — a run into the bowers — which is exhilarating and refreshing.

A southward journey from Glasgow through the Frith of Clyde and across the North channel brings the traveller in a single night from Glasgow to Belfast. Scotland and Ireland have not much in common, but the sturdy Scotch-Irish character produced by the intercourse and crossing of the two races in southern Scotland and northern Ireland is one of the brightest composite elements of American nationality. If all Ireland could be permeated with the hard common-sense of Scotland, and if all Scotland could receive a diffusion of the generosity of the Irish nature, both countries would be supremely benefited. In northern Ireland there is all the staid and activity of the energetic Scotch.

Belfast, handsome and industrious, seated on its pretty slopes on River Logan, just before it flows into the lake, is a strange contrast to the shiftless towns of the south. The pushing Protestant merchants of Belfast are the envy of the lazier and less ambitious commercial men of Dublin and of the southward towns. Belfast grows with almost American quickness. It adds twenty or thirty thousand to its population every ten years. "This great and flourishing city," says a local writer, "with all its houses and inhabitants, stands on the territory of one proprietor, the Marquis of Donegal, to whom the whole town belongs, and to whom the citizens pay tribute." Belfast was presented by James I to Sir Arthur Chichester as an insignificant village, and would, but for the long leases granted by the former proprietor, have given to the Marquis of Donegal an income of more than £300,000 sterling annually. The rights and incomes of Scottish landlords have been greatly reduced in recent times, but there are many such instances as that of Belfast. The great linen fac-

stories contain a bustling and somewhat bold number of operatives who, when there are burning questions agitated between South and North, manifest broken heads with the utmost freedom. Hundreds of thousands of spindles are here employed, even in times of great depression in trade. On the river there are docks and ship-building establishments, out of which the great White Star fleet, one of the noblest that ploughs the ocean, has come. A few miles from Belfast is Clandeboyne, the country-side of the Earl of Dufferin, who has had so full and prominent a political career in the last twenty years, and who has now, in times of trouble for the Indian Empire, been called to the high position of Viceroy of that great realm. Lord Dufferin is a consummate politician, and an able diplomat, who has been offered excellent opportunities to study in Russia and in the East those burning questions which are to be fought out on the plains of Central Asia, and the settlement of which will decide the future of England and its Imperial domain. Northward from Belfast lead pleasant routes to Port Rush and the Giant's Causeway, to ancient and decaying Dunluce Castle, and to a hundred other historic points along the doubly indented coast.

From time to time the English people appear to have forgotten that Ireland exists, or if they allude to it at all, it is in a tone of contemptuous indifference or of reproach, because the "Union" has not been attended with that harmony of sentiment political, religious, and social, which ought to be expected of fellow-subjects of one sovereign. But for the last few years all England has had its attention closely called to, and even centred upon, Ireland and Irish politics. The leading papers of London every day have columns filled concerning

the distress or the agitation prevalent in the "Green Isle," and the landlords of England may now and then have fancied they saw the handwriting on the wall, when they heard of the ruin of Irish landlords, because of the leagues of the peasantry, and then persistent ostracism, (which took its name from an ostracized person and became "boycotting"), and when they saw the energy of the Home Rule party fighting its way against distress and dislike, but guaranteed a hearing by that love for fair play which is so striking a characteristic in the English mind. After the decline of the Fenian agitation England had resumed its indifference with regard to Ireland, until the upspringing of the Land Leaguers and the creation of "Centies" all over Ireland, and the determined uprising of the peasantry, in the wild regions where they had been content to live with as little comfort as the bony swine which trotted in and out of their cabins. When Mr. Gladstone came into office, after the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield, and the final retirement of the Conservative leader from politics, he found that he had inherited a formidable list of Irish difficulties, and that the sixty-five Home Rulers, who had come into the new House of Commons, were determined that these difficulties should have ample discussion, and settlement if possible. Lord Beaconsfield, at the close of his political career, issued a political manifesto, a letter to the Viceroy of Ireland, denouncing the Home Rulers in the strongest terms, and declaring the agrarian agitation in that country a danger which, in its ultimate results, would be scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine. With the troubles caused by the alarm of famine and the outcry raised against the demands for no rent by the "scaples of Mr. Parnell, Mr.

stone resolutely grappled, and did not rest that he or any one else could have done in the presence of the exacting and jealous opinion of England. To Mr. Parnell's strong character and unconsciousness was due the rapid advance which he made as to a supreme position. His advice to the peasantry to hold the land and pay only such rent as they deemed fair, and the quickness with which this advice was adopted, led to the reopening of the Irish land question, which we need not follow through its varied phases here. The attitude of Parliament to Ireland has been one of commiseration, mingled with the deepest distrust. The noble gentlemen who have endeavored to regulate the affairs of the "Emerald Isle" seem to place themselves in the position of admitting that the possession of landed property in Ireland needed instant reform, but that it was inexpedient to put the reform in operation. The period of outrages began just so soon as the Land League had decided that tenants should pay no more than the "prairie" value, 25 per cent of the value of the letting of ordinary land, "when the basis of rating was fixed according to the low standard of agricultural prices which ruled a generation ago."

The Land League meetings and the tremendous agitation which they roused throughout the greater part of Ireland soon brought about the prosecution for seditious conspiracy against Mr. Parnell and other home-rule members, as well as the officers of the Land League. England rather hesitated before undertaking the statute prosecutions, realizing that they would not stop the lawlessness in Ireland. Meantime the uprising in 1880 reached its height, and a veritable army was sent to crush down public opinion and compel the Land League to

retire from its aggressive attitude; but it was found that troops could not prevent an indignant population from intimidating those who were unpopular in its midst. With 1881, when this agrarian reign of terror seemed at its height, Europe was offered the spectacle of liberal Mr. Forster moving in the House of Commons the introduction of coercion bills, and then came a great struggle in Parliament, first over these bills, and then afterward over Mr. Gladstone's long-promised Land Bill. Meantime, although the coercion bills checked outrage in the year of 1881, the Land League organization grew in strength. Tenants refused to pay rent, landlords hesitated before the process of eviction which they had been so quick in old times to employ, and by-and-by all Ireland rebelled against the Coercion Act with a force which fairly startled England out of its traditional inertia and indifference with regard to Irish affairs.

The Land Act had become a law, and England thought Ireland should be satisfied with the modifications which it brought in regard to the control of landed property. Many of the moderate Home Rulers had declared in favor of this act, and Mr. Parnell himself is said to have hesitated before deciding against it. Meanwhile the reflex opinion of the agitation in America, and the sudden blossoming of the dynamite policy, brought matters to a crisis. English opinion revolted in presence of the exaggerated rumors concerning the atrocious means which agitators in America and Ireland were said to propose for coercing British opinion. Just at this juncture Mr. Parnell appeared with his new doctrine, aimed directly at the Land Act, and intended to show that justice required the reduction of the total rent of Ireland from £17,000,000 sterling

annually to between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000. This England considered an impossible standard of "fair rent," and English landlords holding land in Ireland and native land-owners were enraged. Mr. Gladstone called this doctrine of Parnell the "Gospel of Public Plunder." Even the Catholic bishops were lukewarm in their appreciation of it.

The Land League was now bolder than ever, but presently Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Kelly, and other prominent agitators, were arrested under the Coercion Act, and lodged in Pill as "suspects." Riots in Dublin and Limerick, caused by these arrests, were promptly put down, and for the time it seemed as if the implacable aversion of the Land League to all compromising measures on the part of England had resulted in the destruction of the League itself. A proclamation was issued publicly suppressing the League, but at the same time the Land Commission was opened, and applications for fixing fair rent began to come in, but in the southern provinces the "no rent" policy was adopted by thousands of tenants. What the agitation really did secure was the practical reduction of rents throughout Ireland. "In Ulster, Munster, and Connaught," says the "Times" of 1881, "rents were generally reduced from twenty to thirty per cent, and in many cases much more. Tenancies on old estates where rents had been paid twenty, thirty, or even fifty years were as freely handled as new tenancies on properties purchased in the Landed Estates Court. The landlords were struck with dismay, and vehement protests were made on their behalf." It is odd to notice that when the Land Bill was first introduced in Parliament, the Ministry thought that no reduction of

existing rents was possible, and everybody said that all the tenants would be glad to make friendly regulations with their landlords, realizing that if their rents went into court they would be raised rather than diminished. The surprise of the Ministry when it discovered how times had changed was very great. The land agitation, which had been kept out of England and Ireland by the "silvery streak," as our British cousins call the Channel, nearly a century after it had been triumphant in France, and for more than a generation after it had been completed in an austriatic country like Hungary, had at last crossed the water and begun its work. The English say that it did not come by the Channel, but went round *via* America and crossed the Atlantic.

The year 1882 opened with Mr. Parnell still in jail, with the Protection Act administered with resolution by Mr. Forster, and with the effects of the Land Act gradually becoming visible. There was an invariable reduction of rent every day from one-fifth to one-third of the previous rentals. Yet the exacting tenantry held out in large numbers for no rent, kept away from the courts, and announced their implacable hostility by outrages which wrung cries of horror from both England and America. The now defunct Land League was working in the dark, but denied any connection with the perpetrators of the outrages.

By-and-by Mr. Forster, who was tired of hearing himself called opprobrious names, resigned his position as Secretary for Ireland. The Protection Act was abandoned, the Land-Leaguers were released, and came back to the House of Commons, where they began a tremendous onslaught on Mr. Forster, who found himself in the ticklish position of a private citizen defending his late course

in a public position. Mr. Gladstone appeared with the statement that Mr. Parnell seemed willing to help the cause of order, and England smiled at what it called the Kilmainham treaty, or the understanding between the Ministry and the Land League party. Then came the appointment of Lord Spencer as Viceroy of Ireland, with the generous and high-minded Lord Cavendish as Chief Secretary, and, just as the official circles were congratulating themselves upon the pacification of Irish feeling and the absence of any need of coercion, the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the under Secretary, Mr. Burke, in Phoenix Park, within full sight of the vice-regal lodge, was announced. This extraordinary assassination made a deep impression on English feeling, and the better classes in Ireland recoiled from any association with such detestable crime.

There has rarely been a greater outpouring of sympathy than was manifested when this second son of the Duke of Devonshire was brought home to be buried at the noble country-seat of Chatsworth, after his brief career as a liberal official desirous of conciliating the opinion of what is ironically called the "Sister Island." Now came, with swift feet, the "Crimes Bill," which all parties, with the exception of Mr. Parnell and his disciples, supported. The police system in Ireland was reorganized; the application of the law was made more certain; and although the people still worked in the dark,—a presiding justice narrowly escaped the attack of an assassin; a juror in an agrarian case was stabbed and left for dead, men were beaten and mutilated in their cabins at night; horses and cattle were killed, and houses and farms were burned,—still it was thought that the peasantry would be won over to the

cause of order by the Land Act. But the Land League declared that the English Parliament had failed to conciliate Ireland, demanded an enlargement of the scope of the Land Act, the control of local taxation by Nationalists, and, in short, a local economy such as Ireland has never enjoyed.

The land agitation which had now gone on for three or four years in steadily increasing proportions in Ireland, began to have its influence in England. Lord Salisbury issued a cry of warning in an article called "Disintegration," published in one of the reviews. He also showed his foreknowledge and foresight of what was coming by bringing forward his views on the "housing of the poor." At the same time Mr. Chamberlain had come into Parliament by a vigorous attack on the land-owning classes, on whom he threw the duty of removing all the dwellings unfit for habitation, and replacing them by good, substantial houses. Next came the doctrine of land nationalization,—the outgrowth of the agitation of Mr. Henry George, in America, and throughout 1883 English land-owners were as busy with questions directly affecting their own interests as they had been two years before with those affecting only the Irish land-owner. The law weighed heavily upon Ireland all through 1883. The formation of the National League at the close of 1882 was understood as the old Land League under thin disguise, and it was observed that the speakers at the meetings of the National League were all chiefs of the Separatist party.

The conspirators known as "The Invincibles," who had planned and carried out the assassination in Phoenix Park, the murder of the man who had informed against The Invincibles, and

the conspiracies for the use of dynamite in London, Birmingham, and Glasgow, enraged the English, and the outcome of four busy years of parliamentary tinkering seemed to have resulted only in the triumph of the peasant over the landlord, and an increased determination of the

and Scotland. Innocent travellers coming from the continent were subjected to all the rigors which alarmed customs officials could invent. An Alpine hat or an American accent was sufficient to subject the wanderer to careful watching by the police, and such explo-



A LAND-LEAGUE MASS-MEETING

Home Rule party to pursue its policy regardless of difficulties and opposition. The Separatists had received a severe shock at the time of the conspiracy disclosures, but in 1884 recovered, and assailed the Executive in Dublin with all their force, and by means which were scarcely creditable to their frankness or sincerity. The dynamite party became so aggressive in its bearing that its exploits created a veritable panic in England

as occurred at Victoria station, at St James square, Scotland yard, London Bridge, and, finally, at Westminster and the Tower of London, so shocked and enraged the public that it was unwilling to hear of any conciliatory measures with regard to Ireland. But events in which the honor, and even the very existence, of Imperial Britain are connected have compelled a certain modification of tone, even of sentiment, and the Her-

Apparent to the throne finds it not inconsistent with his dignity to hold court in Dublin, and to make a long journey through the disaffected districts.

The Land League agitation and the meetings and gatherings of the peasantry when this agitation was at its height, were some of the most curious features of the revolution gradually being accom-

plished, bearing green banners and other national emblems, and leading processions of men, women, and children, who were to listen to the speakers assembled at a cottage just rebuilt by the Land-Leaguers after it had been torn down to render practicable the eviction of a tenant who refused to pay rent. This was one of the most



plished in the "Emerald Isle." I made an excursion into Ireland shortly before the suppression of the organization and the arrest of its principal members. From old Galway for miles along the road which I took on my way to a Land-League mass-meeting, the fields had been lying fallow for many years, hundreds of cabins were deserted and unroofed, and dozens of others were fitter for the habitations of swine than for human beings. At every cross-road on this rainy Sunday horsemen ap-

peared, bearing green banners and other national emblems, and leading processions of men, women, and children, who were to listen to the speakers assembled at a cottage just rebuilt by the Land-Leaguers after it had been torn down to render practicable the eviction of a tenant who refused to pay rent. This was one of the most daring things which had been done in Ireland. The defiance of the law was patent, and I was not a little surprised to find the parish priest at the head of the movement. Arriving on a bleak hill overlooking Lough Corrib, where the meeting was to be held, I was met by the priest, who introduced me to a number of country squires, and to certain pale-faced agitators who had come up expressly from the Irish cities to help on the movement.

A few hundred yards from this cottage

which was the visible expression of the Land League's resistance to the law, three or four hundred soldiers of the "Constabulary," as it is called in Ireland, were drawn up in military array, and a smart young officer, approaching the priest, touched his hat courteously and announced that he should detail two of his men to protect the government reporter. "Bring him on," said the priest, "but don't let the boys get at him. I would not answer for him this day." So presently the government stenographer, on whose report was to be based any prosecutions which might ensue for treasonable language, was brought up under guard and seated at the hustings. Then arose a yell of execration from the crowd, which now numbered two or three thousand people, and which was soon to be reinforced by long lines of peasantry whom we could see miles away, marching around the end of the lake. At the head of one of these processions fluttered an American flag, borne by a stalwart farmer. Some of the peasants carried wooden swords and pikes, artistically stained with red, supposed to imitate the Saxon gore which was some day to be spilled. Numbers of the patriots had imbibed spirituous fluids to counteract the omnipresent moisture, and now and then an ardent defender of the Irish cause questioned my presence and my identity, with the addition of epithets not altogether agreeable. One inflammable gentleman, who had recently returned from the United States, informed me, while I was on the hustings some twenty feet from the ground, that I might be a Saxon reporter, and that if it were found to be so he would have me handed down. The parish priest, however, took this gentleman to task for having begun his festivities too early in the day, and threatened him with the

waters of Lough Corrib if he was rude to the stranger.

The scene was wild, the fierce faces of the peasantry, — faces thin with want, and flushed with an angry pleasure as they heard the government assailed, — as they heard stories of tyranny, and incentives to rebellion catalogued and recited, were wilder still. This was the beginning of revolution likely to go far, and do much damage, if not checked by careful legislation. Even the gentlemanly and courteous priest forgot his mildness when he addressed the people.

The greatest demands of Mr. Parnell and his followers were thought mild and insufficient by this throng of laborers who had never until recent years dreamed that they could rebel against the landlord. Now this thought was uppermost in their minds. How can we dispense with the landlord altogether? How can we become ourselves possessors of the soil? I thought that in the frequent appeals of the priest to the people to remain within the letter of the law there was a mild satiric flavor. His eye twinkled when he had finished his address, and the cries and curses which rose from his hearers when the name of any unpopular landed proprietor or official was mentioned appeared to give the good man positive pleasure.

As I drove home on the jaunting-car that night, under the fitting moonlight, and over the roads wet and soggy with the protracted rain, I came from time to time upon sentinels posted at cross-roads, and now and then dark figures rose up cautiously from behind the walls or hedges, and disappeared, as if satisfied that the passer-by was a neutral, and was not to be molested. I confess that had I been a land-owner of the neighborhood I should not have ridden home alone and unarmed that night.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIVE

Dublin and its Chief Features. — The Irish Climate — Trinity College — The Environs of the Irish Capital — The Great Western Gateway, — Queenstown and Liverpool

THE Irish are justly proud of their capital, which is in no wise inferior in the beauty of its streets and the elegance of its shops to London or other large towns in England. There are a few picturesque bits in the city proper on the banks of the River Liffey, which divides the town into two nearly equal parts, — eastward into the noble bay on one side, on which is the famous hill of Howth, and on the other, Killiney hill. Around the great Custom-House always cluster flocks of vessels, and one would scarcely fancy, while looking at the commercial head-quarters of Ireland, that the country is cursed with poverty, and that its manufactures as well as its agriculture are in an almost prostrate condition.

June is the time to visit Dublin — June, with its bright sunshine, interspersed with sudden showers (it rains in Ireland every day), and with its splendor of verdure and blossom on the neighboring mountains. In the mid-summer season it is broad daylight until almost ten o'clock in this far northward city, and daylight comes again after but three, or, at most, three and one-half, hours of darkness. Visiting Dublin some years ago, on the occasion of an international festival, and being nightly called to attend some banquet or prolonged social festivity, I had, in a period of three weeks, no night at all, for when I went to my engagement it was still light enough to read a newspaper in the streets, and when I went home to rest it had long been bright daylight. In winter

the climate is trying, variable, and somewhat exhausting.

The long streets are shrouded in fog, and the barren slums, with their picturesque and motley population of infirm old men and women (and where are these such old men and old women as in Ireland?) are pitiable enough. The beggars are numerous and aggressive. They bless and curse with equal volubility. The gift of sixpence is sufficient to draw down blessings for a twelvemonth upon the giver's head. The soldier, red-jacketed, smartly groomed and attired, is seen on every corner. England keeps a formidable garrison, nearly thirty thousand strong, in Ireland, and will not withdraw it, even in the face of most pressing needs outside, until the withdrawal is imperative. The Castle, as it is called, where the lord-lieutenant or the viceroy, as he is somewhat bombastically denominated, holds his court and has his official residence, is not quite so imposing as the Castle of Edinburgh, but is said to have been in former times a noteworthy structure.

One chief room is the vice-regal chapel, where the lord lieutenant and his family attend divine service. This chapel has a curious feature in the shape of sculptured heads on the windows and doors, like those around the Place Vendôme in Paris. The vice-regal apartments contain an ornamental hall, with a throne richly embroidered with gold, where, on the rare occasions when royalty condescends to visit the

sister island, levees and crushes are held. The ball-room, known as St Patrick's Chapel, the Council Chamber, and the magnificently furnished drawing-room, are the only very interesting things. There are two kinds of society in Dublin, which for the stranger may be well enough classified as the loyal and the national. Around the lord lieutenant is a formidable group of the resident Protestant English and Protestant Irish, of the more important landowners of both nationalities, the official world, the magistrates, and placemen of all kinds. The Nationalists are not so strong, but profess to have a more brilliant social organization. Royalty, however, draws them strangely near together, as it has done in the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. The lower classes, turbulent and irreconcilable, watch with jealous eye the conduct of their city officials, and if any one from the Lord Mayor of Dublin down dares to curry favor with English loyalty or English opinion he is signalled for vexations innumerable.

Of the exterior features of Dublin none is more striking than Trinity College, which stands in College Green, directly opposite the old Bank of Ireland. This college, which was founded under a bull obtained from Pope John XXII, was closed in the time of Henry VIII, but was opened again in the reign of Elizabeth, who made it a corporation in the name of the "College of the Holy and Indissoluble Trinity." Within and without it is rich with works of art of highly respectable character. Portraits of Dean Swift, Bishop Berkeley, Archbishop King, Lord Ormel, Professor Baldwin, Giattani, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, ornament the halls. In front of the college are statues of Oliver Goldsmith and of William III. The dinner

in the grand hall of the Refectory, with the officials of the college in their robes, and with the singularly pleasing arrangement of toasts and musical responses, is one of the most novel features of European social life. The uproarious demonstrations of the students of Trinity occasionally disturb the decorum of Dublin, the Celtic student apparently considering it his privilege in Ireland, as in France, to make himself disagreeable to the government and to his neighbors upon the most trivial provocation.

The Bank of Ireland is the Old Parliament House, in which, I suppose, Mr Parnell and his followers would like to install their Home Rule Parliament by-and-by. The old House of Commons is now the cash office of the bank, and the House of Lords is still left as it was in the times when Ireland had a Parliament, save that the site of the throne is occupied by a statue of George III. The dilapidated tapestries on the wall represent King William crossing the Boyne, and the Siege of Derry. Under the pavement of the cathedral of St Patrick lie the mortal remains of Dean Swift and Esther Johnson, who was the "Stella" of his poetry. Swift was once dean of this cathedral, which was restored about twenty-five years ago by a celebrated Dublin brewer, who expended more than £100,000 upon it. The Nelson Monument, raised by the Irish admirers of the hero of Trafalgar, and the Wellington Testimonial, erected by Wellington's townsmen, are objects of interest. The Military Hospital, the Carlsisle bridge, the National Gallery of Ireland, and the Royal Hibernian Academy, are the chief public buildings.

The admirer of the great O'Connell may renew his souvenirs of that tremendous orator by a visit to Conciliation

Hall, where O'Connell achieved some of his greatest triumphs. The gilded harp and the shamrock of Ireland are still preserved on the ceiling of this hall, but a corn-merchant now occupies the premises. In Glasnevin Cemetery is the tomb of O'Connell, a granite round tower one hundred and sixty feet high, and there, too, reposes the illustrious Curran. On Stephens Green, a pretty square with clusters of trees and shrubs, surrounded on all sides with the handsomest mansions in the town, is the Royal College of Surgeons, with a museum, a statue of George II., and an industrial museum of very creditable character. Stephens Green is the scene of many of the Nationalists' manifestations, but it is in Phoenix Park that the population of Dublin loves best to manifest. This park, covering an area of more than seventeen thousand acres, is very beautiful, and is often a scene of grand military reviews when England desires to show her strength to her Irish neighbors. The immediate vicinity of Dublin is of rare and exquisite beauty. Kingstown harbor — the port of Dublin — is pretty, and the fashionable resort of Dalkey, where the old Dublin merchants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries preferred having their goods landed rather than allow their ships to venture into the bay and attempt the passage of the Liffey, is a pretty suburb. Powerscourt, one of the few Irish estates whose landlord was always popular with his tenants, is an admirable specimen of an Irish country residence. The great baronial mansion, in the midst of delightful scenery, contains a vast parlor, where George IV. was entertained when he visited Ireland in 1821; and the Glen, through which the Dargle flows, is one of the most romantic in Ireland. The charms of the Wicklow mountains, of

the Headland of Bray, the Devil's Glen, the Seven Churches, and the Vale of Avoca have so often been celebrated in both prose and verse that there is little new to say about them here. The stranger who alights for some time within the gates of Dublin will be sure to hear a fair Irish maiden singing, with the delicate lisp and the clearness of enunciation which characterize the English spoken in the Irish capital, Moore's pretty ballad about the Avoca, which begins thus: —

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

At all concerts and musical festivals given at Dublin the national poetry is brought out in strong relief, and always awakens a storm of enthusiasm. The south of Ireland is a pretty country, rich in legend and romance, and in varied scenery, which, while it never approaches the grand and bold, is eminently satisfactory and sometimes bewitching. The old seat of Waterford, and the town with its church about which Father Prout wrote, —

"The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee," —

the cove of Cork, or Queenstown, with its majestic harbor, — ample enough to contain all the navies of the world, Blarney, Youghal and the Black Water, Killarney and the lakes, the Gap of Dunloe and the Black Valley, Loch Leane, Innisfallen, Muckross Abbey and the Peaks, Bandon, Glengarriff, and Bantry, — all these embrace a curious mixture of wild-

ness and of gentle beauty. The great cliffs, the lofty blue crags, and the highlands, which break into the vast expanse of the Atlantic, are beautiful under the summer sun, but in the mists and winds of winter are forbidding and desolate. Queenstown is one of the great gateways out of Europe to America, and the harbor is always alive with the enormous steamers crawling across the greenish-blue waves, with the sprightly tugs and tenders transporting passengers to and from the ocean arks, and with men-of-war which drop in casually, as if to say to Ireland, "Be tranquil."

There is constant commercial intercourse between Dublin and Liverpool,—the great western gateway of Great Britain,—Liverpool which has grown rich and prosperous out of the American trade, and, for that matter, out of the trade of every country under the sun. Here the finest docks in the world would be vastly imposing if one could have an atmosphere for the space of a single day in which to visit them. Liverpool was a little hamlet three hundred years ago, to-day its population is a little more than half a million, and it is said there are always at least thirty thousand sailors plying their trade in its vast quays. It is a proud city, proud of its wealth, proud even of its climate, which it fiercely defends as in nowise objectionable, proud of its great River Mersey, with its stone banks, of the fleets of ships and steamers which come in and go out in hundreds daily, proud of the fact that it has at least two-thirds of the whole shipping of Great Britain and one-tenth of her foreign trade,—half as much trade as the great port of

London,—and that it brings in nearly two million and a half of cotton bales from America and from India every year to be worked up in the great factories in twenty cities not far away. The stately St. George's Hall, the palatial business structures on Water street, the statues of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, the Wellington Monument, the Foreign Exchange, the Mausoleum of Huskisson, the huge docks of Landse, covering five hundred acres on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey,—are the chief features of Liverpool.

The city has its slums, into which one is obliged to stray with care if he wishes to come out alive. There is within five minutes' walk of the principal commercial avenues a labyrinth of streets and alley-ways containing more misery and filth and abject wretchedness than can be found in any other European city. The Liverpool Irish are justly denominated the most degraded people in the kingdom, and around them and then scarcely less wretched and vicious English fellows, there is a fringe of cosmopolitan vice and want, an international tangle of ignorance and poverty, a population which scarcely seems to have souls, and which veritably seems beyond the reach of redemption. One-third of the trade of Liverpool is with America. The Liverpool merchant is a cultivated man with no prejudices, the breadth of the broad seas in his character, he is generous, quick, and energetic, and enjoys his fortune as intelligently and modestly as any landed proprietor.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIX

Lord Beaconsfield — Mr. Gladstone — Two Causes Entirely Different in Character, Purpose, and Result. — Personal Description of the two Great Premiers — Imperial Policy — The Eastern Question in 1875 — Mr. Gladstone's Attitude — The Slaves of the South — Serbia, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Montenegro

"I am overwhelmed," were the words of the dying Beaconsfield as he closed his long and agitated career, twelve months after he had surrendered his premiership, in the tranquil retreat of Hughenden, and it then seemed as if in his words there was all the sadness of a prophetic confession. The Imperial policy which he had inaugurated with such dazzling audacity, and conducted with such dexterous, although somewhat sinister, skill, had received so many severe checks, had brought upon the realm of Britain so many disasters, that the English people were right in questioning whether it were wise that it should be prosecuted to its logical conclusions.

An English premier takes his defeat as he takes his accession to office, with profound philosophy, for he knows that the people quickly return upon any judgment which they have found erroneous, or which they think erroneous, and that the lease of power is not very permanent. Just as in the autumn of 1873 the people showed that they were becoming nervous with regard to the reforming zeal of the ministry, and that they wished to give it a check, so, in 1880, after Mr. Gladstone's tremendous Midlothian campaign, the people began to waver in their devotion to the brilliant policy which had seduced them by its promise of glory and of fortune. Mr. Gladstone was a severe and an uncompromising critic of Lord Beaconsfield's administra-

tion. He said that the premier's policy of "Empire and Liberty" had simply meant denying to others the rights that England claimed for herself. He pointed to the disasters in Afghanistan, to the fact that India had not advanced, but was thrown back in government, subjected to heavy and unjust charges, subjected to what might also be termed, in comparison with the government of former years, a singular oppression, at home the law broken, and the rights of Parliament invaded. It was in vain that Beaconsfield, who had so lately been the adored of the London populace, the darling of the eyes of the Conservative dowagers, and the hero as much in Whitechapel as in Belgravia and Mayfair, — in both of which widely separated sections he was considered as a new champion of England who was to revive the ancient prestige of the island kingdom and reduce to a sense of their relative unimportance the ambitious powers of the North, as he was popularly supposed by his English admirers to have done at the Berlin Congress, — it was in vain that he struck back against his resolute adversary, that he referred to the attempts made to sever the constitutional tie between England and Ireland, and issued his famous proclamation calling on "all men of light and leading" to resist this destructive doctrine. It was in vain that he accused the Liberal party of attempting, and failing, to entrench the English

colomes by their policy of decomposition, an aim that he cried out that he had long previously recognized in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which would not only accomplish but precipitate that purpose, in view that he persisted in his statement that peace rested on the presence, not to say the ascendancy of England in the councils of Europe. The impression grew that the Conservative Ministry, which had been in power from 1874, had not only caused a veritable and lamentable *interregnum* in the great progress of reform at home, but had weakened the Empire by needless wars abroad, and that its clandestine acquisition of the Island of Cyprus had brought upon it the gravest criticisms. Although the proudest moment of Beaconsfield's life was the moment of his entrance into the House of Lords on his return from the Berlin Congress, still not even the fallen Premier himself could conscientiously assert that he had by his support of this treaty gained anything for his famous Imperial policy. He could not have believed that the barrier of the Balkans could permanently separate the two halves of the new Bulgarian nation, that they could remain "similar in race, in religion, in memories, the one free, the other still enslaved," nor that Russia would be permanently checked in her advance on Constantinople by the measures which a few diplomats seated round a table covered with green cloth chose to imagine as obstacles to that progress from north to south which all history tells us is necessary and vital, and which is as irresistible as an inundation.

Mr Gladstone had always pointed out that the great barrier to a Russian advance on Constantinople was the crea-

tion of independent States. But the policy of intrigue and of petty vexations, the policy of attempting to check the Russian bear by scattering bits of orange-peel in his path, had been adopted instead of the bold and straightforward plan which England might have adopted, and were Lord Beaconsfield alive to-day to see the natural outcome of his policy, so far as it was carried forward, he might again say, as he said with his latest breath, "I am overwhelmed."

Mr Benjamin Disraeli, who rose to be Lord Beaconsfield and Mr William Ewart Gladstone, who might long ago have been seated in the House of Lords if he would have listened to proposals for his elevation, have so long been familiar and imposing figures on the stage of English politics, and in international politics generally, that little new can be said of them here. Both these distinguished men had attained in London and in Europe that eminence which attaches to a long continuance of power, to frequent returns to its exercise, and to indisputable authority and skill in the management of men. Each represented a special and peculiar school of English thought, yet each has always had throughout his career marked individuality which seemed to distinguish him from the mass of Englishmen. Lord Beaconsfield was perhaps—and particularly from 1874 to his downfall—more strictly popular than Mr Gladstone. It is certain, however, that he stood upon a lower level, and that nearly every one who professed for him such passionate admiration *knew* that he stood upon a lower level, but there was a glamour about him and all his works, an accent of sincerity in his speeches, even when they supported the shiftest of pretexts or the most fallacious of positions, which lulled to rest any outcropping suspi-

1 O'Connor's *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*.

cious Beaconsfield had worked himself up from a very humble position to that which he had coveted in his youth, and which he had boldly asserted he would get. He had conquered prejudice, had almost conquered fate. He had that profound belief in himself which carries men over the most difficult obstacles, and finally deludes them into the conviction that they are all-powerful before it allows them to be tripped up and to be beaten on the scene of action.

Mr Gladstone had not been obliged to toil up from the lowest place, but had stepped with easy grace at an early age into the career for which he had such consummate fitness. He had inherited a handsome fortune which allowed him to devote his entire energies to the public service, had a wonderful talent for finance, a thorough business aptitude, an abiding classical education, a fervent religious spirit and a sensitive conscience,—too sensitive perhaps for modern English politics, with its expedients, its trickeries, its anxieties and its dangers. One of his biographers has said of him that "he unites cotton with culture. Manchester with Oxford, the deep classical joy over the Italian resurrection and Greek independence with the deep English interest in the amount of duty on Zante raisins and Italian rags." He was already a prominent politician when the first Reform Bill was brought forward, in 1832, and fifty years afterward his voice was heard more powerfully than that of any other in the English Parliament in advocating the completion of the reform which, while its progress has been so slow, has been so very thorough. Lord Beaconsfield, in his youth, when he wished to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons, had been thoroughly laughed at, but had turned upon his

toiletments, and in terrible tones had informed them that the time would come when they would hear him. Mr Gladstone had made his Parliamentary *début* without melodramatic effect, at once commanding the respect and attention of all his fellow-members. His very first speeches in Parliament were in connection with the liberation of slaves,



LORD BEACONSFIELD
From Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

and forty years afterward he was vigorous and earnest as when a youth in demanding the freedom from oppression of the Christians in the East. Mr Disraeli seems to have considered literature as one of the intellectual dissipations of his youth. In it he exhaled the fiery enthusiasms of his soul, embodied in correct and facile prose the dreams of the career which was before him, foreshadowed many of his attempts and aims, betrayed many of the weaknesses and follies of his nature, and

indicated as clearly as could have been indicated by an ethnologist all the prejudices, fancies and hatreds entailed upon him by his race. In his books may be found the Semitic contempt for Christian civilization, the Jewish eagerness to control and lead the Christian, and, in all matters of Eastern policy, the Jewish unwillingness to aid the Christian to resume the place actually his, but usurped by the barbarian.

Mr Gladstone while he did not had so glittering a literary distinction as his great antagonist in his youth, has made literature in its higher form the delight of his middle life and his declining years. His mildest literary recreation is the enthusiastic study of Homer and the Homeric age. He is one of the few Englishmen who thoroughly comprehend the Greek mind, ancient and modern. He has never allowed his position as English statesman to interfere with the careful, non-prejudiced study of continental politics from stand-points not entirely English. Reformer and agitator by instinct, he is moderate in language, and his consideration for his opponents is proverbial. His patience in the presence of great difficulties is unlimited, his disregard of public clamor when he thinks it ill-founded may be carried very far, he is not the man to resign in a passion, nor until he feels that the whole majority of his party, to the last man, has given up the situation. He is content with the progress of each day, he does not threaten or prophesy,—he works, he is ready for crises, because he always foresees them, he knows the value of a penny, and never fails to insist upon it, but he does not hesitate to ask enormous sums when the honor and dignity of England are threatened. If he thinks a war unjust, even though he may have been pushed by his own

party into it, he will open his mouth and speak the truth. No sneer of foreign cabinets, or threat of enemies, or danger of mobs at home, will prevent him from deserting the Soudan, and from saying the full truth about South Africa. If he felt that England, in order to maintain her position as a first-class power, were fated to carry out, at all risks and hazards, an Imperial policy, which would also be a policy of greed and of plunder, and interference with other people's rights, he would not sanction that policy for any consideration whatsoever.

Lord Beaconsfield might have been laid in Westminster Abbey had it not been for the strict instructions in his will that he was to be buried in Hughenden, beside the wife whom he so tenderly loved, and who had done so much for the upbuilding of his career. He sometimes said with profound emotion, that to his wife he owed everything. Doubtless there were moments in his existence when he would have given up the struggle, and relapsed into deep indifference, had it not been for her unfailing support and counsel. Mr Gladstone was the first to propose that the deceased Premier should have the honors of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, but it was not to be. The Great Commoner, the Grand Old Man, as he is lovingly called by his admirers and scornfully spoken of by his enemies, the people's William, the ardent supporter of Liberalism in aristocratic and conservative England, will undoubtedly be laid beneath the stones of the ancient Abbey, to rest in the noble company near whose shines he has spent so many long years of activity in the Parliament House Westminster, the epitome and crowning glory of England, must act now and then as an inspiration to public men as they pass to and fro beneath its



GLADSTONE

From Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

shadows; for to be placed there is higher honor than to be put in the House of Lords during lifetime, and for that matter the Abbey is likely to be the chief of London's monuments many centuries after the House of Lords has been but a tradition. The pavement which shrouds Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh,

Canning, Grattan, and Wilberforce is an appropriate resting-place for Gladstone.

It is related of John Bright that, being in the lobby of Parliament one day, he was approached by a lady of his acquaintance, who had brought her two little boys to see the political celeb-

rities, and who remarked that Gladstone was not present, and that she did not regret it as she had but small admiration for him, repeating numerous reasons as to why she did not like his public record. "Madam," said the great orator, assuming his most imposing mien, "when you have an opportunity to see Mr Gladstone here, bring you two boys with you, and when you have been told which is Mr Gladstone, point him out to these children, and say to them, 'There is the greatest Englishman of all England,' and you will say the truth."

Both Beaconsfield and Gladstone have always been fond of promenades in London town, so that they are well known to the citizens. Gladstone is the most unceremonious of mortals, and when he lived in Harley street, some years ago, used to walk, in all weathers, down to Parliament House, wrapped up in his big, high, rough overcoat, and with his thick leather leggings, looking something like a country squire who had just arrived at Euston station. Yet, despite the affectation of rusticity, the love for filling trees, or long walks and rides in the country, and his simplicity of dress and demeanor, he knows how, when it is proper, to maintain the utmost elegance and dignity of manner. In these latter years of his premiership, when he comes to the evening of a great speech, there are evidences of careful attention to his dress. He has a fresh coat, and a flower in the button-hole, or is in unapproachable evening costume. Seen anywhere, and under any circumstances, he would strike the observer as a remarkable man. I like best to think of him as I saw him one evening at the play, on the first representation of Tennyson's "Cup," when a brilliant audience had gathered in the Lyceum theatre to do honor both

to the poet laureate and to the favorite actor. Gladstone's lustrous eyes, as piercing and magnetic as they were when he was thirty, were unusually brilliant on that occasion, and, as he sat in his comfortable box, surrounded by his family, he presented the finished type of a cultivated, accomplished, and successful English gentleman, than which no aristocratic family could furnish a finer. He was the sublimated man of the people, the best outcome of the sturdy strength of England.

All politicians have something of the comedian in their composition. They know how to make their *entrées* and then *sorties* with skill, and Lord Beaconsfield excelled in this theatrical quality. His curl became historic. A pet phrase, delivered with a peculiar gesture, made its impression and went into history. A consummate dandy in his youth, he had something of dandyism in his old age. A frock-coat may have its eloquence as much as a spoken word. The indiscreet gaudiness of the Hebrew was left aside after he reached maturer years, to reappear only now and then in one of his speeches, written under strong excitement. In 1878 Mr Lacey, the able author of the new 'Diary of Two Parliaments,' wrote thus about Lord Beaconsfield —

Strangers may now occasionally meet in the neighborhood of Parliament street a notable figure making its way through the throng. They note how frail and weary the body seems, how bent the shoulders, how sunken the cheeks, how leaden-hued the lineaments, but they also note the dauntless spirit which still affects a jaunty carriage, and makes believe that progress is slowly made only because there is no hurry. They further observe with admiration the careful newness of the accessories of the figure, — the shapely coat of the lightest material, the negligent but elegant neckcloth, the pearl-gray gloves, guiltless of

wrinkle, and the glossy hat. But these things are, however, only for commonplace occasions. On the day which marks a crowning stage in his memorable career he puts on an old coat, his second-best hat, and the dingy-brown trousers of long ago.

He walked into Palace yard as if he were immensely surprised to find it packed, and went into the House of Lords without looking up, and with an air of being absorbed entirely in his forthcoming speech, although he must have known that, instead of the empty benches usually seen, the chamber was thronged from end to end, that the privy-councillors were in their places before the throne, and that the hues of a flower garden were blended with the soft colors of a rainbow, which the beauty and rank of the Empire formed, and through which, after the storm of the Berlin Congress, the sun shone down on the Prime Minister.

Lord Beaconsfield, when he returned from Berlin in company with Lord Salisbury, and was on his way from the railway station to the little black house in Downing street, where the prime ministers have always resided, was cheered to the echo by the waiting thousands, and yet the outcome of his visit was nothing more than the return to slavery of a million Christians,—a million wrested away from the other millions of liberated ones,—who, if the right policy had been adopted by England, might have been made England's firm allies. Lord Beaconsfield's triumph was, as has been truly said by one of his biographers, "a triumph not of England, not of an English policy, not of an Englishman: it was but the triumph of Judea, a Jewish policy, a Jew."

Five years before the overwhelming of Beaconsfield and his policy Gladstone had aroused all liberal England to a keen interest in the great events which were beginning in south-eastern Europe. There the Turkish oppression had finally become intolerable, and

culminated in an insurrection in Herzegovina. This revolt of the peasantry against their Mahometan landlords in the rocky and picturesque provinces which had been under the Turkish dominion for more than four hundred years was at once recognized by careful students of European affairs as the opening of the Eastern question, with all its perils, its penalties, and its possibilities. Of this insurrection in Herzegovina I saw much, and to all who looked on at the desultory fighting against the Turks in those autumn days of 1875 it was evident that a great movement for the independence and consolidation of the Slavs, who had so long been separated and crushed, had begun. Russia was moving mysteriously to promote this outbreak against the Turk, but the Turk was determined to resist with all his power the inroad upon the provinces which he had not known how to develop or to conciliate.

Bosnia and Herzegovina, lying on the confines of Austria, and possessing a population speaking the same Slavic tongue spoken by so many millions of Austrian subjects, were somewhat more accessible to the influences of the outer world than provinces like Bulgaria and Roumelia. The insurrectionists in Herzegovina and in Bosnia were amply aided by warriors from the unconquered "Black mountain,"—the Montenegrins, so long the guardians of Freedom on the frontiers of Europe. The Egyptian and Asiatic troops combating against these wild men, born among the stones and accustomed from their earliest infancy to hardships, had but little chance of success. Wherever they could inflict atrocious cruelties they did so. The Austrian frontier was lined for miles with camps of the refugees from the Turkish vengeance.

On the river Save, which forms the line of demarkation between Bosnia and Austria, I saw, while making a journey from Belgrade, in Servia, to Sissek, dozens of mutilated bodies of men and women floating down the stream. These were the persons who had been murdered by the Bashibazouks. At Ragusa in October, 1875, the camps of refugees must have contained many thousands of people to whom the Austrian government was compelled to serve daily pensions, unless it wished to see these people die of starvation upon its hands. In rich and fertile Bosnia, with its towns teeming with an active, industrious population, the insurrection was at first quite successful, but there the Turks were very prompt and soon brought it under subjection. It was therefore to the fastnesses and strongholds on the Herzegovinan frontier, hard by the Dalmatian coast, that the leaders and their faithful followers retreated and reorganized the guerilla warfare which proved so efficient in bringing about the greater contests soon to follow. With sympathetic populations on the Austrian side of the frontier the insurgents were not likely to lack for supplies, and so they kept up their resistance, waiting impatiently for the standard of revolt to be raised in Servia, Bulgaria, and in all the rich countries of Turkey in Europe.

Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro were a part of the old country of the Dalmatians, which was united to the Roman Empire under Tiberius, and comprised, besides the above-mentioned countries, a part of present Dalmatia, of Upper Slavonia, and of Servia. The Romans appear to have colonized only a part of the province. All that portion situated in the centre and on the east,

covered with dense forests, was unoccupied by that august race, probably on account of the difficulty of tracing the strategical routes uniting these and the consolidated provinces with the isolated stations of Pannonia and the colonies of the Asiatic shore. In the first half of the seventh century the Avars, profiting by the departure of the legions of the Emperor Heraclius, rallied to fight the Persians, invaded the province, devastated it, and occupied it in part. It was about that time that numerous Slav tribes, who had come from beyond the Carpathians, established themselves, by consent of the Emperor, in the country, after they had expelled the Avars. The Servians, properly so called, occupied Upper Moesia, Sirmia, and Rascia. The Crobates, or Croates, already held all that country between Istria and Cetina. — to-day Croatia and a part of Dalmatia. The Zachlum originally from Chelm, on the borders of the Vistula, and the Narentines, — the old enemies of Venice, — who gave their name to the river Narenta, or who, perhaps, took their name from it, populated the land of Herzegovina. Another tribe came after the first, established itself in what is now Montenegro, and its people were for a long time called Dioclates, from the ancient name of the Black mountain. Bosnia was soon invaded by these migrating tribes, and the new Slav State was formed. United for a short time under Douchan, these various States were soon separated after the fall of the Servian empire, and each once enjoyed a separated existence, — Bosnia under its kings, Herzegovina under its dukes, Montenegro under its vladikas, up to the time of the Ottoman conquest. Servia fell in 1457, Bosnia in 1463, Herzegovina in 1467, before the invading Turk; but Montenegro, sheltered by her

mountain ramparts, never surrendered at all. Bosnia and Herzegovina together have about twice the area of Belgium. Montenegro is a little labyrinth of rocks, interspersed with deep grottos and canyons, — the Montenegrin legend being that when the good God was sowing rocks and mountains in space, he carried them all in a great bag, and that as he was passing over a certain point the bottom of the bag fell out, and all the mountains and rocks in that day's stock constituted Montenegro.

Serbia, a compact and fertile State of one thousand square miles in area well watered by noble streams and studded by splendid forests, is divided into two distinct regions. Upper Serbia, lying between the two Moravas, — the Serbian, rising in the west, and the Bulgarian in the south, and Lower Serbia, formed by the ample basin of the Great Morava in which these two streams unite, has all the elements of empire within it. Had it not been for the baleful influence of the Turk, under whose horses' hoofs no grass can grow, all these various Slavonic States now springing into a fresh and vigorous national existence might have become very rich and powerful. The Serbians were the first of the Slavs who had embraced Christianity. After the schism of Photius they hesitated for some time between Rome and Constantinople, and finally attached themselves to the Greek Church, while their neighbors, the Croats, remained Roman Catholics. Up to the tenth century they underwent many political vicissitudes. They were subjects or vassals of the Greeks and the Bulgarians until the day when one of their chiefs declared himself independent of the monarchies of Byzantium, and took the title of king, which his descendants bore after him. This Chief Simeon ab-

dicated in 1195, and became a monk, under the name of Stephen. He had two sons, Stephen-the-First-Crowned, so called because he was the first Serbian prince who received the royal unction in 1217, who succeeded him, like his father went into a cloister toward the close of his days, the second son founded the national church of Serbia. In 1346 Stephen Douchan, the Powerful, the ninth successor to the Serbian monarchy had brought under his domination the greater part of the Balkan peninsula and carried his conquering banners even to the gates of Constantinople, called himself "Tsar," and was recognized by the republic of Venice and by the Holy See. His son, who reigned after him, was assassinated in 1367, and in 1371 the crown passed to another family — to the Prince Lozarus of the Serbian popular ballads. Under the reign of this Prince Lozarus the Turks, commanded by Murad II, gave battle to the Serbians at Kosovo, on the 13th of June, 1389. Both the sultan and Lozarus were killed, and the Turks were victorious, and Serbia lost her independence.

The Serbian throne was not overturned, however, until 1459, when Mahomet II attacked Serbia, and definitely incorporated it with the Turkish Empire. The Slavs then seemed hopelessly condemned to captivity and subjugation. Serbia disappeared from history until, after three centuries and a half of unwilling slavery, a heroic swineherd of the Serbian mountains rose against the Turks, and led his followers to victory. Becoming a true leader of the people, a wise and good dictator and prince, driving the Turks beyond the frontier, he was invested with supreme power, and reigned from 1804 to 1818. Then back came the Turks to drive out



the newly installed government, and for more than two years the unhappy population was subjected to the most terrible excesses. Massacres and every torture that Turkish vengeance could suggest were the order of the day. In 1815 the people rose again at the voice of Milosh, whom Russia supported as best she could, and after fifteen years' fighting the valiant little country succeeded in getting its autonomy recognized by the Porte, and by a firman of the same epoch the victor was declared hereditary Prince of Serbia. To-day the country is an independent kingdom, recognized as such by the treaty of Berlin in 1878, and Prince Milan, the cultivated and accomplished ruler, was made king. Serbia has a constitution according hereditary sovereignty, rendering ministers responsible before the National Assembly, and giving exercise of the legislative power simultaneously to the king and the public legislature, which meets annually. The Senate of Serbia has been transformed into a Council of State, charged with the "elaboration of the laws" prepared by the general power above mentioned.

With Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Serbia in insurrection, almost one-half of the vast and beautiful domain of Turkey in Europe was in revolt, and it was easy to see that the movement would soon spread to Bulgaria, and might cross the Balkans, and go downward to Constantinople. The tone of public sentiment in Russia also showed, even in these days of 1875, that the advance of a liberating army through Bessarabia and Roumania to the rescue of the Christians in the south was not among the impossibilities. Yet Europe went on in its blind, old, sleepy way, proclaiming that there was no danger of any change in the situation, although within

a few years the most tremendous changes had taken place. Early in 1876 the insurrectionists gained a victory over the Turks in Herzegovina. Then came the scheme of reform presented by Count Andriassy in favor of the insurgents, and this was accepted by the sultan's government in February of 1876. But in May came the news of the Bulgarian outrages, the terrible atrocities at Batak, the vengeance of the oppressor upon the oppressed before they could escape from his tyranny. The massacres by the Circassians in Bulgaria were thoroughly chronicled in the "Daily News," the leading liberal journal in London, by Mr. MacGahan, who investigated them at the risk of his life, and told of them with the simple eloquence of conviction. What Mr. MacGahan saw in the Bulgarian towns was enough to prove that sixty or seventy villages had been burned, that fifteen or sixteen thousand people had been massacred, that among the dead were thousands of women and children, and the women had been outraged before death, and that there was no provocation on the part of the Bulgarians, beyond their well-known desire for freedom, to prompt to such awful carnage.

The horror and commiseration which the recital of these atrocities aroused in Europe were nowhere more pronounced than in England. There was a conference at Berlin of the Emperors of Russia and Germany, Bismarck and Count Andriassy being present. They put their heads together, the British fleet in the Mediterranean was ordered to Besika Bay, Constantinople was in terror over the insurrection in Bulgaria, which, although it had been put down with such violence, was still a bugbear to the peace of Turkey. The shrinking and incapable sultan, Abdul Aziz, was deposed at

Constantinople to perish miserably by his own hand, or, as some say, by hired assassins. Later on, Murad V, who succeeded him, announced that the Turkish government was henceforth to grant the liberties of all Europe smiled at the possibility of a Turkish Parliament.

Meanwhile Disraeli took a jocular view of the massacres in Bulgaria, and announced that the British Government had taken measures for the maintenance of peace. It was apparent, however, that there was to be no peace in the East until the Slavs had set themselves free. In June of 1876 Prince Milan of Serbia left Belgrade and went to his army on the frontier. The time had come, he said, to meet the Turk face to face. The situation of Serbia was no longer tolerable, and with insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina the Serbian people must declare war. The Montenegrins joined their fortunes to Serbia. The troops of these bold little States were at first defeated. But presently came another revolution at Constantinople. Murad V was succeeded by Abdul Hamid II. All Europe was now turning its gaze to the East. Russia was aiding the Serbians, who, in a burst of enthusiasm, finally proclaimed Prince Milan King of Serbia and Bosnia, — a proclamation which they had later on to see annulled by Act of Congress. Mr Gladstone had placed himself on record as the uncompromising enemy of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria, and in all other States. "Let the Turks," he said, "carry away their abuses in the only possible manner — by carrying off themselves." In the same address, in characterizing the Turkish Government, he said "We may ransack the annals of the world, but I know not what research can furnish us with so portentous an example of the fiendish

misuse of the powers established by God for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the encouragement of them that do well. No government ever has so sinned, none has so proved itself incorrigible in sin or, which is the same, so impotent for reformation." As the Serbian war progressed the Czar of Russia made a proposition for the joint military occupation of Bosnia and Bulgaria; it was felt that Austria might presently appear on the scene, public feeling in Russia and Turkey was greatly excited, finally a short armistice between Serbia and Turkey was exacted at the instance of the Russian Government. Lord Salisbury was sent on his famous journey to Constantinople, to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, to get the views of the various governments on a proposed conference on the Eastern Question. During this journey Lord Salisbury satisfied himself of the truth of many things none more interesting perhaps than that the Triple Alliance between the three great military empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria decided on their respective lines of policy when war should break out in the East, had been consummated as early as 1873. This must have caused some surprise when it was first made known in Europe, and threw a new light upon all the movements in the East. The leading features of the Berlin Treaty of 1878 had, it is said, been decided upon several years before the downward movement of the Russian armies toward Bulgaria. Lord Salisbury, although representing a pro-Turkish party in the English cabinet, was informed during his journey that the English Government had decided that England would not "assent to or assist in coercive measures, military or naval, against the Porte. The Porte must, on the other hand, be made to understand, as it has from the

first been informed, that it can expect no assistance from England in the event of war. Had England used its influence to coerce the Turk in those days, the succeeding campaigns, the entrance of Russia upon the scene, and her assumption of predominating influence in Eastern Europe might have been checked or averted.

Meanwhile turn with me from this contemplation of the progress of events in the East to recall a curious incident of the Herzegovinian insurrection, — a visit which I made in company with two or three other journalists to the insurgents' camp, established among the almost inaccessible crags not far from the coast in the autumn of 1875.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVEN

A Day with a Voyvoda — An Insurgent Leader — Among the Rocks — A Picturesque Experience — Luck and Sly — Probable and his Men

AS we rode down the little hill between Rigusa and Gravosa it suddenly occurred to us that every one else had gone to sleep in the quiet of the warm October afternoon and that it was especially absurd to be starting upon a long and toilsome journey when we could sit under the cliffs by the Adriatic and be lulled into delicious repose by the music of the blue waves breaking against the reddish-tinted rocks. The tiny villas nestling in the olive-groves seemed to blink sleepily at us as we passed, the peasants lying curled up by the wayside in curiously picturesque heaps slept soundly, the boatmen huddled beneath the awnings of their small crafts were snoring in unison as we came to the bism at Gravosa, the vast hills, which rose stern, stony, terrible in the distance, appeared to be dreaming in the tremulous autumn sunshine. In the *café* of Gravosa half-a-dozen stalwart mountaineers had laid aside their picks and burying their faces in their hands, were leaning forward upon the tables. In the post-office the venerable clerk had doffed his heavy Austrian cap, laid his head against the wall near the wicket, and luxuriously closed his eyes. It was one of the clock in the afternoon in Dalmatia, and men who walked abroad, and seemed bent upon some errand at that hour sacred to sleep, would have been watched as dangerous had there been any one awake to watch them.

The general sleepiness seemed to op-

press us although we had need of all our faculties at that moment. The driver, who appeared ready to fall from his seat, overcome with somnolence, pulled up his horses beneath the shade of a huge tree and we leaned back in the rickety carriage and were fast yielding to temptation when we were aroused by the sharp clear voice of our guide, who had been lingering behind. "We must go on to Ombla," he said. "The voyvoda will soon follow us and we must get boats ready and lose no time when he catches up with us, or we shall not reach the camp before dark. And strangers," — said our guide, Tomo with a half-disdainful inflection upon the word, — "strangers cannot pick their way among the Herzegovinan rocks after nightfall."

"But there will be a full moon," we ventured to remark.

"So much the worse for you," said Tomo speaking slowly in the Italian, which was difficult for his Slavic tongue, but was the necessary vehicle of conversation. "The moonlight might lead the gentlemen to break their necks. The moon plays queer tricks in these rocky fields. She makes one believe that there is solid stone where there is a yawning precipice. She ties the eyes of the mountaineer, puts magical chains before his gaze, and makes him lose his way. The gentlemen could not even walk among our crags and rocks in the moonlight. Better a thick darkness than one is not dazed, and one can grope."

So saying, Tomo shouldered his gun, turned gracefully from us, and set out for Ombla. The driver impatiently gathered up his reins, murmuring, "*Mudre di Dio!*" when shall we be well rid of these Greeks?" and we rattled along in Tomo's wake.

A turn in the road just as we seemed about to plunge into the Adriatic, drove along a narrow causeway with an aim of the sea on one side and high stone walls and straggly houses on the other, and at last we came to a square surrounded with low villas. A little alley led down to the water-side. At the foot of three steps a large boat was moored. In the boat lay its owner asleep. Here we were to await the vojvoda.

Picturize to yourself a vast amphitheatre of colossal rocks rising majestically from blue water fringed with a few straggling trees. As far as the eye can reach hillward nothing but stones, bald, uncouth, tremendous, piled one upon another in confusion which no pen can describe. Here the walls which shut out the rich valleys and smiling fields beyond seem almost perpendicular. One cannot imagine that among them there are roadways, or even paths along which goats and their shepherds may stray. In the centre of the amphitheatre are a few scattered white cottages surrounding a mysterious rivulet which bubbles up from the rocks, and, after flowing in an impetuous current for a short distance, disappears again among them. It is a region from which there seems no outlet save that by which we entered it, one narrow strip of winding road. Such is the basin of hill-guarded Ombla.

The coast of Dalmatia, at this point, where its mountains touch the frontier of Herzegovina, is wonderfully rich in color. At early morning purple tints

seem to lie lovingly upon the slopes and terraces of stone, at noon great glorious waves of light break over them, and magically transform them into reddish-brown ruined castles, or deep gray monasteries, or pink or golden forests, everything seems strange and supernatural. Late in the afternoon the shadows gather in the ten thousand nooks and crevices, and lend a forbidding aspect to the enormous barriers which seem to have some secret to guard, and to refuse admittance to the land beyond to the anxious wanderer. One feels as if one were upon enchanted ground.

Of the many routes which lead into Herzegovina from Ragusa, the nearest Dalmatian port, there is but one which is in any sense practicable for even the rude wagons or the pack-mules used in the transportation of supplies to the Turkish fortresses. All the others lead through small villages perched among the mountains at points where a little soil and a few springs of fresh water are to be found. The unhappy traveller who should attempt alone to thread these comparatively unfrequented and absolutely labyrinthine paths would incur imminent risk of dying of exhaustion, or might fall a prey to the small banditti always hovering along the Austrian frontier, bidding defiance to the *gendarmes*, or, if caught, pretending to be insurgents on the lookout for arms and ammunition. If the traveller be accompanied by a stout guide he will yet find himself many times on the point of succumbing to the dreadful fatigue which overcomes him as he clambers incessantly up, up, up, with little or no chance for repose, and with the sun's rays beating down with terrific force upon his head. Those who have ever wandered along the side of Vesuvius under an August sunlight can in a faint degree

appreciate the terrors of a climbing joust in the mountains on the Herzegovinan frontier.

Our guide, Tomo, had many times told us of the dangers of the way, indeed, he took a certain malicious pleasure in depicting every horror, and in setting it in the most repulsive light. This he did not from any ill-will towards us, but from that natural instinct which leads the mountaineer and the sailor always to mock at those who are unaccustomed to perils, or to the sea. Our gay and cosmopolitan party, gathered from all corners of the world to witness the great struggle in progress in the autumn of 1877 by the oppressed Christians against their oppressive Turkish masters, upon whom they had finally turned with all the energy of men made desperate by long suffering, had been snugly encamped in the garrison town of Ragusa for some days, patiently awaiting a summons from one of the insurgent chiefs, camped near the Austrian border, to visit him. The committee of Slavs in Ragusa, interested in the success of the insurrection, had forwarded to one of the camps a request that we should be escorted to the centre of operations and introduced personally to the leaders who were fighting for freedom and for the maintenance of the Christian religion. Several times, a day had been appointed and guides had been sent to meet us, but before we had left Ragusa news had arrived that the insurgents had broken camp and were on a forced march of many days. Thus we had waited in uncertainty, until one morning we were informed that the main body of the rebels, twenty-five hundred strong, was encamped in the almost inaccessible village of Grehzi, in a corner of Herzegovina, within a few hours' march of Ragusa. Footsore, exhausted, and with

ammunition-boxes nearly empty, this little army had resolutely placed its picket lines within half an hour's march of a formidable Turkish fortress, and had determined to study the situation before proceeding further. The chiefs held a meeting, and decided to send then leader, the vojvoda, a stern brave, well-educated in unlearned Ljublika, to Ragusa, that he might, during his brief visit, get some idea of the opinion of the outside world concerning the struggle. The vojvoda came from his fortress to Ragusa, there we met him and were invited to return with him to the rock-surrounded camp of Grehzi. The invitation was accepted. The news, speedily handed abroad in Ragusa, so astonished the Turkish consul that he quite forgot his dignity, and calling on us one by one, entreated us not to risk our lives among the ruffians, "not to believe the hundred lies we were sure to hear from the Greeks," and finally not to give the insurgents any details relative to the positions of Turkish forces which we had seen during a recent journey made on the high road to Tichigne, an important Turkish post. We fancied that we could detect a twinkle of malice in the consul's eye as he deprecatingly bade us good-by when he found that we were determined to venture among the insurgents, and it did not require a lively imagination to picture him sending a messenger in hot haste to the nearest Mahometan fort, advising its commander to intercept us, and not only capture the wandering vojvoda, but cut off the heads of his companions. An encounter with a Turkish patrol was among the possibilities, but we dismissed the unpleasant thought of it from our minds, as we stood looking at the sombre and precipitous banks of Ombla, and concentrated our attention upon the exacting task before us.

Meantime the vojvoda, with his little body-guard of tall, lithe Herzegovians, well armed with trusty, although ancient rifles, with yataghans taken from the bodies of dead Turks, and with pistols half a yard long, was supposed to be plodding on from Ragusa to overtake us, and at Ombla we were all to start together for the mountain ascent. An hour passed, the boatman awoke, rolled and lighted a cigarette, swore a gentle oath, looked at the sun, then at us, and shrugged his shoulders, no vojvoda came. Another hour passed during which the boatman and Tomo, besides continually consuming cigarettes, now and then burst into violent invective, still no vojvoda came. The Frenchman in our party sang a song, the Italian fumed and fidgeted, the Slavic professor maintained an attitude expressive of mild astonishment, the Russian agent, sent to dispense moneys and charities, frowned tremendously, and hinted that the vojvoda was not as good as his word and we two Americans looked from one to the other of the members of the eccentric group, and then glanced along the dusty road down which the vojvoda was expected.

There he was! An old man, almost grovelling in the dust, was kissing his hand, worshipping in him the would be liberator of his race. Surely, the vojvoda was a romantic and impressive figure as he strode a few steps ahead of his guard through the village. The hybrid Slavo-Italian children bowed and courted, the nut-brown maidens blushed and cast down their eyes, the old women shrieked with delight, "Vojvoda! vojvoda! Now may Heaven bless and preserve you many years, ever good vojvoda, our only trust, our all!" The affection, the earnest adoration, were almost painful to witness. The men-at-arms gazed with delight and statted

with mutual admiration. Handsome fellows were they, with long, coal-black hair and mustaches, with noble necks and chests, sinewy and symmetrical limbs. Their teeth were like pearls, their eyes were bright, their gut was elastic. Involuntarily they glanced at us then at the rocks overhanging Ombla, and then they shook their heads. We felt challenged to put forth our best efforts on the march, and nerved ourselves accordingly.

Vojvoda Ljubibratic looked like an ancient Serbian king stepped out of the margin of some illuminated manuscript of Stephen Douchan's time. He wore the costume of the people of Serbia, among whom he had lived nearly all his life, although he was Herzegovian born. A green tunic with loosely-flowing sleeves was girt about his waist with a simple belt, in which there were no weapons. At his side hung a fine sabre of modern make, the symbol of his authority. His leggings and his *opanki*, or slippers, were of fine material, but much worn and frayed by long marches in the rocky by-ways. Beneath the tunic his ample chest was covered by a Serbian jacket, richly embroidered with gold and silver. His face, exceptionally fine in repose, bore an expression of simple good-humor when animated, a lofty brow only partly shaded by a Montenegrin cap, fine eyes which had a singular fashion of looking out and away from present objects, as if their owner were continually endeavoring to examine the future, a sensitive mouth and a noble brown beard, were the conspicuous features. One instinctively felt proud to take the vojvoda by the hand.

This title of "vojvoda" was not the exclusive property of our friend Ljubibratic. In the camp at Grebzi were half-a-dozen other chieftains who, from the

fact that they commanded large bodies of men, were privileged to employ the same prefix to their names, but, recognizing the fact that there must be only one supreme authority, they had vested it in Ljubibratic, and had permitted him to be recognized in all the country round as the *vojvoda*. I have endeavored to give the singular name the English spelling which most resembles its sound when it is pronounced by the Slavs themselves. In Servia there are five grand territorial divisions called *vojvodines*, created for convenience in grouping the militia of the country, and the leaders of the troops are called *vojvodas*.

As soon as he could free himself from the exuberant caresses of the people in the village the *vojvoda* beckoned the boatman to approach. The obsequious fellow doffed his hat, and came running up the stone steps, muttering compliments in his Italian dialect. "Set us across at *vonder point*," said the *vojvoda*, pointing to a long, jagged promontory of stone some distance below the little white houses of Ombla. "And remember," he added in liquid Italian, which he spoke far better than the boatman himself, "let no one in the village say whither we have gone or how many we are." He laid his hand heavily on the boatman's shoulder. The brown hand of the Italian came up to his breast and made a sign as of complete subordination to the *vojvoda's* will. We hastened into the boat, and were soon on the opposite shore. As we began to climb among the rocks two rough-looking fellows, the very counterparts of the Italian brigands we have all so often seen in operas, arose mysteriously from behind a crag, and, without even deigning to notice our party of strangers, clad in the ugly, civilized clothes which are looked upon with such

contempt in the Levant, set off at a sharp pace ahead of us.

The *vojvoda* was thoughtful. The sun was pouring great floods of scorching heat down upon the bare stones, but he seemed oblivious alike of the warmth and of the mighty ascent. He lounged slowly behind all the others, rolling cigarettes in an indolent, thoughtful way, as every one does in these Eastern countries, and now and then stopping to take a long look at the Turkish frontier which we could see as soon as we had climbed to the top of the first ridge. He seemed to be studying every rock, as if calculating how all these mute forces could be turned into agents to aid in destroying the oppressive Mahometans.

It seemed like tempting Providence to climb such awful heights under a burning sun. There were moments when the courage of our party gave way during the first half-hour, and we determined to return. We looked up, there towered the mighty, bald masses, unutterably grand, silent, ~~severe~~, there seemed no way through them or around or beneath them. We looked down, and we saw the blue waters of the inlet at Ombla, the boatmen tranquilly rowing in the breezy waves or lying luxuriously stretched out beneath their awnings as their little craft rocked to and fro, and we were anxious to get down to safe ground again. The thought of night among these mountains seemed almost frightful to us. But we rose and staggered along.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and came to a rocky ledge, from which we had a glorious view of the tranquil Adriatic. How beautiful was the sea, girdling the little dun-colored islets and setting boldly in to the romantic indentations of the coast! Miles below, on the Dalmatian shore, we could see here and there a chapel lonely upon a hill-

side, on a dark clump of olive trees, or a little village clinging to the rocks out of which it was built. We turned from the sea with a sigh, and clambered once more.

Tomo, the guide, reminded me much of those stalwart bronze-colored men whom I had seen in the Indian Territory, those still splendid types of the fading Cherokee and Choctaw races. He had the same graceful quickness of limb, the same stern repose of feature, the same contempt for fatigue. He never sat down to rest; he was in perpetual movement. If we came by chance to a little terrace where some miserable peasant had taken advantage of half an acre of untrustworthy soil to grow a struggling vineyard, he did not stretch his limbs in the shade of the vines, as we did, but he leaped from rock to rock, he vaulted lightly across a chasm, clambered up a peak, ran for a few yards, stood poised almost as if he were about to fly away like a bird. Sometimes he sang a rude, but not unmusical song, in which he was joined by two Montenegrins who were with us, and who kept time to the refrain by brandishing their weapons as they walked. Tomo constantly came to us, encouraging us, speaking kind words in his Italian *patois*. "Courage! the worst is over. You will soon be at a little village where you can rest. *Andiamo!*"

After an hour's climbing we found ourselves on a huge shelf from which we could look out hundreds of yards over the rocky field in every direction. The vojvoda came to us and smilingly pointed to a dark round mass on the horizon, which, as birds fly, would have been scarcely a quarter of a mile distant, but which could have been reached in these terrible mountains only by the high-road from Ragusa, or by several hours of clambering at the risk of one's

neck. A second glance at the mass showed that it was a fortification which we had seen many times before,—the round, picturesque fort of Czarnio, on the Turkish frontier. With the aid of our field-glasses we could see figures moving about on the ramparts, and the Russian agent insisted that they, too, were sweeping the sky with glasses, and that they saw us.

"What matter?" said the vojvoda serenely. "We may sit here and make mouths at our enemies; we are on Austrian territory, and they dare not fire on us, and as to their sending a patrol it could not even leave the fort without being signalled to our people at Grieba and down to us here before the Turks could have got well under way. There are men in that fort who know these mountain ways; they were brought up in Herzegovina, they are renegades to their religion and to their race, they are the best men to venture out among the precipices so near nightfall, and as for the Asiatic portion of the garrison there is no danger that it will come to us, for it is quaking with terror in anticipation of an attack upon the walls of Czarnio this very night." And the vojvoda tranquilly lighted another cigarette.

This fort of Czarnio occupies an almost isolated crag about half an hour's ride from the city of Ragusa. It dominates the only practicable route from southern Austria into Herzegovina and the other provinces subject to Turkey. The insurgents persisted in hovering near it, although there was but little chance of securing it. "If I had but two batteries of mountain artillery!" sighed the vojvoda. "But we have nothing, not even ammunition enough to fight a good battle." He turned away in silence, and the Russian

agent began to say comforting words, and to hint at the support which would be mysteriously forthcoming at the proper time.

Crawling, scrambling, leaping, our heads dizzy, our shoulders and limbs lame, we finally came to a plateau, at whose farther extremity, under the shadow of a rocky hill, we saw a little village. There were a few green tices and low one-story houses miserably thatched, and heaped about with stones. A ragged population came out to meet us. The women were mainly engaged in carrying heavy burdens, fagots of wood or bundles of grain on their heads. Incessant toil had taken away most of their enthusiasm; they merely contended as the vojvoda pissed. The men greeted the chief with effusive friendship and reverence. Although still in Austria, Ljubanitch felt thoroughly at home here, because the people were of the same race, religion and sentiment as the ignorant and oppressed Herzegovinians over the border. As we stepped in upon the circle of a stone threshing-floor and sat down to drink from a gourd and to bathe our swollen hands, torn and bruised with grasping the rocks, a noble and statuesque old man, fully six feet and a half in height, came forward to greet the vojvoda. This venerable man was as erect and stately as he had been at twenty-five, his eyes were dim, but he still had a firm gait and a noble port, although he had seen ninety years. His fine head was enveloped in a voluminous red turban, but the rest of his garments were little better than rags. This was the chief of the village, and he held a long and animated conversation with the vojvoda, urging him, so said Tomo, the guide, to do some daring act which should so compromise the Slavie popu-

lation in Austria that they would be compelled to join in the struggle against the Turks. When the old man had finished his remarks he gravely kissed the hand of the vojvoda and retired saluting us with staid, solemn gestures.

From the village to the camp at Giebrzi there were yet two hours of vigorous climbing and scrambling to be undergone, and we made but a brief halt. The *avant-commissaires* who had joined us at Ombila had not halted at all, but were now lost to sight beyond the jutting stones on the horizon. As we left the collection of miserable hovels, villagers crowded on the steps of the vojvoda, some proffering compliments that his men had robbed them of kids or goats, others that he did not make decisive movements enough, yet others that he allowed strangers — alluding to us — to come into the country and to discover his forces. To all these he replied by scornful waves of the hand, or now and then by loud, imperious commands of silence. We soon left the grumblers behind, and were once more alone with the rocks.

But presently, as the hour of sunset approached, we encountered large flocks of goats coming down from their dubious pasturage of the day to their folds for the night. Sometimes the only practicable route was not large enough to permit of the passage of our party and a flock of goats also. A leader of the horned and bearded denizens of the mountains would eye us for a few moments, as if he contemplated giving battle, but, after a survey of our numbers, would turn back with an angry snort and a choleric stamp of his fore feet. More than once I climbed a high rock with a view of protecting myself from the possible attacks of these wild goats, that rebel even against the rough mountaineers who own them.

Night came suddenly. The rocky

ways became obscure, one looked up in surprise to find the sky darkening above him, there seemed no slow, insidious approach of twilight, as in lower regions. We quickened our pace. The body-guard scattered hither and yon, and no longer chattered in the smoothly flowing Slavic. Our party, French, Italian, Russian, American, was oppressed and overwhelmed by the coming darkness. The rocks took on fantastic shapes; a belated shepherd a little way off seemed to us like a pinnacle overhanging the narrow path, and half-a-dozen pinnacles looked like Mahometan soldiers waiting to fire upon us as we passed. We descended into a valley, then wearily climbed another ridge. Nowhere now was there visible a tree or clump of foliage or minutest shrub, nowhere anything save rocks — rocks on all sides. On the top of the ridge the guards halted. One of them sat down and listened intently. The *voivoda*, who now preceded us, motioned us to halt. Parties of the insurgents moved to the left and the right. At last the *voivoda* seated himself on a convenient stone, and calling to us, and pointing down into a second valley, now almost concealed in the rapidly deepening shadows, and then to the rugged ghostly hills beyond, he said, "Gentlemen, welcome to my domain! You are in the Herzegovina."

Nowhere was there sight or sound of camp. The waste seemed untenanted. Our hearts sank as we imagined a long night-journey to the village among the rocks. We rose with the energy of despair when the *voivoda* invited us to continue the route to Grehzi. Where were the insurgent forces?

We began to descend into the valley. Here there was a narrow path of smooth stones. We had gone but a few steps when from the bosom of the rocks there

came a peculiar hail, a long, low cry. In a moment it was repeated. Then it was answered from our side, and also repeated. Presently, from the left, came a similar hail, similarly answered by our men, who had gone in that direction. In a moment more the rocks all around us swarmed with armed men who jumped down joyously crying, '*Voivoda! voivoda!*'" Many of them crowded around him, kissing his hands and the hem of his garment, while others entered into a noisy explanation of the events which had occurred since his departure. Soothing and quieting them as if they had been children, he led the way, calling us to follow, across a terribly rugged patch of rocks a mile or two long, then down a lane walled in on either side, and introduced us without warning to one of the most unique spectacles that my eyes have ever rested upon.

The lane terminated abruptly on a ledge from which we looked down into a cup set in the hills, and guarded on every hand by a succession of rolling valleys filled with jagged masses of stone. In this deep, cup-shaped space a large number of little crumples were burning, and fitting to and fro among them we could see stalwart men armed to the teeth. A loud hum, the echo of the noisy conversation around the fires, drifted up to our ears. Here and there, where the flame burned out brightly, we could see small, ugly, black cottages. Away off among the rocks we heard the monotonous refrain of a song, doubtless sung by some warrior, who in halting rhythm was celebrating his exploits of the past week or of the day.

The transition from the solemn and awful calm of the Herzegovinan highlands — the calm which we had felt with such terrific force just as the curtain of darkness was finally drawn — to this half-

joyous, half-savage vivacity of the camp and the village, was almost repulsive. There seemed something weird, supernatural in it. We dreaded to go down, lest we might find that we had ventured upon a Walpurgis Night, or some dreadful assemblage of sorcerers from below. There was, however, just at this moment a smart commotion in the camp: hasty words were heard, there was a rattle of arms, men in to and fro, and a few careless shots were fired.

"What is it, Tomo?" we asked of the guide.

"It is the vojvod's arrival," he said. "Probably some one on an out-of-the-way peak saw us coming, and rushed in to give an alarm, thinking it might be the enemy, but now our men have arrived and the mistake is corrected, and we shall all be welcome. You will see," and Tomo bristled with pride and stroked his long black mustaches.

We did see. The vojvoda sprang lightly down from the ledge—it seemed as if he were leaping from a high precipice into an abyss,—but he landed safely on a rock below, then upon another, and we followed him. Tomo shouted to us to keep in the background till he came, as strange faces might not please some of the more ignorant of the insurgents, but our curiosity spurred us on, and we strode along a narrow village street, flanked on either side by one-story stone hovels. Suddenly a torch flared up, and a group of noble and impressive-looking men approached. The vojvoda hastened toward the elder and graver of the two foremost, and the pair embraced, kissing each other repeatedly. He then gave the same affectionate greeting to all the others, and, after some hurried conversation, introduced us to Peko Pavlovic, the "renowned and terrible slayer of Turks, and director of the

movements of a large part of the forces.

The first instinctive movement, on hearing Peko's name, was one of repulsion, for he had been described to us, even by his ardent admirers, as a demon incarnate, a species of Hans of Iceland, breathing out slaughter, delighting in the mutilation of the bodies of his victims, and cherishing the most fiendish malice. In the early days of the insurrection Peko had established at Shvinitza—a camp not far from Giebi—a "reliquary," where the heads of Turks slain in battle were kept as ghastly trophies. A young Russian officer informed me that he had visited this reliquary, and that Peko exhibited to him with the greatest pride the corpse of a Turkish officer which had been carried away from some skirmish-field and was kept there that the insurgents might gloat over the corruption of their enemy's body.

A moment after we had looked on Peko our repulsion had vanished. He is a nobly formed Montenegrin of the heroic type, pretty well past the flower of his middle life. His face is as clearly cut as that of a handsome woman, his brows shade a pair of deep, sombre eyes, with nothing whatever murderous in their glance. His thin lips are shaded by a broad black mustache, his massive chin, his square jaw, give evidence of strength of will and character. His mighty chest was sheathed in a silver jacket of mail, the front of which was very elaborately ornamented. This bit of mediæval splendor, of which most of the Montenegrin chiefs are very fond, must have cost Peko a pretty penny. To describe his weapons would be merely to puzzle the reader, suffice it to say that in his girdle he wore nearly a dozen small-arms, and that on the march he invariably carries a rifle, which he uses

unerringly Peko has all the befitting qualities of a chief save education he is ignorant, and the vojvoda, although less versed than Peko in the science of mountain warfare, has frequently saved him from blunders into which he would have rushed, compromising the whole insurrection in the eyes of neighboring nations. When the vojvoda first came from Belgrade to Herzegovina to start the rebellion against the Turks, Peko was sent out by the Prince of Montenegro to check him, and to warn him that the time was not yet. Peko met Ljubibratic, and told him his mission, but the vojvoda would not listen to persuasion. Upon this Peko seized Ljubibratic, had him bound hand and foot and conveyed to the frontier, and he went to see that the orders were obeyed. But on the way to the Austrian border Ljubibratic succeeded in persuading Peko that the insurrection in Herzegovina was ripe and should be begun, and that the Prince of Montenegro ought to be prevailed upon to aid it, at least tacitly. Peko at once ordered the vojvoda's hands to be unloosed, returned with him to a camp, joined the insurgents, and acknowledged his late prisoner as his commander-in-chief. Since that time he had implicitly followed the lead of the vojvoda in general matters, venturing only now and then to differ in regard to the conduct of an expedition or the treatment of a captured enemy.

Peko is still a force in Herzegovina against the Turks. He rushes down from the mountains with a little band and annihilates a convoy, beheads an aga or a bey, or throws half-a-dozen soldiers over a precipice, before the astonished Moslems can say a prayer. He kills with frenzy, but behind all his apparent barbarity there is a fixed motive. He is one of the

most forcible human expressions of the four-hundred-year period of hate of the Montenegrin for the Turk that I have ever seen. He has given his whole body and soul to the task of driving the Moslems from the countries which they have so long oppressed, and he will labor mercilessly to that end until his dying day.

Peko and his fellow-chiefs Herzegovinan and Montenegrin, greeted us kindly. Luca Petrovic, one of the most noted of the elder chieftains, was absent, but there were others whose scars and the renown of whose exploits entitled them to notice, who wandered with us about the camp, explaining through the joyous and willing Tomo everything which we did not understand. As it was not thought wise to attempt an explanation of the mission of journalists to the common soldiers we were introduced to the group as gentlemen who had come to inspect the "Italian squadron," which was proving itself a most efficient aid to the insurrection, and under these borrowed colors we succeeded in obtaining a cordial welcome from every one. The warriors left off then whining, monotonous chants as we approached, and rose to greet us courteously. Two men were despatched to a spring, which was a long distance from the camp for water, which they transport in these mountain regions in pig-skins, as they do also in Spain, and two or three other stout fellows, having slaughtered a sheep and dressed it, spitted the animal on an old sabre, and were soon roasting it whole before a cheerful fire. Having no longer any legs to stand on, we sank down, a tired and demoralized group, upon some rocks near the hut in which the Italians were quartered, and watched the warriors as they came and went, or as they stood indolently smoking their long

pipes and listening in a half-suspicious half-amused manner to the jargon of English, French and Italian which echoed from our party.

Noble men physically, these warriors, — the best products of Herzegovina, yet men so abused by centuries of oppression that they were hopelessly ignorant and were bringing up their children in ignorance. Shapely, cleanly men, of fine instincts, one would say, no low cunning in their faces, not men to knock a traveller on the head like a Serbian or Corsican mountaineer, but men who needed only a chance of development to improve it. They had sent all their wives and children over the Austrian border, where they would be safe from the murderous vengeance of the Turks and of those fanatical Slavs who long ago renounced the Christian religion for Mohammedanism, and they felt free to fight. My heart went out to these downtrodden, misunderstood "rivals," — these men who might at any time be hampered in their struggles for freedom by the intrigues of greater nations near them — these men who followed so willingly and obeyed so implicitly their vojvoda and who looked upon him as a demi-god.

Not a house in this village camp of Grehzi had a chimney, the two or three hovels into which we ventured were so filled with smoke from the fires on the hearths that we were compelled to retreat. The furniture was of the simplest description. There were no beds, but low stone couches, like those one sees in houses in Pompeii, on these straw and blankets were spread. Chairs, tables, and such luxuries evidently had never been heard of at Grehzi. It was a miserable little village, forlorn, in the crags. Before the women and children, who cultivate the fields, had fled, it might have

been just tolerable to look at, but even then it must have appeared barbarous. We were lodged that night in a house which, as the vojvoda assured us with a smile, was once the home of a wealthy farmer. It consisted of three rooms under one thatched roof. Two of the rooms were perhaps half a story higher than the third, and in those we slept. The inner one resembled a cellar; its floor of stone was littered with straw, light was admitted through two small apertures in an immensely thick wall and the door was scarcely high enough to admit any one of us. In the outer room a fire smouldered on the hearth and the smoke wandered into every corner. A few wooden bowls, trenchers, one or two rude knives, an iron wash-basin and a camp-stool made in Rigusa were the only articles of furniture we could discover. These had contented the wealthy farmer all his life. Tomo said with a grin, as he arranged our sleeping-room, "why should we ask for more?"

Before we retired to this abode of luxury the chiefs came in friendliest fashion to see us partake of the supper which had been prepared for us. I was much amused at the manner in which the men who were delegated to serve us managed their apologies for a lack of numerous necessary articles, such as salt, bread, etc. Each of them would approach the vojvoda respectfully and demand permission to whisper in his ear. He would then very privately communicate his intelligence to the vojvoda, who in his turn would inform us that there was no salt or bread to be had. Thereupon, our cooks, with a bow to us, would withdraw with a contented air, as a good housewife does in America after she has maligned her own cookery in the presence of her guests, and given a hundred reasons why it is wiser than usual

We were too weary to eat much, but we drank refreshing draughts of the cool water, and made our way speedily to the cellar-room, where we lay down upon the straw with Tomo as guard in front of the door, stretched out with his head in the smoke. The arrival of a Turkish battalion could hardly have succeeded in awakening us, and the innumerable wood-lie and bugs native to the locality only did it once.

It was dawn at three o'clock. Tomo, building the fire, roused us. In a few minutes he brought us cups of hot, fragrant coffee, made in the Turkish fashion. We seemed endowed with new strength; our fatigues of yesterday were forgotten. The cool air rushing in through the stone aperture which served for a window was inspiring. In an hour more the camp was astir. Warriors who had sung persistently until the small hours appeared fresh and prepared for war. We went down into the streets or lanes, and soon met the vojvoda walking leisurely to and fro, with his hands clasped behind him. "The council of war is called for six o'clock," he said, "and you must see it. Only, pray do not come too near to it, as some chief might fancy his sense of dignity offended."

We promised, and at six, as the hills all around resounded to the pipes of the shepherds who were leading their flocks of goats to their favorite pasturage, we climbed to a little eminence where grew some grass and a few stunted trees. There a dozen chiefs were seated in a circle, with the vojvoda in the centre. Then gravity was as stern and unrelenting as that of our Indians. Most of the men were smoking, but the Herzegovinian rarely lays aside his pipe save when he sleeps or fights. It is second nature to him to smoke. The Montenegrin chiefs had bestowed some little attention

upon their toilets, upon the breasts of Peko and one or two of his companions Russian medals glittered. The sun's rays threw a halo around the picturesque little group, and for a moment the sheen of the weapons worn by all was dazzling. The vojvoda, in his green tunic, and with his fine head bared to the morning breeze, was a noble figure. Each chief as he delivered his opinion stood up in the middle of the circle and spoke in low, solemn tones, sometimes gravely gesticulating with his pipe. Only one or two of the men showed signs of anger or excitement, and that was when they pointed to the mountain ridge beyond which the Turks were encamped in their fortresses.

The twenty-five hundred insurgents were busy polishing their arms, preparing their coffee, — which appeared to be the only breakfast that they took — and singing, or rather crooning, then monotonous melodies. A small party was detailed to cross the Austrian frontier and descend to the town of Ragusa for the bread, furnished by an "insurrectionary committee" composed of sympathetic Slavs, whose breach of neutrality was winked at by the Austrian government. Toward seven o'clock the sentries who had been watching all night on the peaks round about the camp came in weary and famished with hunger, and reported that they had left others in their places. As soon as the council broke up, hundreds of men pressed about the chiefs, anxious to learn their decision, and a joyous shout, which would not have been at all relished by the Turks had they heard it, announced that another march and an offensive movement had been resolved upon.

Then came the gathering of the companies. There was no pretence at a formal review: the nature of the ground

would not have permitted it, and the men were hardly well enough disciplined for it. They needed no training; they followed their leaders blindly, and fought desperately, in the Herzegovinian fashion, from behind the rocks and ledges, as long as their ammunition lasted, and then they retreated. The vojvoda passed from group to group of the insurgents, talking cheerfully and familiarly with all, then he dismissed them with a wave of his hands, and turned to us saying, "These men will march all through to-night, fight all day to-morrow clamber among the rocks for hours after the battle, and will go without food and water for twenty-four hours at a time. If they but had modern guns and plenty of ammunition!"

The testimony of a young French officer who had joined the insurgent forces, and who was proving a very efficient aid to the vojvoda, was that these men fought well and even with skill, seeming by instinct to understand many things in warfare which men of other countries must learn. Every one of them had registered a solemn vow that he would never quit the field until the Turks were driven from Herzegovina or he were dead, and all have kept their word. The insurrection became a war, the vojvoda was unluckily divested of his command by the tyrannical action of the Austrian government officials, who perhaps feared that the Slavs in Austrian territory might be urged to impudent intervention in Turkish affairs by the influence of his splendid example, but neither Peko nor any of the other chiefs, nor any humblest Herzegovinian, will ever forget that to the vojvoda Ljubibratic, the leader and master, was the first great movement for freedom in Herzegovina due.

Noon came, and the insurgents prepared to break camp. We set out upon

our return journey. The vojvoda gave us an escort, and himself accompanied us to a point near the frontier. Leaning against a huge rock he talked for an hour in his grave, steady way of his hopes, his fears, his ambitions. For merciless war to the Turk he was fully inclined; he felt that he had men enough, but no proper arms, and but little moral support from the outside world. "We shall make no concessions," he said simply, "and we will never lay down our arms." I am glad to note that the veteran Peko has carried out these principles to the letter.

Ljubibratic looked heroic as he stood with his arms folded across his massive chest, and with his figure braced against the bowlder, which rose gigantic, casting a shadow over us all as we gazed upon him. It was by no means an agreeable task for a man of his culture and breeding to go back to daily association with and constant peril among the rough men in the camp behind him, — to the petty dissensions of the chiefs and the squalid huts on the rocky hills — but he never wavered for an instant before that which he conceived to be his duty. It was evident that the men felt lost without his constant presence, for he had not been with us long before little squads followed him from the village and tried in a hundred ways to attract his attention. When his hour's talk was finished he saluted our whole party with that dignified and friendly kiss upon both cheeks which is so universal a form of salutation in Serbia and in many of the adjacent provinces. We bade him good-by, and fell to scrambling Ragusa-ward over the rocks. At a descent in the path we turned, and saw him still standing with his eyes fixed upon us. He waved his hand, we responded with shouts, then descended into the valley, and saw him no more.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHT

The Montenegrins — The Inhabitants of the Black Mountain — An Unconquered Race — Among the Rocks — The Implacable Enemies of the Turks — A Valiant Little Army — The Montenegrin Women — The Old Prince-Bishops of Montenegro

I SAW my first Montenegrin as I was leaving the pretty port of Spalatro, on the Adriatic sea, for Ragusa in Dalmatia. I had been wandering for weeks among the warlike Serbs and Bosnians, along the noble rivers which divide Austria from Turkey in Europe, and had seen many fine specimens of the Slavic race, but whenever I had ventured to praise the manly qualities which I had so often observed, I was always answered, "You have not seen the Montenegrins."

It was true, and I was constrained to silence. Yet it did not seem to me that there could be, even in the redoubtable Montenegro, the "Black Mountain" of which such wondrous stories were told, men superior in strength of body, in symmetry and suppleness of limb, in heroism and patriotism combined with stern ferocity and sterling honesty of purpose, to my good friends of Serbia and Bosnia. I looked forward, however, to a great surprise some day, and had awaited the appearance of the first Montenegrin type with impatient curiosity.

When I saw this type I was for a moment grievously disappointed. Just as the ruined walls of Diocletian's palace were fading in the horizon, and our little steamer was running well out to sea, my attention was called by a fellow-passenger to a boy of fourteen or fifteen who stood among the peasants and soldiers on the lower deck. The boy was dressed in a white tunic and gray flow-

ing trousers, on his feet were the *orinides*, or cowhide sandals, of his native land, and on his head was the round cap with the red top which every Montenegrin seems to feel it his sacred duty to wear. But I looked in vain for any symptoms of ferocity or of military fervor in this innocent child's face, over which the soft Adriatic breezes played almost caressingly. Was this, then, a representative of the dreaded mountaineers whom the Turks feared as they fear to lose Paradise, of the people who esteem most him who has beheaded the greatest number of enemies in battle, of the little band who fought the French so fiercely at the beginning of this century, and whose descendants have so often since made the Mussulmans lower their standards on the plains of Grahovo? Was this the type for which I had been prepared by so many thrilling anecdotes of heroic actions among the crags and along the edges of the precipices in the Tserinagora? I was about to turn away, incredulously smiling, when the boy, as if he were conscious of having been keenly observed, turned toward us half defiantly, and then for the first time I noticed that the girdle which he wore about his waist was literally crammed with weapons. An enormous yataghan, whose hilt was incusted with silver, and which seemed too large for the boy to swing unless he used both hands, was the prominent object in this perambu-

lating arsenal. Grouped around it were two huge, ungainly pistols, each nearly as long as the yataghan, a dagger concealed in a sheath curiously inlaid with silver, and a knife such as every Dalmatian and Montenegrin invariably carries, finding it equally convenient to thrust into his enemy's heart or to cut the pieces of roasted kid which he eats for his supper.

As the boy turned he instinctively placed one hand upon the hilt of his yataghan. The gesture had nothing of menace in it, but it was a fitting revelation of the national characteristic. Alert, vigorous, shapely, keen, the young mountaineer's attitude at last excited my admiration, and I finally accepted him as the type of his race, expecting nevertheless soon to encounter specimens more in accordance with my earliest ideal.

During the two days' voyage which followed my companion entered into the good graces of the young Montenegrin, and found that this sublime boy was already a noted warrior, that he had left his native peaks and rocks because he wished to aid the Christians in Bosnia against the Turks, and, having fought well there, had been sent on a mission to Trieste, whence he was then returning. What was his mission? Ah, that was a secret! He shook his head and looked fierce when some one suggested that he had been sent to buy arms for the Herzegovinian insurgents. Once he smiled scornfully, and then he said in a quick, fierce tone, "When we want arms we take them from the Turks." History certainly confirms this assertion. In 1858, during some of the many disputes between Turkey and Montenegro, the Montenegrins fell upon an invading army vastly superior in numbers to their own and disarmed it. A few weeks later

an Austrian officer who had visited the Black Mountain announced that he had seen two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven skeletons of Turkish soldiers on the field where this "disarmament" occurred.

He who wanders among the rocks of Montenegro readily understands the character of the people. The little pun-



MONTENEGRINS ON THE WATCH

cepalpy has without doubt a more remarkable situation than any other country in the world. Travellers who have looked down upon it from the summit of Mt. Lovchen, its dominating peak, say that it resembles an immense petrified sea. As far as the eye can reach in any direction nothing is to be seen but vast stony waves and wrinkles in the black surface of the rocks, — waves and wrinkles which, if one were close to them, would prove gigantic precipices, yawning chasms, valleys deep and sheltered, in which a few hardy Montenegrin women watch the goats and sheep cropping the

short grasses among the stones. In this delicious southern climate the cloudless blue sky in summer arches tenderly above these frowning and terrible rocks, these colossal walls, and one is led to wonder why, instead of this oppressive and appalling desolation, he does not see hundreds of rich vineyards with their purpling fruits gleaming in the sun, or groves of olives, or lawns watered by picturesque rivers, rushing seaward past flower-strewn banks. But the Montenegrin never asks himself these questions. Born among the rocks, he loves them, and would on no conditions exchange them for the pleasures of fertile valleys or fruitful hill-sides. He loves to celebrate in his songs the charms of the paths along the dizzy eminences where he only can tread freely; he compares himself to the falcon, he is in his glory when his province is invaded, and he is at liberty to fight from rock to rock, to lie in wait for hours behind piles of stones, to leap exultant into the very midst of his foes, brandishing his sword, and shouting "Glory to the people!"

The frontiers of Montenegro have always been uncertain. For several centuries the territory has varied in extent according to its fortunes in war. Never for a moment owning the domination of the Turks, its people have been constantly embroiled with them, and have kept such frontiers as they chose to establish as long as they could by force of arms. From time to time the Turks have succeeded in forcing their way in, then the Montenegrins have risen and reasserted their rights by driving out the enemy, and by cutting off the heads of all Turks left on the battle-field. The Montenegrin was and is cradled to the sound of songs which tell him to hate the Turk and to kill him whenever and wherever he may meet

him. The struggle, the hatred, was never greater than now, nor was Montenegro ever bolder, for behind her stands a power whose prudence in aiding her against the Turk is only exceeded by its firmness and the immensity of its resources,—a power that is feared in Turkey, formidable and determined in Russia.

Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro all formed a part of the ancient country of the Dalmatians, which was united to the Roman empire under Tiberius. These various territories were settled, toward the middle of the seventh century, by the Slavic tribes which came from beyond the Carpathian mountains. Had these tribes been united permanently, they would to-day have formed one of the most powerful nations in Europe. But up to the date of the Ottoman conquest they were generally separate and distinct. Bosnia was ruled by kings, Herzegovina by dukes, and Montenegro by *vladikas*, or prince-bishops. The people of each province did deeds of valor, but all save Montenegro succumbed before the fury of the Ottoman sword. The mountaineers have for four hundred and fifty years kept the Turk at bay, although he has succeeded in maintaining a foothold in every one of their kindred provinces except Dalmatia, which is protected by the Austrian flag.

Montenegro is bounded on the north and north-west by Herzegovina, on the north-east and east by Bosnia, and on the south-east and east by Albania, and on the south-west by Dalmatia. In form its boundaries are not unlike a rudely shaped star. It had no outlet upon the Adriatic sea until after the Russo-Turkish war, since the Austrians held the port of Cattaro, one of the loveliest spots in Southern Europe,

which would have been the most practicable port for the Montenegrins, and Dulcigno, the next best, was in the possession of Turkey. The latter town, with its surrounding district, was surrendered to Montenegro under pressure of the great powers, in 1880. The principal route to its capital among the rocks and crags, and arrived at only by the paths through seemingly inaccessible mountains, leads from Cattaro, which the traveller may reach by steamer from Trieste in a little more than four days. One's first impression on gazing at the rocks around Cattaro is that he is dreaming. Everything seems fantastic, unreal, stagey, one is reminded of a fair scene in a spectacle at a theatre. The Dalmatian coast, with its vast crags towering skyward, touched here and there with white, which contrasts admirably with their arid, reddish garb of stone, does not prepare one for the wonders into whose presence he is ushered at the "Boca di Cattaro."

The name Montenegro, according to that amiable patrician of Cattaro, Mariano Bolizza, who explored the country at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and made a report upon it to the Venetian republic, was given to this section by the Turks, because its gloomy recesses were associated in their minds with so many attacks from enemies whom they could never see or seize. Whoever gave the land the name, its appropriateness cannot be questioned. When the traveller crosses the lake of Sentani, in Albania, and sees before him an impenetrable amphitheatre of mountains clad in most sombre colors, of rocky surfaces filled with an infinite number of recesses where the shadows gather, and of uplands covered in summer with thick but dark foliage, and in winter with nothing save the blackened

skeletons of boughs, he will strive in vain to discover a better appellation for such a panorama than Montenegro.

The population of this little principality is barely one hundred and ninety thousand, and fully one-third of the men are nearly always absent from home, engaged in warlike expeditions. The Montenegrins welcomed the Herzegovinian insurrection with joy, because it gave them a new chance to fight and to kill Turks. They could hardly persuade themselves to obey the injunction which their prince was compelled to sever upon them, not to aid the insurrection by organized action in large bodies. They vanished across the frontier two by two and found their way into the various head-quarters of the insurgent chiefs, where they were received as men who would never yield to the Turk nor listen to his promises. So inflamed with rage against the Moslems are the Montenegrins of late years that they cannot even hear the latter mentioned without grasping their weapons convulsively. At the battle near Utovo, in the autumn of 1875 these fiery mountaineers broke ranks and rushed with drawn knives upon the battalions of Turks. Nothing could withstand them, and the Turks, throwing away their guns, fled as if the foul fiend were after them.

The country is divided into provinces, or *naïie*, as they are called, four belonging to Montenegro proper, and four to the Berda, the name given to the mountainous district in the interior. Each of these provinces is subdivided into *plemena*, which correspond to the cantons of Switzerland, and the *plemena* are divided into villages. Every province has a distinctly marked type of inhabitant, people who live but a few miles apart are radically dissimilar in temperament, in stature, and in methods

of thought, and this is the most curious of the many peculiarities of Montenegro. The finest type of the mountaineer and warrior is the man six feet tall, with grave, thoughtful face, which contrasts singularly with his quick, nervous gait. He generally has high cheek-bones, like an Indian, his eye is black and piercing, his lips are shaded by a square black mustache, there is a slight stoop in his shoulders, accounted for by the fact that he is constantly bending forward as he ascends difficult heights, his feet are huge, flat, and ungainly, made for the solid business of gripping the rocks and clinging to them. The Montenegrin of every type is by no means devoid of tact, he is artful in deception when dealing with an enemy, fond of ambush and stratagem, cruel, sanguinary, and unappeasable in revenge, enthusiastic in his friendships, not given to sudden anger, but slow to repent of wrath, even though he may be in the wrong. He is probably the most agile human being on the soil of Europe. He can go anywhere that the chamois can. The goats sometimes hesitate to follow their Montenegrin shepherds when there is a dangerous pass to be crossed. Every inhabitant of the principality, man, woman, or child, possesses the most extraordinary power of enduring hunger and thirst. The men will march for days among the rocks, eating nothing but coarse bread made from bitter roots, and now and then descending into the valleys to taste the brackish water in the pools. He who cannot endure tremendous fatigue is looked upon as worthless in Montenegro, the women frown upon him, and his fellow-men abhor him. During the last century the warriors now and then degenerated into banditti, and sometimes made fierce raids along the fron-

tiers, but this practice was so sternly rebuked in 1796 by one of their rule that it has now quite fallen into decay. The Turks are molested by their warlike neighbors only on occasions when some new broil between the two nationalities has occurred. There is a deep religious feeling among all classes, even the rudest warrior, when he arrives on the hills from which he can look down the monastery at Tsetinjé, will doff his cap and with bared head will mutter a prayer. In the insurgent camp Herzegovina I frequently saw Montenegrians who were known to be extremely cruel in battle entering a wayside cottage with the peaceful salutation, 'God be with you!' or with the word 'By my God, by thy God!' The effusive Slavic manners prevail among these rough men. They kiss when they meet and part, they hold each other clasped in fast embrace for a moment then they separate gravely and decorously. The stranger among them is treated with the same cordiality, unless he manifest a disposition to resent it.

The Montenegrins have frequently been accused of slavery to superstition but this is a slander. There are some few remnants of superstitious practices among them, but these are fast fading out. They are far too healthy and vigorous beings to become the prey of absurdities. Their hearing is wonderfully fine, their sight is so acute that they fancy themselves boasting when they tell how far they can see. Their accuracy of aim is remarkable. During the insurrection of 1869 the Austrian soldiers attempted to coerce some of the mountaineers near Cattaro into obedience by the conscription laws. The riflemen of the insurgents shot into the loop-holes of the fortress which they were besieging, and did it with such precision that no Au-

trian soldier could maintain his position near the embasures. The Montenegrin rarely misses his aim, and when he does he considers it a personal dishonor, which can only be wiped out by some glorious deed.

The popes or priests of the Greek Church, to which the Montenegrins adhere, are fully as warlike as their parishioners. Half a dozen of them are prominent among the leaders in the Herzegovinan insurrection. They rejoice in the deeds which one would imagine their religion would compel them to improve. At night they gather around them the young and old men, and with musical voices, although to a monotonous chant, they recite the valorous deeds of their ancestors, and do not forget those which they have done themselves. They love to point to the trophies which they have taken from the dead bodies of their enemies, and to recount the slaughter necessary to secure them. At Tzettingé there is a priest who was a brave guerilla chieftain in one of the recent wars. Many a Turk has he sent to the other world, and he is very proud of it. On the breast of his robe are sewn a dozen decorations which he has received for deeds of valor. Nothing is more common than to see a child of twelve or thirteen who has already been in a dozen battles, and who bears as many scars on his body.

The formation of a regular military system in Montenegro has been of great service in preventing many jealousies and avoiding numerous bloody feuds. There are at present two strong divisions of ten thousand men, each under the command of the prince, and armed with excellent modern weapons. In this valiant little body there is a chance for promotion, and the genius and skill which have hitherto been wasted in desultory

warfare are concentrated. The army has a general-in-chief, known as the *voivoda*, and other *voivodas* hold ranks corresponding to those of division and brigadier generals. The Montenegrin woman is in many respects an object of pity to the travellers who pass through the strange little principality, but there is no woman in the country who would not be grievously offended at any show of sympathy. To work incessantly and to suffer is the destiny of the women of this race. They are not even welcomed into the world a Montenegrin father, when asked by his neighbor what the sex of his new-born child is, answers, "God pardon me! it is a girl," sometimes he says, "It is a serpent," which is a poetical manner of expressing his regret at the birth of a daughter. The girl grows up neglected, and often cursed, she carries fagots of wood on her head, in order that she may earn a few coins with which to buy arms for her brothers. She has no youth, at twenty-five she seems already old. She is married young, and bears and cares for her children while supporting labor in the fields which would be hard even for strong men. She trembles before her father, her brother, her husband, she only awakens to freedom and independence of action when excited by the noise of the combat, to which she frequently follows the warriors. She urges them on, and loads their guns, and dresses their wounds. The Montenegrin woman is rarely beautiful of feature, and the coarse work which she performs soon ruins her form. Her virtue is beyond reproach; intrigues are unknown in Montenegro, and gallantry would find a sharp reproof at the point of a yataghan. The women wander unattended wherever they please throughout the country, for while a Montenegrin warrior would never think

of relieving a woman from the heavy burden of fagots or provisions which she may be fainting under, and while he may, perhaps, rail at her for her weakness, he would not by word or deed offer her the slightest insult. The woman is almost servile with regard to her husband, if she sees him coming along the road, she turns off, or passes him rapidly, that he may not be compelled to recognize her. Should the warrior be seen wasting his time in loitering by his wife's side, he would be subjected to reproach from the elders in the village. A few years since one could not have found in the whole of Montenegro one woman knowing how to read or write, latterly some few schools, to which women have access, have been established.

The duties of hospitality all fall upon the woman. It is she who unlaces the boots of the stranger when he arrives, and who washes his feet, who serves at the table, and holds the flaming juneknot by which the others see to eat. The husband does not even notice his wife, unless it be to request some menial service of her.

It is a wonder Montenegrin babies ever live through the severe course of swaddling which they undergo from their earliest day until they are weaned. They are strapped to boards and slung over the backs of their mothers, and thus, winter and summer, they make long journeys in the mountains and among the rocks.

When the husband falls ill it is not the wife who cares for him, but his parents. Etiquette demands that the wife should appear indifferent to his condition, and should attend to her duties in house and field as if he were in no danger. But when he dies she is expected to burst into loud lamentations, and in all the country round sing the praises of his

courage and his prowess in front of the enemy.

This overworked and much-abused creature has one gracious accomplishment the Montenegrin woman is exceedingly expert in embroideries, and they are a prominent feature of the national costume. The women work at them when they are walking along the roads bearing upon their heads burdens which seem heavy enough to crush a pack-horse.

White is the national color, and the very height of Montenegrin elegance is a white tunic embroidered with gold. A garment of this kind sometimes costs more than \$300. The ordinary costume of the warrior consists of a tunic descending to the knee and confined at the waist by a girdle, a huge waistcoat, the top of which shows above the loose tunic, and is generally embroidered in gold or studded with precious stones, and trousers of the Turkish pattern, made of blue cloth, and knotted below the knees by garters.

The prince and one or two other high dignitaries wear a cloak of red cloth, very rich and graceful, over all the other garments. Every warrior wears a small girdle, called the *kolan*, which is made of leather or red morocco, and is divided into compartments intended for pistols, daggers, and yataghan. Every boy wears one from earliest childhood, but until he can be trusted with a pistol is allowed to carry only such innocent playthings as a dagger and small sword. The *strouka* is a garment common to both sexes. It is a broad and long woollen scarf with tasselled ends, somewhat resembling the blanket worn in Southern Spain, and is woven by the old women who can no longer bring wood from the mountains. This blanket is the Montenegrin's only protection from wind.

or rain or biting cold, and a local proverb says, "Rain or shine, take your *strouka* with you; you can sleep under it or on it." The *opanki*, or hide slipper, which the mountaineers, men and women, wear, is clumsy in shape, but wonderfully convenient for rock-climbing. The Austrian soldiers in the mountains near Cattaro endeavored to adopt the *opanki* for chasing insurgents, but they discovered that it requires long practice to learn how to walk in them. They are tied on with a multitude of stings, and it is a work of art to learn how to slip them off speedily.

The costume of the women is not ungraceful. The chief article is the *kouret*, a long basque without sleeves, which descends to the knee. If the family be rich, this gown is sometimes embroidered with costly stuffs. But, whether a woman be rich or poor, she usually wears an apron made of silk or of some glistening material, and an ample girdle surmounted with an object very much like an enormous door-plate. Into this girdle she thrusts all her sewing materials, her dagger, her jewels, and such of her trinkets as she does not wish for the moment to display. Until the day of their marriage the women wear round caps exactly like those worn by the men. From that moment they always appear in public wearing the *maruma*, a vast kerchief of silk or wool, which completely conceals their hair and falls down to the waist, covering the shoulders and giving the wearer the look of a nun.

The *lapa*, which the male Montenegrin wears as his head covering, has its legend, poetic and sanguinary. The warrior says that the red ground of the cap signifies the lake of blood into which the country has been plunged ever since the great and disastrous battle of Kos-

sovo, that the black border denotes the veil of mourning extended over the whole section, that the golden disk shown emerging from this funereal crape, and surrounded with an aureole, is the Montenegrin sun rising on a bloody horizon, but rising to warm into new life with its generous rays a regenerate and liberated race. No warrior of the "Black Mountain" country would wear any other head covering than this *lapa* for any consideration whatever.

In the old days the Montenegrin *vladika*, or prince-bishop, had entire possession of the civil, military, and religious power of the country, and the populations, bound to them by mysterious reverence, were passionately devoted to their service. Peter II was the last of the *vladikas*. He died in 1851, after a singularly brilliant and satisfactory career, during which he did much to soften the manners of his people. In his early youth he had been a shepherd, but he was subsequently educated in Russia. Some years before his death he showed rare poetical taste, and on the different occasions when he visited European capitals he was recognized as a man of marked talent in literature. Dying, he designated his nephew Danilo to succeed him. When Danilo came to the throne he announced his intention of relinquishing the old theocratic power with which his family had been invested for a century and a half, and that he would content himself with reigning as civil and military chief of the country. The senate ratified this determination, the Russian Government lent its powerful support to the new programme, and Montenegro became an absolute monarchy under the hereditary government of a prince. Danilo's assassination at Cattaro, in August of 1860, by a returned exile, brought to the throne

the present prince, Nicholas I, a man of rare talents, fine sympathies, and considerable tact in politics. All who have seen this prince in his simple palace among the rocks at Tsettinjé unite in according him generous praise. In the troublous moments of the autumn of 1878, when imprudent action on the part of Montenegro might have precipitated all Europe in war, Prince Nicholas

showed great skill in managing his restive people and in responding smoothly to the irritating demands of the Turkish envoys, who only sought an excuse for invading his territory. The forts which Turkey is allowed to maintain on the Montenegrin border are a perpetual menace to the independence of the little principality, and are the cause of dozens of skirmishes yearly.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro — The Outpost of Russia — The Montenegrin Capital — Battle with the Turks — Legends of Tchetinagora

PRINCE Nicholas has evidently a higher opinion of women than most of his countrymen have, for when he visited Russia, in 1869, he left the regency in the hands of Milena Nikolawa, his wife, a lady of much beauty and rare character. The visit of the prince to St. Petersburg was not without political significance. From that time may be said to date the public acknowledgment of the species of protectorate which Russia has established over Montenegro. Russia has made of this little star-shaped province her *avant-poste* in the East. It was even said jestingly in Austria that Mr. Alexandre Yovine, the Russian consul at Ragusa, the chief Dalmatian town near the "Black Mountain," was the real prince of Montenegro, because through him it was believed that the Russian government directed the policy which, with the aid of Montenegro and Montenegrin enthusiasm, it hopes to carry out. By supporting Prince Nicholas in his mountain home in his battles against the Turks, and by aiding Prince Milan in Serbia to continue rebellious, Russia was steadily preparing the downfall of the Turkish power in Europe and the reuniting of all the long-separated branches of the Serbo-Slavic family.

The prince voluntarily abdicated many of his rights as absolute monarch in 1868, and the Montenegrin senate now has very large powers. But the prince is still all powerful in matters of foreign

policy, and the people are quite content that in those his will should be the law.

The route from Cattaro to Tsetinje runs through one of the prettiest valleys in Montenegro, — a valley which gives its name to the reigning dynasty, — the Niegroch. But after the charms of Cattaro even the Niegroch seems savage and forbidding. Cattaro has grand old villas with red roofs, terraces loaded with luxuriant blossoms, eminences crowned with poplars and acacias. Out of the labyrinth of crooked but cleanly streets peer little gardens whose rows of shrubs and flowering plants are fantastically trimmed. Over dingy and massive balconies huge ancient vines wind and turn in loving and clinging profusion and confusion. At each step one comes upon half-ruined memorials of Byzantine architecture, a sculptured balustrade is seen through a grove of orange trees, among the citrons one can dimly discern capitals of mouldering pillars, porticoes, artistic bits of iron and steel decoration fastened upon the fronts of mansions, all the chaste and elegant remnants of a vanished past. Here one looks shudderingly for the shades of the Saracens who held the old town in the ninth century, long after the Romans — who esteemed it one of their best ports when they held Dalmatia in their grip — had been forgotten. Many masters have held Cattaro since then; the Venetians left their mark upon it, the kings of Bosnia thought it one of their best

stronghold, then the Venetians took it again, and kept it for nearly four hundred years, making it one of the centres of the arts, the learning, and the military genius of the period. From 1797 until 1808 Cattaro was successively Austrian, French, Russian, French again, and, finally, in 1814, came once more under Austrian domination. The population of the surrounding district has never liked the Austrians, and rarely misses an occasion to testify its repugnance. The commerce of the town is with the Montenegrins, and so are the sympathies of its merchants. It is a brave little fortress-riden community, which the rocks seem determined to push off into the sea, but which maintains its hold, and serenely survives earthquakes, revolutions, and changes of government. Were it not for the few stiff and awkward soldiers whom one sees strutting about the entry of the port one could with difficulty persuade himself that Cattaro is an Austrian town, for the Montenegrin men and women are everywhere to be seen in the narrow streets. Every mountaineer, as he arrives at the dividing line between the city and the country, is compelled to deposit his arms with a frontier guard, when he is going into Austria. This he considers a great indignity, and it is the source of frequent recriminations, and sometimes of bloody quarrels. In the market, on the outskirts of the town, the hardy Montenegrin is allowed to bear his weapons about with him.

The traveller leaves the stony hemisphere of the port, the charms of Cattaro, and enters upon a zigzag route dug in the side of the rocks when he departs for Tsetanjé. The prudent wanderer will start before dawn, for as soon as the sun develops its fervor the ascent is almost perilous. On the arid surface

the heat beats down with terrific effect. There is no comfort in the gleam of the distant blue sea. Above, the crags tower, pitiless and gigantic. The path or staircase winds round and round, never continuing more than a few yards in a straight line. The very monotony of those abrupt turns becomes inexpriably wearisome. Sure-footed mules, driven by women or children, and loaded with wool, with fish, or with grain, often blockade the way, and the traveller is sometimes at his wits' end to contrive an escape from some abyss into which the crowding caravans seem about to urge him. If one escapes without serious adventure in his journey up this tortuous path, he finds himself presently entering upon a wider but still more rocky route, and at last reaches the valley of Niegloch, in a little nook of which Prince Nicholas was born, and where, in a quaint villa, erected some years since, the royal family passes some portion of every summer.

The journey from Cattaro to Tsetanjé occupies five hours of active climbing, and if the Montenegrin guide is in a communicative mood, and persists in telling you, in his poetical and rich Serbo-Slavic language, the legend of every stone which lies by the way, a whole day may be readily consumed. Tsetanjé is a little village composed of two streets among the rocks. There are sixty or seventy small white cottages, the interiors of which are by no means so invitingly clean as one could desire. One or two of the residences perhaps merit the name of mansions, these served in past days as the habitations of princes. The hall occupied by the present Montenegrin senate, the government printing office, the arsenal, the treasury, and the "archives" is small, and quite devoid of any architect-

ural pretensions Once upon a time it was the royal palace, and because a billiard table was brought to it on the backs of men from Cattaro, the people of the neighborhood to this day call it *Bigliardo*. The "palace" at present occupied by Prince Nicholas is a very plain, one-story edifice. It once possessed a roof covered with lead, but there came a time when bullets were much needed, and the lead was wrenched off and used to kill Turks with. This was but one of many free-will offerings from the prince to his people for the common safety. Under a great tree in the centre of the village the warriors meet when rumors of battle are in the air. They sit in a semi-circle, smoke much, talk little, decide quickly, and then go forth to slaughter. If they need any inspiration they have only to turn their gaze in the direction of the "Turks' Tower," a small, round edifice on a high rock which overlooks the town. On this tower it has been from time immemorial the custom to nail the heads of decapitated enemies. The prince who preceded Nicholas suppressed this public barbarism, but neither he nor his successor will ever succeed in preventing the Montenegrin who has slain a Turk in battle from cutting off his head. Unimpeachable witnesses assert that fifty-five Turkish heads were brought away from the fight at Utovo, and Peko the Terrible, who was one of the most active of the Montenegrin agents in the Herzegovina insurrection, himself told me that the practice of dissecting an enemy still prevails among his people.

The venerable monastery of Tsetinjé is the only picturesque building in the whole neighborhood. It was erected at the close of the fifteenth century by one of the vladikas, near the site of a

cloister which had been founded in 1484, but had been much injured in serving alternately as a fortress against the Turks and a plaything for violent earthquakes. The monastery of to-day serves as a home of the vladika and the archimandrite, the chief of the orthodox religion professed according to the Greek rite throughout Montenegro, and also as a prison for women who need correction. Prince Nicholas now and then gives a banquet to his warriors in his modest palace, and the spectacle on such occasions is unique in the extreme. From all points in the little principality come tall, gaunt men, clad in their gala costumes, and wearing cuirasses of silver or steel. Gathered round the banquet table, they are decorous and diffident, saying but little until the prince leads them on to tell of their exploits. Late at night, after the princely festivities are over, the warriors gather in a circle around a little fire in a cottage, and sing songs filled with memories of combat.

The prince is cool, hardy, and resolute in the midst of danger. He narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Turk some years ago, but he wanders about the country unprotected whenever he pleases, with no fear of a second attempt. His conduct during the disastrous day when Omar Pacha in 1862 succeeded in gaining a temporary victory over the Montenegrins was in the highest degree manly and wise. His father, Mirko, who was a terrible scourge to the Turks, and who was aiding in the complete military development of the principality, was ordered by a treaty signed at Scutari between Omar Pacha and the Montenegrins, at the conclusion of the campaign of 1862, to be expelled from the country. But although the Turks were in a condition to force a treaty upon

the Montenegrins, they could not summon force enough to make them accept its odious conditions, and Miko the Valiant remained among his native mountains. Prince Nicholas rises often at dawn, and wanders, attended by a small suite, through the streets of Tsetinjé, hearing the complaints of the poor and the oppressed and the reports of his warriors. He enters the senate house and listens to the noisy discussions of the sixteen conscript fathers,—discussions always accompanied by the clang of arms. Each senator has his heavy weapons laid upon the desk before him, but keeps his pistols and daggers in his girdle. Each one smokes a long pipe furiously during the session, and when speaking emphasizes his many gestures with it. The prince sometimes makes an address there, and is not surprised now and then to find himself flatly contradicted. He visits the prisons, the courts, often acts as counsel for a criminal who has no defender, gives advice to the ignorant, and even settles family disputes. If he gets hungry while promenading, he has only to return to the senate house, where the fathers daily roast a sheep whole, and partake of the smoking flesh while still continuing to discuss affairs of state.

In winter the snows rest heavily upon the huge crags, and in the deep valleys the flocks sometimes suffer for food. But the snows do not hinder the mountaineers from making long journeys in pursuit of game or the Turkish soldier, indeed, the women are often alone the whole winter-time. When the husbands depart they do not tell their wives where they are going, and no Montenegrin woman would be brave enough to ask her lord and master any indiscreet questions.

Rieka is a pretty little town, about

three hours' march from Tsetinjé, not far from the Albanian frontier of Montenegro. Near it is a manufactory of arms, recently established by the government. The convent at Rieka was once very famous, in the sixteenth century the vladikas, who were driven out of other fortress-convents by the Turks, took refuge there, and made it one of the centres of the Slavic learning of the time. Rieka has nothing to recommend it to attention nowadays save an occasional fair, to which the warriors and maidens come to buy the Albanian jewelry and Turkish pistols and yataghans.

The monastery of Ostrog is one of the curiosities of Montenegro, and is an edifice never mentioned in the Black Mountain without reverence. High up among the rocks stand two plain stone structures, which form a species of double monastery. In one of them the valiant father of the present prince successfully held at bay a small Turkish army with fourteen men in 1857. The convent is a place of pilgrimage for all the orthodox populations of Montenegro, Bosnia, Albania, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, and the peasants sometimes endure incredible hardships in having the storms in those terrible mountain ways that they may say their prayers at the doors of Ostrog. All the rocks round about are memorials of bloody battles between Turks and Christians. Ostrog is the seat of one of the excellent schools which the Montenegrin government, with the aid of Russia and Servia, founded several years ago. In the savage solitude of Ostrog lives the venerable Ljubitch, the aichimandrite, who teaches theology, grammar, history, and science to the pupils sent him, and waits patiently for them to manifest their "vocation." Some of them don the priestly gown, but none

ever put aside the weapons which they have worn from earliest childhood. Climbing to the summit of Mt Lovchen, near Tsettanjé, where the tomb of Peter II, the distinguished vladika, stands out, a landmark seen from miles around, against the clear blue of the sky, and looking down over the rugged, rocky country stretching away to the sea, the traveller reflects with astonishment upon the energy and will which have built up a state, and protected it for more than four centuries against a formidable enemy in such surroundings. Montenegro yearly becomes more and more important to the European family, her population, despite the

ravages of war, constantly increases, and her political importance is to-day of a very high rank, since a declaration of Prince Nicholas in the stony streets of Tsettanjé may cause the downfall of half-a-dozen thrones. It is probable that the little country will be permitted to keep her autonomy inviolate, whatever may be the other results of the coming events in which her warriors will take a prominent part. She is universally respected because of her own strength and independence,—doubly at this moment because of the mysterious support which she receives from that Russia which has been her occasional ally since the days of Peter the Great.

CHAPTER EIGHTY

Danubian Days — Hungarians and Slavs — A Turkish Fortress — The Footprints of Trajan — Orsova the Fair — Gypsies — Animals in the East — Lower Hungary and its Peculiar Features — Wayside Inns Along the Danube — The Harvesters Coming Home at Eventide — Gypsies at Drenkova — Through the Iron Gate.

ADA-KALÉ is a Turkish fortress which seems to spring directly from the bosom of the Danube, at a point where three curious and quarrelsome races come into contact, and where the Ottoman thought it necessary to have a foothold even in times of profound peace. To the traveller from Western Europe no spectacle on the way to Constantinople was so impressive, before the war of 1877, as this ancient and picturesque fortification, suddenly affronting the vision with its odd walls, its minarets, its red-capped sentries, and the yellow sinister faces peering from balconies suspended above the current. It was the first glimpse of the Orient which one obtained, it appropriately introduced one to a domain which is governed by sword and gun, and it was a pretty spot of color in the midst of the severe and rather solemn scenery of the Danubian stream. Ada-Kalé is to be razed to the water's edge, — so at least the treaty between Russia and Turkey has ordained, — and the Serbian mountaineers will no longer see the crescent flag flying within rifle-shot of the crags from which, by their heroic devotion in unequal battle, they long ago banished it.

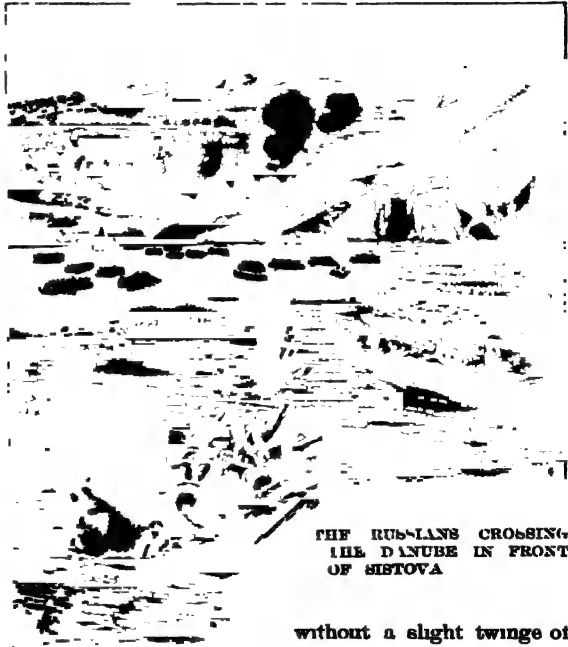
The Turks, occupying this fortress during the recent war evidently relied upon fate for their protection, for the walls of Ada-Kalé are within a stone's throw of the Roumanian shore, and every

Mussulman in the place could have been captured in twenty minutes. I passed by there one morning on the road from Orsova, on the frontier of Hungary, to Bucharest, and was somewhat amused to see an elderly Turk seated in a small boat near the Roumanian bank fishing. Behind him were two soldiers, who served as oarsmen, and rowed him gently from point to point when he gave the signal. Scarcely six hundred feet from him stood a Wallachian sentry, watching his movements in lazy, indifferent fashion. And this was at the moment when the Turks were bombarding Kalafat in Roumania from Widdin on the Bulgarian side of the Danube! Such a spectacle could be witnessed nowhere save in this land, "where it is always afternoon," where people at times seem to suspend respiration because they are too idle to breathe, and where even a dog will protest if you ask him to move quickly out of your path. The old Turk doubtless fished in silence and calm until the end of the war for I never heard of the removal of either himself or his companions.

The journeys by river and by rail from Lower Roumania to the romantic and broken country surrounding Orsova are extremely interesting. The Danube stretches of shimmering water among the reedy lowlands — where the only sign of life is a quaint craft painted in gaudy colors becalmed in some nook, or a

guard-house built on piles driven into the mud—are perhaps a trifle monotonous, but one has only to turn from them to the people who come on board the steamer to have a rich fund of enjoyment. Nowhere are types so abundant and various as on the routes of travel between Bucharest and Rustchuk, or Pesth and Belgrade. Every complexion, an extraordinary pliancy and variety of costume, and a bewildering array of languages and dialects are set before the careful observer. As for myself, I found a special enchantment in the scenery of the Danube,—in the lonely inlets, the wildernesses of young shoots in the marshes, the flights of aquatic birds as the sound of the steamer was heard, the long tongues of land on which the water-buffaloes lay huddled in stupid content, the tiny hummocks, where villages of wattled hovels were assembled. The Bulgarian shore stands out in bold relief. Sistova, from the river, is positively beautiful, but the now historical Sumnitsa seems only a mud-flat. At night the boats touch upon the Roumanian side for fuel,—the Turks have always been too lazy and vicious to develop the splendid mineral resources of Bulgaria,—and the stout peasants and their wives trundle thousands of barrows of coal along the swinging planks. Here is raw life, lusty, full of rude beauty, but utterly incult. The men and women

appear to be merely animals gifted with speech. The women wear almost no clothing, their matted hair drops about their shapely shoulders as they toil at their burden, singing meanwhile some merry chorus. Little tenderness is bestowed on these creatures, and it was not,



THE RUSS-TRANS CROSSING,
THE DANUBE IN FRONT
OF SISTOVA

without a slight twinge of the nerves that I saw the huge, burly master of the boat's crew now and then bestow a ringing slap with his open hand upon the neck or cheek of one of the poor women who stumbled with her load, or who halted for a moment to indulge in abuse of a comrade. As the boat moved away, these people, dancing about the heaps of coal in the torchlight, looked not unlike demons disporting in some gruesome nook of enchanted land. When they

were gypsies they did not need the aid of the torches they were sufficiently demoniacal without artificial aid

Kalatat and Turnu-Severinu are small towns which would never have been much heard of had they not been in the region visited by the war. Turnu-Severinu is noted, however, as the point where Severinus once built a mighty tower, and not far from the little hamlet may still be seen the ruins of Trajan's immemorial bridge. Where the Danube is twelve hundred yards wide and nearly twenty feet deep Apollodorus of Damascus did not hesitate, at Trajan's command, to undertake the construction of a bridge with twenty stone and wooden arches. He builded well, for one or two of the stone piers still remain perfect, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, and eleven of them, more or less ruined, are yet visible at low water. Apollodorus was a man of genius, as his other work, the Trajan Column, proudly standing in Rome, amply testifies. No doubt he was richly rewarded by Trajan for constructing a work which, flanked as it was by noble fortifications, bound the newly captured Dacian colony to the Roman empire. What mighty men were these Romans, who carved their way along the Danube banks, hewing roads and levelling mountains at the same time that they engaged the savages of the locality in daily battle! There were indeed giants in those days.

When Ada-Kalé is passed, and pretty Orsova, lying in a dubious quiet at the foot of noble mountains, is reached, the last trace of Turkish domination is left behind. In future years, if the treaty of San Stefano holds, there will be little evidence of Ottoman lack of civilization anywhere on the Danube, for the forts of the Turks will gradually disappear, and the Musulman cannot for an in-

stant hold his own among Christians where he has no military advantage. But at Orsova, although the red fez and voluminous trousers are rarely seen, the influence of Turkey is keenly felt. It is in these remote regions of Hungary that the real rage against Russia and the burning enthusiasm and sympathy for the Turks were most openly expressed. Every cottage in the neighborhood is filled with crude pictures representing events of the Hungarian revolution, and the peasants, as they look upon those reminders of perturbed times, reflect that the Russians were instrumental in preventing the accomplishment of their dearest wishes. Here the Hungarian is eminently patriotic, he endeavors as much as possible to forget that he and his are bound to the empire of Austria, and he speaks of the German and the Slav, who are his fellow-subjects, with a sneer. The people whom one encounters in that corner of Hungary profess a dense ignorance of the German language, but if pressed can speak it glibly enough. I won an angry frown and an unpleasant remark from an innkeeper because I did not know that Austrian postage-stamps are not good in Hungary. Such melancholy ignorance of the simplest details of existence seemed to my host meet subject for reproach.

Orsova became an important point as soon as the Turks and Russians were at war. The peasants of the Banat stared as they saw long lines of travellers leaving the steamers which had come from Pesth and Bazias, and invading the two small inns, usually more than half empty. Englishmen, Russians, Austrian officers sent down to keep careful watch upon the land, French and Prussian, Swiss and Belgian military *attachés* and couriers, journalists, artists, amateur army-followers, crowded the

two long streets and exhausted the market. Next came a hungry and thirsty mob of refugees from Wallachia, — Jews, Greeks, and gypsies, — and these promenade their variegated misery on the river banks from sunrise until sunset. Then out from Roumanian land poured thousands of wretched peasants, bare-footed, bare-headed, dying of starvation, fleeing from Turkish invasion, which happily never assumed large proportions. These poor people slept on the ground, content with the shelter of house walls, they subsisted on unripe fruits, and that unfailing fund of mild tobacco which every male being in all those countries invariably manages to secure. Walking abroad in Orsova was no easy task, for one was constantly compelled to step over these poor fugitives who packed themselves into the sand at noon-day, and managed for a few hours before the cool evening breezes came to forget their miseries. The vast fleet of river steamers belonging to the Austrian company was laid up at Orsova, and dozens of captains, conversing in the liquid Slav, or the graceful Italian, or guttural German, were forever seated about the doors of the little *cafés*, smoking long cigars and quaffing beakers of the potent white wine produced in Austrian vineyards.

Opposite Orsova lie the Servian mountains, bold, majestic, inspiring. Their noble forests and the deep ravines between them are exquisite in color when the sun flashes along their sides. A few miles below the point where the Hungarian and Roumanian territories meet the mountainous region declines into foot-hills, and then to an uninteresting plain. The Orsovan dell is the culminating point of all the beauty and grandeur of the Danubian hills. From one eminence richly laden with vineyards I

looked out, on a fresh April morning, across a delicious valley filled with pretty farms and white cottages, and ornamented by long rows of shapely poplars. Turning to the right I saw Servia's banners, shutting in from the cold winds the fat lands of the interior, vast hill-sides dotted from point to point with peaceful villages, in the midst of which white churches with slender spires arose, and to the left the irregular line of the Roumanian peaks stood up, jagged and broken, against the horizon. Out from Orsova runs a rude highway into the rocky and savage back-country. The celebrated baths of Mehadia, the "hot springs" of the Austro-Hungarian empire, are yearly frequented by three or four thousand sufferers who come from the European capitals to Temesvar, and are thence trundled in diligences to the water-cure. But the railway is penetrating even this far-off land, where once brigands delighted to wander, and Temesvar and Bucharest are now bound together by a daily "through-service" as regular as that between Pesth and Vienna.

I sat one morning on the balcony of the diminutive inn known as "The Hungarian Crown," watching the sunbeams on the broad current of the Danube and listening to the ripple, the plash, and the gurgle of the swollen stream as it rushed impetuously against the banks. A group of Servians, in canoes light and swift as those of Indians, had made their way across the river and were struggling vigorously to prevent the current from carrying them below a favorable landing-place. These tall, slender men, with bronzed faces and gleaming eyes, with their round skull-caps, their gaudy jackets, and ornamental gutters, bore no small resemblance at a distance to certain of our North American red-skins.

Each man had a long knife in his belt, and from experience I can say that a Serbian knife is in itself a complete tool-chest. With its one tough and keen blade one may skin a sheep, file a saw, split wood, mend a wagon, defend one's self vigorously, if need be, make a button-hole, and eat one's breakfast. No Serbian who adheres to the ancient costume would consider himself dressed unless the crooked knife hung from his girdle. Although the country side along the Danube is rough, and travellers are said to need protection among the Serbian hills, I could not discover that the inhabitants wore other weapons than these useful articles of cutlery. Yet they are doing smugglers, and sometimes openly defy the Hungarian authorities when discovered. "Ah!" said Master Josef, the head servant of the Hungarian crown, "many a good fight have I seen in mid-stream, the boats grappled together, knives flashing, and our fellows drawing their pistols. All that, too, for a few flasks of Negotin, which is a musty, red, thick wine, that Heaven would forbid me to recommend to your honorable self and companions so long as I put in the cellar the pearl dew of yonder vineyards," pointing to the vines of Orsova.

While the Serbians were anxiously endeavoring to land, and seemed to be in imminent danger of upsetting, the roll of thunder was heard and a few drops of rain fell with heavy plash. Master Josef forthwith began making shutters fast and tying the curtains, for "now we shall have a wind," quoth he. And it came. As by magic the Serbian shore was blotted out, and before me I could see little save the river, which seemed transformed into a roaring and foaming ocean. The refugees, the gypsies, the Jews, the Greeks scampered in all direc-

tions. Then tremendous echoes awoke among the hills. Peal after peal echoed and reechoed until it seemed as if the cliffs must crack and crumble. Sheets of rain were blown by the mischievous winds, now full upon the unhappy fugitives, or now descended with seemingly crushing force on the Serbians in their dancing canoes. Then came vivid lightning, brilliant and instant glances of electricity, disclosing the forests and hills for a moment, then seeming by their quick departure to render the obscurity more painful than before. The fiery darts were hurled by dozens upon the devoted trees, and the tall and graceful stems were bent like reeds before the rushing of the blast. Cold swept through the vale, and shadows seemed to follow it. Such contrast with the luminous, lovely, semi-tropical afternoon, in the dreamy restfulness of which man and beast seemed settling into lethargy, was crushing. It pained and disturbed the spirit. Master Josef, who never lost an occasion to cross himself, and to do a few turns on a little rosary of amber beads, came and went in a kind of a dazed mood while the storm was at its height. Just as a blow was struck among the hills which seemed to make the earth quiver to its centre, the varlet approached, and modestly inquired if the "honorable society"—myself and chance companions—would visit that very afternoon the famous chapel in which the crown of Hungary lies buried. I glanced curiously at him, thinking that possibly the thunder had addled his brain. "Oh, the honorable society may walk in sunshine all the way to the chapel at five o'clock!" he said, with an encouraging grin. "These Danube storms come and go as quickly as a Tsigané from a hen-roost. See! the thunder has stopped its howling, and there is

not a wink of lightning. Even the rain-drops are so few that one may almost walk between them."

I returned to the balcony from which the storm had driven me, and was gratified by the sight of the mountain side studded with pearls, which a faint glow in the sky was gently touching. The Danube roared and foamed with malicious glee as the poor Serbians were still whirled about on the water. But presently through the deep gorges, and along the sombre stream, and over the vineyards, the rocks, and the roofs of humble cottages stole a warm breeze, followed by dazzling sunlight, which returned in mad haste to atone for the displeasure of the wind and rain. In a few moments the refugees were again afield, spreading then drenched garments on the wooden railings and stalking about in a condition narrowly approaching nakedness. A gypsy four feet high, clad in a linen shirt and trousers so wide as to resemble petticoats, strolled thoughtlessly on the bank, singing a plaintive melody, and now and then turning his brown face skyward as if to salute the sun. The child of mysterious ancestry, this wanderer from the East, this robber of roasts, and cunning worker in metals, possessed neither hat nor shoes, his naked breast and his unprotected arms must suffer cold at night, yet he seemed wonderfully happy. The Jews and Greeks gave him scornful glances, which he returned with quizzical, provoking smiles. At last he threw himself down on a plank, from which the generous sun was rapidly drying the rain, and, cooling up as a dog might have done, he was soon asleep.

With a marine glass I could see distinctly every movement on the Serbian shore. Close to the water's edge nestled a small village of neat white cottages

Around a little wharf hovered fifty or sixty stout farmers, mounted on sturdy ponies, watching the arrival of the "Mercur," the Serbian steamer from Belgrade and the Sava river. The "Mercur" came puffing valiantly forward, as unconcerned as if no whirlwind had swept across her path, although she must have been in the narrow and dangerous cañon of the "Iron Gates" when the blast and the shower were most furious. On the roads leading down the mountain sides I saw long processions of squealing and grunting swine, black, white and gray, all active and self-willed, fighting each other for the right of way. Before each procession marched a swineherd playing on a rustic pipe, the sounds from which primitive instrument seemed to exercise Cuckoo enchantment upon the rude flocks. It was unexpressibly comical to watch the masses of swine after they had been enclosed in the "folds,"—huge tracts fenced in, and provided with shelters at the corners. Each herd knew its master and as he passed to and fro would salute him with a delighted squeal, which died away into a series of disappointed and cynical groans as soon as the porkers had discovered that no evening repast was to be offered them. Good fare do these Serbian swine find in the abundant provision of acorns in the vast forests. The men who spend their lives in restraining the vagabond instincts of these vulgar animals may perhaps be thought a collection of brutal hinds; but on the contrary they are fellows of shrewd common sense and much dignity of feeling. Kara-George the terror of the Turk at the beginning of the century, the majestic character who won the admiration of Europe, whose genius as a soldier was praised by Napoleon the Great, and who freed his countrymen

from bondage.—Kara-George was a swineherd in the woods of the Schanmadia until the wind of the spirit fanned his brow and called him from his simple toil to immortalize his homely name.

Master Josef and his fellows in Orsova did not hate the Servians with the bitterness manifested towards the Roumanians, yet they considered them as aliens, and as dangerous conspirators against the public weal. "Who knows at what moment they may go over to the Russians?" was the constant cry. And in process of time they went, but although Master Josef had professed the utmost willingness to take up arms on such an occasion, it does not appear that he did it, doubtless preferring, on reflection, the quiet of his inn and his flask of white wine in the court-yard rather than an excursion among the trans-Danubian hills and the chances of an untoward fate at the point of a Servian knife. It is not astonishing that the two peoples do not understand each other, although only a strip of water separates their frontiers for a long stretch, for the difference in language and in its written form is a most effectual barrier to intercourse. The Servians learn something of the Hungarians' dialects, since they come to till the rich lands of the Banat in the summer season. Bulgarians and Servians by thousands find employment in Hungary in summer and return home when autumn sets in. But the dreams and ambitions of the two peoples have nothing in common. Serbia looks longingly to Slavic unification, and is anxious to secure for herself a predominance in the new nation to be moulded out of the old scattered elements. Hungary believes that the consolidation of the Slavs would place her in a dangerous and humiliating position, and conspires day and night to compass exactly the reverse

of Servian wishes. Thus the two countries are theoretically at peace and practically at war. While the conflict of 1877 was in progress collisions between Servian and Hungarian were of almost daily occurrence.

The Hungarian's intolerance of the Slav does not proceed from unworthy jealousy, but rather from an exaggerated idea of the importance of his own country and of the evils which might befall it if the old Serb stock began to renew its ancient glory. In corners of Hungary, such as Orsova, the peasant imagines that his native land is the main world, and that the rest of Europe is an unnecessary and troublesome fringe around the edges of it. There is a story of a gentleman in Pesth who went to a dealer in maps and inquired for a *globe* of Hungary, showing that he imagined it to be the whole round earth.

So far were the land and the stream after the storm that I lingered until sunset gazing out over river and on Servian hills, and did not accept Josef's invitation to visit the chapel of the Hungarian crown that evening. But next morning before the sun was high I wandered alone in the direction of the Roumanian frontier, and by accident came upon the chapel. It is a modest structure, in a nook surrounded by tall poplars, and within is a simple chapel, with Latin inscriptions. Here the historic crown reposes, now that there is no longer any use for it at Presburg, the ancient capital. Here it was brought by pious hands after the troubles between Austria and Hungary were settled. During the revolution the sacred bauble was hidden by the command of noblemen to whom it had been confided, and the servants who concealed it at the behest of their masters were slain, lest in an indiscreet moment they might betray the secret.

For thousands of enthusiasts this tiny chapel is the holiest of shrines, and should trouble come anew upon Hungary in the present perturbed times the crown would perhaps journey once more.

It seemed pitiful that the railway should ever invade this out-of-the-way corner of Europe. But it was already crawling through the mountains, hundreds of Italian laborers were putting down the shining rails in woods and glens where no sounds save the song of birds or the carol of the infrequent passer-by had theretofore been heard. For the present, however, the old-fashioned, comfortless diligence keeps the roads, the harnessed postilion winds his merry horn, and as the afternoon sun is getting low the dusty, antique vehicle rattles up to the court of the inn, the guard gets down, dusts the leather casing of the gun which nowadays he is never compelled to use, then he touches his square hat, ornamented with a feather, to the maids and men of the hostelry. When the mails are claimed, the horses refreshed, and the stage is covered with its leathern hood, postilion and guard sit down together in a cool corner under the gallery in the court-yard and crack various small flasks of wine. They smoke their porcelain pipes, imported from Vienna, with the air of men of the world who have travelled and who could tell you a thing or two if they liked. They are never tired of talking of Mehadia, which is one of their principal stations. The sad-faced nobleman, followed by the decorous old man-servant in fantastic Magyar livery, who arrived in the diligence, has been to the baths. The master is vainly seeking cure, comes every year, and always supplies postilion and guard with the money to buy flasks of wine. This the postilion tells me and my fellows, and suggests that the "hon-

orable society" should follow the worthy nobleman's example. No sooner is it done than postilion and guard kiss our hands, which is likewise an evidence that they have travelled, are well met with every stranger and all customs, and know more than they say.

The Romans had extensive establishments at Mehadia, which they called the "Baths of Hercules" and it is in memory of this that a statue of the good giant stands in the square of the little town. Scattered through the hills, many inscriptions to Hercules, to Mercury, and to Venus have been found during the ages. The villages on the road thither are few and far between and are inhabited by peasants decidedly Dacian in type. It is estimated that a million and a half of Roumanians are settled in Hungary, and in this section they are exceedingly numerous. Men and women wear showy costumes, quite hair and uncomfortable. The women seem determined to wear as few garments as possible and to compensate for lack of number by brightness of coloring. In many a pretty face traces of gypsy blood may be seen. This vagabond taint gives an inexpressible charm to a face for which the Hungarian strain has already done much. The coal-black hair and wild, mischievous eyes set off to perfection the pale face and exquisitely thin lips, the delicate nostrils and beautifully moulded chin. Angel or devil? queries the beholder. Sometimes he is constrained to think that the possessor of such a face has the mingled souls of saint and siren. The light undertone of melancholy which pervades gypsy beauty, gypsy music, gypsy manners, has an extremely remarkable fascination for all who perceive it. Even when it is almost buried beneath ignorance and animal craft it is still to be found in the gypsy

nature after diligent search. This strange race seems overshadowed by the sorrow of some haunting memory. Each individual belonging to the *Tsiganes* whom I saw impressed me as a fugitive from Fate. To look back was impossible; of the present he was careless, the future tempted him on. In their music one now and then hears hints of a desire to return to some far-off and half-forgotten land. But this is rare.

There is a large number of "civilized gypsies," so called, in the neighborhood of Orsova. I never saw one of them without a profound compassion for him, so utterly unhappy did he look in ordinary attire. The musicians who came nightly to play on the lawn in front of the Hungarian Crown inn belonged to these civilized *Tsiganes*. They had lost all the freedom of gesture, the proud, half-savage stateliness of those who remained nomadic and untamed by local law and custom. The old instinct was in their music, and sometimes their drifted into it the same mixture of saint and devil which I had seen in the "composite" faces.

As soon as supper was set forth, piping hot and flanked by flagons of beer and wine, on the lawn, and the guests had assembled to partake of the good cheer, while yet the after-glow lingered along the Danube, these dusky musicians appeared and installed themselves in a corner. The old stream's murmur could not drown the piercing and pathetic notes of the violin, the gentle wail of the guzla, or the soft thrumming of the rude tambourine. Little poetry as a spectacle and frosty Austrian officer might have in his soul, that little must have been awakened by the songs and the orchestral performances of the *Tsiganes* as the sun sank low. The dusk began to creep athwart the

lawn and a cool breeze fanned the foreheads of the listeners. When the light was all gone, these men, as if inspired by the darkness, sometimes improvised most angelic melody. There was never any loud or hoisterous note, never any direct appeal to the attention. I invariably forgot the singers and players, and the music seemed a part of the harmony of Nature. While the pleasant notes echoed in the twilight troops of jaunty young Hungarian soldiers, dressed in red hose, dark-green doublets, and small caps, sometimes adorned with feathers, sauntered up and down the principal street, the refugees huddled in corners and listened with delight, the Austrian officials lumbered by pouring clouds of smoke from their long, strong, and inevitable cigars, and the dogs forgot their perennial quarrel for a few instants at a time.

The dogs of Orsova and of all the neighboring country have many of the characteristics of their fellow-creatures in Turkey. Orsova is divided into "beats," which are thoroughly and carefully patrolled night and day by bands of dogs, who recognize the limits of their domain and severely resent intrusion. In front of the Hungarian Crown a large dog, aided by a small yellow cur and a black spaniel, mainly made up of ears and tail, maintained order. The afternoon quiet was generally disturbed about four o'clock by the advent of a strange canine, who, with that expression of extreme innocence which always characterizes the animal that knows he is doing wrong, would venture on to the forbidden ground. A low growl in chorus from the three guardians was the inevitable preliminary warning. The newcomer usually seemed much surprised at this, and gave an astonished glance, then wagging his tail merrily, as much

as to say. "Nonsense! I must have been mistaken," he approached anew. One of the trio of guardians thereupon sallied forth to meet him, followed by the others a little distance behind. If the strange dog showed his teeth, assumed a defiant attitude, and seemed inclined to make his way through any number of enemies, the trio held a consultation, which I am bound to say almost invariably resulted in a fight. The intruder would either fly yelping, or would work his way across the interdicted territory by means of a series of encounters, accompanied by the most terrific barking, snapping, and snuicking, and by a very considerable effusion of blood. The person who should interfere to prevent a dog-fight in Orsova would be regarded as a lunatic. Sometimes a large white dog, accompanied by two shaggy animals resembling wolves so closely that it was almost impossible to believe them guardians of flocks of sheep, passed by the Hungarian Crown unchallenged, but these were probably tired warriors, whose valor was so well known that they were no longer questioned anywhere.

The gypsies have in their wagons or following in their train small black dogs, of temper unparalleled for ugliness. It is impossible to approach a Tsigane tent or wagon without encountering a swarm of these diminutive creatures, whose rage is not only amusing, but sometimes rather appalling, to contemplate. Driving rapidly by a camp one morning in a farmer's cart drawn by two stout horses adorned with jingling bells, I was followed by a pack of these dark-skinned animals. The bells awoke such rage within them that they seemed insane under its influence. As they leaped and snapped around me I felt like some traveller in a Russian forest pursued by

hungry wolves. A dog scarcely six inches high and but twice as long would spring from the ground as if a pound of dynamite had exploded beneath him, and would make a desperate effort to throw himself into the wagon. Another, howling in impotent anger, would jump full at a horse's throat, would roll beneath the feet of the horse, but in some miraculous fashion would escape unhurt, and would scramble upon a bank to try again. It was a real relief when the discouraged pack fell away. Had I shot one of the animals, the gypsies would have found a way to avenge the death of their enterprising though somewhat too zealous camp-follower. Animals everywhere on these border lines of the Orient are treated with much more tenderness than men and women are. The grandee who would scowl furiously in this wild region of the Banat if the peasants did not stand by the roadside and doff their hats in token of respect and submission would not kick a dog out of his way and would manifest the utmost tenderness for his horses.

The railway from Vericiova, on the frontier, runs through the large towns Pitesti and Craiova on its way to Bucharest. It is a marvellous railroad: it climbs hills, descends into deep gullies, and has as little of the air line about it as a great river has, for the contractors built it on the principle of "keeping near the surface," and they much preferred climbing ten high mountains to cutting one tunnel. Craiova takes its name, according to a somewhat misty legend, from John Assan, who was one of the Romano-Bulgarian kings, Craiova being a corruption of *Czar Ivan* ("King John"). This John was the same who drank his wine from a cup made out of the skull of the unlucky emperor Baldwin I. The old laws of Craiova gave

their title to the Roumanian silver pieces now known as *ban*: Slatina, farther down the line, on the river Alta (the Aluta of the ancients), is a pretty town, where a proud and brave community love to rectify to the stranger the valorous deeds of their ancestors. It is the centre from which have spread out most of the modern revolutionary movements in Roumania. "Little Wallachia," in which Slatina stands, is rich in well-tilled fields and uplands covered with fat cattle. It is as fertile as Kansas, and its people seemed to me more agreeable and energetic than those in and around Bucharest.

He who clings to the steamers plying up and down the Danube sees much romantic scenery and many curious types, but he loses all the real charm of travel in these regions. The future tourist, on his way to or from Bulgaria and the battle-fields of the "new crusade," will be wise if he journeys leisurely by farm-wagon—he will not be likely to find a carriage—along the Hungarian bank of the stream. I made the journey in April, when in that gentle southward climate the wayside was already radiant with flowers and the mellow sunshine was unbroken by cloud or rain. There were discomfort and dust, but there was a rare pleasure in the arrival at a quaint inn whose exterior front, boldly asserting itself in the holder row of house-fronts in a long village street, was uninviting enough, but the interior of which was charming. In such a hostelry I always found the wharfmaster, in green coat and cap, asleep in an arm-chair, with the bug-master and one or two idle landed proprietors sitting near him at a card-table, enveloped in such a cloud of smoke that one could scarcely see the long-necked flasks of white wine which they were

rapidly emptying. The host was a massive man, with bulbous nose and sleepy eyes; he responded to all questions with a stare, and the statement that he did not know, and seemed anxious to leave everything in doubt until the latest moment possible. His daughter, who was brighter and less dubious in her responses than her father, was a slight girl, with lustrous black eyes, wistful lips, a perfect form, and black hair covered with a linen cloth that the dust might not come near its glossy threads. When she made her appearance, flashing out of a huge dark room, which was stone paved, and arched overhead, and in which peasants sat drinking sour beer, she seemed like a ray of sunshine in the middle of night. But there was more dignity about her than is to be found in most sunbeams; she was modest and civil in answer, but understood no compliments. There was something of the princess-reduced-in-circumstances in her demeanor. A royal supper could she serve and the linen which she spread on the small wooden table in the back courtyard smelled of lavender. I took my dinners after the long days' rides, in inns which commanded delicious views of the Danube,—points where willows overhung the rushing stream, or where crags towered above it or where it flowed in smooth, yet restless, might through plains in which hundreds of peasants were toiling, then red-and-white costumes contrasting sharply with the brilliant blue of the sky and the tender green of the foliage.

If the inns were uniformly cleanly and agreeable, so much could not be said for the villages, which were sometimes decidedly dirty. The cottages of the peasants—that is of the agricultural laborers—were windowless to a degree which led me to look for a small and

dull-eyed race; but the elegant orbs of youths and maidens in all this Banat land are rarely equalled in beauty. I found it in my heart to object to the omnipresent swine. These cheerful animals were sometimes so domesticated that they followed their masters and mistresses afield in the morning. In this section of Hungary, as indeed in most parts of Europe, the farm-houses are all huddled together in compact villages, and the lands tilled by the dwellers in these communities extend for miles around them. At dawn the procession of laborers goes forth, and at sunset it returns. Nothing can give a better idea of rural simplicity and peace than the return of the peasants of a hamlet at eventide from their vineyards and meadows. Just as the sun was deluging the broad Danube with glory before relinquishing the current to the twilight's shades, I came in the soft April evening, into the neighborhood of Drenkova. A tranquil afterglow was here and there visible near the hills, which warded off the sun's passionate farewell glances at the vines and flowers. Beside the way, on the green banks, sat groups of children clad with paradisaical simplicity, awaiting their fathers and mothers. At a vineyard's hedge a sweet girl, tall, stately, and melancholy, was twining a garland in the cap of a stout young fellow who rested one broad hand lightly upon her shoulder. Old women, bent and wrinkled, hobbled out from the fields, getting help from their sons or grandsons. Sometimes I met a shaggy white horse drawing a cart, in which a dozen sonsie lasses, their faces browned by wind and their tresses blown back from their brows in most bewitching manner by the libertine breeze, were jolting homeward, singing as they went. The young men in their

loose linen garments, with their primitive hoes and spades on their shoulders, were as goodly specimens of manly strength and beauty as one could wish to look upon. It hurt me to see them stand humbly ranged in rows as I passed. But it was pleasant to note the fervor with which they knelt around the cross, leaving its sacred form amid the waving grasses. They knew nothing of the outer world, save from time to time the Emperor claimed certain of their number for his service, and that perhaps their lot might lead them to the great city of Budapest. Everywhere as far as the eye could reach the land was cultivated with greatest care, and plenty seemed the lot of all. The peasant lived in an ugly and windowless house because his father and grandfather had done so before him, not because it was necessary. It was odd to see girls, as Dian, and as fan, bending their prettily bodies to come out of the contemptible little apertures in the peasant house called "doors."

Drenkova is a long street of low cottages, with here and there a two-story mansion, to denote that the proprietor of the land resides there. As I approached the entrance to this street, I saw a most remarkable train coming to meet me. One glance told me that it was a large company of gypsies, who had come up from Roumania, and were going northward in search of work or plunder. My driver drew rein, and we allowed the swart Bohemians to pass on,—a courtesy which was gracefully acknowledged with a singularly sweet smile from the driver of the first cart. There were about two hundred men and women in this wretched train, and I verily believe that there were twice as many children. Each cart drawn by a small Roumanian pony, contained two or three families huddled

together, and seemingly lost in contemplation of the beautiful sunset, for your real gypsy is a keen admirer of nature and her charms. Some of the women were intensely hideous. age had made them as unattractive as in youth they had been pretty; others were graceful and well formed. Many wore but a single garment. The men were wilder than any that I had ever before seen: their matted hair, their thick lips, and their dark eyes gave them almost the appearance of negroes. One or two of them had been foraging, and bore sheep's heads and hares, which they had purchased or "taken" in the village. They halted as soon as they had passed me, and prepared to go into camp, so I waited a little to observe them. During the process of arranging the carts for the night one of the women became enraged at the father of her brood because he would not aid her in the preparation of the simple tent under which the family was to repose. The woman ran to him, clenching her fist and screaming forth invective, which, I am convinced, had I understood it, and had it been directed at me, I should have found extremely disagreeable. After thus lashing the culprit with language for some time, she broke forth into screams and danced frantically around him. He arose, visibly disturbed, and I fancied that his savage nature would come uppermost, and that he might be impelled to give her a brutal beating. But he, on the contrary, advanced leisurely towards her and spat upon the ground with an expression of extreme contempt. She seemed to feel this much more than she would have felt a blow, and her fury redoubled. She likewise spat, he again repeated the contemptuous act, and, after both had gratified the anger which was consuming them, they walked off in different direc-

tions. The battle was over, and I was not sorry to notice a few minutes later that *pater familias* had thought better of his conduct, and was himself spreading the tent and setting forth his wandering *Lares* and *Penates*.

A few hundred yards from the point where these wanderers had settled for night I found some rude huts, in which other gypsies were residing permanently. These huts were mere shelters placed against steep banks or hedges, and within there was no furniture save one or two blankets, a camp-kettle, and some wicker baskets. Young girls twelve or thirteen years of age crouched naked about a smouldering fire. They did not seem unhappy or hungry, and none of these strange people paid any attention to me as I drove on to the inn, which, oddly enough, was at some distance from the main village, hard by the Danube side, in a gully between the mountains, where coal-barges lay moored. The Servian mountains, covered from base to summit with dense forests, cast a deep gloom over the vale. In a garden, on a terrace behind the inn, by the light of a flickering candle, I ate a frugal dinner, and went to bed much impressed by the darkness, in such striking contrast to the delightful and picturesque scenes through which I had wandered all day.

But I speedily forgot this next morning when the landlord informed me that, instead of toiling over the road along the crags to Orsova, whither I was returning, I could embark on a tug-boat bound for that cheerful spot, and could thus inspect the grand scenery of the Iron Gates from the river. The swift express boats, which in time of peace run from Vienna to Rustchuk, whisk the traveller so rapidly to these famous defiles that he sees

else than a panorama of high, rocky walls. But the slow-moving and clumsy tug, with its train of barges attached, offers better facilities to the lover of natural beauty. We had dropped down only a short distance below Drenkova before we found the river path filled with eddies, miniature whirlpools, denoting the vicinity of the gorges into which the great current is compressed. These whirlpools all have names: one is called the "Buffalo," a second, "Kerdaps," a third is known as the "Devourer." For three or four hours we ran in the shade of mighty walls of porphyry and granite, on whose tops were forests of oaks and elms. I could fancy that the veins of red porphyry running along the face of the granite were blood-stains, the tragic memorials of ancient battles, for, wild and inaccessible as this region seems, it has been fought over and through in sternest fashion. Perched on a little promontory on the Servian side is the tiny town of Potetch, where the brave shepherds and swineherds fought the Turk, against whose oppression they had risen, until they were overwhelmed by numbers, and their leader, Hadji Nikolos, lost his head. The Austrians point out with pride the cave on the tremendous flank of Mt Choukouniou, where, two centuries ago, an Austrian general, at the head of seven hundred men, all that was left to him of a goodly army, sustained a three months' siege against large Turkish forces. This cave is perched high above the road at a point where it absolutely commands it, and the government of to-day, realizing its importance, has had it fortified and furnished with walls pierced by loop-holes. Trajan fought his way through

these defiles in the very infancy of the Christian era, and in memory of his first splendid campaign against the Dacians he carved in the solid rock the letters, some of which are still visible, and which, by their very grandiloquence, offer a mournful commentary



HUNGARIAN TYPES

on the fleeting nature of human greatness. Little did he think when his eyes rested lovingly on this inscription, beginning —

*"Imp Cas D Nervæ Filius Nervæ
Trajanus Germ Pont Maximus,"*

that Time, with profane hand, would wipe out the memory of many of his glories and would undo all the work that he had done.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-ONE

A Journey through Roumania in War Time — A Khan — Its Advantages and Disadvantages — Primitive Life of the Villagers — On the Great Plains — The Water Walls — The Approaches to Bucharest — Roumanian Legends — The Frontier of Europe — French Influence in Roumania — Bucharest and New Orleans

MIDNIGHT A lonely khan on the crest of a Roumanian hill, at whose base stretches away a forest Eastward, a broad plateau, impressive by reason of its vastness. Here and there dotting the darkness which we have left behind us, camp-fires, with rude figures seated around them. The musical clink of a hammer on a gypsy's anvil is borne to us on the breeze the known Bohemian is repairing a farmer's cart. He will labor all night, and to-morrow will slumber peacefully in the shade of a tree. Midnight, and we are hungry and weary, so we raise our voices in a prolonged shout. No answer!

But presently a huge black mass comes lumbering towards us. It is a water-buffalo. He marches slowly, solemnly up to the horses sniffs them contemptuously then stands impudently eyeing us, wagging his stupid head, covered with baked mud, to and fro, and almost persuading us that he contemplates an attack upon our party with his crooked, useless horns. Is he the guardian of the khan?

We shout again and charge on the water-buffalo, forcing him by smart blows with our whips to retreat, moaning and evidently considering himself a much-injured beast. Still no answer.

We batter at the door of the khan with all our might, and once more halloo with full force. Now the dogs awaken

They had forgotten for a few moments to bay the moon, and had snatched a fitful nap, but our third shout brings them around us in almost formidable numbers. One or two brutes leap up to snap at us, and the little horses snort with terror, for your true Roumanian dog has very much of the wolf left in him and will lurch off a live traveller from time to time, while a dead one is always acceptable. Just as we meditate firing our revolvers into the pack of clamorous dogs a curious figure approaches. One glance is sufficient to reveal that it is the night-watchman of the locality. He is a shambling, awkward youth, clad in red leggings, a stuffed short jacket, and a sheepskin cap. In one hand he carries a long and antiquated gun, in the other a knife, in a wooden scabbard, from which an elaborately carved handle of bone protrudes. Without vouchsafing us a single word he steps to the side of the khan's low wall, and in a shrill voice addresses a series of reproaches to some unknown person within. The language is not choice, so I will not repeat it. Presently a wide door swings open, and the youth, saluting us with the knife, shambles into the shadows again, the dogs, who evidently recognize his authority, respectfully following him.

Dismounting from our jaded horser we enter the chief room of the khan. On its mud floor half-a-dozen figures are

stretched, and we can dimly see that they are human. Near the wall a large black hog reclines, indulging in dreams of a porcine paradise. The light of the feeble lamp which the master of the khan carries in his hand enables us to see this, as well as to remark that fowls roost over the fireplace, and that a gaunt dog shows his teeth from a recess near that occupied by the swine. On the right hand from the entrance is a small room, the only furniture in which is a long wooden bench in front of a coarse counter and a few casks of wine backed against the wall. On the left is the room in which we are to sleep. A low divan extends around three sides of this small and uninviting chamber, and on the window-sills are placed painted images of St George and St Michael. A rosary hangs from a wooden peg and an ancient gun, of such complicated mechanism that it must require a liberal education to fire it off, stands in a corner. A Turkish water-basin and pitcher of beaten metal sit on the floor. A faint odor of burned garlic and cheap wine pervades the whole khan, and we awake in the morning impressed with the feeling that we have been immersed in a bath impregnated with those subtle aromas.

The host, who is the only person in the village who appears to possess a whole coat, looks bewildered when asked by our guide if he can furnish the materials for breakfast. He rolls a cigarette, looks helplessly from side to side, and at last begins a series of apologies. The hens had laid some eggs yesterday, but Russian officers on the way to Bulgaria had purchased them. He does not like to kill his chickens. He is not sure there is any bread left in the house. As for meat, where can it be found? Certainly none of the inhabitants have any. 'Cheering prospect!' On what,

then, do the villagers subsist? The guide leads us to the door opening into the huge barn-yard of the khan and points to the driver of our wagon, who is seated on the ground, with a bit of straw spread before him. On this straw is a small loaf of black bread, a large piece of white cheese, and a little clay pot filled with coarse hominy. Near by stands an earthen vase containing water. "That is the stuff that the villagers eat," said the guide. "Sometimes they take the trouble to cook meat: it is easy enough to get, but they are generally too lazy to prepare it. See, this is the end of the world! How can you expect civilization here?" We go out through a gate in the wall, and look at the village. My first thought is that I have suddenly been transported to Africa. Surely these low, wattle-d huts with round tops with tiny doors and scarcely any windows, are African in form, and the dark faces peering suspiciously from behind bits of fencing, are they not those of negroes?

The strong men and women are afield, working actively before the heat of the day comes on, and only the children, the superannuated folk, and the dogs remain in the village. Most of the youthful population from the age of four to fourteen is naked, and leaps and runs unashamed along the mud roads between the huts. The only indication of real civilization in this community is a steam threshing-machine, which one of the landed proprietors of the neighborhood erected only last year. There is no church, no school, no public building of any kind. No inhabitant seems to know anything of the country ten miles beyond his village. There is more intelligence among the wandering gypsies than in these stupid tillers of the soil, who are content with so little.

and who fancy that the Roumanian principality is the whole world.

This is, however, an exceptionally degraded section. We have passed through neat and handsome villages, where the small cottages, with the noisy storks clacking on their roofs, were grouped in picturesque fashion, and where the Greek church-spires pointed heavenward, and the primary school was housed in a decent structure. Pretty gulls in gay costumes were gathered at the fountains, and stout men leading bullocks attached to carts laden with the crops from the rich lands doffed their caps and saluted us gracefully. But here, in this sun-baked, sun-swept, sun-burnished land, the men are sallow, the women ugly, the children scanty and vicious. We begin to feel out of temper with this strange Roumanian province.

Presently we recover our equanimity, for our wagoneer, having thoughtfully finished his own breakfast first, manages to collect scraps enough for us, and my companions and I can at last ride on across the seemingly endless plains, through the forests of rustling corn, towards Bucharest. The sun is hot, each horse as he plunges his hoofs into the fine sand in the way causes a dense cloud of dust to rise. As far as the eye can reach we can see the level plain before us, and a long row of well-sweeps — which seem beckoning to us with their wend aims to hasten forward — marks the spots at which we must not fail to pause, and refresh our horses with water. The Roumanian traveller offers drink to his steed every half hour, the beast ~~moisten~~ his lips picks up his ears, which were beginning to droop, and continues, much encouraged.

The distances between these wells are strewn with the skeletons of bullocks and horses which have perished by the

way the deadening heat under which unfortunate animals are often compelled to drag heavy burdens twelve or sixteen hours daily is fatal to them. It is a painful sight to see poor oxen, with tongues lolling out and eyes protruding from their sockets, struggling to reach a well before the death-stroke falls upon them. The unlucky teamster who finds himself stranded on the sands by the loss of his team betakes himself to the whimsical obsequiation of which the Roumanian peasants are so fond, then lights his cigarette and sits down philosophically until help arrives. In the open country in Roumania, as in Turkey, no one takes the precaution to buy carrion, and he who has ever been unfortunate enough to pitch his camp in the vicinity of some perished beasts of burden will never forget it.

On our journey from the Danube back to Bucharest we discovered that the only way to secure attention in the Roumanian villages of the section through which we were then passing was to command it. The peasants understood commerce but very poorly, an offer to buy food and grain was received much as a request for arms would be in Western Europe, but peremptory orders, though not much to the peasant's taste, were effectual. In this he much resembles his Bulgarian neighbor on the other side of the Danube. The stubbornness of the Roumanian with regard to some matters is remarkable, and is doubtless attributable to the independence that has crept into his character with the adoption of the exceedingly liberal new political constitution of the country. In endeavoring to purchase some of the bright although coarsely patterned carpets which the peasant women weave there is no chance for barter. You may take or leave a car-

pet, as you please no persuasion can alter the price primarily fixed upon it

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Roumania is the enormous difference between the villages and the towns of moderate size, as well as the cities. Louis Blanc says that in France there is an abyss between the city and the country, and this would certainly seem to be the case in the Wallachian principality. The towns are full of activity, and in certain kinds of trade manifest real energy, but five miles from any town most of the villages are semibarbaric. They spoke with discouraged tone of the burdens of war and the slow progress of education consequent upon the poverty of the country. But it must not be supposed that Roumania is indifferent to the cause of national education. The constitution provides for a liberal primary instruction and renders it compulsory "wherever schools are established." Each village or district is supposed to provide funds for the support of free schools, but the villagers plead their extreme misery as an excuse, and prefer to keep their children steadily at work as soon as they are strong enough to go afield, rather than to accord them time to study. There were, nevertheless, but a few years since, nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand children frequenting rural primary schools, and over sixty thousand were receiving elementary education in city schools. Instruction in Roumania is divided, as in France, into three grades, — primary, secondary, and superior or professional. In the highest grade the Roumanians have numerous establishments which will bear favorable comparison with similar ones in other lands.

The khan, the monastery, and the villager's hut being the only shelters for the traveller across the mighty plains or

through the rugged mountains of the principality, it is not astonishing that when he arrives in Bucharest, the capital, he is ready to bestow upon it all the extravagant titles which it has received during the last generation, such as "The City of Pleasure," "Paris in the East," "The Wanderer's Paradise," etc. After months of weary wandering in Turkey in Europe, he who reaches the well-kept and tidy streets of the handsome new quarter of Bucharest, — who finds himself once more dazzled by the glitter of European uniforms and surrounded by evidence of luxury and fashion, the very memory of which had begun to fade from his mind — is amazed and enchanted. It is like coming out of a dreary desert directly upon a garden filled with choice and beautiful flowers, with rippling rivulets and plashing fountains. We entered Bucharest from the plains, and so its picturesqueness and the magic of the change were both enhanced. Advancing rapidly, two hours before sunset, towards the town, which I could see before me miles away, I could observe nothing specially attractive in its appearance. But as I reached the vicinity of a long line of massive ancient buildings in the outskirts of Bucharest the sun was just deluging them gayly painted and decorated walls with floods of light. The picture was a lovely one, and distinctly original. I rode on in a kind of spell, produced by the mystical afterglow, through narrow lanes lined on either side with hipbution houses set down in the middle of green lawns, under frowning arches, through alleys paved with stones, each one of which seemed struggling out of the earth to smite the impertinent new-comer, past a convent with its portals covered with pictures of saints and martyrs, past a grim modern harrick, in front of which stood a swart sentry

holding a drawn sword, then over a naked parade-ground, and, finally, in rugged and unimposing procession, my companions and I drew rein on a boulevard no whit inferior in magnificence, as far as it extended, to those of Paris, and alighted at a palatial hotel, which formed a curious contrast to the khan before whose door a few evenings previous we had loudly clamored.

The Roumanians are very proud of their capital, which is the most important city in all the Danubian principalities, and has an entertaining history. Belgrade is but a miserable village compared with *Bucharest* (pronounced *Doncourecht*, if you wish to represent faithfully to yourself the Wallachian name of the city). There are so many legends concerning the origin of this quaint name that people generally choose that which pleases their fancy most. The intelligent classes seem to divide their preference between two stories. The first explains the manner in which Bucharest gained the sobriquet of "City of Pleasure." It is related that once upon a time, when the Turks had invaded Wallachia, before retiring they demanded a tribute of ten thousand ducats and five hundred boys. Great was the indignation at this insolent demand, and the result was a battle, in which Muzea the Elder defeated the Ottomans with terrific slaughter, and compelled the survivors to fly. Thankful for his victory, he built a memorial church and a princely palace at a spot which is now the site of Bucharest, and which is supposed to have gained its name at that time from the many rejoicings over victory, as *bucurie* in the Roumanian tongue means "joy." This legend being somewhat misty, others believe that Bucharest takes its name from an historical shepherd named Bucur,

who in ancient times pastured his flock on a hill now occupied by the cathedral and legislative palace, and who had there built a chapel to St. Athanasius, as well as a hut for himself. His children are supposed to have taken the name of the Bucuresci, the plural of Bucur, according to the custom, and to have given it to the hamlet which then father had founded. Macarius, the Patriarch of Antioch, who visited the town about the middle of the seventeenth century, has left in his memoirs the statement that it then had one hundred thousand inhabitants, six thousand houses, and forty churches and monasteries. Since that time, despite most frightful visitations of pestilence, — to which it appears to have been particularly subject during the last century, — despite conflagrations and wars, and foreign occupations, it has grown to comprise within its limits over two hundred and fifty thousand people. The plague has not visited Bucharest since 1813, when *seventy thousand persons perished in less than six weeks*. The principality hardly rallied for a generation after this crushing blow. Turk, Russian, and Austrian made themselves very much at home in Bucharest in the eighteenth century, and one can excuse some of the extreme jealousy which Roumanians of the present day feel with regard to strangers when one remembers how unhappy their experience of foreigners has been. When the Russians first came into the country, in 1877, numbers of the elder inhabitants groaned aloud and exclaimed, "What shall we lose this time?"

Bucharest can be reached from the capitals of Western Europe by three routes, the most direct and important being the railroad leading through the Austrian Bukovina and by way of Leinberg and Cincow to Vienna, the second a

railway passing through the fertile regions of Little Wallachia to the Danube bank, and thence to Orsova, in Hungary, where it now connects with the branch tapping the main line from Pesth to Vienna, and the third by steam-boat on the Danube from Vienna or Pesth to Giurgevo, the Roumanian port opposite Rustchuk, in Bulgaria, and one of the most important of the Russian stations during the war with Turkey. Four days of steady travel by express trains and the expenditure of a little more than a hundred dollars in gold for fares and transport of baggage will take the traveller from Paris to Bucharest by the most direct route.

The Roumanian gentleman is usually educated in France, and always preserves the fondest remembrance and liveliest affection for that cheerful country. Indeed, the stranger who plunges into Roumania without any previous knowledge of its history or character can almost persuade himself that he has fallen upon a French province in the Orient. The uniforms of *gendarmes* at the railway stations, of customs officials, of policemen, are French in pattern, the army officers seem to have just left the barracks of Paris, and French is spoken with great purity and with no perceptible foreign accent by all educated people. The Roumanians, like the Russians, appear to possess an extraordinary facility for acquiring foreign languages. Now that they have a German prince to rule over them, the upper classes cultivate the German language, and the names of the fashionable tradesmen on the principal streets end in *ern* or *ein*, and are prefaced with the respectable and venerable patronymics of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Jew

a certain commercial force and influential position in the principality, al-

though he is bitterly hated and often subjected to downright abuse by the native Roumanians. In a small town near Jassy, during my visit to Roumania in the spring of last year, two Jews were beaten almost to death, with circumstances of barbarous and bestial cruelty attending the ferocious punishment, simply because one of them had given a quick answer to a police-master who told him that Jews had no business to be sitting outside their houses late at night. Both Russians and Roumanians are intolerant and ungenerous in a startling degree with regard to the Hebrew trader. It is also to be said that the Jew gives considerable provocation, and that his extreme sharpness in money matters provokes envy and a desire on the part of the ignorant and often fanatical agricultural population of Roumania to get even with him by means of sundry well-bestowed thashings and kickings. Thousands of Jews followed the Russian army into Roumania and down to the Danube, and a recital of some of the expedients to which they resorted for amassing fortunes speedily would go far in the minds of many to excuse the extreme measures sometimes taken against them. It is probable that as Roumania becomes more generally intelligent and prosperous a prejudice which is degrading and unworthy of the civilization of the nineteenth century will die away, and the Hebrew will pursue those callings for which he has especial fitness unrestrained and without fear of ill-treatment.

In midsummer there are many characteristics in the life of Bucharest which remind the American of New Orleans. Both are lowland cities, both allow the visitor to realize to the full the inexpressible witchery of the strange southern twilight and the glamour of restful

afternoons, and both have an immense vagabond population. As New Orleans has the vagrant negro, so Bucharest has the gypsy, the joyous, thievish, patient, long-suffering, and, on the whole, much-to-be-admired Tsigane. The mystic children of the East number more than three hundred thousand in Moldavia and Wallachia, the two ancient provinces now definitely united under the name of Roumania, and naturally there are many thousands of them in Bucharest. The race has been freed from slavery only about twenty years, and is still much lower in the intellectual and moral scale than our freedmen of the Southern lowlands. The Tsiganes emigrated by thousands from Roumania into Austria and Hungary as soon as the war began. They possess the impudence of the demon, and are masters in the art of lying. But little is expected of them, and the Bucharestians, who are in general decent, and in many respects refined, folks, complacently allow gypsy women unclad to bathe in broad daylight in the river Dimbovitza, which courses ductly through the middle of the populous city. They say, "It is only a gypsy, and what does it matter?"

The visitor to the Roumanian capital must beware of one danger if he wishes to continue in the good graces of the citizens. He must on all occasions, and with extreme gusto, praise the Dimbo-

vitza as the most charming of European streams. It really is nothing of the sort, it is a small yellow current, and looks so uninviting that one can scarcely understand how the gypsy beauties can consent to lave their dusky persons in it. But every descendant of Trajan's colonists believes it to be a stream quite as classical as the Tiber, and a loving couplet in the soft Roumanian language asserts —

"Dimbovitza, loveliest water!
He who drinks can never leave thee."

Let me add that this superstition, which would be rather pretty if the water were clearer, has thousands of believers among the lower classes, who are eminently superstitious. The gypsy mason, before he lays the foundations of the stone house which he is engaged to build, slyly measures the shadow of some unwary passer-by with a branch which he buries in the soil where the nether stones are to repose. He and all companions in his craft throughout Roumania believe that the person whose shade is thus measured will die soon thereafter, and that his spirit is doomed to haunt the house when it is built. Each house has its *stakid*, or spirit, of this kind, and many wondrous stories are told of their mysterious appearances and disappearances.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-TWO

Notes on Bucharest — Streets and Street Types — The Wallachian Soldiers — Conscripted Peasantry — Roumanian Independence — Priests and Churches

BUT to return to Bucharest. It has a principal street called the "Podan Mogosor" (not being pronounced as if it were *chor*). This runs from south to north through the city, and along its sides are ranged the principal hotels, the *cafés*, the one pretty theatre (*Teatrul National*), the palace of the reigning prince, some of the ministerial offices, and nearly all of the consular and diplomatic residences. Bucharest has always been considered an important point for the maintenance of diplomatic agents, as from thence one gets a wide lookout over Turkey in Europe, and all the great powers have handsome mansions established there, in which keen consular agents with diplomatic functions keep a sharp watch on each other and write long reports to their governments. In intervals of leisure they amuse themselves with attending to court etiquette, and with the pleasant and brilliant society of this odd capital, so far away from the shining centres of Western Europe. Many of these agents have written clever books on the Roumanians and their neighbors. Beyond these diplomatic mansions the Podan Mogosor leads past one, or at most two, story houses, set down in little gardens, until it reaches the *Chausée*. This pretty park, with fine drive-ways running through it, was named the "Chausée Kisselef" (Kisselef road), after the Russian general, who originated its plan and urged the inhabitants to create it, when he was stationed there

years ago. In spring and summer it is a delightful promenade, and from seven to ten o'clock on summer evenings all the ladies of Bucharest society are to be seen there, languidly reposing in their carriages, and sipping ices. Bucharest has, I should think, as many carriages as New York, for there are on all occasions hundreds to be had if wanted, and the drivers urge their horses forward at such a rattling pace, except during the grand procession of fashion on the *Chausée*, that the stranger finds some little difficulty in keeping his seat. These drivers in Bucharest, and in most of the large Roumanian towns, are members of the sect of Russian *Shlopisi*, or self-mutilators. They wear flat blue caps, long blue coats, and fancy boots, — a gala costume which accords but poorly with their faces of parchment, their lack-lustre eyes, their piping voices. Most of them do not know ten words of the Wallachian language, and they are guided entirely by gestures. A touch on their right arm sends them to the right, on the left, to the left, and a tap on the back brings them to a full stop. The spectacle of several hundreds of the carriages racing madly to and fro, filled with officers beating perpetual tattoo on the backs, arms, and ribs of the blue-coated automations, as on the occasion of the arrival of the Czar of Russia in Bucharest, was at once ludicrous and inspiring.

I fancy there is no other avenue in Europe where one may see as many curi-

ous and striking figures as on the Podan Mogosoi. There are prosperous farmers in Roumania, although the villages are squalid and semi-barbarous, and these people take solid satisfaction in coming to Bucharest once or twice a year. All summer long and at all hours of the day, the promenader may meet the tiller of the soil, his wife, and then pretty brown-eyed daughter in procession visiting the shops on the Mogosoi. The father wears a linen suit, ornamented with red or blue, the trousers are so wide that they seem like meal-bags, the jacket is also ample, and the bold rustic displays the massive square of his more or less heroic breast, which is burned to a deep red by the generous sun. His head is crowned with a broad black hat, almost as ugly as that of a Spanish priest, sometimes he is barefooted, and sometimes he wears coarse shoes. The women's costumes are at once simple and picturesque, their jackets and skirts are made of coarse stuffs, tastefully ornamented, and a scarf protects the head and face from the blinding light. In the spring and autumn rainy seasons, when the Roumanian village streets are turned into mud-beds, the women wear tall boots, which disfigure them and render their gait exceedingly awkward. The farmer is armed usually, but only with a little knife, which would serve in case some vagabond attacked him. Crime is not frequent in Roumania, cases of assassination are almost unheard of in the large towns, and in the wild and remote districts brigandage yearly becomes less and less troublesome. The brigand, when he is caught, gets short shift. A friend of mine was travelling ten years since in a thinly settled section of the province, and was attacked in a wooded place by two rascals, who shot at him and his servant. As they approached the wagon

my friend took good aim and shot one of the brigands dead, the other ran away. The gentleman drove on to the next town, and narrated the occurrence to the local authorities. "Hum!" said the police agent, "we'll send some one out to find out who it was, and to bury him, in a day or two."

The stout and awkward Wallachian soldier is a familiar figure on the Mogosoi. He is not handsome, and the national cap, to which he so fondly clings, does not palliate his naturally uncouth appearance. But he is good-natured, earnest, and there never was a viler slander than that which denounced him as cowardly. He demonstrated his valor in front of Plevna again and again. His uniform is extremely simple, and he cannot be persuaded to wear it trimly and neatly. He looks supremely unhappy when compelled to maintain a stiff military aspect, as when on guard at the prince's palace or one of the ministries. He loves to crouch down on the sunny side of a wall and smoke a cigarette and listen to a good story. But if he sees the priest coming he will instantly rise to his feet, doff his homely cap, bend his knees, and kiss the priestly hand which is held forth in token of favor.

There are numerous smartly uniformed special corps in the Roumanian capital. The lifeguards of the prince are mighty fellows, six feet two or three inches tall, and arrayed as gorgeously as the carabinieri in Offenbach's opera. There is a body dressed somewhat in imitation of Italian *bersaglieri*, and a detachment of these bright little fellows in jaunty dress marches through the principal streets at noontide to the sound of inspiring music, carrying the garrison flag when they go to relieve guard. peculiarity which puzzled me was

constant playing by the military bands of our old war tunes, such as: "Tiamp, tramp, tramp," "John Brown," "Mother, I've come home to die," etc. At first it occurred to me that an American band-master might be among the musicians, but I could not discover one. Perhaps the Roumanians have found that the simple melodies of which our soldiers were so fond have also a special fitness for their own military purposes. It is certain that they have adopted them in large numbers.

The policemen, the officers of crack corps, the prefects and sub-prefects, and, in short, most of the uniformed officials, follow French models with the greatest closeness. Enter a *café* or a chocolate-vender's on the Mogosor on a summer evening, and one may persuade himself that he is in Paris, — all the more readily as it is probable that nine out of ten persons will be speaking the Gallic tongue. If some representative of the court happens in, every one will fall back into Roumanian, or possibly some few will indulge in German. The officers are elegant, dashing fellows, and bestow quite as much attention on their toilets as is allowable for men. The plain, sturdy Russians looked at them with some contempt when they first came among them, on account of their affectation, but when they discovered that the handsome boys could fight as well as twirl their mustaches they were delighted.

A sorrowful spectacle on the Mogosor now and then is a conscripted peasant in the clutch of the military authorities. The poor wretch hurries angrily along, his brow clouded, often his eyes filled with tears, while behind him walks a *gendarme* with drawn sword, ready to cut him down if he attempts to escape. *The peasants of Roumania suffer nearly

as much from homesickness as do the Turks, and when the conscription drags them from their beloved villages they are half ready to commit suicide. The glare and glitter of the "Paris of the East" does not compensate them for the change from farm to garrison. They sigh for the tall fields of rustling corn, the hot breezes which now and then blow from the south across the vast plains, the water-buffaloes, and the huts in whose thatch the stork trustingly nestles.

Since Roumania has won her independence her army has become of greater importance than ever before, and offers a good career to many enterprising men. But it is unfortunate that so small a state is compelled to maintain a comparatively large standing army. If the forty or fifty thousand men Roumania now requires as soldiers and officers were engaged in manufactures, or in developing the marvellous mineral and agricultural resources of one of the richest of provinces, the country would soon take important rank in Europe. At present every Roumanian is compelled to serve either in the permanent army or in the militia. This latter organization always amounts to about a hundred thousand men, thirty-two regiments of which are known as the *dorobansi*, who take the place of the old frontier guardsmen, twelve regiments as *calugari*, or departmental *gendarmerie*, and fourteen batteries of artillery, which oddly enough perform in peace the duties of firemen. These are garrisoned in the principal towns. The Roumanians realize to the fullest extent that the Hungarians are their implacable enemies, and that part of their frontier which touches Hungary is most efficiently guarded. The five millions of Roumanian folk in the kingdom know also that there are three or four millions more of the same

blood scattered about in Hungary, Transylvania, and the Bukovina, and it may be with some idea of bringing their wandering brethren under the old flag at a future day that they keep their army up, expending even in ordinary years, as they did in 1884-5, twenty-one millions of francs upon it, and only about a third as much on agriculture, commerce, and public works. As for the Roumanian navy, it is easy enough to support, for it boasts only one large war-ship, the "Muzeu," finished in 1883, besides three gun-boats, three torpedo boats, and a number of police sloops for the Danube, and musters scarcely a thousand men.

The stranger on the Mogosoi is puzzled in noticing that some police agents and postmen wear red stripes upon their uniforms, while others are striped with black, others with green, and still others with yellow and blue. The fact is that Bucharest is divided into five large wards, which are distinguished from each other by the names of colors. The northern section, in which the aristocracy reside, has yellow for its hue and this color will be found on the letter-boxes, lamp-posts, the collars of uniforms, etc. Red is the commercial and plebeian dye, green means west, black, east, and blue, south. A strongly marked local pride is visible among the inhabitants of each of these quarters, and the lucky result is that there is no section of Bucharest which does not boast at least one or two fine edifices, public or private.

Priests are plenty on the Mogosoi, — priests large and small, fat and lean, old and young. They are not always cleanly, I regret to say, and when their tall humless hats and long black robes are stained and dusty they are not interesting figures. But now and then one is to be seen who seems the incarnate

ideal of the priesthood. He has the sad, sweet face, with the low brow crowned with flowing locks parted in the middle, such as we have seen in the works of the old Byzantine artists. An expression of tender and subdued melancholy hovers about the thin lips, and a chastened spirit beams from the frank and widely opened eyes. A fine inspiration seems to hover about the man, warding off the grossness of the lower nature and urging him on to lofty and noble deeds. His step is slow and plantigrade, his gestures are unimpressive, his benedictions imposing. I have not wondered when I have seen peasants kneeling in a kind of adoration before such a man as he blessed their bread, their houses, or their babies. The Cossack, as he rode through the streets of Bucharest on his way to Bulgaria, bent from his saddle to kiss the hand of the priest, and crossed himself religiously when passing the decorated portico of some one of the many wooden churches. One fat and rather disagreeable-looking old priest, who was evidently a dignitary of high order, promenaded the Mogosoi every day of my stay in Bucharest. At his approach women began to crouch, men to drop their cigars or to hide them, and to shuffle their rosaries, and children stood pale and mute before him. Form is everything in Roumania, and the exterior formulas of religion are scrupulously observed by all classes born in the faith of the Orthodox Greek church. I have often met a slow and solemn procession of priests bearing the sacrament to the dying. The principal officiator marched proudly ahead with swelling front, behind him followed meek curés and acolytes with eyes bent on the ground.

Companies of chanting priests were always meeting the Russians at important points both in Bulgaria and Rouma-

ma in 1877, holding up the sacred images for them to kiss, and offering them bread and salt in token of welcome. Some of these ceremonies were notably impressive. Emperor and grand dukes bowed before the uplifted hand of the rustic man of God, and the Emperor's first act on arriving at Bucharest was to kiss the golden crucifix which the metropolitan archbishop held out to him.

The Roumanian church is free from any foreign dominion whatsoever. The principality is divided into eight dioceses of which two are archbishoprics, having their seats at Bucharest and Jassy, and six are bishoprics. The Archbishop of Bucharest is the chief, and is known by the high-sounding title of "the Metropolitan of Hungro-Wallachia." The clergy is divided into "secular" and "regular," each class comprising from nine to ten thousand men. All other religions besides those of the established church are as free as in America. Even the persecuted Jew is not troubled on account of his religion, and may have his choice of thirty synagogues and oratories in Bucharest to worship in. I feel that the Roumanian men in it heart as little devoted to Greek as Frenchmen are to Roman Catholicism. In both countries it is the women who maintain the Church. The sumptuous ceremonies of the Greek religion have a powerful hold on the imaginative, romantic, sensuous Wallachian women.

It is but a short distance from the Podan Mogosoi, along a beautiful tree-bordered avenue, to the hill on which stands the Metropolitan Church of Bucharest. From the plain it looks more like a fortress than a house of God, for three stout towers surmount the huge structure, built in the form of a cross, like most Greek churches, with the head turned towards the east, and

surrounded by a vast cloister studded with small towers. The domes and the roof of the *basilica* are covered with lead. The church was restored in 1834, but it is probable that the leaden roofs are much the same as those of which the Patriarch of Antioch speaks in his account of Bucharest, written about the middle of the seventeenth century. Mararius reported that this roof weighed more than a hundred thousand pounds. Inside the edifice is ornamented with much luxury and taste. The arabesques especially remind one that he is in South-eastern Europe. The frescos on the exterior walls are mostly crude, and in some cases worse than ordinary. They represent episodes from the Apocalypse and from the Scriptures in general. All Roumanian churches have something of this exterior decoration, and one or two of the churches are brilliant in color. If a Pagan could see them in the midst of their pretty gardens he would cry out against them as too gay for houses of prayer. In the same cloister which surrounds the Metropolitan Church the National Chamber of Deputies is installed. Looking down in mid-summer from the entrance to this legislative hall over the city one can see nothing but a far-extending ocean of verdure pierced here and there by a yellow tower or a white dome. Bucharest seems asleep among the trees.

St Spiridon the New not far from the Metropolitan, is the most beautiful as well as the most costly church in Roumania, always excepting the matchless Cathedral of Aigéon. It is scarcely a generation old, and nearly all the marbles and frescos in it are the work of young Roumanian artists. The standards and sceptres of the Fanariote boys, who formerly came to the church which once

stood on this site to be crowned, are preserved in St Spindion the New. With St Spindion the Old, which stands in the commercial quarter of Bucharest, a strange story is connected. The body of the vojvoda Constantine Hangerli, who was beheaded by order of the Porte, in 1799 lies buried there. The manner in which this unfortunate official met his death admirably illustrates the barbarous conduct of the Turks in their subject Danubian provinces. The government at Constantinople was dissatisfied with the administration of Constantine, whom it had placed in power in Bucharest, and determined to replace him. This is the way in which it was done. One day a Turkish official, accompanied by a hideous negro and two slaves, arrived in Bucharest, and went straight to the palace. Without explaining their mission they entered Constantine's apartment, and the negro killed him with a pistol-shot. The Turkish official then plunged his knife into the dead man's breast, cut off his head, and threw the body, stripped naked, into the court-yard covered with snow. This interesting party then retired, carrying off the slaughtered vojvoda's head, and in course of time the Porte named a successor to Constantine. The Roumanian population was so horrified by this barbaric act that it was some days before any one dared to remove the body. And this happened little more than three-quarters of a century ago!

The memory of another Constantine, who was also beheaded by his ferocious masters, the Turks, after he had been hospodar of Roumania for a short time, is recalled by the Church of Caltzea, which is one of the interesting edifices of Bucharest. This church is said to have been constructed by the Swedish

soldiers who took refuge in Roumania after their disaster. Charles XII, when he was transferred from Bender to Denfotica, in 1713, passed a night at Caltzea, which was then just finished. The hospodar, Constantine Brancovano, went to meet the great man at the gates of the city, and in the course of complimentary conversation observed, "We have heard that Your Majesty has slain as many as twenty Janissaries with your own hand." "Ah!" said Charles, modestly, "you know people always exaggerate by at least one-half."

On the Mogosoi stands the Saindav, a church in which is carefully enshrined a so-called miraculous image of the blessed Virgin. Matthew Basaraba, a pious prince, built the church in 1684, and Roumanian annals record him as instrumental in the building of thirty-nine other sacred edifices. When the prince or any other great personage falls seriously ill the sacred image is taken from the Saindav and borne to the house of the sufferer by priests, who ride in a gala carriage, before which lighted candles are borne. The people in the streets kneel, or make profound obeisances, as the image passes. If the sufferer is a person in ordinary circumstances a monk in a hired carriage bears to him a small image which is a copy of the more wonderful one.

Of the ninety-six Orthodox churches of Bucharest about one-half are historically interesting. Each has its legend, its ballad, or its curious incident, which the parishioners are never tired of repeating to strangers. Most of the intelligent inhabitants are familiar with the story of the origin of the monastery church of Mihail Voda, picturesquely situated on one of the few eminences in Bucharest. "Vlad the Devil," a great ruler and fighter in the

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Wallachian days, is believed to have founded this church in 1456. This Vlad was a wild fellow, and perhaps desued to ease his conscience by establishing churches. His career was filled with deeds of the most diabolical ferocity, and it is said that he once caused twenty-five thousand Turkish prisoners to be impaled. The old church is now rapidly crumbling to decay.

The barefooted and often bareheaded newsboy, rushing wildly along beneath the awnings in the heated streets, and thrusting sheets damp from the press

under the noses of the pedestrians reminds the American of home, and that the press is absolutely free in R~~o~~mania. Everything and everybody receive ample criticism, and at all hours of the day one hears the boys crying "*Presă!*" "*Romanul!*" "*Romania Libera!*" and a dozen other journals more or less important. Bucharest has a large reading population, but nine out of ten of the village folk can neither read nor write, and look upon a newspaper as the most utterly superfluous of things.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-THREE

The Garden of Herestien — Gypsy Music — Romanian Amusements — Prince Gortschakoff at Bucharest — General Lascari — Roumanian Houses — Phoenicia — A Fanciful in Roumania — A Bit of History — A Liberal Constitution — King Charles — The Upright of Literature

THE gypsy's eyes are wonderfully brown and soft, and as he lays aside his *guzla*, the musical instrument from which he has just evoked such passionate sounds, and approaches us, extending his lean hand and shrugging his shoulders with deprecation, it is hard to send him away with an angry word. A few *brân* content him, and he returns to the shade of a friendly tree, and with his companions sings a round of delicious melodies, each and all filled with wild and plaintive chords, with tender melancholy, and a rude eloquence almost surprising.

We are seated in the garden of Herestien, outside the city of Bucharest. Herestien is an oasis crowded with delights in the middle of a comparatively uninteresting plain. When the rich southern moonlight shows its glory on the green sward and among the odoriferous vines and flowers the beauty and fashion of the Roumanian capital seek respite from the toils of the parlor and the ball-room in this charming spot. For half a mile round about, pretty villas surrounded by well-kept gardens are scattered at rare intervals, but with this exception, the stretch of land is barren and uninviting. At a place where four roads meet, a long, one-story inn, with grotesque figures painted on its stable-door, rears its abject front. In the yard of this caravansary a few straggling gulls are romping, and one or two peasants sit moodily drinking sour

Wallachian beer. A few semi-civilized tillers of the soil are galloping homeward on their merry little horses, whose breakneck pace seems likely to bring misfortune to the unsteady riders. Wine has flowed in rivulets in the shops in the shabby streets just outside the town, for it is a "market-day." At Baniussa, once a favorite suburban resort for Bucharest's fashionable folk, a few thousand sturdy Russians are encamped, and a hum arising from their tented city is borne on the evening breeze to listeners a mile away.

Within this magic close of Herestien one forgets everything but the entrancing melody of the dusk-skimmed vibraphone, and the shadowed vigils of the choir squatted under the trees. Who would have suspected that beneath these scowling brows, these uneasy eyes, these foreheads crowned with masses of matted hair, lay such power of poetic expression? The men are marvels, when they sing they seem inspired, their faces are transfigured, their hands tremble, their lips quiver with excitement. On the throbbing current of their sensuous song one is borne into a region of enchantment. One hears the musical flow of the great Danube past the mighty crags and through the vast valleys where Trajan once camped and fought and worked, one sees the misty blue of the hills over which the Hungarian hunter tramp merrily at sunrise to the refrain of the horn, one seats oneself in nooks where the purple grape-clusters move

heavily to and fro above him, one stands by the foot of some moss-grown cross in an ancient village and watches youths and maidens treading the curious mazes of the Hora Taniz. So subtle is the spell that one who is under its influence feels a contempt for the tame sensations of more thoroughly civilized Western Europe. The mystery, the voluptuousness, the dreaminess of the Orient seize on him and claim him for their own.

Presently the music dies away, the clear, piercing tones of the youngest of the singers stop shortly just as they are taking a flight in mid-air. The calm after this melody is almost stifling. Twilight is coming rapidly. I sit and muse for an hour, the charm holds long and well. At last I look up and see the gypsy musicians stretched upon their backs, with their dusky faces turned toward the veiled sky. They are fast asleep, and unless the proprietor turns them out of the garden they will remain so until morning. They seem to have exhaled all their strength in their song. When they wake they will wander to the nearest stream, throw aside their extremely scanty garments, and plunge and lie in uncouth positions in the muddy flood, as their friend the water-buffalo does. After this simple toilet they will tramp before the sun is hot breakfast on a crust and a fragment of old cheese, and sing again wherever they are permitted so to do.

The Roumanian common folk have no very definite ideas of amusement and recreation as compared with those of various other nations. There is a certain amount of grace and a rude rhythm in the Hora,—the dance which the peasants indulge in at night in rustic cabarets, or on festal days in the towns,—but there is not much merit in it. The

men and women both act as if they were not sorry when the dance is over and they can relapse into their normal condition of slouchiness. Sometimes one chances upon a downy merry company, but it is the exception. I went one afternoon to a fair in the outskirts of Bucharest having been informed that it would be a gay spectacle and could only be seen once a year. After half-



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nite difficulties in finding the place indicated, all that I discovered was a series of wooden booths, in which languid and sallow women, none of whom were eminent for beauty or smartness of attire, were selling cloths, printed handkerchiefs, carpets woven by the industrious wives of villagers near the capital, and articles of fantasy imported from the Palais Royal, in Paris. There were few buyers, and the sellers appeared more anxious to forget the dull September heat in sleep than to dispose of their wares. I fancied

that the war and its sorrows (for the Roumanians had then just crossed the Danube to join the Russians in the siege of Plevna) had deadened the customary gaiety, but friends in Bucharest assured me that "it was as lively as usual." The terrible extremes of the Roumanian climate keep the people from that display of vivacity which one expects of the southern temperament. They bask in summer, and they freeze in winter. They love music, and through all the pleasant months they crowd the gardens, where regimental bands play, and singers retail the latest fragments of opera bouffe. "Rasca's" and the "Swiss Union"—little parks laid out in the Austrian fashion, with restaurants and beer-fountains attached—possess open-air theatres. That year the various entertainments for the purpose of gaining funds for the hospitals brought all Bucharest to "Rasca's."

The pretty Princess Elizabeth, with the ladies of her court and hundreds of exquisitely beautiful young girls,—beautiful, alas! only to fade ere their womanhood has begun—wandered in the shady aisles with scores of brilliantly uniformed Russian dukes, princes, and barons. All the dignitaries of Bucharest, from the minister of foreign affairs to the prefect of police, were to be seen in an evening's promenade. The music on such occasions was exceptionally good, the acting and singing execrable,—a legacy of histrionic horrors, from the slums of Paris, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, having been forced upon the unfortunate citizens of Bucharest. Venerable Prince Gortschakoff did not hesitate to exhibit himself in this garden from time to time, to laugh with the brightest of the maidens, and to utter those singularly non-committal answers to "leading questions" for which he is

famous, when an indiscreet fellow-countryman or a pushing diplomat took advantage of his apparent good-nature to be rather daring. Prince Gortschakoff showed his age. He walked rather feebly, and generally appeared on the street at Bucharest supported on the arm of some one who was young and strong. His temper was cheerful in a surprising degree, nothing seemed to astonish him. The series of alarming rumors which came to him from beyond the Danube, after General Gouko's return from his impetuous raid across the Balkans, were enough to try the nerves of fresher and more vigorous men than the aged premier, but his cheerfulness was always remarked just at moments which seemed gloomiest to other friends of the Russian cause. In his relations with the Roumanian authorities—relations naturally of extreme delicacy, because anything like pressure on the officials of the tiny State was far from his thoughts, and fineness might at any moment be construed by the susceptible people into arbitrary demand,—he gave proof of a gentle consideration which made him both respected and loved. It is to be feared that General Ignatieff did not give the Roumanians the same treatment. If the rumors be true he was not mealy-mouthed when he arrived in Bucharest to ask for the recession of Bessarabia to Russia, and hinted that they would be wiser to give it in exchange for something else than to see it taken violently from them. There is no denying the fact that the Roumanians were from time to time rather pretentious in their relations to the Russians; and that some of their requests were denied simply because it would have been impossible to grant them. At one time it seemed as if they delighted to place obstacles in the way of the Russians;

but they soon began to work in unison with their Northern friends when they learned that nothing less than the demolition of the Turkish power in Europe was contemplated.

A Roumanian house is a perfect labyrinth of stair-ways, small and large, lighted and unlighted, of balconies overhanging other houses, and of long passages open at both ends. At night the servants, men and women, sleep on the floor on these balconies and in the corridors, and the traveller entering after midnight for the first time one of the populous mansions of Bucharest might readily fancy that the way to his bedroom was strewn with corpses. He would have to step over the cook, who, with a single blanket thrown about her portly form, would perhaps be dreaming and murmuring a voluble Wallachian prayer, to steer cautiously around the maid-of-all-work, on whose olive-colored face, flamed in a night of untidy locks, the moon might be casting its dangerous beams, and, escaping this Scylla, he would confront the Charybdis of the serving-man, who wears a long knife in his belt, and whose temper is bad when he awakes in a fright. Awakening before dawn one morning at Floiesci, I heard a strange rustling sound on my balcony, and, peering from the bedroom window, saw the whole landing loaded with the ungainly forms of wagoners, who had come in during the night, and who slept, shrouded in their sheepskin mantles, as if they reposed upon couches of "roses besprinkled with dew." Others, who had found the balcony occupied, were snoring comfortably on heaps of soiled straw in the very centre of the barn-yard, as the dirty enclosure known as the "court" of the hotel would have been called in America, and were not likely to waken until the fowls hopped over

them and the inquisitive pig of the locality rooted them out. But this was no more remarkable than the strange nest in which a whole Bulgarian family, my hosts in Tunova, slept nightly. It was a species of little fortress, constructed of carpets, cushions, and the garments of the father, mother, statuesque daughter, and "small brother," who were all ensconced there, and it was in the entrance-way, so that no one could go out at early morning without stepping over, and sometimes unwarily upon, the unconscious sleepers.

A mystery, which must forever remain unexplained, is the magical manner in which the man-servant, who is usually dressed in white tunic and trousers, and who in the day appears clean and well clothed, manages to keep up appearances after sleeping and grovelling every night in these same garments on the dusty floor. It is wonderful, too, that one does not hear their complain of colds, of rheumatism, or of fever. In winter they muffle themselves in sheepskin or in thick blankets made in the mountain hamlets and sold for a trifle.

There are numerous evidences of former Turkish domination to be seen in Bucharest, — perhaps none more striking than the servile submission of the masses to any small authority, whether it be employed in an offensively arbitrary manner or within decent limits. The people, although living under a constitution wonderfully liberal for Europe, still show that they have once been subjected to the rule of a country whose only law is the sword. I was amazed, on the occasion of the arrival of Czar Alexander in Bucharest, to see the *gendarmes* of the city driving peasants out of the way of the procession with good, stinging blows from their whips or with their hands. The fellows thus roughly

treated merely shrink away, looking reproachfully at their tormentors

Turkish architecture peeps out from street-corners in the Roumanian capital. The peddlers of fruit and vegetables carry their wares suspended from the long, ungainly, and inconvenient yoke which one sees everywhere in Turkey, and some of the most palatable of Mussulman dishes hold their place still against the innovations of French and Austrian cookery. Probably *Romania Libera*, as her citizens now like to call the liberated State, will endeavor hereafter to dispense with everything which reminds it of Ottoman rule and Osmanli tyranny. I do not think that the Roumanians of the present generation feel any of that intense hatred of the Turk felt by the Servians, but they fully recognize his unsuitness for contact with modern civilization, and are glad that he is to be banished from the countries which he refuses to improve.

A funeral in Roumania is somewhat startling to him who sees it for the first time. The dead are borne through the streets, lying uncoffined, in a hearse whose glass sides permit every one to see the last of poor mortality. If it be a man he is dressed in his finest clothes, if a woman—and especially if a young one—she is robed in white, and garlands of flowers, natural and artificial, crown her tresses or repose upon her bosom. Priests bearing the sacred emblems and clad in robes such as they wear when officiating at the altar precede the mourning friends, many of whom follow on foot. There is something ghastly and revolting in this spectacle of the dead carried thus through the crowded streets. Wherever a procession passes all vehicles not connected with it stop, and the drivers reverently cross themselves.

Slow and solemn dirges are sometimes the accompaniment of these funeral parties, bands or portions of bands according then services. There is a wonderful wealth of affection in the impulsive Roumanian character,—an intense love for home, family, and friends, and grief in affliction is violent, unreasoning, often alarmingly despairing.

A mighty cry of anguish went up from the stricken little country when at least a fourth of the brave army of Roumania was slaughtered in front of Plezna, and for a time it seemed as if the stay-at-home relatives would fairly revolt unless the government ordered the survivors to return across the Danube and risk themselves no more. But this unreasonable freak of temper was fortunately of short duration.

Roumania's history has been stormy and full of striking incidents. The country which is properly Roumania to-day was the home of the ancient Dacians, who were of Thracian origin, and bore a marked resemblance to the Gauls. Trajan came with his terrible legions, and the Dacians succumbed, and were swept like chaff before the valorous Romans, who were flushed with victory and a thirst for new conquests. The Dacians had peopled the sections now known as Moldavia, Wallachia, the Banat, Transylvania, the Bukovina and Bessarabia, and as they disappeared their places were taken by the colonists whom Trajan summoned from Italy and Spain. These colonists were the ancestors of the people who have finally become the Roumanian race. For a century or two the new province enjoyed such prosperity that the chronicles of the time speak of it as *Dacia Felix*. Then came the invading Goths, who drove out or frightened into removal large numbers of the colonists.

But the majority of them remained, living among the Goths, but not mingling with them, until still other invaders came and dispersed both Goth and Duo-Roman. The latter took to the mountain regions, and in the great recesses of the Carpathians nourished into vigor a national life which was destined to have numerous reverses but to support them all with hardihood. Towards the latter half of the thirteenth century the real Roumanians, who had of course taken something of the Dacian character from intermingling, came down to the plains and began to assert themselves. Under the command of two chiefs, Rodolph the Black and Dragoch, they established the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. Thus by Roumanian historians, is always spoken of as "the descent," and is then starting-point. Wallachia was doomed to possess an independent existence but a short time. In 1393 the Turk came in, and the principality placed itself under the "protection" of the Porte. The Ottomans gradually strengthened their influence until it became tyrannical rule, but not before there had been many splendid revolts. In those wild days uprose "Vlad the Devil," he who scourged the Turks and at one time impaled twenty-five thousand Turkish prisoners.

In 1511 Moldavia capitulated to the Turks. Her people had been able to resist for a much longer time than the Wallachians because of their mountain fastnesses, but the fatal day came for them also. The history of the two sister principalities for the next three centuries and a half may be divided into three periods — the first that during which, although under Ottoman suzerainty, they were governed by native princes, the second the "Fanariote

epoch," from 1716 to 1822, in which they were governed by foreign rulers named and maintained in power by the Porte, and the third and present that which is sometimes called the "Roumanian Renaissance," denoted by the return to native rule, by the recognition of the rights of the country by the great European powers, and at last by the declaration of independence of 1877. It is noteworthy that all the countries originally peopled by the colonist ancestors of the Roumanians now have in them large numbers of people speaking the Roumanian tongue, and if King Charles could get a slice of Hungary, a good bit of Austria, and could have kept the Bessarabia deeded to Roumania at the time of the humiliation of Russia by the powers, but which she was compelled to give back as the price of her liberties to the great Northern power, he would find himself ruling over more than ten millions of subjects.

It is odd that these Danubian folk, who have borrowed so much from the French, did not think it worth while, by some clause in their constitution, to trammel the press and the spoken word. They did not, and the result is that King Charles knows exactly what the people think of him whenever he undertakes a measure likely to be unpopular. No editor or speaker feels called upon to amuse his phrases in discussing the inmates of the palace, the ministers, the judges, or the general. There is a "Red" party in the country, and it has its say as often as it chooses, and sometimes has power in its hands. King Charles came to the throne at the close of a very excited and dangerous period in Roumanian affairs. Naturally enough there had been a revolution at Bucharest in 1848, when the great democratic wind swept over Europe and

stirred even the hinds on the far-stretching plains by the Danube to a sense of their political degradation. A liberal constitution was proclaimed, and the national party daily grew strong and courageous. But the Turks were not inclined to see their rule shaken off, and they pushed Omar Pacha with a large army to the banks of the Danube, deposed the rulers who had succeeded to the short-lived "provisional government" of revolution, and presently occupied the two principalities conjointly with the Russians. After the various foreign occupations of the troublous times preceding, during, and at the close of the Crimean war, Roumania had the satisfaction of seeing its historic rights recognized, and of finding its privileges placed under the collective guarantee of the great powers. In 1861 the temporary union of Moldavia and Wallachia was proclaimed at Bucharest. Three years later there was a *coup d'État*. The reigning prince dissolved the National Assembly and submitted a new project of law to the people. This prince was a Colonel Coura, who was elected in 1859. He abdicated in 1866, after what may be fairly considered a successful reign, and in April of that year Prince Charles came in, with the shadow of the already menacing power of Germany behind him. He was no sooner firmly seated on the throne than the present constitution was proclaimed, and the union of Wallachia and Moldavia was confirmed, recognized, and guaranteed by Europe. Roumania was thus created, it remained for her only to emancipate herself from the hateful suzerainty of the Porte, to which greedy government she was compelled to pay a million francs of tribute money yearly. Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Prussia,

Turkey, and Russia were the nations recognizing and welcoming Roumania to the world's family.

In a previous chapter I have spoken of the national representation. The election of senators by two colleges composed exclusively of persons having large fortunes is perhaps open to criticism, and it might have been as well to have given universal suffrage in its unadulterated form to the whole people, instead of compelling those who only pay small taxes to be content with inferior facilities for expressing their choice. The King is of course inviolate, the eight ministers are responsible to the country, and, judging from the very free criticisms which I heard made upon their most innocent actions, each of them earns his salary which is twelve thousand francs (twenty-four hundred dollars) yearly. All Roumania is divided into thirty-three judicial districts, presided over by prefects, and these districts are subdivided into one hundred and sixty-four wards, which in turn are partitioned into two thousand and eighty parishes.

King Charles, a German of the best type, — brave, cultured, and sympathetic, — good-humoredly studied the Roumanian language, and finally became master of it. This flattered his new subjects, to whom he has attached himself in many other ways. In 1869 he married the present queen, Elizabeth, of German birth, and she also had the talent to make herself beloved. She has adopted the national costume — which, by the way, is exceedingly beautiful — as her dress on state occasions, groups the beauty and fashion of the land around her, has given a healthy check to the absenteeism which was fast making a second Ireland of Roumania, and in the terrible days of

1877, when the army was fighting the Turks, she worked unwearyingly in the hospitals, inspiring all other ladies by her example.

The palace in which King Charles resides in winter is a huge mansion, almost wholly devoid of exterior ornament. When the Ban Constantine Goleesco was building it at the beginning of this century his father came to examine it, and remarked: "My son, you are foolish to build such enormous rooms; you can never light them." "Father," answered Constantine, "who foresees many other things besides the introduction of gas into Roumania. I am building for the future."

Goleesco was a noble patriot and really laid the foundations of the Roumanian Renaissance. The national independence was born and nourished in this sombre old palace. Centuries ago the summer residence of royalty was once a monastery. It is more than two centuries old and owes its origin to the following circumstances. Two powerful families, the Cantacuzenes and the Ghikas, were at deadly enmity, and Chirban Cantacuzene, tracked by his enemies through the forests which in old days covered the hills around Bucharest, built a monastery on the spot where he had successfully hidden until a truce was declared. Although the old pile has been restored it is still in a dilapidated condition, and the King must have an easily contented mind to accept it as an agreeable summer home. He can, if he pleases, go and dream away the hottest of the merciless summer days in the lovely valley where stand the ruins of Tugoviste, the ancient capital of Wallachia, deserted more than a hundred and fifty years ago for less picturesque and more unhealthy Bucharest. Tugoviste is one of the loveliest spots on earth, and

the wrecks of noble edifices scattered along the slopes and in the glens prove that there were other giant builders besides Manol the Unlucky in the elder days. In the ancient metropolitan church of Tugoviste is the tomb of Bishop Stephen, the first man who printed books in the Roumanian language, and there also are the tombs of the famous Cantacuzine family. The leaden roof of the church was melted up for bullets in 1821, and was replaced by one made of iron. King Charles can reach this old and moss-grown town by a railway ride of about fifty English miles from Bucharest to Giurgiu and a six hours' journey thence along pretty country roads bordered with villages, on the roofs of whose houses the eternal stork clatters and struts. To-day Tugoviste has only five thousand inhabitants, but there are evidences that it was once very populous. No chronicler has given an exact account of its origin, tradition and history are at odds on this point, but it seems certain that Mirza the Elder, who is a mighty figure in the annals of Wallachia and who became the ruler of that province towards the close of the fourteenth century, transferred the seat of government from Curtea Argesa, where Manol and his companions had long before begun the great cathedral, to Tugoviste. Mirza was a notable warrior, but he does not seem to have prevented an incursion of barbarians which nearly cost the new town its existence. In the sixteenth century Michael the Brave fought a terrible battle with the Turks on the plain near the town, and defeated the enemy. A century later a Roumanian prince massacred all Turks found in the neighborhood and a year after this occurrence the Mussulmans committed such terrible reprisals that Tugoviste was decimated. At the end

of the seventeenth century one of the Cantacuzenes constructed a superb castle near the town. It is now only a confused mass of ruined subterraneous passages, chaotic walls, and massive portals, but the shepherds in the valley point up to it, and with bated breath tell the stranger that it is the castle of the ancient voivodas, and that it is haunted by the spirits of the departed. At Tugovisti there are one or two important military establishments, and an arsenal has been improvised in an old monastery said to have been founded by no less a

personage than Rodolph the Black, chief of the Wallachians at the time of the famous "descent" from the mountains. Roumania boasts another ancient castle, "Campu Lungu," at the foot of the Carpathians on a plain traversed by the Dimbovitza river, on its winding way to Bucharest. Here once stood a noble cathedral several centuries old, but it was thrown down by an earthquake in 1819, and has been replaced by one of the most ordinary products of the modern architect's imagination.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FOUR.

THE Truly Roumanians — The Language — Greek Plays — Agriculture — The Minor Towns of Roumania — Fosses — On the Russian Ruman Frontier — Gilders — National Monuments — Roumanian Monasteries

RESPECT for the genius of the early Roumanians increases at each step which one takes among the ruins of their castles and churches, monasteries and fortresses. There is no builder of the race to-day who could accomplish any of the works that seem to have been done with ease in the olden time. The peasant puzzles his dull brain to construct a flimsy cottage with thatched roof and wattle sides, — a trip which would afford but small shelter in a more uncertain climate. Colossal men of great deeds were the fathers, but there is almost no record of them. No written account in Roumanian can be found with an earlier date than the last half of the seventeenth century. After that time there was a decadence of the small literary acquisitions of the struggling nation. In the first quarter of the present century the Roumanian could scarcely claim the dignity of a written language. Gradually men of talent awoke to the necessity of a great effort for a literary revival. The language to-day has not a positively settled orthography. One journalist spells a disputed word in one manner, while his rival insists upon another, thus much confusion arises and many comical blunders ensue. A newly made "Academy" is hard at work upon a grammar and a dictionary, and romances, poems, and historical works have been published, but are read by only a very few persons. In the old book-stalls in Bucharest I found editions

of works by Roumanian authors printed in the Slavic language. It is worthy of remark that in Roumania, as in Greece, the literary renaissance preceded the political revival and the declaration of independence. A young Roumanian — whose mastery of the English language is so perfect that it seems almost impossible to believe that he has never been either in England or America — has made a translation of *Hamlet* into his native tongue, and the pretty language seems quite as well adapted as Italian for expressing the majestic verse and grandiose sentiment of the monarch of poets.

The Roumanian is an agreeable language, but it is passing curious. When I first heard it spoken it seemed to me that I was listening to French or Spanish. I hearkened intently expecting to understand, but I did not gather a single idea. It was vexatious, for it sounded familiar. Just as I was beginning to feel certain of the meaning of the speaker, around some dubious corner, at a breakneck pace dashed the reckless sentences and were beyond my reach. People are excessively voluble in Roumania (especially when cursing their horses), but a stranger with a good knowledge of Latin and either Italian or French could learn the language in a few months. It is derived directly from the rustic Latin which Trajan's colonists spoke, but mingled of course with thousands of words and phrases

borrowed from the dialects of the peoples who inhabited the country when the conquering Romans came. The Latin which the colonists brought into these provinces was the Latin of the centre and north of Italy and the neighboring countries which had already undergone considerable modification. There were great numbers of people from the sections now known as Spain and Portugal, and there were also Gauls among these colonists, so that it is not astonishing that words clearly of Spanish or Gallic origin are found side by side to-day with words of indisputable Peninsular origin. Latin words are still found and the language is deeply indebted both to the Slavic and the Greek tongues. The Slavic language almost displaced the Roumanian at the time of the great schism in the fifteenth century. The Moldavians were so indignant at the decision of the Council of Florence that they deposed their bishop rejected the Latin characters which they had hitherto used in all their printed books and adopted the Slavic letters as well as liturgy. It is well that the Roman alphabet was resumed at a later day, and it is to be hoped that some time the Russians will be willing to dispense with their eccentric letters, which produce such a confusing effect on the mind of him who sees them for the first time. The blindest German type is as nothing besides these Muscovite monstrosities. The Slavic was long the official language in Roumanian land. Greek had its day under the Fanariots at the end of the seventeenth century, and so rapid was the progress of its invasion that in less than a century it had invaded the court, the capital, the schools, the legal tribunals, and the whole administration. The reaction began with this century, and the triumph of the Roumanian speech

may be considered permanent, although possibly many of the prominent Greek citizens of Bucharest would not consent to this proposition. The Greek society of the principality is highly cultured, refined, and well-to-do. I attended several representations of Greek plays in Bucharest. One of them, which was given before a very large audience, — in which, by the way, I did not observe a single Russian soldier or officer, — was a spirited drama representing the uprising of the Greeks against their oppressors and foreshadowing the call to arms for the succor of those Greeks in Thessaly and Crete still under the barbarous domination of the Turk. There are ten thousand Greeks in Roumania, and they have been of substantial service in promoting insurrection in the provinces of Turkey in Europe. Many a hard blow struck for freedom has been rendered possible by their generous gifts of money. Voluminous Greek are occasionally printed in Roumania and theatre programmes and newspapers, in the prettiest of Grecian type, are seen on all the *café* tables.

King Charles is earnest in endeavors to promote the growth of literature, and offered a handsome prize for the best history of the participation of Roumania in the war of 1877. The language is well adapted to poetical expression: it is graceful, flexible, and lends itself readily to the conceits of metaphor and the rhythmical fancies so indispensable to true poetry. There is something of the wildness and the weirdness of the great plains on which it is spoken in its form. In obliquation and invective it is so wonderfully elastic that the stage-drivers of the Pacific coast and of Texas would retire from the field in despair after having once heard a Wallachian teamster when thoroughly angry with his horses. The utter whimsicality of the

expressions used, and with which one becomes familiar in travelling day after day through the country, was sometimes so overwhelming that my companions and I were compelled to rest with laughter when we should have reproved our driver for want of respect both for us and his beasts.

Seven hundred thousand families live by agriculture in Roumania and all the others who labor are engaged in trade, for manufactures make no progress. No native capitalist will risk competition with Austria, England, Russia and France. If the government would but intimate to the three hundred thousand gypsies in the principality that they must work or be treated as vagabonds as served in other countries, production might be remarkably increased. The gypsy has mechanical talent, and would make a good operative. But the Roumanians say that he would break his heart if obliged to labor for a certain number of hours daily, that he would forget his task, and wander away in the track of any sunbeam without the slightest idea that he was doing anything wrong. About three-fifths of the enormous amount of cereals produced in the country are consumed at home; the rest is exported to neighboring countries. A bad season for crops and a pestilence among the cattle would place hundreds of thousands of Roumanians in danger of starvation. The country must have manufactures before it can attain to anything like solid prosperity.

It is strange that a land where manufacturing is almost unknown should have a large number of populous towns. Galatz, on the Danube, has eighty thousand inhabitants, Jassy, which may fairly be considered the chief city of Upper Roumania (old Moldavia), has ninety thousand. Although my impressions of

Jassy are somewhat less enthusiastic than they would have been had not absolutely pouring showers of rain pitifully damped them, I left the old metropolis of the ancient Dacians convinced that its people were enterprising, liberal and likely to have an important commercial future. The principal streets are handsomely paved with asphalt and down as well as in Paris, here and there I spied a mansion of which Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street might be proud, and the public buildings were models of solidity and comfort. The hotels do not merit the same compliment. I thought the courtyard of the inn at Jassy the most uninviting place I had ever entered when I came into it one rainy afternoon: the mud was almost knee-deep, the horses floundered through it, snorting angrily; some half-broken *mupiks*, clad in greasy fur coats, were harnessing vicious-looking beasts, putting the high wooden collars, decorated with bells on them. I began to fancy that I had made a mistake in my reckoning and had slipped over the Russian frontier. As I tramped across the wooden gallery which ran around the exterior of the hotel's second story, servants in blue flowing trousers tucked into enormous boots, in red or green blouses tied at the throat with gaily colored cords, and with bushy hair hanging low down upon their foreheads, rose from their seats before their masters' doors and stood bowing obsequiously until I had passed. It seemed like a leaf out of one of Tolguéneff's transcripts of Russian life. In the vast bedroom offered me stood a mighty porcelain stove, — a veritable monument, extending to the ceiling, and provided with such a labyrinth of whitewashed pipes that it resembled an organ rather than a heating apparatus. In the dining-room the landlord seemed astonished

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because the small glass of cordial with which the Russians usually begin a meal was refused. He commented on the refusal, seemed to think that it argued a lack of good sense, and presently asked me if I were an Austrian.

It is not astonishing that Jassy has a Russian imprint, for it is but a short distance from the frontier of the great northern empire, and has been occupied many times by the troops of the Czars. As in the war of 1877 it was the first place into which a force was thrown after the various passages of the Pruth from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. At the time of my spring visit Russian officers were already there, buying forage for the army soon to arrive. A French writer recounts that on one occasion a Muscovite General (in times past, be it understood) learned that there were not cattle enough to draw the transport wagons from Jassy on towards the Danube. "Well, then, we must hitch up the boysards" (the Roumanian *austoc-raci*), said this lively General. The Prince de Ligne in his correspondence from Jassy, in 1768 tells a good many stories which do not reflect credit on the conduct of the Russians. Perhaps a certain rude northern impatience of the slow, shiftless character of the Roumanian peasantry was the cause of some severe Russian measures.

Jassy, like Bucharest, is very rich in churches and in relics. Roumania is everywhere provided with about ten times as many churches as the people can use. The forms of religion in all sections of the country seem to promote the growth of innumerable monasteries, shrines, cathedrals, and minor houses of worship. The "Three Hierarchs," the only worthy rival of the massive and exquisite cathedral of Argésu, rears its

proud front in Jassy. The inhabitants tell you with much emphasis that it is "under the invocation of St Gregory, St Chrysostom, and St John," and swell with enthusiasm as they point to its light and graceful towers, the arabesques on the gigantic walls, and the silver lamps in the three long and sombre naves, lighting but faintly the portrait of the church's founder, "Basil the Wolf," whose very history most of the citizens have never heard, but who, they vaguely say, "was a great man and had seventeen children." The Three Hierarchs and St Nicholas—a monastery built in 1474 by Stephen the Great—are the chief wonders of Jassy. Princes and then retainers have moved to Bucharest, and their mansions dignified with the title of "palaces," have fallen into the hands of the Jews. The Hebrew thrives at Jassy. I had the honor of being presented to the principal banker of that persuasion in the town, and sat with him in his office on Sunday to see him attend to business. Long-bearded men, clad in skull-caps and gabardines, hovered about, seeking his presence eagerly, and a group of them engaged in conversation ornamented and emphasized by stately gestures was unlike anything to be seen in western Europe. Poor Jews and indescribably filthy and rheumatic gypsy beggars abounded, and made the air ring with their appeals for alms. The melancholy sect heretofore alluded to as self-mutilators flourishes in this town and possesses a church. These people were driven out of Russia, but have never been refused permission to remain in Roumania or in Bulgaria, in which latter country there are many.

Wretched as the environs of Jassy appear when soaked with rain, when the cottages seem about to float away through the tall grass, and when the

philosophical stork, calmly perched on one leg, seems to have decided, after due survey, that it is about time to go somewhere else,—in summer these same fields are ravishingly beautiful. The hills are covered with flowers, the plains with abundant crops. Riding along the roads leading to Bucharest, or out toward the Austrian Bukovina, one comes every few minutes upon some rustic hind who is in dress and figure almost the exact counterpart of the captive warriors to be seen on the bas-reliefs of the famous Trajan Column. The type has changed little if any in twenty centuries. It seems impossible that such specimens of humanity as these blank-faced tillers should make the land-type blossom thus with plenty. But they do it, and if educated would accomplish far greater wonders.

From Jassy a picturesque and little-frequented road leads to Bolgrad, a quaint town of ten thousand inhabitants, situated in that portion of Bessarabia ceded by a treaty to Russia only to be re-ceded, by the Treaty of Paris, to Moldavia, and to be again handed over to Russia by King Charles of Roumania, in exchange for the Dobruǝa, which had been wrested from the Turks in Bulgaria. The population in this Bessarabian land, which Russia has so long coveted, is distinctly Roumanian. The men are rather more manly in bearing than their brethren of other sections, they have broad foreheads, frank eyes, long, coarse hair, dense black mustaches, well-tuned limbs, and generally carry weapons. But they live in hideous little cabins, unfit for the habitations of cattle, banked with mud and furnished inside with the rudest articles of prime necessity. In winter, when the heavy snows cover the roadways so deeply that locomotion is next to impossible, these

worthies hibernate in their villages. They protect themselves from the cold by sheepskin coats and huge shaggy mantles. The women are dull, submissive, and rarely pretty. There are one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants in Bessarabia, and King Charles thought so much of them that he considered himself a loser by taking the Dobruǝa, which gave him two hundred thousand subjects.

Between Bucharest and Jassy, on or near the line of rail leading to the Russian frontier, there are many important and interesting towns, rendered doubly attractive of late by the fact that war has just swept through them or hovered near them. The land is rich with souvenirs of other campaigns than those of Russians. The peasant now and then unearths some coin or bronze or brass ornament bearing the effigy of Alexander the Great, who once made an expedition into Dacia. On mountain slopes are the traces of old cities whose history no man knows, and excavations among the half-buried walls of the long-forgotten temples and palaces bring to light pottery, glass, bones of domestic animals, stone weapons, and bits of effigies in metal, so corroded that they cannot be distinguished. The earth is here a vast tomb of dead-and-gone civilizations, wars, and conquests, it is tranquil as the centuries roll on, awaiting the signal for another period of fruition. At the noted Barboi—one of the first places to become celebrated in 1877, because the Russians seized upon a bridge there in time to protect it against a descent meditated by the captains of Turkish monitors—are the remains of a vast Roman intrenched camp and fortresses. The churches in Galatz and the ramparts in Biala are built of the massive stones taken from the walls which

the elder Romans piled up as memorials of their valor, and guarantees of their reward for it. Catacombs containing bas-reliefs, urns, statuettes, and inscriptions were also discovered at Barboși during the last century. Galatz, near Barboși, is renowned chiefly for possessing the tomb of Mazeppa and as an important commercial port. The Greeks are quite as numerous and powerful there as in Bucharest, and in the first quarter of this century rose with great spirit several times against the Turks, on one occasion slaying hundreds before their wrath was appeased. The Mussulmans were not slow at reprisal. How many times has the water of the Danube been crimsoned with the blood of battle! Yet the majestic river flows through lands which seem to have been intended for the home of eternal peace. Let us hope that with the new era of progress will come freedom from all barbaric struggles such as in time past have made Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria a veritable "dark and bloody ground" in Europe.

Bucharest has a fine national museum, which has been greatly enriched within the last few years by the collections of antiquities unearthed by the delving peasants. At first the Wallachs did not fancy these things worth preserving. The farmer broke up statues to use them for boundary stones, and the teamster who found a rusty coin while lighting his evening camp-fire spurned it away because it was not bright and new, like the *len* and *ban*—the Roumanian francs and centimes—of the present day. An eminent archaeologist, named Odobesco, who has written much on the subject of the tumuli scattered everywhere in Roumania, believes that a careful search would bring to light many articles belonging to the Stone and Bronze Ages.

In the eastern flanks of the Carpathians he buried secrets which were unknown to Herodotus himself, and upon which we may some day stumble. If the newly emancipated principality is permitted to enjoy permanent peace important discoveries will be made within its limits in the course of a few years. In addition to the treasures in the Bucharest museum several princes and one or two wealthy private citizens have rich collections of coins, statues, and vases, which serve to illustrate the history of the earliest years of the Christian era.

In all the Roumanian towns which rise above the dignity of villages there is a large class of persons who do nothing from year's end to year's end. How they exist is a puzzle past comprehension. In Ploiesci, which was for some time the head-quarters of the Czar Alexander and the Grand Duke Nicholas at the beginning of the Russian campaign against Turkey, there were hundreds of families enjoying leisure, but without any visible means of support. The husbands sat all day in the *cafés* smoking cigarettes and discussing the situation, or reclined on benches in their gardens idly enjoying the soft, spring breezes. Their wives and daughters appeared to outdo their natural protectors in laziness. Yet all were well dressed, and even made a certain pretension to style, affecting to sneer at the rough, homely ways of some of the northern folk who had come down to fight the Turk. The Jews controlled the trade. The Roumanian felt himself too fine, evidently, to sell linen coats at ten francs apiece and bottles of colored water labelled "Bordeaux" at the same price to the Russian new-comers. In Giurgevo the same lazy, listless class was to be seen

everywhere, and seemed too idle to move out of the way of the bombardment. At Simniza, Master Nicolai, with whom for a short time I had the pleasure of residing, endeavored to explain his circumstances. "The crops, you see, bring in a little," he said, "the fowls a little more, once in a while I sell a butt of wine, and, *Mon Dieu*! one does not need much money after all." This was eminently true in Master Nicolai's case, for he seemed to live upon air and cigarette smoke. I never saw him at table during my visit, and it is my firm belief that in a week he did not consume as much solid food as a full-grown English or American lad would eat in a single day.

Towns like Ploiesti, Giurgevo, Craiova, Slatina, all have a certain smartness, and take their tone from Bucharest, but there is no solid prosperity in them. Morals are rather looser than the best class of Roumanians would like to admit. Money is too powerful, and will buy almost anything. A little money will shake an obstacle to the completion of a contract,—will secure exceptional privilege and honor, a great deal of money makes all opposition to one's wishes vanish as by magic. Venality is not so marked in the peasantry as it is in the middle classes. Of the corruption of society in the principal towns much has been said and written. It is as bad as it can be, but the Hungarians and Austrians, who spend much of their time in criticising the Roumanians, are quite as faulty as the inhabitants of the little Kingdom. Divorce is easy and frequent throughout Roumania. There is little or no violent vengeance practised in cases of domestic infelicity. The exterior of society is spotless; and the stranger spending a few days among the people would fancy

them absolutely undisturbed by any irregularities of conduct. King Charles and his wife have always given an example of the utmost devotion to the sacredness of the family tie, and as a natural consequence are universally loved and respected by the members of refined society in the state.

Almost every Roumanian town, small and large, possesses innumerable gardens, which in summer make even the ordinary dwellings agreeable residences. In winter the wooden houses are not quite so pleasant, for the Wallach understands as poorly as the Italian how to warm himself, and he grows all through the severe cold season, which he considers as a kind of penance. With the cessation of the spring rains his serenity of temper returns. Each town has its gypsy quarter, and the types seen there are simply indescribable. Men and women of this class have extremely primitive ideas with regard to clothing, and appear absolutely devoid of shame. For four hundred and fifty years the Tsigane has been known in Roumania, and the race has made little or no improvement in that time. The gypsies still steal when they dare, beg when they can, and work only when obliged.

The country is as rich in monasteries as in churches. What a wonderful field are these grand Carpathians for the painter, who as yet has left them unexplored! The crags, crowned with turrets and ramparts, the immense forests, which extend from snow-capped summits to vales where the grass is always green, the paths winding along verges of awful precipices, the tiny villages, where shepherds come to sleep at night, and where the only persons who have ever seen people from western Europe are the soldiers and the priests, who mayhap have travelled a little, the exquisite sunsets filled with

semi-tropical splendors, which flood and transfigure the vast country side, —all are new and wonderful, and offer ten thousand charms to him who is weary of Switzerland and the Alps, the Scottish highlands, and the woods of Fontainebleau. Despite the rains which followed me when I threaded the paths in the neighborhood of superb old Niamtzo's fortress and monastery, only six hours' ride by diligence from a convenient point on the railway from Bucharest to Jassy, I returned enchanted with the beauties of the Carpathian range. I do not remember in which of the novels of Ouida there is a description of this Roumanian mountain country and one of the monasteries in an almost inaccessible nook, but I know that in journeying about the mountains it seemed to me that she had not exaggerated, and that her rhapsody was full of profound truth.

Niamtzo is the chief of Roumanian historical monasteries. Its bells rang to call the faithful monks to prayer a hundred years before Columbus discovered America, yet some of its massive walls are still in good condition. The savage grandeur of its site, in a spot among high mountains tipped with snow, with fir-trees standing round about it like solemn sentinels, is sufficiently impressive, but the edifice is more striking than its surroundings. To-day it has two churches, ten bell-towers, and five or six hundred monks. These lead a laborious albeit rather irresponsible existence. The old fortress near it was erected in the thirteenth century, by a body of Teutons whom a Hungarian king had employed to check the incursions of the Tatars, and hence the name of both fort and monastery, for Niamtzo, or *Nemtzu*, in Roumanian means "German." After the Germans who built it had passed away, Niamtzo was the scene of

many bloody battles. Tradition informs us that Stephen the Great, unfortunate in battle with the Turks, fled toward the fortress, but that his mother Helen commanded the gates to be shut in his face, crying out that unless he came home victor he was no son of hers. Whereupon this dutiful son recovered his presence of mind, and, rallying his flying men, turned and inflicted upon the Turks a chastisement which the Osmanli nation remembers to this day.

Niamtzo possesses various buildings of more or less modern construction — an insane asylum, and one or two cloth factories in which the monks labor. Not far from the old monastery is a famous convent for women, distinguished from similar institutions in Roman Catholic countries by the extreme freedom of the inmates. This convent of Agapia has contained as many as five hundred "nuns" at a time, all belonging to the upper ranks of society. None of these ladies considered themselves as bound to ghostly vows, and Agapia and other convents became the centres of so much intrigue that the government was compelled some years since to place restrictions upon them. The clergy aided the secular officials to reform many scandalous lapses from discipline in these establishments. Sojourning in the convent, once adopted, is for life, and many rich Roumanian families sacrifice one of their daughters that they may have more wealth for the child they love best. The revenues of both the monasteries and convents are enormous. Niamtzo, which was at one time under the special protection of the emperor of Russia, disposes of nearly nine hundred thousand francs yearly, and Agapia's income is one hundred and twenty thousand francs. There are many convents in the mountains near Niamtzo, and

indeed there are few sections of Roumania in which these institutions do not exist

In a convent not far from Bucharest a consul, who was a guest for the afternoon, was somewhat surprised to hear a number of nuns constantly repeating for more than an hour a woman's name. At last his curiosity prompted him to ask the lady superior what was the reason of this repetition

"Oh," said she smiling, "it's only a *prighiero* "

"And what is that?"

"It is a prayer for the death of a certain person who has won the affections of a great dignitary away from his lawful wife. The *prighiero* is paid for by the wife, and is to be continued at short intervals for forty days "

The consul did not dare to ask the lady if she thought the prayer would be answered

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIVE

With the Russians in Bulgaria — On the Danube — Simnitza — The Extemporaneous Imperial Headquarters — The Early Campaign in Bulgaria — Singing of the Russian Troops — *Битова* — Bulgarian Men — The Farmers — Manners of the Russian Army Officers — The Grand Duke Nicholas — The Elder Skobelev — The Russian Emperor in the Field

AS I approached Simnitza just at dusk one evening in June, 1877, I saw a long line of fires blazing on the hills beyond the Danube and hailed them with joy. They were the funeral pyres of Turkish oppression, the beacon lights of liberty and law in the East, they denoted the presence of the new crusaders, the sturdy Russians.

At the foot of the little hill down which my rude wagon was rattling a large camp was located. Lights gleamed from tiny tents. The clash of arms and the murmur of thousands of voices were borne with the stifling dust to my ears. For days I had lived in dust, had breathed it, had drunk it in my tea, and eaten it with my hard bread and harder Roumanian cheese. I had slept in it in filthy *khan's*, in filthier villages, where half-grown boys and girls ran about naked. I was coated with dust. When I moved clouds arose around me. When a Cossack patrol passed, spectral in the gathering darkness, he left behind him a pillar of dust which seemed to mount to the very skies. Interminable wagon trains, drawn by shaggy, ill-tempered Russian horses, wallowed in the wearisome highways which stretched for miles across the treeless wastes. Artillery creaked slowly forward.

As we drove into the diminutive town we found ourselves in the midst of a shouting, bustling crowd of Hebrew merchants crazy for gain, Roumanian

teamsters, broad-hatted, gloomy, and dazed by the spectacle of the thousands of strangers who had suddenly invaded their country, Russian generals followed by staffs whose uniforms had once been brilliant, but were now indescribably dusty and worn, and genial, amiable Muscovite infantry-men trudging philosophically along the roads, hunting in vain for food, for medicine, for water, for wine,—for everything. In those June days Simnitza was preeminently the place where nothing was to be had at any price. Food was quite out of the question. The army passing by brought its cattle with it, bread was unheard of, the soldier subsisted on the ration of soup, with a huge round of beef, which the regimental cooks served out to him daily. But the civilian? For him there was no food, unless he had brought it a hundred miles, unless his servants could cook it, and unless those servants could go half a mile from town to procure the fuel with which to make the fire. All this we learned within ten minutes after our arrival in Simnitza.

There was a hotel—a vast, rambling structure, with long galleries out of which chambers opened somewhat like cells in a penitentiary, but this was full. The shuffling landlord seemed to take malicious pleasure in refusing all demands. Threats, entreaties, money, were of no avail. Even the stable-yard was crowded with Russian wagons, and Cos-

sacks were lying about on the straw smoking, and singing quaint songs which started one's poetic sense curiously. A bath, clean clothes, something to eat, and a few hours of repose would have enabled one to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the scene. But one might as well have asked for the moon or the chaste Pleiades or the soothing Orion.

In sheer desperation I went with my companion, while the servants prosecuted their search for bed and board, to the long plateau near the Danube shore. The moon had arisen, and enabled us to see the great silent river flowing steadily and majestically past the islands and the steep banks opposite, as serene as if no great battle had ever been fought near it. A long line of gleams indicated the position of the bridge of boats established after the Turks had been driven from the hills of Sistova. Numerous correspondents of English and French newspapers who presently joined us said that on the Bulgarian bank abundant food and excellent wine were to be found. This was aggravation. We sighed for the promised land, spent the night in a wretched apology for a chamber infested by fleas and other small vermin, and awoke next morning unrefreshed. We then presented ourselves at the Imperial headquarters.

In a large enclosure on a bluff near the Danube majesty and authority had pitched their tents, and directly opposite them were numerous ambulances, in which lay the brave fellows wounded in the attack on Sistova. Grand duke, high officer of justice, and prince, generals of division and aides-de-camp were lodged under canvas covers, beneath which the dust cruelly crept. By day the sun scorched the unhappy crusaders; by night a cold wind blew from the

river and chilled them. The Czar of all the Russias slept in a disused hospital and ate his dinner in a marquee. Sometimes the dust was half an inch thick on the plates on the Imperial table. At noon lunch was served for all gentlemen attached to the head-quarters, in the evening the Emperor selected his guests. The foreign military *attachés*, the journalists, and the artists set up their tents and shifted for themselves. They longed for the definite advance into Bulgaria, for inaction and privation together were simply intolerable.

Every day, over the poorly traced highway leading from Gimzevo to Simnitza, came thousands of troops, grimly bending to their work, setting their faces sternly to the East. We never tired of watching the solid infantry-men as they plodded by, now answering the salutation of a General with a shout which made one's heart beat faster than usual, now singing almost reverently in chorus. The Cossacks were our chief delight. Dust and fatigue seemed to have no power to choke the harmony which welled up melodiously, as from the pipes of a mighty organ, whenever a Cossack regiment halted. On they came, now at dawn, now at dusk, thousands of lithe, sinewy, square-faced, long-haired youth, with shrewd twinkling eyes, small hands and feet, nerves of steel, and gestures full of utmost earnestness. The leader of each squadron usually "lined" the hymn or ballad which was sung. Behind him hundreds of voices took up the chorus, and prolonged it until the heavens seemed filled with sweet notes. Sometimes the singers recited the exploits of an ancient hetman of their tribes, sometimes an exquisite and tender sentiment of melancholy pervaded their song — a longing for home, for kindred, for babe and wife; sometimes a rude worship per-

meated every note From the camps of these stout fellows, who are the eyes and ears of the Russian army when it is in an enemy's country, nightly arose the mournful and spiritual cadences of the "Evening Prayer," followed by the Russian national anthem, than which no nation has a grander. When the breezes were favorable we could hear the singing of the Russian troops beyond the Danube, and from time to time through the long night cheer answered cheer across the wide dark waters. This singing was a marked feature of the early campaign in Bulgaria. On the march, when near the enemy, infantry and cavalry were alike silent, grave, watchful, but at night nothing could restrain the chorus. Grand, plaintive, often pathetic, it mounted to the stars; and when the Turks heard it, it must have impressed them powerfully. In the savage self-complacency of his own prayer the Mussulman may have disdained the Giaour's expression of worship and adoration, but his soul must have been touched by the harmony and rhythm. I know that the stolid faces of certain Anatolians who were held as prisoners at Simnitza brightened a little when they heard the bands of singing Cossacks pass, but whether the brightness was caused by hatred or admiration I cannot tell. The Bulgarians seemed dazed by so much singing, and although at a later period they tried to imitate it, even inventing a "national hymn," which was at best but a melancholy affair, they always did it in a half-hearted and frightened manner, as if they feared that the ferocious Turk, with bastinado and knife, were about to appear.

At last the army authorities, who had held us back, informed journalists, artists, and all civilians who had received permission to follow the army

that visits to Sistova were allowed and that the road into Bulgaria was open.

Seen from the Danube, Sistova does not present a very attractive appearance. Here and there a white minaret gleams in the sun, masses of small cottages with thatched roofs, colored like the cliffs to which they cling, are grouped with but little picturesqueness. Near the Danube there are a few large warehouses and "hotels." But that part of Sistova which cannot be seen from the river is quite imposing, and there the Turk, who has an eye for the beautiful in nature, had chosen his quarter, where he dwelt proudly apart from the despised Christian.

We scrambled down the steep banks from Simnitza one terribly hot day, fought our way through the throngs of Jewish merchants, pushed past the troops waiting the signal to cross the bridge, and were finally permitted to pass on. Dismounting from our horses, we led them across this remarkable pontoon structure, which was afterward supplemented by a second and stronger one, though, as the event has proved, not more capable than the first of holding its own against Father Danube's wintry wrath. In each pontoon sat a hardy sailor, silent, contentedly munching black-bread or reading a Moscow newspaper. The Russians were wise in choosing Simnitza as their principal crossing-point, for there the islands aided in the work. But when later in the campaign, in the dreary rainy days of autumn, those islands had become transformed into lakes of liquid mud, the spectacle of dead and dying horses, men suffering with fever in the insufficient shelter of tents, broken and almost submerged wagons, was disheartening. A Scotch journalist insists that the greatest battle fought by the

Russians was with the Danube during the whole of one terrible day and night, when the river seemed anxious to aid the Turks and to carry out the programme which Abdul Kerim had so fondly imagined possible, — that of isolating the invader in Bulgaria, and then falling upon him both in front and rear.

The approaches to Sistova by the only practicable road are wildly romantic, weird, desolate. I could think of nothing but the region described by Robert Browning in his poem, "Childe Harold to the Dark Tower came." A sense of foreboding seemed to fasten on one as he rode in among the giant hills. But there was no enemy left to be wary of, even at that early date. Audacious tactics, or "lack of tactics," as the Austrian military *attaché* insisted upon saying, had succeeded, and at the cost of comparatively few lives. Dragumoff and his braves had pushed the Turks well back toward Tnuova. So we slept in peace at Sistova in the courtyard of a pretty cottage which a wealthy Turk had left in haste, and which the Bulgarians had plundered afterwards. The Bulgarians had not been civil enough to leave us even a chair or table, so we were compelled to unpack our camp equipage. The servants built a fire in the yard, made tea, produced a thin Turkish wine which they had found in the town, gave us bread, — which seemed a miracle, as we had been absolutely without it for three days, — and even hinted at the possibility of having a fish out of the Danube. But that was too much. We battled with temptation, and, consoling ourselves with tea, retired to rest in our wagon. No Turk came to disturb us, although the Bulgarians had assured us that we should have our throats cut if we dared to remain in the Turkish quar-

ter over night, but our horses, picketed at the wagon-pole, seemed inclined at intervals in the night to munch our unprotected toes, and this caused us no little uneasiness. Lying wakeful in the mellow moonlight, whose beams stole even under the wagon's leathern hood, nothing could be more inexpressibly comical than the grave, elongated, sympathetic, inquiring faces of our four horses as they peered in at us. I slept as dawn came, and dreamed that the Turk had returned and was pillaging his own house.

Many points in Sistova remind one of old Italian towns. A crumbling fortress on a pinnacle, a mysterious-looking mansion set on a shelf of rock, a balcony half concealed by perfumed shrubs and fair blossoms, a street of stairs hewn from solid rock, a white pathway winding along the edge of a miniature precipice, — these were elements of the picturesque which we had seen elsewhere. But the dark faces which glared at us from behind lattices, the old kaimakam of stately port and turbaned head, the captive bashi-bazouk, with his hideous, ignorant scowl, his belt filled with weapons, and his shambling gait, the timorous Bulgarian women, in their bright, neatly woven garments, — the women who rose up at our approach, and seemed not to dare to believe that their souls were their own, — these were new types. We were not specially inclined to admire the humbler samples of the Bulgarian men: their ways were the least bit fawning, and they seemed deficient in energy. These much down-trodden folk were beginning however to have some semblance of national feeling. They covered their red head-gear with handkerchiefs or strips of linen, and marked them with the image of the redeeming cross. It was also under-

stood by the Bulgarians that the cross upon the door of a shop or house would preserve it from intrusion when prying Cossack and more inquisitive native began to search for plunder in the surrendered town. Some critics who have been anxious to please the carking English conservatives, who naturally desire to place the Bulgarians in as unfavorable a light as possible, have accused the latter of much pillaging and cruelty. That they did aid the Cossacks in sacking the Turkish houses in Sistova and Turnova after the oppressor had fled there can be no doubt — no more doubt than that almost any other nation that had been so horribly abused for centuries would have gone further, and on the approach of the deliverer would have massacred the oppressor rather than have allowed him to flee. After the first flush of excitement was over the goods taken from Turkish houses were piled in one of the public squares, and official notice was given that when the Turkish inhabitants returned they might identify and reclaim their property.

If the mass of Bulgarian men did not impress us favorably, it was not so with the educated and refined specimens sent forth from our American college in Constantinople. The acute English critics, who seemed to follow the campaign for the express purpose of finding fault with every thing, professed to like the educated Bulgarian still less than his uneducated brother. They found him arrogant, pretentious, idle, and lacking in stamina. We found him gentle, possessed of the soft and yielding manner of these southern peoples, it is true, but we also found him earnest, well grounded in general knowledge, and anxious for special study. He seemed to us like a young American, so well did he speak the English which he had learned in Robert College, and

so exactly had he caught our national inflection. Out of this little group of young men may spring the one who is to prompt the nation to a new intellectual life. It is but fair to say that we did not see the representatives of the better classes of Bulgarians at Sistova. The young men who had received an English education were generally natives of points nearer the Balkan range. The people near the Danube have been much more bitterly oppressed and degraded than those on the Balkan slopes or beyond the mountains. The Turkish tax-gatherer's most ferocious raids were made on the fat lands near the great river, and there the people were naturally less interesting. All individuality seemed to have been crushed out of them. They were jealous and suspicious of their friends, as well as of their known enemies. I narrowly escaped a severe beating at an angry and herculean peasant's hands one evening because I insisted that he should sell some grain from his overflowing store for my starving horses. He refused, and flew into a passion when compelled to sell. Long contact with the treachery and greed of the Turk had made the farmer morose and mean. If he could only keep what he had accumulated, even though it might rot, he thought himself lucky. He knew little of the value of exchange, and cared less. Farther in the interior of Bulgaria we found the peasant, Turkish and Bulgarian, willing to trade and sharp at a bargain. But in a squalid village of huts near the Danube one day we paid two francs for some bread and cheese, for the privilege of reposing in a cottage, after eight hours in the saddle, and for some milk. The coin was placed on the low Turkish table around which we had been seated cross-legged while we ate our simple meal, and when we went

away it was still lying untouched. They were not even curious to know what it was, nor did they thank us for it. I feel convinced that they did not comprehend that it was money. They gave help if one's wagon-wheel came off, or drew water from the wells for one, or told the route, and warned us against dangerous roads with alacrity and zeal, and sometimes crossed themselves, saying that they did the service in Christ's name, but barter was difficult, and annoyed and angered them.

To be compelled to hurry was likewise very distasteful to Bulgarians everywhere. We offered four francs for a small kid cooked and so wrapped up that we could have it in our wagon to rely on for supper in a certain village. The good man who was to do the work finally gave it up, saying that it never could be ready for five o'clock in the morning, although the order was given at three o'clock on a previous afternoon. Nothing awed and amazed the peasantry so much as to see a plain white with tents at evening, and when they arose in the morning to find the camp gone. The women were loud in their complaints against the Turks in all the Danube country. Near the Balkans they said but little, and seemed ashamed to acknowledge that they had ever been under Turkish domination. The mountaineers were every way more effective in serving the cause than the peasantry of the plain, who seemed to look at the passage of the Russians with nothing more than gratitude and curiosity. In Sistova the peasants seemed densely stupid; in Gabrova, sympathetic, and even sharp. Gabrova lies at the foot of the mountains.

We pressed onward from Sistova, expecting that the head-quarters would soon be transferred to some point in

Bulgaria; and our expectations were not vain. At a miserable village called Tzarevitz, where there had been a considerable Turkish population, we found nothing but empty huts, and one or two regiments camped in the pleasant woods near by. In the afternoon all the fine gentlemen of the head-quarters arrived, half famished, choked with thirst, and the gorgeous uniforms which they had put on for their entry into the enemy's country tarnished and almost ruined. Generals young and old, princes, captains, diplomatic agents, and attachés broke suddenly upon our little camp, which we had established in the middle of a forest, and demanded food and drink. The tent-mattings were littered with yataghans, beautiful Kighese swords, — souvenirs of Central Asian campaigns, — Smith & Wesson revolvers, the jewelled rapier of the court official, and the thin blade of the diplomatist. The unfortunate representatives of Russia's dignity and authority were destined to wait nearly twelve hours before their wagons, containing tents, food, drink, and clothing, came up with them. So they beguiled the hours with mighty draughts of tea, which we were happily able to furnish them, and charmed us with those two prominent traits of the Russian gentleman's character, democratic freedom from affectation and perfect amiability. These are good qualities, especially in warriors. Add to these an almost excessive frankness, even in dealing with their own faults, and I think one may safely say that the Russians are worthy praise. There is in them much of the keenness of the Oriental. They can dissemble when they feel that they are surrounded by those who are hostile to their aims, and if need be can cajole as well. The Russian has a sharp sense of resentment, especially if he

fancies that his motives are misunderstood or wilfully misinterpreted; but he has none of the stiffness of the Prussian, — nothing whatever of his arrogance. A correspondent once unwittingly gave his card to one grand duke, asking him to hand it to another. The person addressed promised, with the most perfect politeness, to do it, and did not appear to think it extraordinary.

There was but one critical remark which some of the journalists following the army were inclined to make, and that was, that perhaps these gracious and amiable gentlemen who chatted so pleasantly in our tent at Tzarevitz, and whose manners were so perfect while so utterly simple, would disdain their enemy, or would neglect some great opportunity to crush him, which would result in their own undoing. The persons who had suggested this were not slow to insist that it was true when the Plevna check occurred, and for a time they exulted in the pride of what they were pleased to term their foresight. But presently Plevna fell, and a hundred voices counselled Turkey to sue for peace. Certain laxities of discipline and freedom from proper caution observable early in the campaign were corrected when the whole vast military machine was thoroughly in motion. The rigidity of Prussian training is impossible to Russians: their natures and their sense of individual manliness alike rebel against it. Officers and men are much nearer to each other than in German or other armies. A country ruled by a man who has absolute power over the subject has an army in which the officers are often familiar, and generally free and easy, with their soldiers. During the entry of certain regiments into Tirnova a lieutenant whom we knew came to our room, and from its windows pelted his own men with flowers

as they marched by. The Generals and other superior officers are very like those of America, in their complete disregard of anything like formulas and their contempt for undue assumption of dignity. From the emperor to the aide-de-camp there is not a single degree of rank in which one does not find unfailing, serviceable politeness, — that politeness which has been so accurately described as proceeding from "natural goodness of heart."

The Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Europe, arrived in Tzarevitz toward evening, and took up his quarters in a deserted cottage. The only sign of his presence was a small flag and an infantry band, which astounded the few Bulgarians left in the village with some rather noisy selections from the repertoire of Mathe Offenbach. I first saw the Grand Duke engaged in cooking liver and bacon over a huge fire precisely as our frontiersmen cook venison — in slices spitted on a large hard-wood stick. As evening approached a certain amount of ceremony was preserved in the yard of the cottage, where most of the members of the staff had gathered, but Nicholas paid small attention to it. He strode to and fro with long, elastic, swinging step, superintending his own dinner, although there were numerous servants in attendance. The veteran Cossack General, Skobeleff, father of the youthful General whose reckless heroism has given him fame throughout Europe and America, had with his own hands slaughtered and dressed a sheep, and it was now roasting in the fashion which has been known in the East for the last three thousand years.

Nicholas had a face which in repose was proud, imperious, and showed wonderful capacity for passion. A lightning-like

temper might at a moment's notice be betrayed by those keen eyes, ordinarily filled with pleasant smiles. Quick in all his motions, he liked quickness in others, he rode a horse which it wore others out to follow, and was fond of



GENERAL SKOBLEFF

dashing away to some distant village, and then sending for the others to come up with him, while he was on the road to Tirnova. He told me with great glee how he left the palace of Cotioceni in Bucharest by stealth, went down to the Danube, and had half his plans perfected before any one outside his immediate personal circle knew of it. He spoke English as perfectly as a foreigner can: it was the first language that he learned, and he had a Scotch nurse. His dress was always simple in the extreme, and while to accept the deference paid him by the officers who surround him seemed second nature to one bred to it, he would not receive it from strangers,

and even disliked to be called by his title. On the whole he had the strength of character and fine sense of honor which are the family traits, with a winsome, fascinating manner added to them. Of his abilities as a military commander the world has been able to judge. Although he was surrounded by competent advisers, he was nevertheless entitled to much credit for the successes which the Russians, in the face of tremendous obstacles, finally achieved.

The Russian Imperial family found itself in an exceedingly difficult position in 1877. Forced by the enthusiastic agitators of Moscow toward a war which must of necessity be long and bloody, they entered into the campaign almost with reluctance, but once engaged in it, the Emperor and the Grand Dukes all showed their willingness to share the perils and many of the privations which fell to the lot of the humbler, and were active from the time of the crossing into Bulgaria at Simnitsa until the surrender of Osman at Plevna. Although the Czar was for much of the time in delicate health, he refused to quit the field, and remained in fever-ridden Biela long after it seemed dangerous in the extreme for him to stay. An engineer officer of the United States army who spent some time in the Russian camps informed me that the Imperial Majesty of all the Russias was more indifferently lodged at Biela than an American Colonel would be during an expedition on the plains. The kitchen of majesty was doubtless better served than that of the common soldier, but the clouds of dust, the draughts of air, the all but intolerable smells, the occasional invading scorpion and the innumerable inquisitive bugs respected Czar no whit more than Cossack.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIX.

General Radetzky — Russians on the March — Infantry-Men — Cossacks — Dragimoff — In Camp — Reception of the Liberating Russians by the Bulgarians — Enthusiasm of the Women and Children — Welcome by the Monks and Priests — The Defile beside the Yantra — The Arrival at Tinova — Triumphant Procession — The Grand Duke Nicholas in Church — The Picturesque City on the Yantra — The Greek Ladies — Fugitives from Eski Zaghara

FINDING that the Eighth corps, under command of General Radetzky, had been ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible into the interior of Bulgaria, we joined our fortunes to the staff of this brave fragment of the Russian army, — a fragment destined to be so cruelly tried, and so severely punished in the campaign. The grand ducal staff was difficult to find after five o'clock in the morning it vanished, and we were compelled either to follow it across fields and over by-roads at a venture, or to journey with the staff of one of the corps. We preferred the latter course. Two or three days' marches through a rolling country, where the crops were already in splendid condition, and where a few peasants had gathered courage to reappear in the fields, brought us to a picturesque region where hills were loftier, fields were, if possible, more fertile, than in the Danube basin, and the men and the women were of nobler type than those by the river-side. Long before dawn a stout band of Cossacks started and rode carefully and diligently over the whole route of the day's march. They penetrated to all the villages on the right or left, pursued roving bands of bashi-bazouks if any were to be found, and reported by faithful couriers to the General commanding the corps.

By six the infantry was on the march, moving forward with slow, deliberate

step, as if determined to expend as little force as possible. Then followed artillery, next miles on miles of wagons, for the baggage-train even of a Russian army corps or of a battalion is of phenomenal size in comparison with those in other armies. The ambulances and a small rear-guard came lumbering behind. This marching column was usually so long drawn out, so very thin, that it would have been cut in two a dozen times daily had the Turks had any effective regular or irregular cavalry. A few horsemen on the brow of a hill at night or left sometimes produced an excellent effect: the column, in which great gaps had been growing for an hour or two, came together in solid fashion once more. But the Turks never improved their advantages in a single instance. The bashi-bazouks were too cowardly they desired to fight only when they were certain of incurring small personal risk, and a dash into the middle of a marching column had a spice of adventure in it which they did not relish.

With but very short intervals for repose the troops usually marched until noon, and sometimes, if water were not readily to be had, until three o'clock. The officers said but little, generally gave their commands in low voices, and used their own discretion in allowing rest. If the sun were very hot and so

air were stirring—a terrible trial in a treeless country—a halt would be ordered and company after company would throw itself on the ground with that feeling of intense relief which only he who makes the soldier's effort can know. Yet the men were never heavily loaded. The officers allowed them to pack their knapsacks and blankets into the wagons, and to march weighted down by nothing save their light linen suits and their guns. We often found our wagon after a halt half filled with knapsacks. This at first puzzled us, but we soon discovered that the proper plan was to stipulate for the carriage of a certain number. The others were promptly thrown out, and presently we would see their owners stealing up with roguish smiles to recover them. As soon as the village or the river near which we were to encamp was reached, the bands began to play lively airs, and the soldiers, unless orders had been for some prudential reason issued against it, broke into singing. Then tents were speedily pitched and by four or five o'clock the weary soldier was invited to a hot and substantial meal. The use of tobacco among these troops seemed insignificant as compared with the enormous consumption of that article in the Prussian and French armies. A Prussian Uhlan or a foot-soldier has his porcelain pipe or cheap cigar in his mouth every moment of the day that such indulgence is possible, but I have seen the Cossacks sit for hours idly singing or basking in the sunshine, and evidently anxious for no narcotic. When the Cossack has taken too much liquor he is dangerous, and sometimes very brutal. It is then that his passion for stealing horses becomes developed to an alarming extent. The Cossack, when he enters the service of the Czar, is bound to furnish his own

steed, and as it may often become a very sorry beast in the course of a campaign, he is frequently anxious to change it for a better one. But when he is sober he realizes to the utmost the danger which he would incur by any display of lawlessness. On the march to the Balkans there were few if any sutlers—or "market-tenders," as they are called—in the train, and soldiers had no chance to replenish their scanty stores of liquor at a merchant's counter.

Near Ivantcha, a pretty village which had suffered much from Turkish rapacity and brutality, the Eighth corps, a compact little army of thirty thousand men, came upon the high-road leading to Trnava from Rustchuk. At six on a breezy summer morning we found the veteran Radetzky seated on a rock at the summit of one of the tumuli, or observation-mounds, to be found everywhere in Bulgaria. The long lines of infantry were slowly defiling below, and from the throats of the men of each battalion as it passed the point of observation came a loud cry of "Morning!" in answer to the friendly "Morning, brothers!" of the General. Radetzky is a tranquil, easy-going commander of the old school; he takes every event in the most matter-of-fact way, seems utterly devoid of energy until the very last moment, when he summons it, does just the right thing, and acts with marvellous celerity, as he did at the time of Suleiman Pacha's furious attack on the positions in the Shipka Pass. In appearance he is more like a good bougeois shopkeeper than like a general; stretches himself with the utmost unconcern on a carpet in camp; tosses off a dozen huge bumpers of scalding tea, smiles at the name of Turk; crosses himself as devoutly as do any of the Cossacks, and inspires every one who comes into contact with him with genuine

affection His chief of staff, Dumitrowaki, a veteran of Central Asian campaigns, bestrode a Kughese horse, which had faithfully borne him in more than fifteen thousand miles of campaigning To see these two amiable gentlemen riding slowly across fields together one would never fancy them to be soldiers, yet both were valiant in the highest degree at Shipka. The chief of staff was dangerously wounded there, while Radetzky rushed into the fight as impulsively as a boy of twenty, and repelled forces largely outnumbering his own

From this high mound in the centre of a broad plain, where General Radetzky had installed himself, we could see a thin white line moving slowly along the road two or three miles away, and presently the morning sun flashed upon the tops of ten thousand polished gun-barrels with dazzling splendor Out of this blinding light suddenly rode, pounding vigorously on his sturdy charger along the hard turnpike, and followed by a rakish-looking detachment of Cossacks, General Dragumiroff, the hero of the fight before Sistova and commander of a division of the famous fighting Eighth Dragumiroff is a man of mark in Russia, he is the disciple of the great Suwarrow, who made the Russian soldier, and who gave him the thousand maxims for military conduct, filled with common sense and manly feeling, which one hears in the ranks Before Suwarrow the Russian soldier was a machine, now he is a man General Dragumiroff is a handsome gentleman of elegant deportment, a little past the prime of life, now and then, when he puts on his spectacles and begins a discussion on tactics, he seems the least bit like a school-master, but when he is in the saddle, surrounded by officers and rattling toward an engagement, he looks every inch a soldier.

He is dark complexioned, of medium height, time has taken tribute of his hair, but has not abated his energy. His order of the day for the conduct of the troops who were detailed to cross the Danube in front of Sistova was filled with the same brief, incisive instructions which Suwarrow was so fond of giving. The most noteworthy thing in this order was the command to the soldiers to listen to no signal of retreat under any circumstances whatever The duty plainly allotted them was to take Sistova and the positions dominating the point at which the Russian engineers wished to construct their bridge—to take and hold these points, or to perish in the attempt. General Dragumiroff was justly proud of his achievement, and as he threw himself from his horse on that lovely July morning and scrambled up the mound to greet his General, he did not realize that weary weeks in hospital were soon to be his portion He was disabled at Shipka by a severe leg wound during Suleiman's attack

At our left, and perhaps two miles distant, arose a steep and thinly wooded mountain range, which, according to the Bulgarians, afforded shelter to several thousands of irregular Mussulman troops, who had hidden themselves at the approach of General Radetzky It was curious to observe the tactics of the Cossacks in exploring the country near this mountain With our glasses we could see them trotting swiftly across the uneven field, their lance-points glistening in the sun. As they approached a village they gathered into a little knot, to separate swiftly again as they found nothing to impede their progress Then they came circling and swooping back toward the main line, and when they were near enough to be clearly observed we saw that most of their saddle-bows

were decorated with chickens or fat

As we moved slowly forward that day we saw villages in flames on our right and left. Some of them were burned by Mussulmans flying before the wrath to come and anxious to leave no stores behind for the comfort of the Russians, others were set on fire by Cossacks, other fires still were kindled by Bulgarians, to burn Turkish houses as soon as the occupants had departed. But no enemy was to be found, and we camped that evening in a romantic valley beside the Rushitza river, a wide and deep stream at this particular place. The Turks, with their usual kindness, had left a large wooden bridge intact. Infantry and cavalry poured over this, and soon found quarters in a pleasant wood, while the artillery forded the stream. It would have been gratifying to see at least a few hundred hostile horsemen or a little band of infantry wearing the red caps of the Turks, but none were visible. The Ottomans had encamped on this very spot but a short time before, however, and it was believed that they could not be far away.

The Grand Duke slept in the tiny village of Palikvast, twenty minutes' gallop from our camp, that night, and next morning prepared for his triumphal entry into Tirnova. Our Eighth corps marched merrily over the hills and through the deep vales until it came to a small town just at the entrance of the magnificent defile at the opposite end of which Tirnova is situated. Here the inhabitants were assembled, dressed in their best attire, the women and girls wearing gold and silver ornaments, which they had rarely dared to put on under Turkish rule. A half-smothered cry of admiration and joy burst from the hundreds assembled from all the country-places

near by as the staff entered the village. Flowers were handed to the horsemen. Little maidens modestly and timidly proffered fruit and bread. The village priests with tear-stained faces stood holding the holy painted images of the saints and muttering words of praise and consolation. A lusty youth, appointed to ring the chimes on a musically tuned bar of steel, which had been extemporized to serve instead of the bells so sternly forbidden by the Turkish oppressors, rang and danced, and laughed and wept alternately as he danced and rang. The women clasped their children to their breasts with fierce and proud caresses, and cried as if their hearts would burst for joy. From the wooden-grated window of a room in the khan of the hamlet two Turkish prisoners—turbaned Mussulmans, who would have been venerable had it not been for the horrible atrocities of which they were convicted—glared out upon the arriving troops with a dull, hopeless ferocity. One of these ancient ruffians had been twice liberated on account of his great age, but the second time he fell into an uncontrollable fury, spat upon the ground, and, drawing his knife, prepared to run amuck among the villagers, when he was rearrested. The ignoble miscreant had murdered several innocent children in the course of his worthless life. He and his companion were hanged during our stay in Tirnova.

The Russian infantry-men, marching stoutly by to the music of inspiring strains, such as Bulgarians had never heard before, seemed to astonish the ignorant villagers beyond measure. They constantly inquired for "Alexander," the beloved name representing in their minds the deliverance. The Cossacks seemed inspired on this occasion. They had caught the spirit of delicious joy

which prevailed among the Bulgarians, and as a regiment of the brave fellows came slowly through the town, beating time with wild gestures to their own wilder song, which swelled and swelled in volume until the narrow valley seemed too small to contain it, enthusiasm lost all bounds. Many women threw themselves, sobbing hysterically, on the ground, hiding their faces, while their little children tugged at their skirts. Meantime fighting was in progress not far away. A Cossack captain showed us a goodly store of richly mounted arms and saddles, bridles and cloths worked with gold, brought in from a village twenty miles distant, where the Turkish peasants had made a bold stand against twice their number of Cossacks. Only the threat that the town would be burned could induce the villagers to give up their arms.

We rode on through the mighty defile beside the beautiful Yantia to Tinova, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian kings, and positively the most picturesque town that I have ever seen. We left the troops behind, and galloped along a narrow road where two hundred men might have held the pass against ten thousand. That the Turks should ever have been foolish enough to yield this defile without the defence which it was so easy to make seems incredible. On either hand, perched high among the rocks, is a monastery, from which the old and young monks had come down to greet us. Generals and minor officers doffed their hats and bent reverently for the monkish benediction, then passed on, crossing themselves. Soon we saw the roof of a mosque glittering in the sun, and clambering up a long and stony ascent, and clattering through the narrow and dirty streets, we made our way to a many-gabled, quaintly-balconied

house, which an officer of the advance-guard had hastily chosen for General Radetzky's head-quarters. Behind us the street was speedily filled with an immense detachment of cavalry, which had come in by another road and was pushing straight on to the Balkans. So we sat for an hour on our horses watching this human torrent as it swept by, and wondering how many of the thousands of horsemen would ever see Russia again.

At Tinova, as at the little village, the cry was for "Alexander." People did not seem to know who Grand Duke Nicholas was, they only knew that after an absurdly ineffectual resistance the Turk had fled and the Russian deliverer had come in his place. And what joy bubbled and frothed in laughter and song or evanesced in tears as the freed people promenaded the crooked avenues, arm in arm, crying "Hurrah!" as if they were not used to doing it but thought it a good accomplishment to acquire!

When the street was once more passable we hastened to the high walls overlooking the valley to observe the entry of the Grand Duke and his staff. Traversing the town, and now and then following the Cossacks down steep avenues, where one's neck was in imminent danger, then climbing a street set upon the outermost edge of a very precipice, we came to a plateau whence we could see a long procession of horsemen winding through the sunlit valley, and finally pausing before a company of priests, who bore them the bread and salt of hospitality and the divine symbols, that they might kiss them. The procession made its way as best it could to the principal church, where Nicholas, hand on sword, stood for half an hour listening to the chants of the priests and

the somewhat monotonous music of the choir-boys. In this church we caught sight of Bulgarian beauty, which unsympathetic Hungarians and sneering Rumanians had taught us to consider a myth. Dark-eyed, dark-haired girls crowded toward the altar to see the deliverer, bowed their pretty heads reverently when he kissed the crucifix, and shot bewitching glances at the young officers who had donned their most brilliant uniforms for this memorable occasion. In single file the Duke, his aides-de-camp and half a hundred officers passed out of the town to a hill a short distance beyond it, where, in a handsome suburban villa, the ducal headquarters were established. The plain near by was white with tents, and columns of men filled the only two roads in the vicinity. Had the Grand Duke dreamed that at that moment Osman Pasha was moving toward Plevna he would have considered his own arrival in Tirnova as hazardous. But in ignorance of any such movement every one was ready to declare that, as far as Philippopolis or Sofia, the war would be nothing but a *promenade militaire*.

From the plain where the Russians were encamped, Tirnova appeared rather like a fairy city risen at the command of an enchanter than like a town built by human hands. The lowest range of dwellings is placed on a bluff above the Yantra river, and the highest on a high pinnacle of the lofty gorge. The combinations of color, of form, are infinite one never tires of gazing at the streets of stairs, down which the Cossacks ride on horseback fearlessly, at the masses of slated roofs, from which the inhabitants of neighboring houses carry on animated conversations in high-pitched voices; at the balconies, latticed or open, from which one can look down

hundreds of feet into yellow water, or upon odorous gardens, where the richest blossoms flourish. A house in Tirnova appears to have no foundation, it is in some mysterious manner inextricably connected with those above and those below it, and its cellars and sub-cellars seem to extend into the bowels of the earth. The houses of well-to-do citizens are ample, even vast, the court-yards are surrounded by veritable parapets and ramparts. The interior furnishing is simple and Oriental: divans, low and covered with coarse carpets, are more common than beds, and in the recess of a great window, so placed as to catch the faintest sigh of the breeze, one usually finds carpets and cushions forming couches, where the rich Bulgarian takes his siesta when the sun is hot. The Greek families in Tirnova are numerous, and the Greek ladies are renowned for their beauty. The Bulgarian peasant women are stately, and possess a quiet dignity which has a certain charm. They talk but little, a bevy of girls drawing water at a fountain are as silent as if at a funeral. They bear pain with great fortitude.

We had an excellent opportunity to observe this trait in their characters when the fugitives from Roumelia came crowding through the Shipka Pass and down the foot-hills of the Balkans to Tirnova. For days the streets were filled with half-starved women and girls, most of whom had lost husbands, brothers, or protectors in the dreadful massacres in and around Eski Zaghra, and some of whom had been wounded; but none complained aloud, and all bore their troubles with a patient resignation which was extremely touching. They cannot control themselves in joy so well as in pain,—probably because they have had in their lives much more of the

latter than of the former. Women who have seen their children wrested from their arms by merciless and fanatical oppressors, and buried alive, can endure almost anything. The women of Loft-scha who escaped from the massacre with which the troops of Osman Pasha whetted their swords were upon their faces a settled expression of terror which was awful to witness. We saw hun-

dreds of these poor creatures on the Selvi road a few days after their escape. Old and young alike seemed to have constantly before them the memory of a dread vision which could only pass away with death. They moved about listlessly: life no longer appeared real to them. It is not astonishing, for they had been far down into the Valley of the Shadow.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SEVEN.

Previous Insurrection in Bulgaria. — A Retrospect. — Servia's Aid to Bulgaria. — Russian Agents. — The Triple Alliance. — Rustchuk, its Defence. — Turkish Transports. — The Road to the Balkans. — Gabrova. — Turkish Timar. — Bulgarian Schools, and their varying Fortunes. — Renegades. — The Passes of the Balkans. — Prince Teneleff. — The Shipka Pass. — Mount St. Nicholas. — Suleiman I. and Hadetshy.

BULGARIA'S first insurrectionary movement, in 1862, not only astonished the Turks but greatly alarmed many civilized powers, who saw the danger of a general European war in this uprising of a people supposed to be thoroughly subjugated. The unhappy Bulgarians had been groaning under the Ottoman yoke so long, and seemed so powerless to help themselves, that even their kindred had begun to despise their seeming lack of courage. Nearly five hundred years had passed since the fertile plains at the slopes of the Balkans and the fat fields beside the Danube had fallen into Turkish hands, yet during that long period the oppressed Slavs had done little or nothing to renew their vanquished glories or to justify their right to an independent existence. From the time of the seizure of Constantinople, in 1453, by the terrible Mohammed II, until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Turk encountered no resistance from the natives of the land which he had invaded. Even the Austrians had done something toward the liberation of the Slavs, the Bulgarians had done nothing. But at last the breeze of revolution passed over the prostrate people, and awoke them, as by enchantment, from their lethargy of ages.

Servia had been inspired to resistance by the contemplation of Austria's many

struggles with the Ottoman power on the banks of the Save, and by means of brilliant and tremendous popular efforts from 1800 until 1860 had succeeded in winning from the Porte an unwilling and imperfect recognition of her undoubted rights. In 1851 the Bulgarians, weighed down by the taxation of a merciless and alien government, made a weak attempt to revolt, but their crude conspiracies were crushed beneath the bloody heels of pashas and their brutal soldiers. At last, however, the decisive moment came, and the league known as "Young Bulgaria" was formed. The Servians gave it all the aid that they could without exposing themselves to the charge of participation in it, and the Roumanian authorities permitted it to hold meetings undisturbed in Bucharest. The Russians were not backward in expressing their sympathies for their oppressed Christian brethren, and promised them arms and money. The noted Midhat Pasha, who afterward became a fugitive from his own country, was then governor of Bulgaria. He speedily discovered the conspiracy, and rightly attributed its origin to Servian influence. As he was known to be cruel and bloody-minded, nearly all the young men in Bulgaria fled into neighboring States; but Midhat succeeded in securing fifty-four, who were carried in chains to Rustchuk. Ten were hanged, the rest

were exiled. Midhat pretended to be moderate and clement, and endeavored to induce the fugitives to return, but they with one accord manifested a singular indisposition to venture into his clutches. Very shortly afterward the hypocritical Midhat showed his true colors by taking violently from an Austrian steamer at Rustchuk two persons furnished respectively with Serbian and Roumanian passports, but who had been denounced to him as agents of the "Young Bulgaria" committees, and causing them to be shot. This arbitrary act aroused the indignation of Europe, and the zealous Midhat was recalled from his post, the Porte consoling him, nevertheless, with the announcement that he was "invited to higher functions."

In June of 1868 a formidable expedition of insurgents was ready to enter Bulgaria, when the assassination of the reigning prince in Serbia and the consequent confusion into which that province was thrown destroyed the needed unity of movement. The General appointed to the regency of Serbia during the minority of young Prince Milan was unwilling to risk anything by aiding the Bulgarians. Despite this discouragement, an heroic little band of one hundred and fifty youths entered Bulgaria and marched toward the Balkans, trying to arouse the timid peasantry. After two or three sharp fights these young martyrs to the cause of liberty were surrounded in the mountains not far from the old town of Gabrova, and nobly perished to a man, not one of them consenting to lay down his arms.

Then ensued another series of years of apparent inaction. But the Bulgarian peasant was beginning to think, to hope, to dream of independence. He heard vaguely that the Austrians and the Rus-

sians were indignant at the manner in which the Turks treated their subjects, that some day there would be a great war for Christian liberation, that perhaps the powerful, although perturbed, rule of the Bulgarian Czar might be revived, and that unceasing labor to provide money and crops for the consumption of rapacious tax-gatherers was not the chief end of man. Sometimes a Russian agent, who, despising the Turk, hardly took the trouble to disguise himself, fanned the feeble flame in the peasant's breast, or aroused a vague enthusiasm in the mind of the dull village priest, by hinting at "crusades" to come. Russians were familiar figures to the Mussulmans, who knew very well that Muscovite officers had as early as 1840 studied the great routes from Rustchuk to Adrianople, and from Widdin to Philippopolis, with especial view to the march of numerous army corps, and had carefully jotted down on war maps the names of even the most insignificant villages. The Austrian consul sympathized openly with Bulgarian sufferers, and many a Turk spat upon the ground as he saw the representatives of Francis Joseph passing to and fro. Those people who to-day wonder at the "triple alliance" have only to review the history of the century to discover that after 1848 Austria ceased to afford the Turks the poor consolation of moral support, and was no longer an obstacle to the plans of Russia for Bulgarian redemption. The Austrians had been compelled in times past to intervene in Bosnia for the protection of Christians, and they quite understood the motives which led Russia to make gigantic preparations for a war which might be long postponed, but which could not be averted.

Purely local insurrections are easily suppressed in a country where the most

horrible punishments may be meted out without mercy. The Turks soon discovered that the Bulgarians had awakened into new life, and they forthwith began a reign of terror. The tax-gatherer was more exacting than before, innocent people were murdered on the pretext that they were plotting against the government, and the wretched Slavs' cup of misery was full to running over, when a new sorrow came to them in the arrival of large bands of marauding and lawless Circassians, encouraged by the Porte to settle in Bulgaria, probably because it was expected that they would overawe the peasantry and spread a healthy fear throughout the towns. The outrages committed by these Mussulman Circassians—fiends in human form—seem incredible when one hears them recited. The English Conservatives, when they heard of them, steadily refused to believe them, and to this day find it vastly amusing to laugh at the phrase, "Bulgarian atrocity."

Despite Circassians, regular Turkish troops, *bashi-bazouks*, and all the forces at the disposition of the Sultan, the insurrectionary symptoms of 1875-76 were fated to appear, and many Bulgarian notables were compromised. With what sanguinary tyranny these symptoms were put down, the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Schuyler, Mr. McGahan, and numerous other gentlemen has acquainted the world. The Circassians who violated maidens, and slew and burned innocent babes by hundreds at Batak, were akin to the murderers who, under Suleiman Pasha, after the Russian retreat from Eski Zagna in 1877, slaughtered ten thousand innocent peasants. The assassins who burned scores of villages and dashed out the brains of helpless old men in the districts around Selvi and Gabrova after the last insur-

rection was put down were the brethren of the followers of Osman Pasha, who burned little children alive, *Loflycha* and mutilated wounded men while the breath was still in them, as also of the Kurds, who, at Shipka and Plevna, cut off the heads of gasping soldiers,—an act of barbarism which in this century has been heretofore heard of only in Central Asia, or among the savages on the Ashantee coast.

Rustchuk, on the Danube, is an interesting although not a very pleasant place. I was there two days before the Russians crossed the Pruth, and was struck with the general air of decay and neglect in all the government buildings at the water side. On the hill to the right as we came down the river I saw a huge camp, fortified and filled with men. Two months later, from the Roumanian side of the stream, I watched this same camp, and from the advanced Russian batteries, I could see the Turkish soldiers peacefully manoeuvring, as if the Muscovites were a thousand miles away, although a hurtling piece of iron sailing across the Danube to strike among the Moslems reminded them that the enemy was near at hand. When the war was first begun it was expected that a crossing might be attempted at Rustchuk. The Roumanians, who had not then found out their own strength, quaked as they thought of an incursion by yellow-dyed barbarians from Asia, and I dare say that the Turks were uneasy when they thought of Cossacks cantering through the streets of Rustchuk. As it happened the Turks were able to do little or nothing to check the advance of Russian troops by means of their heavy guns on the hills of Rustchuk. The railway from Bucharest brought troops to a station called Erotesti, quite out of reach of the Turkish cannon, and thence they took up their

march at some little distance from the Danube's banks as far as Simnitsa, where they crossed into Bulgaria. Landward, the Turks defended Rustchuk well, and after nine months of fighting no one of the fortresses composing the famous quadrilateral was yet taken.

On the whole, Rustchuk disappointed me. I felt as if I had a right to expect more of Oriental atmosphere in this, the first Turkish town I had set foot in. The railway with its noisy locomotives offended me. It savored too much of Western Europe, but the dark-faced, scowling men standing sleepily on the barges at the wharves, brandishing bright guns solemnly, as if in feeble protest at the Russian advance which they knew would soon begin floundering in Roumanian mud, were certainly as unlike Europeans as human beings could well be. They seemed perfectly willing to pass their lives in listless and drowsy enjoyment of the sunshine and of the murmur of the great current. They did not even manifest the slightest enthusiasm when a little fleet of transports, bringing soldiers for Widdin from Constantinople, passed merrily up stream with blood-red crescents on their flags and with white-robed, sallow-faced *Imams* solemnly parading among the soldiers squatted cross-legged on the decks. Verily, a lakish crew was to be found abroad on the Danube in those few days before the Russians arrived in Lower Roumania. Many a quaint, old-fashioned Turkish ship, looking like a galley of the fifteenth century, and painted in glaring colors, was worked over to the Roumanian shore in the night, and many a peaceful shepherd's cottage was invaded by murderous Circassians. The murders and robberies committed in this manner were so numerous that the Roumanian minister of foreign affairs kept a num-

bered list of them, and indemnity was required of the Turkish government before peace was concluded. Omar Pasha made Rustchuk celebrated in 1854 by the valiant and energetic manner in which he crossed the Danube from that town with forty-five thousand men, after having driven the Russians from an island where they were strongly entrenched.

From Rustchuk a road which must be accounted good in a country where there are few decent highways leads through Tinova and Gabrova to the Shipka Pass, in the Balkans, and across the mountains to the rose-embowered villages of Roumelia, and to Adrianople. Gabrova is as picturesque as Rustchuk is commonplace. From Tinova the road to the Balkans leads across some mighty hills, from whose summits one catches glimpses of beautifully cultivated vales below. The villages are few and uninviting; the khans are sometimes entirely deserted, sometimes frequented by bullocks, sheep, and goats in such numbers that one prefers to sleep in the open air rather than to undergo their companionship. At Gabrova, whoever mounted to the principal hall of the khan was compelled to pass through an incomparably filthy stable, and to dispute passage with an elderly ram who occupied the lower step of the stairs during the heat of the day as well as at night, and who frequently was little disposed to disturb himself for strangers. But the private houses of the better class in Gabrova are cleanly, and some of them make pretensions to elegance. The town rambles along the banks of the Yantra, which there brawls and rollics over broad, flat stones or bounds down into deep pools at the base of large, black rocks; and some of the cottages appear to spring from the very bosom of the stream. Stone

bridges span the water here and there, and clusters of houses with queer balconies and misshapen windows are tenanted by industrious artisans, who labor all day at the preparation of textile fabrics, for which Gabrova is famous. At night the rumbling of dozens of water-wheels is heard. Almost every house is so placed as to enable its inhabitants to avail themselves of a "water-privilege." Every morning a long procession of Gabrova's prethrust maidens arrives at the Yantra, each girl loaded with the family washing. The beauties tuck up their skirts and proceed to their work in the healthiest manner. Strangely enough, they are silent at their toil. I found this people in the neighborhood of the Balkans curiously devoid of animation on occasions when one would naturally expect it. In a market-place the women never chatted, and the men seemed to joke in a weary, faint-hearted fashion. The same number of persons in France or Spain would have made the heavens ring. When the prisoners were brought down from the Shipka Pass into Gabrova, and with their hands tied, were marched over one of the bridges, with Bulgarians guarding them, there was no murmur either of exultation or execration among the Gabrovians. Feeling was deep, but audible expression of it was lacking.

The Bulgarians were always largely in the majority in this town of twelve or thirteen hundred houses, and the Turks had during the last two generations accorded it certain rights, although they had felt constrained to burn it no longer ago than 1798. Gabrova, by special clemency of the Grand Turk, was allowed bells in its churches, and facilities for founding schools were given the wealthy inhabitants. The happy Christians had of course placed bells wherever there was the slightest pretext for

doing so; and nothing was more perplexing to me than to hear a bevy of them ringing in the small hours of the night. Turkish time is three hours faster than that of Western Europe, and I have been frequently awakened by a peal of bells sounding six, to find no one stirring in the town, and to hear nothing save the harmonious hum of distant water-wheels, or the purling of the Yantra.

But by four o'clock folk were astir. I do not speak of the Russian soldiers, who were coming and going at all imaginable times. It seemed as if now and then they were anxious to make their lines seem stronger than they were by going round and round, as supernumeraries do on the stage. But the towns-people came out a very long time before the sun did. The men, who seemed to sleep in their coarse black caps, laid them off as they came to the stone fountains, where they washed their hands and faces. No sooner had they shaken the water well about them than they lighted cigarettes and began talking listlessly. Presently they were compelled to make way for a crowd of bare-limbed guls, each bearing heavy buckets balanced on the ends of a slender pole, then matrons with their kettles appeared, and children were brought out and treated to vigorous duckings. The horses came next, and refreshed themselves leisurely while their guardians relighted innumerable cigarettes and lazily crossed their legs. Most of the artisan class, in appearance lazy, are really very industrious, and are seated at their looms or benches before daylight. Some of the streets of Gabrova are filled with small shops in which clay floors and grimy benches are the only embellishments. These are the workshops of the artificers in gold and silver, who have always made the interiors of their establishments as poor and uninviting as pos-

sible, in hopes that they might escape the rapacity of the Turk. Many of the goldsmiths buried all their really beautiful stock at the beginning of the war, and their only fear was that if the Turks should beat the Russians and reenter Gabrova, they might try to force the Christians by torture to tell where their treasures were hidden.

Bulgaria proper, with a population of three million one hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom only four hundred thousand were Mussulmans, had not a single school which could be called national as late as 1835. In the Danubian region there were a few schools where the Greek language was taught, but it was not until the principal citizens of Gabrova took the initiative that the Bulgarian school system was introduced. Gabrova has kept the lead which it so gallantly took on that occasion, and in 1871 had eight schools with fifteen hundred pupils. The teachers had a narrow escape from a cruel fate not very long ago, and the story of the cause which led to their arrest and imprisonment illustrates admirably the incurable negligence and bad faith of the Turks in the administration of their conquered provinces. The central government had grudgingly consented to establish a postal service, as the commercial people of Gabrova asserted that it would make affairs much better, but the Turk appointed to go and come with the mail spent his hours in inglorious ease, lolling on the divan of a *café* and smoking his pipe. This moved one of the teachers to reproach him bitterly, and to threaten him with exposure if he did not mend his ways. The Turk at once complained to the *kasmakam*, the local Turkish authority, that the Bulgarian teachers were all connected with the insurrectionary league, and that they were engaged in

correspondence against the government. The pasha of Turnova was notified, and at once ordered the closing of the Gabrova schools and the imprisonment of the instructors. It was only after long incarceration and great difficulties that the Bulgarian community succeeded in explaining matters. The offending mail-carrier was not even reprimanded by the Turkish officials.

In the vicinity of Gabrova are numerous villages inhabited by the Pomatzy ("renegades"), as they are called by the Christians. These worthies are descended from Bulgarians who embraced Mohammedanism because of some real or fancied slight of their patriarch. They are divided broadly into two classes—dangerous fanatics, who were especially troublesome during the Russian war, and mild Islamites, supposed still to have a weakness for Christianity. The villages of the Pomatzy are much like those of their Christian brethren, except that minarets abound in them, and that their neighborhood is usually haunted by brigands. The hashi-bazouks found refuge in the hamlets of the fanatical Pomatzy when they were hotly pursued by Radetzky's Cossacks, and if cornered speedily appeared in the guise of quiet and peace-loving farmers.

The Balkans were so frequently mentioned in the course of the Russian campaign in Turkey in Europe as a terrible obstacle to progress that even the Muscovites themselves had begun to believe great sacrifices would be necessary in order to cross them. Each of the seventeen practicable passes in this romantic and beautiful chain of mountains had been carefully studied at intervals in the last fifty years by Russian officers; and it was because the strength of the fortified positions in the Shipka well known that General Gourko, when

he made his famous raid into Roumelia, preferred to work his way through a defile much less known and offering many more natural obstacles. Prince Tserteleff, the amiable and able young diplomat, who was charged with Russian interests at Constantinople for a time, and who accompanied General Ignatieff on his tour to the principal European capitals just before war broke out, has the glory of having explored and recommended the passage through which Gourko made his raid, and after passing which he was enabled to fall upon the rear of the Turkish positions at Shipka. The prince, who was a very young man, disguised himself as a Bulgarian peasant and went ahead, at the risk of his life, to make sure both that the route was available and that the Turks did not discover the movements of Gourko's force. The adventure was completely successful. Here and there the little army came upon narrow paths, along which it was almost impossible to drag artillery, and now and then a cannon toppled into the abyss. But after severe struggle the column emerged on the fertile plains, and, had it been properly supported, would have carried consternation to the gates of Adrianople in less than six weeks.

It is but a short ride from Gabrova to the picturesque heights where the famous Shipka Pass commences, and from thence a rough road leads around the bases of frowning summits and up hills until an elevation of a little less than five thousand feet is reached. The Turks had crowned every peak dominating the road with well-built redoubts, and had stocked them with immense quantities of provisions and ammunition. All these stores, when the Mussulmans found themselves assaulted in front and rear, fell into Russian hands. It is said

that the pasha commanding the troops at one point was so alarmed at what he believed was a Russian advance from all sides that he put spurs to his horse and galloped away without even ordering his men to retreat.

Mount St. Nicholas, a vast irregular pyramid, rises abruptly from among the rolling hills, and seems an impregnable position. The Russians insisted that, once in it, the Turks could never get them out, and at one time, when it was feared that some of Osman Pasha's troops would move forward from Loftscha and endeavor to crush the feeble forces at Gabrova, Prince Murky, of the Eighth corps, had orders to retire to Shipka, and, shutting himself and his men up in the redoubts, to await reinforcements. It is as incomprehensible that the Turks should have abandoned the eight splendid positions in the Shipka Pass as that they should have made no attempt to defend the defiles of the Yantia near Turnova, — positions where armed peasants might have checked the advance of the flower of European armies.

A superb surprise awaits the weary horseman as he approaches the top of the pass. Turning to glance occasionally behind him he sees only ranges of dull hills clad in monotonous green, or perhaps fields of waving grain, but, looking forward, he suddenly has spread before him the ample panorama of exquisite Thrace, one of the gardens of the world, — a land where millions of roses distil their subtle perfumes upon the air, and where villages are embowered in vines and flowers. Shipka means "wild rose," and Shipka village, lying a long way down the descent on the Roumelian side, justifies its name. Yet here in this loveliest region, where nature seems to have lavished comfort upon man, in July

of 1877 such horrors were enacted although they assaulted ferociously, that the stoutest heart quails even they could not move the veteran at their recital Suleiman Pacha the Cruel swept with the besom of destruction all those sections from which the Russians were forced hastily to retire when the advance was arrested by the ominous apparition of Osman and his soldiers at Plevna and Loftscha. Suleiman, fresh from the massacre of women and babes, threw himself into the gorges of Shipka, and sent his butchers to be butchered in their turn; but,



BULGARIANS DEFENDING A MOUNTAIN PASS

Radetzky from his tracks. He drank his scalding tea morning, noon, and night, and held on valiantly against death and the devil until Gouko crossed the Balkans once more by passes quite as difficult as that which served him on the first occasion. Then Radetzky rose, and drove the Turks before him down into Roumelia, where they were stopped by Russian troops and were compelled to surrender.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHT

The Mutilation of the Russian Wounded — A Convent for Women near Gabrova, and Bulgarian Monasteries — Through the Balkans — Kezanlik — Rose Culture and the Rose Gardens — Eski Zaglora and the Massacre — The Mahre of Suleiman Pasha — The Vengeance of the Agas — The Bulgarian Army — The National Life of the Bulgarians

THE story of the horrible mutilation of the Russian wounded in the Shipka Pass is pretty widely known, but an incident connected with it will serve to show what fierce pride some of the Asiatics took in their fiendish performance. When the Russians occupied the positions which the Turks had abandoned late in July they found a number of bodies of both soldiers and officers dismembered and treated in the most shocking manner. Arms, legs, heads were scattered about, and there was abundant proof that some of the wounded had been beheaded while living. Among the Turkish prisoners was a certain detachment of Kurds, who were asked if they could throw any light on the subject of the mutilations. One or two denied all knowledge of it, but at last a soldier stepped out of the ranks and with rude joy announced that he had cut off one or two heads, that most of his comrades had done the same thing, or would have had occasion offered, and that he and others carried Russian heads, mounted on sticks, to the pasha, who made no remark whatever. Prince Musky informed me that on the day when these mutilated bodies were buried, and when the indignation against the Turks must necessarily have been very great among the rank and file, he saw Turkish women receiving most careful and particular attention at the hands of Russian infantrymen not a hundred rods

from the spot where the burial took place.

On the slope, and not far from Gabrova, is a convent for women, where the nuns lead a life quite different from the self-sacrificing existence of the Catholic devotee. They are at liberty to receive whom they please, to engage in any industry which suits them, and to go into the world whenever they like. But a broad distinction must be made between these convents and those in Roumania, which are in many respects a disgrace to the Church under whose patronage they are established.

It has been remarked that the Russians at first chose comparatively unfrequented and difficult passes in the Balkan chain, in order that they might surprise the enemy. But for the passage of the main army of occupation after the Turks were pushed back there were numerous good roads besides that by Shipka. One leads over the Travno-Balkan as it is called, to routes which communicate with Kezanlik, another, by which Osman Pasha had hoped in case of disaster, to retire from Plevna and Loftsch with his army, leads through the Balkan range by Troyan and Kalofel. This last-named pass is practicable only in a relative sense. The bones of horses that have succumbed by the way strew the sides of the bridle-paths. The convent of Troyan, one of the most venerated of Bulgarian shrines, is accessible from the pass.

There forty or fifty monks live in ease and comfort, and cultivate fields for miles around, — fields which yield fat revenues. These Oriental monks thoroughly understand good living: their cells are fitted up with divans and carpets; they regale themselves with coffee and liquors, and on the walls hang dozens of stout weapons, which are used in repelling the assaults of enterprising brigands or in securing game for the monastic larder.

The most imposing and delightful part of the route through the Balkans by Trojan and Kalofel is the passage of the Rosolita, nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Vast peaks, around which eagles hover, looking down with curiosity upon the adventurous traveller, rise into the air, below are yawning precipices, over whose edges one can see yet other peaks with their tops wreathed in mist. The passes which lead out of Servia across the Balkans into Bulgaria have from time immemorial been infested with brigands, and the guard-houses are surrounded by little cemeteries, which contain the remains of assassinated travellers. Both the Servian and the Turkish governments pretended to keep strong military forces on these roads for the protection of the innocent, but the bashibazouks representing Turkey were generally in league with the brigands, or with trifling temptations were capable of crime on their own account.

Kezanlik, through which the tide of war swept rudely, lies in a sweet vale not far below the village of Shipka. On every side it is surrounded by gardens in which the delicate and beautiful rose of Damascus is cultivated expressly for the perfumes to be distilled from it. On this side of the Balkans the villages have a more decidedly Turkish aspect than those between Gabrova and the

Danube, the houses are painted in tender colors, which harmonize deliciously with the landscape, and nearly every residence, rich or poor, has a little pleasure-ground attached to it, in which vines, rosebushes and fruit trees make a very agreeable shade. The many minarets, the latticed cages which denote "harems" in the Turkish quarter, the market-places, with their fantastical ranges of low wooden shops, — all remind one of the far Orient. Kezanlik was rich before the retreat of the Turks to it after Gourko's retreat, and many of the young Bulgarians engaged in commerce are men of intelligence and refinement. In conversation with one of them who was preparing to remove his merchandise by way of Bucharest to Vienna, I was surprised to hear him say that the "Bulgarian question" could be settled only by the retirement of the Mussulmans from the province. "The two races," he said very emphatically, "cannot live together on terms of equality such as any conference after the war would doubtless be willing to establish. The great majority of the Turks consider us as inferior animals, made to be oppressed by them and to serve them. They do not hate our religion, but they take advantage of the social inferiority which it imposes on us to rob us, to abuse us as any tyrannical invaders might, and to murder us when we resist. Even if there were any willingness on their part to agree temporarily to some amicable arrangement, they would not long keep their promise, and our lives would be made wretched by revolution after revolution. In their eyes we are but dogs, unworthy of their attention save as *serviles*. This point of view must never be forgotten in estimating Turkish conduct in these provinces. The Turk desires distinctly

to live by the product of our toil, and not to be in harmony with us. He must go, as he did from Servia, or there will be no peace for us." This gentleman also thought that unless the Russians should leave an occupying force large enough to enforce upon the Turkish population any measures supposed to be the natural fruit of the war they would have rendered but a sorry service to Bulgaria.

The very name *Kezanlık* commemorates an injustice on the part of the Turks against which the inhabitants were compelled to protest. Tradition recounts that long ago a sultan making a tour in the mountains saw a great number of children dressed in white robes coming to meet him whereupon he cried out, "*Neh isterler bun atliklar kezanlık?*" ("What do all these pretty babes in white gowns want of me?") The last word in the sultan's sentence became the official name of the locality. But tradition does not state what answer the sultan made to the prayer of the children, for they had come to tell him that because their fathers had been violently incorporated in the Turkish army their fields were uncultivated and their village was in ruins. Probably the sultan said that it was all Christian humbug, and sent the children away with empty compliments.

The men and women in the rose gardens in and around *Kezanlık* are of fine stature and graceful manners, and, although the women are rarely beautiful they possess that nameless charm born of perfect health and proud virtue. The distillation of the essence of roses is a very simple process, both in the large establishments in the town and in the farmer's own abode. Sometimes the still is erected in the shade of a huge tree. Donkey-loads of flowers are

brought to it all day long. The priest comes to bless the Arcadian labor, and to chat with the women who strip the rose petals from their stems. As many as eighty thousand roses are often used in the preparation of a single small flask of the precious odor.

The thriving region extending for miles around *Eski Zaghia*, the next town of importance in this part of Bulgaria, was so utterly ruined by Suleiman's vindictive campaign that it must remain a partial desert for many years. The soldiers and the Musliman peasantry aimed especially at the destruction of the churches and schools in the villages near *Eski Zaghia*, as well as all Christian institutions in the last-mentioned town. Every farmer was accused of having given aid and comfort to the Russians, and was massacred as soon as caught, without trial and without any semblance of justice. I doubt if there has been such wholesale slaughter—murder on so large a scale—at any previous time in the present century. The testimony was unimpeachable. Thousands of fugitives straggled across the mountains in the first days of August, and spread the details of their misery throughout the *Yantra* valley. *Gabiova* and *Tinova* were filled with motherless children and with childless mothers. A more piteous spectacle than these poor wretches presented as they made their way through the *Shipka* Pass could not be imagined. More than sixty villages in the plain near *Eski Zaghia* were burned, the population had fled to the large town, thinking there to secure protection from the Russians or the fragments of the "Bulgarian Legion," but they found the Russians already preparing to retire beyond the Balkans. Those who remained were nearly all killed. The Bulgarian Legion fought as well as it could for the de-

ferre of Eski Zaghra, but was of course no match for the trained troops of Suleiman—veterans who had been pitted against the Montenegrins—even if those troops had not been twenty times their number. The Legion endeavored, when it found that its ranks were rapidly thinned, to retreat, protecting the population, but Suleiman's artillery was brought to bear on the fleeing women and children, and thousands were so frightened that they preferred to face death in the town rather than in the fields. As evening came on the poor Bulgarians began to take courage, for the artillery fire had ceased and the battle seemed over, but they did not understand the devilish malice of Suleiman. He had surrounded the town just as dusk fell (this was on the thirty-first of July), and by means of an endless chain of pickets made sure of his prey. Nearly all who endeavored to get out were butchered, although a gentleman farmer, named Naumof, from whom I received my account of the Turkish conduct on this fearful night, escaped some time after the massacre had begun. As soon as the sentinels were placed Suleiman sent a force of Cossacks, guided by Mussulman inhabitants—who had fled from the Russian advance, but had now returned with the Turkish forces—to begin the work of murder. My informant was warned to escape by a neighbor who, while in the loft of his own house, heard a noise in the kitchen below, and was almost paralyzed with terror on seeing two Cossacks pillaging there. More dead than alive, he managed to leap from a small back window, and gave the alarm to Naumof. The screams of women were heard and flames were arising from burning houses as the two farmers fled together toward the mountains.

The agas and other Turkish notables

who had left their farms at the approach of the Russians now gratified their desire for vengeance by massacring their own Christian farm-laborers and tenants. They personally conducted soldiery to these farms, and enabled them to distinguish between Christian and Mussulman. In the town of Eski Zaghra, where thirty thousand Christians must have been gathered that evening, the number of murders amounted to more than ten thousand. The Christian quarter was fired, that the murderers might see to do their work and the miserable people saw themselves denounced by Turks who had been their neighbors for years. The wounded were despatched with hatchets and rude stone hammers in the hands of women. Schoolmistresses were sought out, arrested, and I need not dwell upon the sad fate which awaited them. Murder finally released them from a captivity which was ten-hundred-fold worse than death. Two beautiful young women, who had been highly educated and were the pride of the town, were murdered in the most revolting manner, and savagely mutilated afterward. The inhabitants of Guneli-Mahlesi, of Radni-Mahlesi, of Bech Tepé, of Guneli, of Baghdad-Mahlesi, populous farming communities, were nearly all in Eski Zaghra, and most of them perished there. On the day of this massacre I rode with Prince Musky and his staff from Gabrova to Selvi, as it was then supposed that the Turks were advancing toward the latter place from Loftcha, and at Selvi we heard plenty of tales of atrocities quite as awful as those which a few hours later were echoed from Eski Zaghra. The Bulgarians paid a terrible price for Gourko's unsupported advance into Roumelia.

The kaimakam of Eski Zaghra, the unparalleled effrontery two months

after the massacre to publish a statement which was sent out like a diplomatic circular, from Constantinople, and which announced that the Bulgarians had fallen upon and murdered hundreds of Mussulmans in the foulest manner. It is unnecessary to add that this statement had no foundation in fact.

That the Bulgarians were making an earnest effort to help themselves was visible during the last weeks of my desultory tour in their war-ravaged country. The Russian troops at that time were so few and so widely scattered that the Turks could readily have committed twice the havoc which they succeeded in doing. Indisposition to attack, but great bravery, persistence, and skill in defending a place which they had themselves occupied and fortified were the distinguishing features of the Turkish campaign on the Danube side of the Balkans at that particular period. Selvi, a threatened point, had not Russians enough in it to fight a small battalion until a Turkish occupation seemed imminent, when three or four thousand men were thrown hastily forward, leaving other important points uncovered. But at Selvi the Bulgarians were armed, roughly uniformed, had placed strips of white linen ornamented with the cross over the red skull-caps which they had worn under Turkish domination, and were scouring the country for bashibazouks and Circassians. The least rumor placed every man on the alert, and it was pleasant to see these men, who had been, in the estimation of the world, but cowering hinds for long centuries, suddenly asserting their right to independence.

Why should they not be independent? The Bulgarians have a history which will bear favorable comparison with that of many small nations who are much

louder in their claims for immediate attention—the Roumanians, for example. Sprung from a stout Finno-Ural tribe, which made its name and fame feared, and knocked at the gates of Constantinople more than once; which fixed the residence of its kings at a point near the heights on which the virgin Mussulman fortress of Shumla, “the tomb of the infidel,” stands to-day, and which finally merged with the Slavic race, adopting Christianity and the Slavic idiom at the same time,—the Bulgarian of the present has no occasion to be ashamed of his origin. In the struggles with Byzantium, both before and after the savage had become a Christian, and had established a rude literature, the Bulgarians appear to have had the advantage quite as often as the Greek emperors had. It is not a little curious that the first time the Russians, or people from the territory now Russian, entered Bulgaria, it was to aid Byzantium against the Finno-Bulgarian power in 963, and to fight a battle near Adrianople which enabled the Greek emperor to subjugate his formidable enemies. Then the Russian prince, who had brought down his forces to aid in punishing the Bulgarians, did not wish to leave the country, and the Greek emperor was compelled to drive him out. The history of the second and third Bulgarian dynasties—for the national life revived under a new form after two severe trials, during which its enemies fancied that they had crushed it,—the history of these dynasties is filled with records of alternate triumphs and humiliations. There is but one epoch in the annals of the Bulgarians when they seem to have leaned toward the Church of Rome, and that was in the days of Pope Innocent III, who sent legates to stir them up against the schismatic Greeks. The story of the

refusal of Baldwin I, Latin emperor of Constantinople, to aid the Bulgarians in their proposed campaign against these Greeks is familiar to students of history. Great misfortunes befell Baldwin because of this refusal, for the Bulgarians joined with the very Greeks whom Pope Innocent had excited them against, captured Baldwin and his army in a great fight at Adrianople, and finally put him to death with cruel tortures at Tirnova, where the tomb of the wretched monarch is still pointed out. Tirnova was long the residence of the Bulgarian czars, and was mercilessly sacked by the Turks when they took it in 1393. The Turk came into a section of Europe which was so divided between numerous nationalities, already exhausted by struggles against each other, that he had an easy task in subduing the Bulgarians.

One of the bugbears which the enthusiastic patriots who formed the league of "Young Bulgaria" fancied that they found in their way was a tendency on the part of their population to emigrate to Servia, and for a long time it was feared that nearly all the farmers would desert to the neighbor state. The Servians were naturally willing to take advantage of such a feeling, but now that Bulgaria has a chance for her autonomy, her farmers and artisans are not at all anxious to desert her. Thousands of stout fellows who have been in the habit of working in Hungary, Roumania, and Servia every summer and autumn will now devote their energies to building up homes for themselves in their native land. Bulgaria has rich soil, a people admirably adapted for highly intelligent agriculture and now it needs only roads, schools, and railways — in short, precisely that which it can never obtain under Turkish rule —

to facilitate its development into a strong state.

The assertion that the Turks have never used any portion of the money which they wring annually from the Christians in Bulgaria for improvements useful to the Bulgarians themselves is susceptible of proof. The road into Roumelia by way of Shipka was almost impassable for years, but one fine day the sultan wished to make a species of triumphal journey to Silistria, so the route was put in order. If any money were expended in public works, those works were sure to be of a military character, and did not profit the Christians a particle. Turkish authority has frequently prevented Bulgarians from making improvements even at their own expense, and any stranger proposing the introduction of commercial enterprise was pretty certain to suffer in some fashion.

The great abuses in taxation in this fertile province sprang out of a system planned with marvellous cunning. In the cities and large towns the collection of taxes was conducted with some show of fairness. Each community being divided into *mahalles*, or "quarters," in which Turks, Christians, and Jews lived by themselves, the "chief" of each quarter fixed the amount of the tax and collected it. But the unfortunate people in the villages and farmers in remote country districts were not allowed such favors as this. Numbers of districts were consolidated, and "sold out" by order of the government at public auction for a large sum. The people who paid this sum to the government were always Mussulmans, and exercised no mercy in collecting money, crops and stock, their reimbursement. They might collect fourfold the amount justly due — the

government would say nothing, having been paid. Or even if some authority were inclined to examine into the complaints of the wretched Bulgarians, a share of the ill-gotten gains of the plunderers soon stifled the official's meagre sense of justice. The peasant might become proprietor of land in various ways, although the whole country was recognized as being the personal property of the sultan. But whenever a pasha or an envious Turk wished to acquire a farm which a Bulgarian had been laboriously developing for years, he had but to signify his wish, and for a small sum the farmer was compelled to see the fruit of his labor pass into the hands of another. This proceeding had become so common in Bulgaria during the last few years as to have excited numerous indignant remonstrances from Europeans inhabiting the country. In time of war there was no end to oppression by the Turks. It might literally be said that Christians had no rights, and that if they had possessed any they would not have been respected.

All these things may be spoken of as in the past, for it is reasonably certain that the Bulgarians will never again submit to Turkish taxation. When I left Gabrova a blonde-headed Russian who had come directly from a Central Asian campaign to aid in transforming Bulgaria was equipping trustworthy peasants with guns and badges, and delegating to them authority as police-agents in the various villages in the neighborhood. Life and property were soon to become safe in a region where Christians had not heretofore known the blessings of the security which is the fruit of just and unexecuted law. The Russians were as methodical and earnest in their labors as if they intended to fix Muscovite power for ages in the country, and it

was difficult to understand that they intended to withdraw after the conclusion of a satisfactory peace.

From Selvi I went forward in the direction of Loftcha, but found that Prince Mursky had ordered the troops to go into intrenchments, which indicated a delay of many days before active operations were likely to begin. As I rode across country through dozens of Mussulman villages, some of which contained as many as eight thousand inhabitants, alarms were frequent, but generally causeless. In a Christian village, set down oddly enough in the very centre of a district inhabited almost entirely by followers of the Prophet, I found the whole population under arms and in a state of intense excitement because of the rumor that a large force of Turks had been seen in the adjacent mountains. The chief of the village had caused the arrest of two travelling peasants supposed to be spies, and the visages of these worthies as they sat upon the ground waiting until the villagers could find time to shoot them were not pleasant to contemplate. The madman of the hamlet had felt it his duty to join in the affray, and as I rode up he came caracoling and gambolling out of a field, stark naked, with his head crowned with straw and wild-flowers, and chattering as fiercely as an enraged ape. The insane are allowed to wander thus unmolested in Bulgaria, as in some parts of Spain. I have rarely seen a figure at once so picturesque and terrible as this miserable creature.

The Turkish villagers were civil enough, probably because strong detachments of Russian troops occasionally passed over the road, although in my ride of sixty miles I saw only one officer and four Cossacks. Several collections of bashi-bazouks, guarded by

the newly-organized Christian police, passed me, their hands tied behind their backs and their faces testifying to a proud disdain. Their gayly-colored garments were tattered, and their ample collections of weapons, carried in carts behind the processions of prisoners, indicated that a general raid upon this murderous gentry had been organized. Most of the villagers disclaimed any knowledge of their movements, and hastened to give us proofs of their good-will by offering us water and fruit and by saying pleasant things. Their superb corn, such as one sees elsewhere only in America, had been left untouched by the Russians, but the watermelons and pumpkins had all vanished from the crawling vines, the soldier finding the temptation greater than he could resist.

I arrived near Tinnova in the middle of the night, and while my horse was

slowly picking his way across the pretty range of hills which hem in the Yantia, a gray-coated sentinel started out from the bushes near a smouldering watch-fire and bade me halt. The "Sior"—"Yanis" given in return did not seem to satisfy him, but after a careful examination I was allowed to pass on down into the valley between odoriferous thickets from which thousands of fire-flies sent forth their fitful gleams, down to a plateau whence I could see the lights of Tinnova, like myriads of stars hovering close to earth, down to the camp, whence came up the old Homeric hum so impressive after the stillness of the country, the paths and the forests over and through which I had just passed.

Meantime the great battle which had been fought near Plevna had checked the advance of the Russians. They proposed, but Osman Pasha disposed

CHAPTER EIGHTY-NINE

Plevna and its Influence on the Russian Campaign — The Roumanian — Then Valor in the Field. — Osman Pasha — The Descent of Skobelev — Across the Balkans — The Descent Upon Constantinople — Hostility of England to Russian Designs — The Berlin Congress — Its Result — The Partition of South-Eastern Europe

THE picturesque and heroic incidents of the Russo-Turkish war are still too fresh in the minds of all to require a detailed recital here. After the appearance of Suleiman Pasha upon the scene it seemed as if the tide had begun to turn against the crusading Russians. The taking of Loftcha by the Turks, the march of Gen. Gourko to Yenizaghra and the capture of the town, the defeat of the newly-organized Bulgarian Legion at Eski-Zaghra, the retreat of Gourko to the northern side of the Balkans, the fortification of the Shipka and the Hankoi Passes, the terrible atrocities committed by the Turks upon the helpless Russian wounded, the sudden development of a formidable military force out of the heretofore derided and underestimated Roumanian army, the siege of Plevna, with its fearful losses and its protracted miseries, — all these things rang throughout Europe, and had their echoes in America. The Russians had already begun to exercise their sovereignty in Bulgaria, had proclaimed laws exempting the Christians from odious taxes, had abolished tithes, and were gradually substituting themselves for the Turkish authorities, when the severe check in front of Plevna changed the whole character of the campaign. It is said that the loss of the Russians in killed, wounded, sick, and prisoners, during the actions of the 19th, 20th, and

21st of July, and in the great battle of the 31st before Plevna, amounted to more than ten thousand men. The heroic Gen. Skobelev — one of the few men of genius in the Russian army — did prodigies of valor in these fights, but all in vain.

The critics who say that the Russians had, in their descent into Bulgaria, believed that the Turks would offer only a slight resistance, are quite correct. The Russians crossed the Danube with insufficient forces, and during all the early weeks of the campaign they saw so few Turks and encountered so little opposition that they fancied they could go straight to the gates of Constantinople without more than an occasional skirmish. Plevna was not only a great surprise, it was a veritable disaster. The consternation in Roumania was frightful after the news of the defeat of the Russians, but this news had for its effect the awakening of the valiant Roumanian people into an energy which they had not even suspected themselves of possessing. When it looked as if the Russians were about to be annihilated, that the forces in Bulgaria would be cut off from the Danube, and that the Turks would cross the historic stream and invade the principalities which had so long been independent of them, the Roumanian government rose to the emergency. But the Russians sat quietly down and took the defensive, and sent

home for one hundred thousand men, who were soon on their way. The positions in front of Plevna were strongly fortified and aimed with artillery, companies of cavalry were dispatched on independent expeditions, with the view of blocking the passes through the Balkans, and the Russians were greatly encouraged by the failure of the Turks to assume the offensive in any important degree. Meantime the emperor of Russia lived in the most unostentatious manner in the little village of Gozny Studen, suffering privation and discomfort with that excellent temper and entire lack of affectation which characterized the man Suleiman Pasha, thundering at the gates of Shipka, attempted in vain to dispossess the Russians of their hold on the Balkans, making upwards of one hundred distinct attacks in less than seven days. When the month of August closed, in 1877, the fortunes of the Russians had improved. They rallied from the check received at Plevna, they held their own at the Balkans, reinforcements were appearing, and new operations were resumed with vigor. The Russo-Roumanian army, commanded by Prince Charles, of Roumania, now sat down before the important position at Plevna, and sustained a furious attack by Osman Pasha on the last day of August. This was one of the most sanguinary combats of the campaign. The Russians and Roumanians both fought with desperate valor, and Osman, who had expected to drive the enemy from all his positions, was compelled to admit his complete failure.

The September combats in front of Plevna are famous, and reflect the greatest credit on the courage of Turks, Roumanians and Russians. Rarely in the history of the century have there

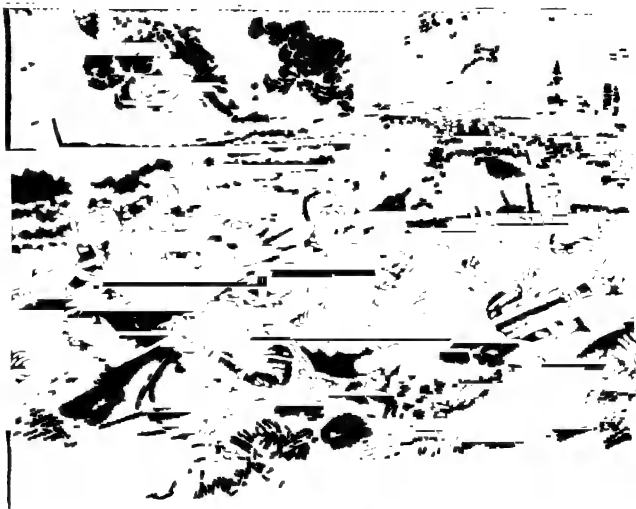
been such obstinate and well disputed fields. Osman Pasha had succeeded, since the occupation of Plevna in July, in turning a simple village into an elaborate fortress, bustling with redoubts and trenches. The Russian wave swept up from time to time against these formidable defences, only to be swept back again. Skobelev wore out his heart in heroic, but always reckless endeavors, to break the Turkish lines. On the 11th of September there was a great Russian attack on Plevna. A temporary success was, however, followed by an ultimate defeat of Kriloff's and Kludener's divisions. This "battle in the mists" was described by an eye-witness as one of the most thrilling and terrible of the whole campaign. "Along the course of the Radzovo range," wrote the brilliant and courageous Mr. MacGahan, — who was destined not to survive the fatiguing campaign, but to die in a hospital at Constantinople, — "the Russian guns could be perceived at work with figures sitting round them, dimly seen through the smoke, strangely magnified by the intervention of the fog, until the gunners appeared like giants, and the guns themselves, enlarged and distorted by the same medium, seemed like huge, uncouth monsters from whose throats at every instant leaped forth globes of flame. There were moments when these flashes seemed to light up everything around them, then the guns and gunners appeared for an instant with fearful distinctness, red and lurid, as if tinged with blood. Then they sank back again into shadowy indistinctness. The uproar of the battle rose and until it became fearful to hear the continuous roar of an angry sea against a rock-bound coast, combined with that of a thunder-storm, the strange, unearthly sounds of

board a ship when laboring in a gale " In the contest of this day General Skobelev's splendid fighting added new lustre to his already phenomenal reputation. No obstacle seemed to daunt him, nothing could frighten him. Even after the Russians had fallen away from the terrific fire of the Turkish redoubt

Skobelev rallied the stragglers and carried them forward into the very enemy's lines, his own sword was cut in two in the middle, while he was leaping a ditch, his horse shot dead underneath him, and he rolled into the ditch, but springing to his feet with a shout, and finally led the mass of men over the ditch, scarp and counterscarp and parapet, and into the redoubt.

This little affair cost Skobelev two thousand men killed and wounded, or one-quarter of his whole attacking force. The wonderful manner in which he escaped all harm confirmed the belief amongst his men that he bore a charmed life. On the afternoon of the 12th he was compelled to suffer defeat. The redoubt which he won at such terrible cost was deserted by the Russians in the presence of an overwhelming force brought to bear against them, and Skobelev came out of the final fight with his clothes covered with mud and filth, his

sword broken, his decorations twisted on his shoulders, his face black with powder and smoke, his eyes bloodshot, and his voice broken. When asked the reason of the disaster, he said no reinforcements had been sent him, and added, "I blame nobody, it was the will of God." The Roumanians had meantime taken



EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA

and held the redoubt, but the attack on Plevna, as a whole, was a disastrous failure. This attack had cost, in a few days of fighting, twenty thousand men. The Roumanian army had no surgical arrangements, and the wounded were left to die for the want of ministering hands. The Russian medical and sanitary staffs were quite inefficient in presence of this tremendous drain upon them, and the soldiers looked forward to the horrors of a winter campaign with shuddering fear. The dead left neglected on the battlefields were mutilated by the Turkish

with one hundred and thirty-two guns, and in these are included the army of Osman Pasha taken by the Russians, and in addition to these were about four thousand irregulars, who did most of the mutilating and slaughter of the wounded. The Turkish forces in the Balkans amounted to twenty-two thousand men, with seventy-six guns, a number of *moutais*, and a horde of fanatical irregulars, and, finally, one hundred and thirty-five thousand men in the Quadrilateral and the Dobrudscha, with three hundred and eighty-six guns, and fully sixty thousand irregulars.

By this time English opinion was greatly excited against Russia, and prophecies were constantly made in Great Britain that the Russians would never succeed in getting over the Balkans and on their way to the fertile slopes of Roumelia, although they had seemingly broken the strongest resistance to their advance upon the Turkish capital.

Plevna fell on the 9th of December, 1877. The Russians had been victorious in Asia. Suleiman Pasha had received a severe defeat in his assault on the lines of the Czarevitch, and there was great consternation in the Turkish capital. The new Sultan went through the ruse of opening the Turkish Parliament, gave an address from the throne as if he had been a veritable constitutional sovereign, indulged in moderate language about the revolt of his provinces, and indicated his disbelief that they would succeed in permanently wresting themselves from his grasp. Meantime the Serbians had again taken up arms and were vigorously pushing the disheartened and ~~defeated~~ Turkish forces along their frontiers. Europe was indisposed to ~~favor~~ the preservation of ~~the~~ ~~Empire~~, although England used her best

interests to secure such mediation. The Czar of Russia returned through Bucharest, where he had a most imposing reception, and through the cities of Southern Russia to St. Petersburg, where, in the great Kazan Cathedral, he was received by the Metropolitan, and stood before the Grand Altar to give thanks for the victory which seemed likely to liberate the Slavs. Imposing ceremonies lasted several days. The Emperor commemorated the centennial of the birth of his uncle, Alexander I, and made a pilgrimage among the tombs of his ancestors, kissing the marble of each shrine. Commemorative medals, struck for the occasion, were laid upon the tombs. All Russia was in joy. Prince Gortschakoff remarked that if England wanted war she would have to declare it, and if she wanted peace she would have to wait for it — coarse and frosty definition of the situation at that time, which would, perhaps, have served admirably for a description of the situation in the spring of 1883.

The winter campaign of the Russians in the Balkans and across them was a memorable feat of arms. The terrible snow-storms, the breaking of the pontoon-bridges over the Danube, — which were the only connection that the Russians had with their base of supplies, — the inefficiency of the transport system, the difficulties of marching thousands of shivering Turkish prisoners onward and across the great plains, the destitution which followed in Russia as a natural consequence of the great sacrifice for the prosecution of the war, — all these gave much hope to the enemies of Russia, who had now set themselves vigorously to work to prevent the northern power from reaping the reward of her energy and bravery. General Gouko's advance over the Balkans, his descent on

the southern side, the surprise and the discouragement of the Turks, — all these things have been ably chronicled by the brilliant correspondents who accompanied the expedition, by men like Mallet and MacGahan. General Gourko swept down upon the town of Sophia, where he was met by thousands of citizens led by priests with banners, crucifixes, and lanterns. One of the priests carried a salver with bread and salt. For the first time since 1434 a Christian army was within the walls of the ancient town. Orders had been sent from Constantinople to burn Sophia and to blow up the mosques; but this order was not heeded. Nor was there time to execute such orders. Meantime the Servians were successful. The frontier town of Nisch surrendered. Gen. Gourko renewed his advance towards Constantinople. Philippopolis was abandoned. — Philippopolis, which might have been occupied in August of 1877 if the Russians had been in force to crush the intruding Osman Pasha when he first appeared at Plevna.

The heroic valor of Fuad Pasha was of little avail, the Turkish army under his command was defeated and dispersed. At the same time through the Shipka Pass came Gen. Radetzky, Suleiman Pasha's army was annihilated, and there were proposals for an armistice. Greece was agitated, there was an insurrection in Thessaly, European Turkey was disappearing like "the baseless fabric of a vision." Adrianople was next abandoned by the Turks, and, while peace negotiations dragged slowly forward, the Russians went with confident and swift step to the gates of the Turkish capital. Turkish troops were concentrated at Galipoli, the Servians and Montenegrins, grown bolder, won numerous victories. Turkey in Europe was no longer anything

but an edifice riddled with bullets, incapable of defense.

At this juncture England threw her shadow across the Russian advance. An Englishman of talent, Baker Pasha, was openly aiding scattered remnants of Suleiman's army in such resistance as they were in condition to make. The British Parliament was wild with excitement, and £6,000,000 sterling was voted as a possible war credit by an enthusiastic majority. The Conservative party clearly defined its policy of at all hazards preventing Russia occupying Constantinople, and of undoing, so far as possible the results of her crusade. Turkey was not to be destroyed, the "sick man" of Europe was to be preserved from his impending dissolution. London was stormy with rumors of war, the Jingo faction sang songs, and besmudged Mr. Gladstone with indecent refractions in music-halls. An armistice was concluded, but the Russians continued their advance, and set up a claim to take back the portion of Bessarabia ceded to Moldavia in 1856, — a claim which greatly dissatisfied their Roumanian allies. Turkey was evidently powerless in Russia's hands, and it was then that the English determined to send a British fleet to the Dardanelles, to force a passage there if necessary, and to anchor their ships in sight of Constantinople.

When the Russians heard that the British were about to send a detachment of the Mediterranean fleet to afford protection, in case of need, to English subjects residing in that city, they announced that for precisely the same object they had in view the entry into Constantinople of part of their troops. Needless to say that this Russian suggestion was received with great disfavor in England, and that it strengthened the war party's hands in that country.

Presently the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as commander of the Russian armies, was removed from Adrianople to San Stefano, where the Russians were only twelve miles from the Turkish capital, on the Sea of Marmora, and where it was proposed to consult as to the signature of the treaty of peace. General Ignatieff, the able Russian ambassador to the Porte, who had had complete power over the untol-

in the south east of Europe was extreme "If," says a recent writer, "the treaty of San Stefano had been allowed to stand, the next step in the southward march of Russia—namely, the acquisition of Constantinople—would have been even more facile than it is now. So easy and certain, indeed, that Russia could well have afforded to wait until, in a generation or two, the step could be taken with much less fear of awakening



SIGNING THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO

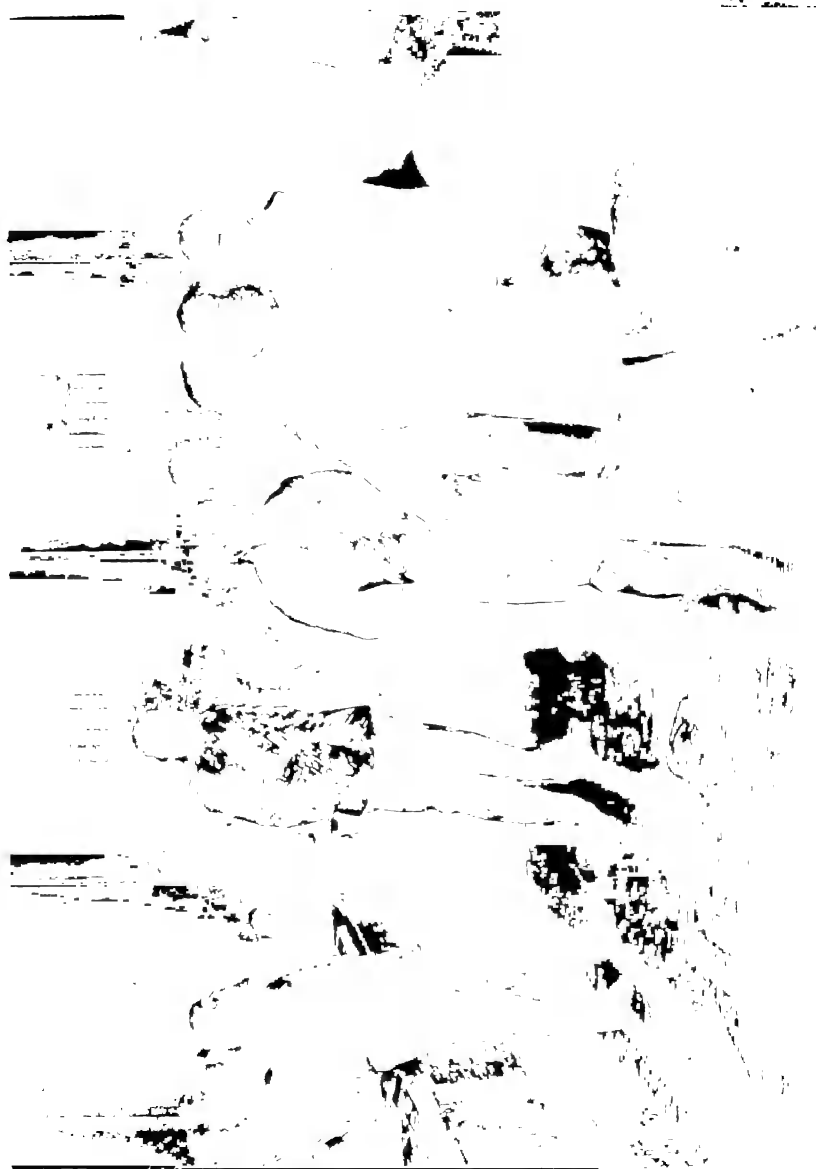
fortunate Sultan Abdul Aziz, was the principal Russian agent for the negotiation of the treaty. The arrival of the Russians in San Stefano was intended as a counter demonstration to the presence of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora. Peace was signed on the 3d of March, 1878, in a little valley by the sea-side,—a valley from which the dome of the ancient mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, could be seen. The excitement in England over this consecration of the victories of Russia

European fears or exciting their jealousy. No wonder so sweeping a revolution as that effected by the treaty of San Stefano fell like a thunderbolt on the nations, and caused a feeling of general distrust. With blood-dropping sword and battered harness the gigantic figure of Muscovy stood over the prostrate and gasping Turk, but in the distance, behind the dispersing mists of war, stood the Powers of Europe which had an interest in the final settlement, and chief amongst them the enormous force of England."

The Berlin Congress grew out of this influence of England, whose conservative forces were so ably marshalled by Beaconsfield, but the proposition that the Congress should meet in Berlin came from Austria. Lord Beaconsfield had determined to call out the English reserves, warlike preparations were abundant throughout Great Britain, but more difficulty was found in mobilizing an efficient army of a size competent to cope with the great forces afield on the borders of the Orient. The English claimed that they could, within three months, or a shorter time, if necessary, despatch from their shores an army of one hundred thousand men in the highest state of efficiency. "The facility with which we can shift our base and move at pleasure by sea," said the *Times*, "at least doubles the military power of England." Despite the signature of peace, the Turks were unanimous in their desire to renew the war with Russia, and the course adopted by England in bringing up from India large masses of native troops greatly encouraged the Turks in their hope of a revival of hostilities. In Germany and in Austro-Hungary there was a decided anti-Russian feeling. It was said that the Russians were establishing a theoretical despotism in Bulgaria, Roumania itself protested against the treaty of San Stefano, and even appealed to the English government to be allowed representation at the Berlin Congress. At last this Congress met in the capital to which the political power had been transferred from Paris as the result of the great German military victories. The French haughtily held aloof, chagrined and annoyed at the manifestation of their secular enemy's power in Europe. Lord Beaconsfield arrived in Berlin early in June of 1878, and was received with great honors.

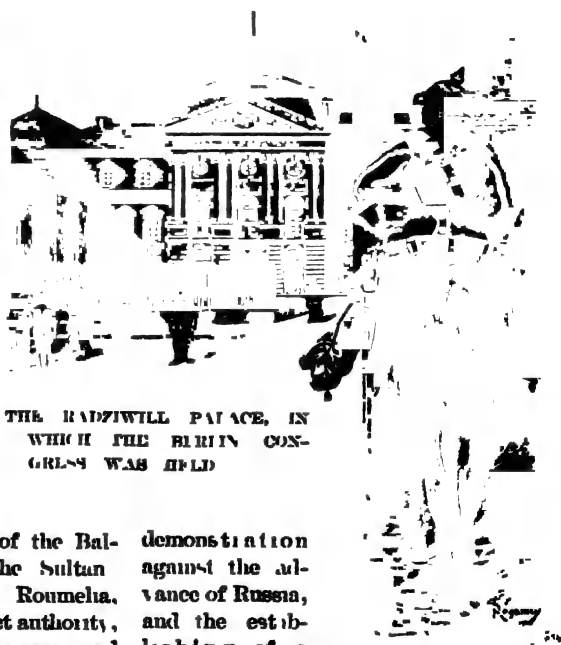
Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Turkey had sent plenipotentiaries to be seated round a green table in the Radziwill Palace, which was at that time occupied by Prince Bismarck. Representatives of Greece, Roumania, and Servia waited at the doors of Congress, in the hope that they might lay their claim before this diplomatic parliament. The Jews had sent an important delegation to plead their cause. The three great Premiers of Europe—Bismarck, Gortschakoff, and Beaconsfield—were each at that time suffering from severe indisposition. Gortschakoff was crippled with gout, Bismarck had just risen from a sick-bed, where he was placed from exhaustion from overwork, and Beaconsfield was obliged to repose every hour in which he was not engaged in the deliberations of the Congress. On the 13th of June, 1878, this distinguished body met, and proceeded with its work of putting back the hands of the Russian clock. A diplomatic Congress in Europe is a battleground in which fierce jealousies, unrelenting hatred, and petty prejudices rage without much restraint, although the pliancy employed is of the most delicate and courteous nature.

In the Congress Prince Gortschakoff brought out clearly the position of the Christian races in Turkey, explained the antagonism of the Greeks and the Slavs, and the limit of Bulgaria. Beaconsfield unfolded his policy of checkmating Russia, the Austrian designs on Bosnia and Herzegovina were set forth; the independence of Servia was confirmed, the Russian conquests in Asia were considered, and the treaty of San Stefano thoroughly overhauled. The dexterous hand of Prince Bismarck was more than once interposed with marked advantage to the harmonious working of the con-



ference. The alterations in European Turkey effected by the treaty, which was the outcome of the Berlin Congress, were not so great as those intended by the treaty of San Stefano, but were enormous, and had for their substantial result the banishment of the Turk, who had grown tired of the lands he so long misgoverned. To-day he has but a slender foothold in Constantinople, and is menaced even in his possession of this historic capital. Lord Beaconsfield and his followers claimed that the treaty of Berlin placed the Turkish empire in a position of independence, but this is altogether too much to claim for it. It did indeed protect what little was left of the Turkish Empire in Europe, but that was so little as to be scarcely worth preserving. The modifications of the San Stefano treaty were, however, numerous. The new treaty divided the so-called Bulgaria into two provinces, — one to the north of the Balkans being tributary to the Sultan, one to the south, Eastern Roumelia, to be under the Sultan's direct authority, but with administrative autonomy, and with a Christian governor-general. The Berlin treaty reduced the stay of the Russian army in European Turkey from two years to nine months, and gave to Roumania as compensation for the part of Bessarabia, — of which Russia had demanded the return, — a greater amount of territory south of the Danube than had been given by the San Stefano treaty. It kept for Turkey the northern

shores of the *Ægean*. On the other hand it gave Austria permission to occupy Bosnia, and gave her command over Montenegro, thus affording a new protection against the Turk to the heroic little country. In short, by the Berlin Congress England had made a substantial



THE RADZIWILL PALACE, IN WHICH THE BERLIN CONGRESS WAS HELD

demonstration against the advance of Russia, and the establishing of a southern Slavic empire, but had raised no unpassable barriers against the Russian advance. Perhaps a less "imperial" policy on the part of Lord Beaconsfield and his followers, — a policy which should have allowed Russia free scope for her perfectly justifiable advance in eastern Europe, — might have induced the Emperor of the North not to

CONSLAVIHOPE AND THE ISLANDS



have made such gigantic strides in the direction of the Indian frontier, but Lord Beaconsfield wanted to undertake a task for which he would have needed seven times the military resources at his command. He wished to get complete control in Afghanistan, to make the north-west frontier of India impregnable against the Russians, while at the same time he prevented Russia from securing her coveted outlets in the south, and from protecting her kindred in the south-east of Europe. What he succeeded in doing was in strengthening Russian hostility to England.



PALACE OF THE SULTAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE

and increasing Russian determination to wrest from England complete assent to a policy of assimilation, if not absorption, in south-eastern Europe. To-day Russia is hammering at the Afghan gates for apparently no other reason than to show England that she must be conciliatory, or submit to a sudden and powerful assault upon her Indian frontier.

It is not our purpose here to enter into a detailed account of the progress of Turkey since the severe blow which it has received from the numerous insurrections in south-eastern Europe, covering a period from 1875 to 1878. Lamartine said long ago of the Turk that he was only encamped in Europe,

and this is as true now as it was when the brilliant Frenchman said it. The Turkish empire, with its innumerable traditions, with its religious formulas and its fanaticism, its lust of conquest and its rapacity and injustice in dealing with subjugated provinces, will remain in history as a warning to civilized powers not to degenerate into tyrants. Its rôle in Europe is practically at an end, and this is a sufficient gain for the

moment. The enthusiastic Slavs, who say that out of the two hundred and eighty million inhabitants of Europe there are eighty-six millions of their own nationality; that they are more numerous than the Germanic race, and occupy a wider space in Europe than both the Germanic and Latin races, doubtless hoped that out of recent events would

be born the unification of their various branches, and that to a mighty Slavic empire would be given the preponderance of power. But this is a dream which will not be realized for many long years to come. Germany and Italy have been unified, but the Slavs must wait. Before they can be merged in one great nation, Austria must have disappeared, Russia must have given evidence of a resistless military force which she does not yet appear to possess, and Germany must have given her consent to the unification, or have been forced to accord it. The face of south-eastern Europe has been changed. Out of small and subjugated

principalities have come almost independent and energetic kingdoms and provinces. The march of enterprise is visible in the now fertile fields and the noble forests along the great streams, and in the mountain passes, where it had not been seen for four hundred years. One of the richest, most fertile, beautiful, and enchanting portions of Europe, which had been lying in ruins and in neglect since the battle of Kosovo, has now, within a period of ten

years, been open to all the influences of civilization, and the effect upon the whole European community of the vast changes in this section cannot fail to be very great. It is not dangerous to prophesy that in some of the new storms that are soon to sweep over Europe the standard of the Crescent will recede from Constantinople, and will disappear into those Asiatic recesses out of which it came.

CHAPTER NINETY

Munich in its Stony Plain by the Isar — The Cold Greek Architecture of the Bavarian Capital — The Monarchs of Bavaria — The Present King Louis — An Eccentric Sovereign — Wagner and Bayreuth — Gambinus in Munich

BERLIN," says M. Victor Tissot, "is in the midst of a desert of sand. Munich stands in the centre of a stony plain, which seems to express only the sharpest and the most brutal things." M. Tissot went into Germany with a determination to see merely the unfavorable side of things, but he has told the truth with regard to the situation of two of the great German cities.

Munich is a part of new Europe, for all that makes it specially attractive to the traveller has been placed on the above-mentioned stony plain within the last hundred years. The showy and pretentious edifices, often classical and refined enough in architecture, seem to shiver in the cold and inhospitable atmosphere of the vast expanse at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. In certain old quarters of Munich may still be found the quaintness and picturesque charm so characteristic of the elder German towns, and one is inclined to turn to these nooks and by-streets rather than to the sham splendors which ambitious monarchs have heaped together, with more reference to quantity than to quality.

There are views on the banks of the rapidly rolling Isar which are striking, and it is but a short journey from Munich into the wonders of the Bavarian mountain regions. The great Ludwigstrasse, or the street of palaces which the faithful people named after its capricious

monarch, Louis, is, when first seen, quite imposing. Here is the "Hall of Generals," a lodge in the Italian style, with niches adorned with statues, the great Gate of Victory, with bronze statues and reliefs; a church which contains the royal tombs, equestrian statues, the war-office, the stately library with its beautiful statues, and here and there are handsome churches, always in the Italian style.

The Germans of the south were ambitious of creating a new Athens at Munich, and Louis I., of Bavaria, deserves the thanks of his generation for having grouped about him a great number of clever painters, who were perhaps a little too willing to glorify the modest triumphs of this Teutonic sovereign. Greece and Egypt have both contributed to the glorification of Munich. The visitor looks with astonishment upon a palace richly ornate with porticos and Tuscan columns, and is told that this is the post-office. The Royal Theatre has a Corinthian peristyle, and is adorned with frescos which depict Apollo in the midst of the Muses' nine. A colossal museum, overlaid with decoration, frescos, and statues, and called the Maximilianeum, is well stocked with good paintings.

The people of Munich are very proud of their city, and are a little inclined, like the worthy citizens of some of the western capitals, to gauge their pride by the amount of money which their edifices

cost. The Bavarian bigher may even be heard saying, "Such and such a palace is splendid, it cost an enormous sum."

In what M. Tissot rather satirically calls the "Hellenic section" of Munich stands the Propylæa, a superb gate-way, imitated from that of the Acropolis at Athens, and erected at the time when Louis I was indulging in fantastic visions of the union of Greece and Bavaria. This monument was intended to celebrate the war during which the Greeks threw off the Turkish yoke, and called to the throne King Otho I, founder of the Græco-Bavarian dynasty. As fate would have it, the day after the inauguration of the celebration of this gate-way the ex-monarch of Greece came home to his native city of Munich to remain there.

The museums known as the old and new Pinakotheks and the Glyptothek contain fine collections, which would have appeared to vastly better advantage had they both been united in one splendid structure, and one cannot help wondering why the Bavarians cannot call them by German rather than by Grecian titles. Outside the city, in what is known as the Hall of Fame, stands a colossal statue of Bavaria, nearly seventy feet high, and climbing up into the head of this monster one may look out through the vast apertures, which serve as eyes, over the city, the plain, and its environing mountains. Munich looks unreal and unsubstantial, and as if a great wind sweeping down from the Alps might blow it away.

Stories of the old King Louis of Bavaria, father of the present sovereign, are so well known that I shall not attempt to relate them anew. His artistic and literary ambitions have been imitated by his son, who

is eccentric in a high degree, yet who is immensely popular among his people. The anniversary of his birthday is celebrated with loyal effusion and infinite beer and fireworks, and the invading centralization of northern Germany does not seem likely to do away with the fondness for the Bavarian royal family. The present King Louis is of delicate temperament, and it is said that his moody and exalted condition is due to a disappointment in love when he was but a youth. This story does not appear to have been contradicted.

The King's ruling passion at present is music, to which he devotes himself with all the ardor of a great composer. He is, I believe, the only monarch in Europe who has a whole operatic performance given for himself alone. He believes in enjoying to the full the privileges of a king, and esteems it necessary that he should be screened from the gaze of the common herd whenever it pleases him to be so, no matter how much this may annoy his subjects or what money it may cost them. Now and then he arrives, late at night, and without warning to any of his servants, at one of his many fantastic palaces in some pretty nook in the mountains or by a pleasant lake. In his train are musicians, singers, painters, and poets. A little intellectual court is organized *fêtes* are held, and, just as the inhabitants of the locality are beginning to congratulate themselves on the presence of their sovereign, he whisks himself off with all the swiftness of a prince in a fairy-tale. He has long ago given up dreams of any political rôle in southern Germany, yet, unlike the King of Württemberg, he has not, in effacing his own importance before that of the dominating Prussian influence, run the risk of losing the respect of his people. When his ministers annoy him

with stones of what he must or must not do he takes to the mountains and leaves them in the lurch. On one occasion, in 1873, in order to escape them, he trotted off through the Tyrol, and the ministers caught his royal skirts just as he was disappearing into Italy.

It is said of him that when a pale-faced ambassador brought to him the news that the Prussians were in Nuremberg, and would soon march upon Munich, the King, who was in costume as one of the heroes of a Wagnerian libretto, showed but little agitation, and when the ambassador had departed sat down at his piano as tranquilly as if nothing had happened.

The King of Bavaria was so fond of Wagner that he could refuse him nothing. On one occasion Wagner asked the King to tear down a whole quarter of the city, and build in its place a vast amphitheatre which would hold fifty thousand spectators; and King Louis was about to grant the request when a practical subject put into his head the question of expense, and suggested that to raise the money would wreck the treasury of the kingdom. Without a monarch like Louis II., of Bavaria, a composer like Richard Wagner would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to carry out his grandiose conceptions. The great musical theatre of Bayreuth, with its scenic and orchestral effects, could scarcely have been created in northern Germany. The old Emperor of Germany, it is said, contributed but three hundred thalers to the Wagner Theatre, while the Viceroy of Egypt alone gave five thousand, but the royal treasury of Bavaria furnished the greater part of the funds. The King was delighted with the idea of having a musical Mecca established within his territory, and so soon as Wagner, who disliked Munich, and detested the citizens of Munich, because

they criticised the King's generosity to him, had chosen Bayreuth as his residence, King Louis was willing to build him whatsoever he wished.

Thither came the great artists from Vienna, and there Hans Richter, who has since become so famous in London with his orchestra of a hundred musicians, picked from all the musical theatres of Germany, brought forth the master's weird and mystical allegories, and paraded before the eyes of the most sceptical people in the world the gods and goddesses of then banished Pagan mythology. It was not Louis II. during Wagner's lifetime, who held court at Bayreuth; it was Wagner himself, and none more sincerely mourned for the great composer, when he finished his laborious and agitated life in the calm seclusion of Venice, than did the youthful ruler of Bavaria.

There is one monarch who stands quite as high in the affections of the populace of Munich as King Louis, and that is the venerable Gambinus, to whose court all classes daily repair. The breweries of Munich are renowned throughout Europe, and the drinking-halls connected with them offer a very curious spectacle when night has closed down over the capital. In Munich there is in the evening none of the exuberant gayety and vivacity of the Paris streets, but there is plenty of wassail within the walls, and deep drinking is one of the principal pastimes, especially of the middle and lower classes. The Hof-Brau, or Royal Brewery, is the most popular resort in Munich. The citizens sometimes laughingly observe that the Bavarian court has long drawn the chief of its revenues from the gratification of the nation's thirst. In former days the court received a very handsome annual sum from the privilege of supplying the rich city of Augsburg with water, and to-day it

gets from the royal brewery a splendid yearly income

In the sombre and ill-lighted halls of the brewery after nightfall the stranger can almost fancy that he has been transported backwards into the Middle Ages. In one corner of the hall, and near the court-yard, through which stout serving-men, clad in leather, are constantly rolling fresh hogsheads, stands a huge *gendarme*, resplendent in a brazen helmet and wearing immaculate white gloves and a handsome sabre. This is the representative of the royal authority, and he looks unmoved upon the guzzling throng which now and then becomes boisterous, but is quieted by the simple intimation of the presence of authority.

Around this splendid *gendarme's* feet run rivers of beer, from the overflowing stone mugs which the careless drinkers come to fill for themselves. From time to time bright-faced servant guls make the rounds of the tables, and collect from each drinker the money due from him. Hundreds upon hundreds of the working-people bring their meals to this place, and eat them there while they drink the royal beer. And what things the populace of Munich eats! Nameless things, pretexts for eating, the French, the English, or the Americans would call them: sausages and cold meats unknown in other climes, black bread, and strange composites of cabbage and onions,—the prime requisite with the Munich man of the people being that his stomach should be filled, it matters little with what kind of solid food. But he is vastly particular in his cups, and a lowering of the quality of the royal beer would breed a revolution in Munich more quickly than any tyrannical measure of taxation.

In October, during the great festival which lasts six days and six nights, all Munich devotes itself to the first glasses

of the winter beer, and celebrates the new brewing with as much joy and ceremony as it would use in saluting the advent of a new prince. It is said that during one of the October festivals in Munich nine hundred thousand bottles of beer—a bottle holding more than a quart—were consumed daily by the thirsty throng. The ordinary *stein*, or stone mug, in use in the royal brewery, holds much more than a quart of still cold beer, and is enough quite to turn the head of a stranger accustomed to moderation in drink.

In the towns the Bavarian populations are sceptical, although great outward attention is paid to all the Catholic forms of religion. In the mountain regions the Catholicism is as deep and earnest, as firmly engrafted in the manners of the people as it was five or six centuries ago, and the gentle wood-cutters of the pretty mountain district in which stands the village of Ober-Ammergau have called the attention of the whole world to their devotion by the periodical production of the Passion Play. The war in 1870 interfered to prevent the representation of the Mystery Play in that year, but in 1871 the wood-carvers, who had done good service in the army, were back again in their homes and gave the Bible story with their usual realistic power. In 1881 the play was again presented, and so every ten years will be given to the world, in solemn fulfilment of the vow made by the peasants of Ober-Ammergau long ago, in the hope that their devotion might save them from the pestilence which had shown its hideous face in their smiling valley.

The representation of 1881 was in many respects more striking than any which had preceded it at Ober-Ammergau during this century, and I have set down my own impressions of it in the following chapter.

CHAPTER NINETY-ONE

The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau — The Theatre of the Passion — Old Minster Plays — The Chorus at Ober-Ammergau — Bavarian Wood-carvers as Actors — The Personator of the Saviour — Carphas — The Figures of Peter and Judas. — The Women Interpreters of the Passion — The Deputie from Bethany, and the Last Supper — Comments of a Distinguished American Actor — The Seemg and the Crown of Thorns — The Deputie of Judas — Effective Portrayal of the Judgment and Crucifixion — A Beautiful, Holy, and Noble Dramatic Sketch of the Most Wonderful Life and Death

THE rain was falling when we awoke, on a September morning, in Ober-Ammergau, and the sky indicated that settled weather could not be expected. But fortunately we were provided with covered seats in the theatre, and could therefore afford to smile at the clouds. We looked at the clock, and found that it was seven. A neat-handed maiden served us with a light breakfast, and at this early hour she had to hasten away to the theatre, where she was to appear as "one of the crowd" in an early scene. By the time breakfast was over the rain had ceased, but the clouds threatened to give us more of it at any moment. We took our umbrellas and tramped across the meadows to the village street, and thence to the theatre.

The Crown Prince was there before us, and the crowds were saluting him with shouts of "Hoch! Hoch!" sent up at regular intervals, and somewhat as if they had been told to do it just so many times. Friedrich Wilhelm got into his place presently, and then we were permitted to climb along some wooden stair-ways and passages, and at last to gain our places in the covered lodge.

The theatre of the Passion, at Ober-Ammergau, is very spacious and solid. I should think that more than six thousand people can get into it, and there are

five thousand seats. It is so arranged that every person in it can see the stage perfectly. Although built of common planks, without any especial attempt at decoration, it is exquisitely clean, and perfectly comfortable. Sitting in the reserved places, under cover, one looks down upon the open space, in which three thousand persons can sit, and do sit at every performance, no matter whether it rains or not. The reserved seats rise in rows, like those of an amphitheatre in a lecture-room or a circus. The most expensive places are farther from the stage than the least expensive ones, and I think they are preferable, because the illusion is heightened by being somewhat removed from the actors in the pious drama.

The stage is the most remarkable feature of the theatre. It consists of a vast proscenium, which is open to the sky, of a central stage, inclosed with a portico of Roman form, and "practicable" doors and balconies on either side of the middle in which the curtain rises. On either side of this central curtain there are sets of streets, which run back a long distance, and which are quite as spacious as many of the real streets in Jerusalem. When, therefore, the curtain of the central stage is raised and the scene inside it is set to represent a street, one has before him a very good

loture of the interior of Jerusalem. Then it is necessary to represent a *tabernacle* in a scene in the drama which demands but a small place, then only the *antislade* stage is used. The old mystery stage consisted of nine compartments, as the ancient classic theatre of Greece had the same arrangement of *proscenium* which the villagers of Ober-Ammergau have adopted. Doubtless they have excellent traditions upon which to found their present manner of arranging their stage. They manage it so as to get the very best scenic effects with the smallest machinery. For example, the spectator, when he first sits down to look at the scene, sees the balcony and a door on either side of the curtain, and at first imagines that they are placed there as ornaments. But he is agreeably surprised when, in the progress of the play, he finds that one of them represents the alcove of Pontius Pilate, and the other one that above the palace of Annas. Probably the monks of the monastery of *St. Martial* or of some of the other institutions of the valley possessed accurate records of the manner in which mysteries at all epochs have been represented and how long these representations have been popular.

As early as 1110 Geoffrey, a Norman, wrote a mystery play called "Saint Catherine." He had many successors and imitators, some of them writing productions which required seven or eight days for their complete representation, like the plays of the Chinese, who represent the stories of their gods and heroes in one play in the Middle Ages undertook to represent the whole of scripture history, and lasted rather more than a week. The famous Coventry mystery, which began with the Creation and ended with the representation of the Judgment Day, must have been one of this class. The

passion of Christ and the slaughter of the Innocents were among the subjects most commonly represented. The name "mystery" appears to have been given to this order of play because it taught the doctrines of Christianity, which in the Middle Ages were always considered in the highest degree mysterious. The origin of the theatre in France, and indeed, in the whole of Europe, dates from the introduction of these mysteries in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The *Comedie-Francaise* was founded on the ruins of a privilege once accorded to the *Confreres de la Passion*, so-called because they represented the closing scenes in the life of Jesus. In the early days the mysteries were never considered by any class of people as an amusement, but rather as solemnities, it was only with degraded manners and a dissolute age that mountebankery was added.

The Ober-Ammergau people have done wisely in banishing from their version of the Passion anything like the grotesque or vulgar. Thirty or forty years ago they were wont to represent Judas as torn open and disembowelled by demons, but now they would not tolerate any such thing on their stage. When the mysteries first began, the services in churches in France were shortened, in order that people might attend them. Thus the Church directly encouraged the theatre as a growing institution worthy of patronage. But in the course of time they degenerated, particularly in France, into something dangerously like travesty. In the mysteries represented in the Trinity Hospital and in the Hotel de Boulogne, a view of heaven was given with God the Father seated on a throne and surrounded by angels. I have myself seen a representation of the interior of heaven on the stage of the Porte St. Martin theatre in Paris. Hell was figured by a huge pit

in the centre of the stage, out of which large and little devils arose from time to time, and heaven was supported by lofty scaffoldings. The actors, when they finished their parts, did not retire from the stage, but sat down on benches at the side, in full view of the audience, and waited for their "cues" to summon them once more into action. Not so much attention was paid to historical truth in those days as now. In a mystery of the Middle Ages, Herod is represented as a Pagan, and Pilate as a Mohammedan. But to-day the Ober-Ammergau peasants are scrupulously careful to have all their properties in accordance with the historical record. One looks in vain for anachronisms in their play. In old times after the scene of the crucifixion, a ludicrous dance of devils, or something similar, was given to put the spectators in good-humor again. But now such a thing would be looked upon as a sacrilege. The peasants sit silent with streaming eyes and trembling lips, after the curtain has fallen upon the crowning woe of the sacrifice of Christ. Certainly it is better, in the interests of both religion and art, that no buffoonery should intrude upon the touching and tender story of the Passion.

Victor Hugo's lively description of the mystery called "The Good Judgment of the Virgin Mary," in the first book of "Notre Dame," is doubtless familiar to thousands of American readers. Hugo shows that buffoonery was still in full force in the mysteries and moralities at the close of the fifteenth century. And who does not remember Voltaire's pleasant description of the mystery which Milton saw when in his youth he was travelling in Italy, and which became the germ of the immortal poem of "Paradise Lost"? This mystery, which was produced in Milan, was called "Adam, or Original Sin,"

was written by one Andreino, and dedicated to Maria De Medici. The subject was the fall of man. The actors were the Eternal, the devil, the angels, Adam, Eve, the serpent, death, and the seven deadly sins. At the close of the play, these sins danced a break-down with the devil, and produced roars of laughter. Milton was so much excited by the sober and solemn part of the play that he at once began a tragedy, in which Satan and the angels fallen from Heaven appear, and actually wrote an act and a half of it before he gave it up.

Some of these things we remembered, as we sat looking out over the high wall at the right of the stage upon the green meadow and the great uplift of mountain, or gazing down at the four thousand heads which were ranged in regular order below us. There were all our peasant friends of the previous day; they had slept somewhere over night, and were now waiting impatiently for the beginning. On the left was an orchestra sufficiently large to produce a proper effect in the vast inclosure. The musicians were playing an overture, which had many claims to merit, above all, a gentle harmony which seemed full of reverence and peace, well calculated to prepare the mind for the scenes to come. The sound of a cannon-shot was heard, it was the signal that the play was to begin, and the procession of the chorus marched slowly and solemnly upon the stage. This chorus consists of eighteen singers, whose duty it is to announce the *tableaux* to be shown, then to fall back on either side of the stage when the curtain rises, and when it falls, once more to come forward and chant the moral. When the whole space is needed for action, as in processions, etc., the singers retire in single file, nine on each side, as they entered. They are persons of

commanding figure, and with sweet and harmonious voices. The leader of the chorus is required to make very great exertion, for if he did not his single voice could scarcely be heard by a large portion of the immense audience. Some of the women have graceful figures, but none of them are pretty. Their gestures and attitude while singing show the results of rather formal training. But they serve on the whole admirably to fill up the intervals between the *tableaux* and dramatic action, and toward the close of the mystery their music rises to the height of veritable eloquence.

Behind the curtain in the central stage, for a few minutes before the first *tableau* is shown, all the actors and actresses kneel in silent prayer. This is never omitted, although they have already attended mass at six o'clock. After the prayer each one noiselessly disperses to his or her place, the curtain rises as the chorus finishes, announcing the subject to be displayed, and falls back, and the audience is shown "the fall,"—the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden.

And, before proceeding to comment upon the various parts of this singularly impressive religious drama, it may be well to remark that the actor which the Ober-Ammergau peasants have displayed in their endeavors to show the connection between the Old Testament and the New is a constant and the only drawback to the perfection of the "mystery." The peasants, on the contrary, believe that the chief importance of their work lies in the establishment of this connection, and here and there they have most lamentably stained the law and the prophets, in order to perfect, to their own satisfaction, the analogy. By means, too, of these *tableaux* from the Old Testament, they detract from

the dramatic unity and the impressive beauty of the scenes from the New. The more thoroughly to appreciate this, let any one who has been at Ober-Ammergau during the summer remember how wonderfully he was impressed by that section of the Passion-Play which portrays the wanderings and trials of Christ from the time he enters Jerusalem until, having taken leave of the people, after driving the money-changers from the Temple, he retires with his disciples to Bethany. There is a solid, coherent bit of drama exquisitely presented, and if the story were carried straight on without any interference of Old Testament history, the result would be vastly more imposing. Of course, the gentle wood-carvers and housewives of Ober-Ammergau, if asked to change in any manner the arrangement of the mystery would reply with a "*Non Possamus*," from which there would be no appeal.

The first two *tableaux* which are symbolic of the fall of man and the redemption, are not especially impressive. Adam and Eve, in flesh-colored tight-fitting and gaudy garments of skins have a very theatrical look. The angel with the flaming sword looks like a rather robust young woman dressed in blue and white. There is nothing whatever aerial or angelic about her, and the serpent twining round the apple-tree is suggestive of *papier maché*. But the solemn chant of the chorus is touching, and thoroughly explains the idea which the author of the mystery had in his mind:—

"*Doch von Fernen von Calvarias Höhen
Leuchtet durch die Nacht ein Morgenröthlein
Aus des Kreuzbaumes Zweigen Wehen
Friedenslüfte durch die Welt zu hin.*"

The second *tableau* represents a host

of little children, dressed in white, kneeling at the foot of the cross. Some of these village babes are attired as angels. This is pretty, but it gives one, as a primary impression, a feeling of disappointment, destined, fortunately, to pass away almost immediately. The chorus marches slowly, with trailing robes and solemn step, off from the stage to left and right, and the curtain in the centre is once more lowered. Here the illusion once more seizes upon the beholder; nor does it leave him readily. He has before him two streets, right and left, and these have suddenly been peopled with men, women, and children, in bright Oriental costumes. Little children run to and fro, uttering joyful cries and waving palm-branches; grave elders advance slowly, conversing together on some event of marked importance, and the women are wild with joy. Down the central street and under a frowning gate-way they come, men uprise from bazaar and stall to join them, and presently one sees (I know that in my own case it was with a joyful emotion, which I should have been at a loss to analyze) the figure of the Saviour mounted upon an ass, moving forward in the midst of his disciples. The impression of reality is greatly heightened by the leisurely manner in which this scene is enacted. Everything moves as naturally as in real life; and the crowd increases so rapidly that it is difficult for one to persuade himself that he is not witnessing a genuine outpouring from a glad capital's streets.

Arrived on the proscenium, the Saviour alights, and comes forward gracefully and with humility. He does not shrink from the homage bestowed, but implies by his gestures that it is not for himself, but for a higher power of which he is only the instrument. As he

pauses in the midst of his disciples, and utters, while the hosannas of the multitude are dying away, those memorable words, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," his figure is instinct with gracious piety. Joseph Maier, who personates the Saviour, is of good stature and remarkably fine figure; his face, although not very spiritual in repose, has, when he is speaking, some pathetic lines, his features are not so distinctly Oriental as were those of his predecessor, Tobias Flunger, but his pose is noble, and his long black hair and his symmetrical beard add to his prophet-like appearance. In his simple robes he walks like one who feels the dignity of an inspired mission, yet who is keenly sensible of his humanity. There are five hundred persons on the stage in this remarkable scene, and I think it is safe to say that not one of them appears awkward or ill at ease, so perfect has every one's training been. The high-priests and a group of Pharisees approach, looking wonderingly at this strange central figure, with its sweet resonant voice, its gentle gestures, and its mildness.

The curtain of the central stage rises, disclosing the interior of the Temple, with the money-changers trading across their tables and with the hubbub of traffic rising among the sacred columns. The Saviour looks at this scene of profanity for a time, then folds his hands and bows his head in silent prayer. When his prayer is finished, he advances to the Temple, utters the famous protest, and asks the priests how they can look on silently and see such sacrilege. "Who is this man?" say the money-

changers and the priests "It is the great prophet from Nazareth," answers the crowd, and meantime Jesus, advancing among the frightened traders, catches up a rope which had been used to bind lambs for the sacrifice and scourges the men forth. This is done in most realistic fashion, the tables are overturned, the money-changers grovel in their gold, "the seats of them that sold doves" are upset, and the birds flutter away in all directions. At this juncture, Caiaphas flies into a great rage, and makes several passionate addresses to the people. Sadoc, of the Council demands Christ's authority for his interference. Moses is invoked as the only true prophet, and the Pharisees and priests are doing their best to inflame the people's minds against the new prophet when Jesus and his disciples depart for Bethany. One view of this superb scene, which from first to last contains nothing that can offend the susceptibilities of the most reverent spectator, is more useful in fixing forever in the mind the mournful story than a hundred readings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. It sticks in the mind as a bit of masterly painting does.

Caiaphas is an important personage in the Passion-Play. He makes, I think, the longest speeches, and his stately figure, in its rich garments, moves to and fro through the piece with great effect. Caiaphas is played by Johann Lang, who, I believe, was once the Burgomaster of Ober-Ammergau. He has a grand head, and the priestly costume brings out all the good points in his face to great advantage. The disciples are almost without exception very satisfactorily represented. If any failed it was John, who did not quite seem to reach our ideal of the beloved one. But the figures of Peter and Judas had a

strange fascination for me. They are reproductions from the "old masters'" conceptions of those disciples, and they have by long practice become astonishingly proficient in movement and grouping, so as constantly to remind one of the paintings from which the modern Christian world has formed its ideal.

There was an atmosphere of quaintness of rough, commonplace greed, about Judas, which never deserted him, not even in the moment of his suicide.

The acting of the Apostles is eminently realistic, at least it was when I saw them: there was no ranting, no whining, no ostentation. These were real men: every spectator felt it. Jacob Hett, who personates Peter, and Lechner, who is Judas—for he is so natural that no one can conceive of him as acting—are like Muel, wood-carvers. Hett's specialty is the production of small crucifixes, and Lechner is very skilful in the same line. A lady friend told me that she was lodged at the house of Judas, and that he worked late at his carving-bench on the night before the performance.

Judas is represented in this mystery, awakens a feeling of compassion. It is impossible to consider him as anything else than the unwitting victim of a supreme power, singled out to bring on the great sacrifice. He is wordy, is poor Judas, on the road to Bethany, although he tries his best not to be so. His belly is empty, the cool night-air of the mountains trouble him, and he is afraid of coming catastrophe. When he repents of his mighty crime, and, in agony of grief and humiliation, throws the sack containing the pieces of silver at the foot of the vile tribunal into whose merciless keeping he has sold his Lord, the whole public feels a vast pity for him. When Judas was playing this

scene on the day that I saw the Passion-Play, a thick, heavy rain-storm was pouring on the heads of the three thousand peasants and other unfortunate people who were in the uncovered seats, but not one individual arose to leave his or her seat. Judas held them all by the passionate natural vehemence of his acting. Even in the little question, "Is it I?" at the Last Supper, there is a note of human anguish, which does not fail to start responsive tears in the eyes of the spectators. But I am proceeding a little too far ahead.

From the moment that the anger of the priests and money-changers is aroused, Christ's doom is clearly foreshadowed in every part of the mystery until the end comes. After the scene in the Temple the chorus returns, and sings the prelude to a *tableau* which discloses the sons of Jacob conspiring against their brother Joseph, and a moment after, a second *tableau*, portraying the wicked brethren as about to cast Joseph into the well on the plain of Dothan, is shown. These are supposed to be emblematical of the persecution which Christ was doomed later to suffer. They are more vigorously conceived and richly dressed than the preceding ones from the Old Testament. But when the central curtain rises and displays the magnificent "set" of the Sanhedrin in which the high-priests of the synagogue are discussing measures to be taken against the prophet of Nazareth, one cannot help regretting that the unity of the action is interrupted by *tableaux*.

This Sanhedrin scene is very realistic. Caiaphas in superb dress, with his breast-plate ornamented with twelve precious stones, presides. Annas, robed in white, sits near him, and the others are ranged around the rooms in tribunes. The dis-

cussion is long and stormy. The money-changers are sent for, and come in to suggest a vindictive programme. One of them announces that he thinks he knows a disciple who will betray the prophet. At this statement the Sanhedrin breaks up joyfully, and the curtain falls leaving the spectator impressed with the reality of a scene which has been enacted on a rude stage in a meadow in an obscure mountain region.

Then come two other intrusive *tableaux*, one showing young Tobias taking leave of his parents, and the other the Mourning Bird of the Canticles. These are intended to lead the minds of the audience up to the scene of the departure of Christ from Bethany and his leave-taking of his mother. And now Christ and his disciples appear in picturesque procession before the house of Simon. Here the illusion of Orientalism is well sustained. The gestures of those who come to invite Christ to enter the banquet-room, their costumes, their gait, all are grave, Eastern, and filled with a certain quaintness which is not without its force. It was in this scene in Simon's house, as it seemed to me, that Joseph Maier, as the personator of Christ, achieved one of his principal triumphs. Here he was the man, suffering from fatigue, from persecution, from a foreboding of the trial to come, but his presence was noble and his dignity noticeable. Just as he has seated himself, and while Martha is waiting upon the hungry and tired disciples, Mary Magdalen, whom the Ober-Ammergau dramatists consider as the same as Mary the sister of Martha, rushes in, and throwing herself at the feet of Jesus, proceeds to anoint them with costly ointment. When the woman kneels before him, Maier cries out "Maria!" and rises with that startled,

deprecatory air which any pure and noble man would put on when finding himself adored by beauty. I thought it a real stroke of genius. But when Judas comes shuffling forward in his dirty yellow gown, and tries to quarrel with the Magdalen for wasting so much money in ointment, and the actor rises, saying, "Let her alone, she hath wrought a good work on me," the contrast from meekness to sudden assumption of authority is exceedingly striking. I think that Simon and his family as actors would put to shame a good many stock actors in our minor theatres. It is true that they have the traditions of two hundred and fifty years, during which this Mystery Play, in one form or another, has been carried on, to help them, but, even with that inheritance, it is odd that they should be so clear, remote as they are from the refining and educating influences of any large theatre. I suspect, however, that neither the leading nor the minor characters in the "Mystery" would thank us for praising them as actors. They are filled with the idea that the functions which they perform are religious, and they at all times think more of the religion than of the art. It is very evident that all the peasants and the mass of Catholic German visitors to the Passion share this feeling.

The Passion-Play is not fortunate in its women interpreters. She who plays Mary is sincere, and avoids any very sharp criticism, but her acting nowhere rises to the level of that shown by the personators of Caiaphas, Peter, and Judas. The only scene in which it appeared to me that Mary was sufficiently effective was in the meeting with the Saviour as he is about to leave Bethany. Joseph Maier has a rich, melodious voice, perhaps there is a slight tinge of

artificiality in its pathos, but in general it was very agreeable, and when he murmurs in the ear of the kneeling mother "How am I prepared to consecrate my work of atonement?" I saw many a tearful face around me. The tears arise unbidden at the sight of this Bible made flesh, this living and breathing New Testament. I know that as I sat gazing at this scene, a vision of my childhood arose before me, — the old school-house with its worn benches, the tender breeze of a New England summer morning that swayed the delicate petals of the flowers on the teacher's desk, and the soft voices of the scholars as they read the sacred book. If my youthful imagination had been touched and fired by such scenes as this Passion-Play contains, how tremendously vital would have been my memory of every slightest circumstance in the mysterious and holy drama which began at the Temple and ended at Calvary! But would a Passion-Play be possible among the New England hills? May, in an agony of grief, beseeches her son not to risk his precious life, and the women with her join with Simon in urging her to enter the latter's house, and to repose. This scene never fails to produce immense effect, and its climax is found, as the curtain falls, in the sombre attitude of Judas, who is still meditating over the squandering of money by the Magdalen on the ointment, and who mutters, "Those three hundred pence that she spent would have been enough for me. With them I could have lived content."

And so the holy drama moves steadily on. The little band of disciples, huddled around the Master, goes back to Jerusalem. It is useless to attempt a description of all the pictures which follow, one another in rapid succession until the famous scene of the Last Sup-

per is reached. The Old Testament *tableau*, which is supposed to prefigure Christ's rejection of the Jews as a punishment of their sins, is that of Ahasuerus putting away Vashti and taking Esther in her stead. This flits away like the memory of a dream, and while the leader of the chorus is still addressing his warning to Jerusalem, our attention is invited to a group upon the brow of the Mount of Olives. In the distance lies the Holy City, over the unhappy perversity of which the Master weeps.

Here occurs a very dramatic scene, amply and nobly written out in dramatic form, wherein the disciples learn that Christ goes towards his doom, and endeavor to dissuade him from it. At last Peter and John are sent forward to prepare the feast of the Passover, and Judas, who is afraid to go to Jerusalem, and is selfishly anxious that the Master should provide for his sustenance, indulges in a long and powerful soliloquy, in which avarice and conscience struggle for the mastery. Meantime, the spies of the Sanhedrim and the money-changers arrive, and Judas falls an easy prey to their propositions. He stifles his better nature, and rushes wildly off to Jerusalem, there to watch his chance for the Master's betrayal. This scene is presented with a graphic force and intensity which never fails to impress the spectators. The money-changers are in grim earnest, Judas's anguish of mind is real, and, were manifestations of applause allowed in the theatre, there is no doubt that there would be plenty of them at this point in the mystery.

The next scene shows Peter and John seeking out the house of Mark in Jerusalem, — a fine little bit of realism, — intelligently acted, with an immense amount of detail, and then comes the act of the Last Supper, prefaced by per-

haps the finest Old Testament *tableau* in the Passion-Play, — the sending down of manna to the Israelites in the wilderness. In this living picture one hundred and fifty children and nearly twice that number of grown persons are engaged. Moses and Aaron occupy prominent positions in the foreground, youths, maidens, mothers with babes in arms, all are stretching out their hands or raising their eyes thankfully to heaven, from whence the manna gently descends like snow. A second *tableau*, showing the spies returning from the Promised Land, follows this superb one.

It is said that all those persons whose religious feelings are somewhat aroused against the performance of the sacred ceremony of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the stage, go away with their objections removed after they have seen the Passion-Play, for, in this part of the Passion, Joseph Maier and those who surround him are entitled to the highest praise. They do not fall short of the mark, their work has a sacred quality in it. A tremendous sincerity underlies their every action. The curtain rises on the hall in Mark's house, and as the disciples enter and group themselves at the table, it is easy to see at a glance that they reproduce Leonardo da Vinci's noted picture. Every attitude is closely reproduced, Peter sits on the right, John on the left of the Saviour. The ceremony of the distribution of the bread and the wine is performed with the greatest dignity and sweetness by Joseph Maier. This remarkable scene lasts more than half an hour, and the aggregation of detail in it is so enormous that it burns itself into the senses as real. The washing of the disciples' feet by the Master is done in the most reverent manner. That these men should be able, Sunday after Sun-

day, to go through this ceremony without fatigue or blunder, with grace and reverence, and with spiritual enthusiasm, proves that they feel a certain consecration for the work. The peasants in the audience take most intense interest in this supper, its representation is in act of high religion for them. The old women with tear-stained faces, gaze at the form of the Saviour bending over the feet of Peter, and when they hear the apostle say, "Thou shalt never wash my feet," and hear Christ answer, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me,' they are terribly moved. While the foot-washing is in progress, soft music is heard, and singers intone a hymn. The communion is celebrated next, and some little relief is afforded to the audience, which has been spell-bound, while the sacred bread and wine are given by Christ to the disciples, when Judas receives the sop and rushes confusedly from the chamber. Perhaps the best feature of this part of the Passion is the affliction of the disciples when the Master has given the cup, and says, 'As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me.' They show their fears that he is to be taken from them, and John lays his head upon the Saviour's breast, while Judas sits moodily eyeing the dishes on the table. This is most happily conceived.

The betrayal follows in a series of wondrous pictures which are like *cherubs*. Each one embodies an important incident. The curtain rises to show us Joseph sold to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver.—type of the action which Judas is about to commit. This scene is prepared with great care, the costumes of the Midianites, the heads of the camels appearing through the foliage of the oasis, the attitude of young Joseph standing stripped of his coat of many colors,

and endeavoring to defend himself from the brutality of his brethren. Everything in the living picture is studied with perfect attention to truth. This vanishes, and the chorus closes in to sing a quaint reproach to Judas, who is about to follow the example of the wicked brethren.

And now the tribunal of the Sanhedrim appears once more before us, Caiaphas and Annas are addressing the council in the most violent manner, and demand that the Galilean be put to death as soon as he is captured. The discussion which ensues is eminently natural, and when Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea utter their famous protests, and step down from their seats, declaring that they will have nothing to do with the deed of blood, a thrill runs through the vast audience. Judas arrives, accompanied by the money-changers, and the money which is to pay for the betrayal is counted out to him. The figure of the old man in his yellow gown, tying each piece on one of the tables of the Temple, and then placing it in the bag at his side, is sinister and repulsive. Joseph and Nicodemus are reviled by the priests, and the council breaks up with cries for the blood of the prophet who has dared to interfere with the corrupt practices in the Temple. Next we are shown Adam digging to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, and Joab giving Amasa a kiss while he plunges a dagger into his heart, Adam's toil typifying Gethsemane, and Joab the treachery of Judas's kiss.

The great space of the proscenium is used with effect in a host of by-play which adds immensely to the realism. For instance, just before we are shown the scene in Gethsemane's Garden, we see the betrayer and a delegation of priests, escorted by a line of Roman soldiers, pass silently across the stage

Then the curtain rises upon the Mount of Olives, and the Saviour, accompanied by his weary disciples, appears. Peter, James, and John are to watch with the Man of Sorrows, but they one by one fall asleep, and the Redeemer is left alone with his prayer. Maier's acting here is full of strong self-control, it is never sensational, but always simple and natural in the highest degree. The traditions of the mystery demand that blood should be seen flowing down the Saviour's cheeks at the close of his mournful cry. "Take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The figure kneeling on the rocks, with hands outstretched in supplication, and with an angel hovering above it, does not move when the clash of arms is heard, and the betrayer unives. But the disciples huddle together in consternation. Out of the darkness suddenly spring the lights of torches and lanterns, and Judas, advancing, greets the Saviour and kisses him. When Christ declares himself, the soldiers fall to the ground, dropping their spears, and the priests and rulers are in commotion, but presently Malchus, with his comrades, comes to bind Christ. Peter strikes his noted blow of defense, but is rebuked by the Saviour, when the soldiers brutally push the captive forward, and march off into the night with him. These soldiers are played with considerable skill by villagers who have had long training. Their dress, their weapons, and their manners, have been made the subjects of careful research. They give wonderful character to their trifling rôles.

With the departure of Jesus in the bonds of his captors, and the lamentations of Peter and John, who have shrunk away from following their Lord and Master, the first part of the Passion-Play closes, and the spectators, after three

and a half hours of close attention, is not sorry to get into the street and to rest his brain from the sombre impressions of the last few scenes. The thousands of people hasten away in all directions to their dinners. At table, in the hotels, one is served by a Malianite, has his boots blacked by one of the sons of Jacob, and his coat brushed by a Roman soldier, a Jewish maiden brings him a glass of beer, a priest hires a carriage in which to leave town at the close of the afternoon's performance, and Judas goes to take a look at his wood-carving.

The peasantry, on the day that I was present, were soaked with rain, and this doubtless accounted for the fact that during the intermission, on the plan of *similia similibus*, they drank enormous quantities of beer. Most of them contented themselves with frugal meals of bread and sausage, and were back in their places long before the cannon fired.

The second half of the Passion-Play is unquestionably the most impressive, although it seems to me that no other portion of the mystery is so finely executed as that embracing the departure from Bethany and the Last Supper. But the interest is so concentrated in the second part upon the meek, shrinking, pathetic figure of Christ, that one thinks of little else. From the moment of the arrest, in the garden of Gethsemane, Herr Maier personifies the Saviour as the sufferer for the sins of the world, he is as clay in the hands of the potter, his slender form bends beneath the blows which it receives, his face is pale, his limbs are weak, but he is of majestic sweetness and noble in his humility. After having seen him in this character I renounced all idea of a private interview with him, fearing that I might be shocked at the contrast between the man's private life, however good it might be, and the

marked excellence of his assumption of the Saviour's character in the Passion-Play

A distinguished—the most distinguished—American actor, who visited the Passion-Play this summer, professed a certain sense of disappointment. He was prodigal of compliments for the marvellous picturesqueness and force displayed by the peasantry in their setting and their use of costumes, but that they were men of genius he was inclined to deny. "In fact," he said with a smile, "we had had our minds so worked up by the gorgeous accounts furnished of this play that we were prepared to be contented with nothing less than the supernatural." He argued that it was impossible also, for an actor in looking on at this spectacle, to take a non-professional view of it and to forget that the players in the great morality must be devotional rather than anything else. I should not like to have it said that I have exaggerated the merits of the mystery. But doubtless the imagination plays a powerful part when one records his impressions of this curious mosaic wrought together on the bare boards of a theatre with such loving care and patience.

In the afternoon the performance began at one o'clock on the day when I witnessed it, and it was rather amusing to see the discomfited peasants hastening back, with their bread and cheese in their hands and the water dripping from their garments. The chorus sang, *Begonnen ist der Kampf der Schmerzen*, and the piteous story was brought promptly before us. First Christ was hailed before Annas, and here the rude realism of the actors was in some small cases repulsive. This scene, like those which immediately followed it, was acted with great dignity. Mater, in his

personation of the Saviour from this point in the mystery forward to the crucifixion, allows himself to appear literally like clay in the hands of the potter, he is the patient sufferer for the sins of others, his eloquence is mute, and his humility is imposing. For the sake of convenience I will pass over the Old Testament *tabernaculum*, which in this second division of the Passion, are shown before each episode in the life of the Saviour, and will review them later. After the scene before Annas, the central curtain rises, and we are shown a room in the house of Caiaphas. On a dais the high-priest, dressed in splendid robes, stands surrounded by his subordinates, and the bound Saviour is pushed in before him. From another entrance arrive Samuel and the five witnesses. The impressive presentation of the episode in which the Saviour declares himself—Thou hast said, nevertheless I say unto you hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven—was exceedingly striking. Caiaphas indulged in a fine fit of rage at what he considered this blasphemy, there was a great clamor, and the assembly broke out with cries of "Death! Death!" after the Saviour had been ordered to appear before the Sanhedrim on the morrow. The curtain fell and the gloomy picture of Judas in his gown of startling color, appeared once more. Judas was stung to his conscience's quick, and his soliloquy was given with a real pathos. Shortly afterward came a scene which has provoked no little criticism in the orthodox world, because of its intense realism. It represents Christ sitting, bound and blindfolded, on a stool in an anteroom of the Sanhedrim. The brutal soldiers are tormenting him. I confess that it seemed

to me needlessly prolonged and painful. The soldiers beat their captive, sang rude songs in his ears, tipped him over, and said 'Now if thou art a King, get upon thy throne again and thrust a crown of thorns upon his tortured brows. I could hear the deep breathing of the peasants in the seats below me while this was in progress. The ladies seated near me turned away their faces and would not look.

Just before this occurs the scene in which Peter betrays his Master, according to the prophecy. It is quaintly conceived and executed. We are shown a large hall, with a bevy of querulous monks lighting a fire, each one of them abusing the Saviour heartily. Peter and John come in and try to warm themselves without exciting observation. While Peter is rubbing his hands before the flames one of the women points him out and denounces him. He protests and immediately the cheerful notes of chattering are heard behind the scenes. As this is repeated for the third time there is the clash of arms, the soldiers who have been lounging off duty spring to their feet, and the Saviour enters, guarded by a dozen men. 'He is sentenced to death,' says Selpha, very simply and Peter, shrinking away from the mild and sorrowful gaze of the man-God, bursts into tears, covers his face with his hands and departs. This is stirring and dramatic and is so well played by the actors that for a moment it assumes all the proportions of reality. At the close of this part of the play we are shown Peter pouring out his soul in a violent torrent of self-reproach.

Words are sadly incompetent for the description of the act in which Judas, in rage and despair at his own folly, takes his life. A certain class of spectators profess here and there to discern laughable places in the *Passion-Play*, but no one

ever laughs at the agony of Judas. It seems real and fully justifies the encomiums lavished upon it by celebrities in the histrionic world. When the curtain rises again we are in the Sanhedrim. The richly-robed priests are in their places, exulting in the savage decision which they have lately made, when Judas, haggard and ferocious, rushes in, and in passionate reproach curses the assembly for the sad work to which it has tempted him. The high-priests smotheringly bid him cease his clamor. He seizes the money-bag at his girdle, hurls it down at the foot of the blood-stained tribunal, and rushes out of the hall, leaving the priests quaking upon their seats with fear and indignation. There is a brief interval in the tragedy of Judas, in which we are shown a delegation of priests before the house of Pilate. A Roman servant steps out and eyes them scornfully. They tell him that they cannot enter his master's house, because it is the residence of an unclean heathen, but that they can speak with him if he will appear in his balcony. This elicits from the servant the well known reproof about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel and the delegation presses on.

The curtain rises on the suicide of Judas. We are shown a wild, weird spot, in the centre of which is a small mound with a tree growing upon it. I notice that Mr. Jackson in his fine work on the *Passion-Play* alludes to a Satan which in the mysteries of the Middle Ages used to beckon to Judas from the branches of this tree. Happily all such mummeries as this was long ago abandoned, and all poor Judas sees is the image of his despair beckoning him on to death. The acting which precedes the final despairing suicide is remarkably good. Judas does not rant nor mouth, but he delivers the beautiful and affecting lines which Pastor

Darsenberger has put into his mouth, with great dignity and pathos, and now and then a certain grim sorrow, which cuts to the heart. Judas then rushes to the tree, and is about to hang himself as the curtain falls. As I have remarked in the previous chapter he is the Judas of the Catholic world,—a Judas who is but an unfortunate instrument in the hands of a supernatural power—a Judas for whom we feel decided pity as the victim of fate.

The characters of Pilate and Herod in the Passion-Play are assumed with much skill. Pilate appears upon his balcony, accompanied by his guard, and listens to the noisy accusations of the high-priests and Jews who bring Christ before him. He treats them all with mild contempt as members of a conquered race, but shows an earnest desire to do justice. In this scene the smallest details are lovingly elaborated until the patience of the audience is perhaps a trifle tried. A messenger enters and tells Pilate of his wife's dream. The just Roman governor is struck by the vision which his wife has had, and he cries out, "Is this man from Galilee?"—"Yes," cries the rabble, "he is simply a Galilean, he is from Nazareth in the territory of King Herod."—"Then take him to his own king," Herod hath come to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast, let this man be taken before him," and Pilate retires from the balcony, leaving the angry priests and the mob to follow the bound and helpless Saviour to Herod's palace. The scene before the monarch is very impressive. It is a room in the central stage, with Herod on a golden throne, dressed in velvet garnished with silver and white. When Christ is brought before him, Herod rallies him taunts him, says, "If you are a prophet, or a god, do a miracle." When he sees that nothing can be made of this treatment,

he ridicules the Saviour still more, and orders the garment of ridicule to be placed upon him, and a sceptic in his hand. It is impossible to describe the rude realism with which this scene is given. Herod dispatches the business speedily when he discovers that there is no amusement to be had, and sends the company back to Pilate. Once more the procession arrives under the Roman governor's balcony, and clamors for blood, then, in obedience to Pilate's command follows the scourging-scene, which is such an exhibition as would not, I suspect be allowed in America. All the rough force of the mediæval drama—the bold, courageous mediæval drama which told the truth and shamed the devil—is here. Christ is scourged until it seems as if the human frame can bear no more, and his body falls against the tormentors.

The succeeding scenes are painful in the highest degree. If the Old Testament *tableaux* were cut out, and the performance were thus shortened, the interest in these last dramatic pictures would doubtless be intensified. The fact is that the spectators become so tired as hardly to be able to appreciate the beauty and sublimity of the mystery. There is one grand musical effect when the chorus, on the proscenium, is telling the story, and as a sombre refrain we hear in the distance the cries of the populace for the release of Barabbas and the murder of the Saviour. A striking picture is formed when Pilate places Christ and Barabbas side by side on his balcony, and asks them which they will have. Barabbas, and the two thieves who are brought on in prison garb, with ropes on their hands and feet, are terrifying figures.

When Pilate has washed his hands and the judgment of death by crucifixion

between the two thieves has been pronounced upon Christ, the spectators betray, by uneasy movements in their seats, and by many expressions, something very like a disinclination to witness the coming spectacle. A certain reverence seems to bid them look with fear as well as sorrow upon the awful tragedy of the crucifixion. Peasant women sometimes faint when they see the procession of the soldiers conducting the Saviour to the place of execution. I am bound to say that these final pictures did not impress me so much as the earlier ones did. But there has rarely been on any stage a more perfect piece of "setting" than that given by the Ober-Ammergauers in the "bearing of the Cross to Golgotha." The soldiers, the executioners, the centurion, the sordid figures of the two thieves dragging their crosses, and Herr Maier's slight form weighed down by the heavy burden until he falls, as the Saviour fell, the howling mob, the group of sorrowing women, and Mary the mother of Christ frantic in her grief, the priests, — all surrounded by a group of three or four hundred people, — make a most striking picture. I think this painful and touching portion of the play covers half an hour. Nothing is omitted, from the conduct of the good centurion to the final resolve of Mary to follow to the very foot of the cross. When the procession passes on around the corner and the last robe is lost to sight, there is an immense sigh of relief. This revivification of sacred history is wonderfully exciting and saddening.

The chorus appears in mourning garments, just before the scene of the crucifixion is disclosed by the raising of the curtain of the central stage. The music at this point is particularly effective. I think it is the only occasion in which it

may really be called adequate. The sound of hammers is heard, and, as the chorus retires, we are shown the hill of Golgotha. The two thieves, tied to their crosses, form a most lugubrious spectacle. But all attention is concentrated on the figure of the Saviour on the central cross. It is impossible to detect from any place among the spectators the manner in which Herr Maier is suspended. He seems actually nailed to the fatal tree, and the sight is so sad that one involuntarily turns his eyes away. Of course the expedients adopted are very simple, and I do not feel called upon to describe them. In front of the place of execution the men who have just finished the crucifixion are playing at dice for the garments of the victims, on the right stand the priests reviling him whom they believe to be a false prophet; and at the back of the cross stands Mary with her friends Mary Magdalen, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus and John. The whole story as given in the gospel is enacted. Nothing could be finer than the noble attitude of Herr Maier in the last moments on the cross when he turns his eyes upon his mother and his beloved disciple, and says, "Woman, behold thy son!" — "Son, behold thy mother!" or when, at the last great instant he cries *Es ist vollbracht!* — It is finished! — and his head falls to one side.

The storm and the rending of the veil of the Temple in twain are but clumsily rendered, but the imagination of the spectators has been already so worked upon that everything seems to them remarkable. The executioners proceed in the coolest and most brutal manner to kill the thieves by breaking their limbs and ribs with clubs, after which the centurion pierces the side of the Saviour with a spear, and a jet of blood springs

out. Then the thieves are taken down, after which executioners, soldiers, and the alarmed and superstitious priesthood retire, and the followers of the Saviour are left alone with the crucified body. The descent from the cross is copied from the noted painting by Rubens, and forms a beautiful group. The descent, the mourning, the anointment, the placing of the body in the sepulchre, are performed with a tenderness, solemnity, and grace beyond all praise. While this was in progress I really felt that I was witnessing a religious ceremony.

The resurrection and the ascension are but inadequately represented. It would be far better for the Ober-Ammergauers to rest their efforts with the close of the crucifixion scene, but one is always compelled to bear in mind that they are aiming at the recital of the whole story — in the fullest if not always the most dramatic manner. The final chorus —

"Bringt Lob und Preis dem Höchsten dar,
Dem Lamm, das getödtet war
Halleluja! Halleluja!"

produces an exquisite effect. As the last members of the chorus disappear from the stage at the close of the "Ascension" the Passion-Play closes.

The *tableaux* from the Old Testament in the second portion of this curious mystery are in many respects finer than those in the first section, but they do not appeal to the sympathies of the specta-

tors. For instance, just before the resurrection, we are shown "Jonas cast on dry land by the whale," — a veritable New England primer conception of this curious event and this is followed by "the Israelites crossing the Red Sea in safety." The bearing of the cross to Golgotha is prefigured by "Young Isaac carrying the altar-wood up Mt. Moriah," and the healing and atoning virtues of the cross are symbolized by the magical effects which Moses produced when he raised the brazen serpent on a cross in the wilderness. In this *tableau* three hundred persons take part. A very noble history picture, which I ought to have mentioned in its proper place, is "Joseph made Ruler over Egypt." In this there are evidences that the Ober-Ammergauers must have spent their money without stint in costumes and the thousand and one properties necessary for such a reproduction — a festival in the times of the Pharaohs.

There were various rumors at the time that the celebrated mystery will never be performed again. Those who are familiar with the history of the vow made by the Ober-Ammergauers to perform it indefinitely every ten years will not believe them likely to change their minds. It is a beautiful, touching, holy, and noble dramatic sketch of the most wonderful life and death on record and he who can go away from it without receiving some beneficial lessons must have a very hard heart indeed.

CHAPTER NINETY-TWO

Vienna, where the East meets the West — The Emperor of Austria — His simple life — The Slavs and Hungarians — Bismarck and Bismarck — The aged German Emperor — Stagnant Progress of German Industry — The Finances of the North — Nihilism and Socialism — Colonial schemes — Possible Absorption of the small Countries of Europe

LONG before the new and astonishing development of the struggling nations in south-eastern Europe, — development which has been but briefly described in these pages, — Vienna was beginning to feel a new commercial impulse and to profit by the wealth poured into her coffers by speculators, merchants from the East and West, and by the hundreds of luxury-loving aristocrats from all the lands bordering on the Orient. Old Vienna picturesque and rather dirty was gradually ennobled by a magnificent "ring" of stately palaces, not specially remarkable for refined taste but of noble proportions, and, taken collectively, more imposing than anything else in Germany.

Vienna is now a town containing more than one million and one hundred thousand inhabitants within its fortifications, and it would seem as if at least one-fifth of these inhabitants were struggling in the money-market for sudden riches. The story of the *Krachs*, as it was so appropriately called, — the great financial crash which came, a few years ago, to warn the incautious Viennese that all was not gold that glittered, and reduced, in the twinkling of an eye, thousands of people, who had fancied themselves millionaires, to absolute beggary, — is appalling. I was once shown, while visiting the mansion of a well-known Vienna gentleman, a heap of stocks which originally represented 400,000 Austrian gulden

‘And,’ said the gentleman with a smile, ‘I will transfer the whole lot to you if you will pay into my hands fifty gulden.’

While the financial crisis lasted in southern Germany there was the usual growth of buildings, and even the usually sedate and cautious government caught the infection, and began a series of lofty pikes, parliament houses and municipal structures which had to remain unfinished with scaffoldings about them for many a long year after the corner-stones were laid.

The famous Ring, or circular boulevard extending around the whole of old Vienna is one of the grandest most picturesque, and most charming promenades in Europe. In fact Vienna is distinctly gay. There the primness and ceremonial stiffness of western Europe begin to fade into the harmonious irregularity of the Orient. As in Berlin everything seems to be constructed with a view to bringing out the angles, so in Vienna, all the corners are rounded off. Colors are bright, and often dazzling, music is voluptuous, wines and sweets, fruits and ices, are displayed in tempting profusion. Out-of-door life abounds, and the people are merry and free in their manners. They have an abundant humor. The town is filled with fine houses, finely dressed men, beautiful women, with soldiers in every conceivable tint of uniform. The East and

the West here touch hands, but there is a leaning towards the Orient. Austria does not bear her name in vain. She is the "Empire of the East," or, rather, she is determined so to be, despite Russian intrigue and the thousand obstacles which have weighed upon her progress to the sea and towards Constantinople. The composite character of the population of the empire-kingdom is felt and seen everywhere. The German language, which is the official one in Austria, and which rules supreme at the court theatres and at the opera, is not so often heard in the street as the jolly but highly eratic Viennese dialect against which the northern German may butt his head without comprehending it. The southern Slav contributes his pliantive and imaginative temperament to the composition of the Vienna population.

The north Germans say that Vienna is not a German city, and they say this as if it were a reproach. Although the Catholic church is the state religion, and is powerful and prominent in all public places maintaining the splendid out-of-door processions and ceremonials which have been banished from most of the northern capitals, there are Greek and Armenian Catholics, Protestants, Byzantine Greeks and Jews, in plenty to maintain their cemeteries, monasteries, nunneries, and churches in Vienna.

In the superb cathedral of St Stephen, which springs with airy grace from its ancient site in the very centre of the old city, the Catholic ritual is seen in splendor such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere outside of Spain. Close by one may peep into a Jewish synagogue. The old feeling of intolerance, the old passion for illiberalism which once characterized Austrian governments, appears to have melted away. Austria, under

the influence of her disasters and the changes rendered necessary by them, has become liberal and progressive, is anxious for education, for elevation of the masses, instead of that military glory which was so completely overshadowed on the field of Sadowa, and which is such a vanity and vexation of spirit even after it is obtained.

The Emperor of Austria is one of those wise men who has learned by experience, who knows that politics is the science of expedients, and who has moulded himself to the times. Once a violent opponent of Hungarian expansion he has come to be King of Hungary as well as Emperor of Austria, has flounished his sword to the four corners of the earth, and sworn to defend Hungary and its people from invasion coming from any quarter, and has submitted for years with exemplary patience to the predominance in the empire-kingdom's ministerial councils of Hungarian statesmen, who, on the whole, have done fairly well for both countries. He has the tenacity and the unfaltering patience of the Hapsburgs, and he has too, then noble fortune, which he uses with taste and with generosity. One of the richest men in Europe, he fosters literature, music, and art. His private library is that of a man of letters. He is a careful and conscientious administrator,—up in the morning at five o'clock, winter and summer, ready after prayers for his simple breakfast of bread and coffee, and then at work at his desk at eleven, with no companion save his secretary and one of the long cigars, called *Virginia's*, of which the Viennese are so fond. Towards noon he has pot-luck and a glass of beer, like the simplest of his subjects, then works on (unless some ceremony or state affair calls him from the palace) in his private office until dinner-time, when he

meets his family and spends an hour or two with them

His private office is between his dressing-room and the Council hall, in which the ministers meet. Over his plain office-table hang the portraits of his children, and two fine pictures of the Empress painted by Winterhalter. He is a good listener, is never imperative,



EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

hates phrases and long speeches, is unaffected and simple in his address, and now and then goes down among the people, conversing freely with them. The Catholic church claims his humblest devotion. Once every year he is seen on foot and bareheaded, behind the archbishop, walking through the streets; and once each year, also, the Emperor and Empress attend in a room in the palace upon a delegation of the poor, whose feet they wash in token of humility. The Emperor, although unfortunate as a soldier, is fond of the army,

and never appears to such advantage as in uniform. He is an intrepid hunter, fond of the dangerous sports in the Austrian Alps, where chasing the chamois is by no means a pastime for inexperienced sportsmen. In the Hungarian mountains, as at Schenbrunn or at Ischl, he may often be seen clad in a simple frock, and, with a huge stick in his hand, walking through the fields of some farm and chatting with the farmers. When he visits Budapest the old Hungarian city brings out its many splendors to lay them at his feet, and he has the singular advantage of being a popular monarch in two countries, radically different from each other.

In public, at the opera, at state balls or diplomatic receptions, he has the languid grace and elaborate manners of the aristocracy of which he is the head. Austria is one of the few European countries which can still show a veritable aristocracy, whose privileges have not been cut down, and who have not learned to yield a little in presence of the invading democracy. The manners of the middle and lower classes show that there is little tendency as yet to assail the aristocrat in his position.

Vienna has a season like London, when everything is doubled or tripled in price, when every desirable apartment in the great hotels and mansions, the numerous palaces and villas, is taken up by country gentlemen, with interminable suites of servants. Then the handsome capital is wild with excitement, the streets are thronged with rapidly rolling carriages, the operas and theatres are packed; the parks are brilliant with equestrians, museums and the fashionable restaurants are filled, and servants are content only with gratuities which would seem extravagant and princely elsewhere.

The Vienna grand opera is incomparably the best in Europe. In point of scenic completeness it is superior to that of Paris while the monument in which the opera is shrouded is not so imposing as the Parisian one. All through the pleasant weather the Viennese adopt every slightest pretext for assembling in the beautiful halls with which the city is amply supplied, to listen to the bewitching music of the Strauss brethren, who are the spoiled children of Austria, and who sum up in their mad waltzes the Viennese spirit, its deep passion of the South and mysterious languor of the Orient, its dash of gypsy vagabondage,—all blended together in proportions which, according to the verdict of the whole civilized world are positively enchanting.

The Viennese are the most hospitable of peoples, and a more splendid succession of *fêtes* than that given during the sessions of the International Literary Congress in 1881, has rarely been seen. These festivals were held both in public halls and in private mansions. The Mayor and municipality entertained in the famous Blumen Saal, and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen there attended a kind of informal feast, in which the lusty wines from the vineyards about Vienna played a prominent part.

In midsummer there are few more charming sights than Vienna, on its plain opposite the Blue Danube, with the abrupt height of the Kahlenberg near by. All around are vineyards and gardens, pretty valleys leading up to rugged mountains, rich expanses of waving green, ancient villages, monasteries, and churches. It is but a short distance to Presburg, once the pretty capital of Hungary, now a sleepy old city, literally embowered in vines.

From Vienna and Budapest one or two daily express trains run with decorous gravity. There is not much social intercourse between the two capitals. Pest is a superb new quarter, as new as Chicago, and built up, like Chicago, out of profits made on grain. The Danube here is large and majestic, and the contrast of rocky old Ofen on the right bank with new and dazzling Pest on the left bank of the stream is most striking. From Vienna to Pest the beautiful Austrian river is literally the blue Danube,—the Danube of the Strauss waltzes and the popular ballads,—a lovelier stream than the Rhine, and flowing past almost as many noble ruins as its northern sister can boast. With this great highway to the Orient what wonder is it that Austria has irresistible tendencies towards Constantinople and the East?

The Hungarians, who now number nearly fifteen millions, are such stern enemies of the Russians that they are glad to see Austria assuming prominence as a great Slavic empire, although they fear that they may themselves one day be surrounded and swamped when the great unification of the Slavs takes place.

Between these capitals of the southern empire-kingdom and that of the German empire, the city of the Hohenzollerns, in its sandy plain on either side of the Spree, there is the widest contrast of all sorts, and especially in the men who hold the helm of state in either. Nowadays in Europe when any one thinks of Berlin he also thinks of Bismarck. The great Chancellor has dwarfed everything else in Germany, his colossal statue overtops the Emperor, the talented and cultivated Crown Prince, all the shining lights of the military party, and of course all the literary and artistic celebrities. In fact, so far as the rest of Europe is

concerned, Germany is a kind of luminous mist out of which arises the towering figure of the great unifier and wire-puller.

Prince Bismarck never fails to place himself in the second rank when he is spoken of in connection with German politics, but he by no means believes

because it is felt that he is a kind of "stop-gap," that he stands in the breach to prevent hostile collision between the great northern powers which have assumed such prominence in the last three decades, in other words, that, so long as he lives, Russia will not fight Germany.

When the Emperor William disappears possibly the attitude of Russia to Germany may change. The thrones of the two countries will be occupied by men of undisputed will-power, wide-reaching ambition, and considerable hostility to each other's aims. For the last ten years it has been sufficient, whenever there was a disturbance of Russian opinion against Germany, for the two Emperors to give fresh proofs of their mutual good-will in order to allay all excitement.

Alexander has gone now beckoned away by the holy hind of that spectre, which as Mr. Thiers so truly said "has left France and gone promenading in the North." But Alexander's son, anti-German as he is in feeling, will not be likely to move his hand against Germany while the venerable Emperor William lives.

Berlin and Bismarck, Bismarck and Berlin,—these words have been heard almost constantly in Europe since 1878. With the Berlin Congress came the definite recognition of the fact that Europe must go to Berlin for leave and license to carry out its plans, and from the Congress which revised the Treaty of San Stefano to the conference which carved out the Congo State in this present year, German predominance and prestige have grown and strengthened until they are becoming to certain high-spirited nations somewhat irksome and exasperating. The efforts of Great Britain to ignore the leading rôle of



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY

that he occupies such rank. He is proud of being called the "King's man," but it would be more just to call him the man who supports the King or the Emperor.

The aged German sovereign is a fine figure-head, the *beau idéal* of a veteran soldier and of a finished gentleman,—one of the last of the monarchs who feel that they rule by incontrovertible right, and that if any concession be made to popular sovereignty it is out of generosity, rendered easy by the security of their own positions. The Emperor has his importance in these later years,

Germany are well known. Thus far they have been without practical result, not even so distinguished a Liberal as Mr Gladstone finding it easy to tilt against the Bismarckian windmill without breaking a few lances and getting severely bruised.

The German position in Europe is in many respects most singular, a nation which has carved out its unity at the point of the sword finds itself at the height of power, possessing without question the finest military organization in the world, equally equipped for offense and defense, yet earnestly striving to maintain peace, and by all reasonable means to keep its own umbræ out of action. While surrounding nations and in fact most of the nations of the world, have been looking upon Germany for the last eighteen years in constant expectation of her downfall because of the drain upon her resources caused by the maintenance of her army, Germany has managed to develop her industry and commerce in a remarkable degree, and to-day competes with France and England in those great foreign markets which the Briton and the Gaul once proudly claimed as exclusively their own. A careful observer is forced to the conclusion that Germany maintains its army for the purpose of overruling Europe, and getting its own way in everything by a display of the force which can compel assent if persuasion fails.

The French find to their cost that the industrial triumph of Germany is greater than her military triumph. The Germans, who so long passed for being slow and unambitious, have proved the quickest and keenest traders in Europe. With workmen carefully and symmetrically educated, with a country filled with the best of schools, general and

technical, with the sinews of men trained by the best and most intelligent physical exercises in and out of the army,—Germany has a body of workmen surpassed in no country and equalled in few. These workmen can and do live on small wages, they are scattered about in diminutive communities, where housing and food are cheap and easily obtainable, and they pull together in the industrial war against the rest of the world, as they did in the military struggle for supremacy for which they had been preparing through fifty years of silent study.

The indisputable triumphs of northern and middle Germany in industry and in the political world could not have been achieved without the masterly leadership of Prince Bismarck, and the nation, appreciating this, associates his name with every national move. His powers are of course limited, but he is unwilling to confess this, and he tries to invent remedies for everything, even for the crying curse of Socialism which is eating out the heart of many great German communities, and preparing for a revolution, which may be put off, but cannot be permanently averted. He bends the currents of trade towards Germany, or distributes them through it. His hand is seen in the boring of the St Gothard Tunnel and the opening of new commercial currents towards Genoa and the Southern Seas, just as it is seen in the creation of syndicates in Hamburg for monopolizing the African trade in the very teeth of England and France, both of which countries feel that they must have Africa at all hazards.

The sudden arrival of Germany upon the field of colonial enterprise, two or three years ago, created an almost ludicrous consternation in European circles. France, which had been told by the

dying Latté that it must colonize if it wished for military prestige anywhere, as she could no longer hope for it in Europe, has expanded her dominion in North Africa, and even knocked at the doors of the celestial empire. England, in her jealousy of France, has narrowly escaped coming to blows with her neigh-



EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

bor and friend, and the English press has been full of allusions to the old days when France and England were constantly jostling each other in the field of colonial conquest. Italy and Spain, fretting within their narrow bounds, and anxious for glory beyond seas, have cast covetous eyes upon the African lands near them. Russia has pushed her standards dangerously near the gates of India, hurrying on across the deserts in Central Asia to the gardens just beyond them. Austria has used up her surplus activity in Arctic expeditions, for lack of something better. Meantime Germany, which has been quietly and

silently building a vast fleet, having got it into shape for service, steps forth upon the colonial field, and announces her decision to take a portion of Africa. It would be difficult to imagine a more high-handed proceeding than that of the German government in its acquisition of African territory, yet other European countries can do nothing to prevent it, and are compelled to sit around the diplomatic table in Berlin to make sure that they can keep their own colonies.

The northern powers, Russia and Germany, present the spectacle of great nations not spontaneously acting in obedience to some inherited policy of expansion or unification, but driven or moulded into certain courses by the will of strong men. I suppose these nations may say that their collective will has been summed up in certain individuals. In both countries there is protest, constant and strong, against the one-man power and the injustice and hardship which it necessarily inflicts on numerous classes. Socialism in Germany is but a mask for the advanced, untaught, and dangerous republicanism which Europe must have before it can have an enlightened and self-controlling democracy. Nihilism in Russia, with its men groveling in the earth to lay mines of powder, or slinking through corridors with daggers in their hands, or holding meetings in remote and gloomy forests, is another and a sadder phase of the republican movement. The most terrible form of nihilism, manifested in the doctrine of the destructionists, who wish to do away with society without substituting anything in its place, who seem to have devoted their existence to the work of mere tearing down, is the result of the terrible repression in Russia. Emperor William of Germany escaped the assassin's hand, although he was sta

unrelenting persistence and malevolence that finally laid the Emperor Alexander of Russia in his grave. Bismarck, all powerful as he seems, realizes that he treads on a volcano, and cannot affirm that an eruption may not overwhelm him just as he seems about to "crown the edifice" at the end of his illustrious career.

Should Bismarck live to be a very old man many strange things, now only whispered about in Europe, might become actualities. Those persons who talk with bated breath of the absorption of Holland and Switzerland into the German Empire as an impossibility might find that it was quite within the scope of Bismarck's genius. Having demonstrated his power to draw the centre of control to Berlin and to maintain it there, why might he not boldly change the map of Europe a little more? Heaven knows it has been changed frequently enough in the last half generation! Besides, he is a master of the policy of "give and take." As in the Congo Conference he brought the French, his most implacable enemies, to cooperate with him simply because they knew they would profit materially by so doing, so if he chose to attack the autonomy of the brave little countries which have a Germanic tinge, he might find plenty of bribes with which to stop the mouths of the objectors.

The industrial progress of Germany is so powerful that it may break down all barriers which would keep it from a wide outlet upon the Northern sea, and which might claim complete control of the great highways that, burrowing under the Alps, lead out to the seas which wash the shores of the Italian peninsula.

Europe has become so accustomed to

permanent that it would be shocked to its centre if he were to be carried off in one of his many illnesses. In recent years he has shown symptoms of great and general fatigue, manifest principally in a petulance quite astonishing in one of his robust intellect, against any who dare to cross even his least important plans. In his long fight with the Ultramontanes he was no more imperious than he is on the simple matter of some measure of home taxation. He is a driver who keeps his horses well in hand, ready to flourish the whip whenever there is any manifestation of independence on the part of the steeds. A Frenchman has called him the Mikado of Germany. This rather indefinite definition admirably hits the general French opinion of the great man. It is certain that Bismarck has maintained his dignity better than Thiers, better than Guizot, better than Beaconsfield in carrying through the gigantic schemes in which he has been engaged. He has, however, had a more docile people to handle than the French or the English, who rebel more readily against the display of authority than the Germans, with their memories of the great Frederick, can for a long time hope to do.

At Friedrichsruhe or at Vauxin in his cabinet or in the parliament in Berlin, he is the unyielding master who brings the dart of Jove into play the moment that he finds persuasion not strong enough. An American is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Europe is, on the whole, fond of being bullied, and will fall at the feet of him who can bully with the roundest voice and the biggest fist. In very recent days Prince Bismarck has, by his personal influence on general European affairs, forced the German nation more prominently into view than ever before. Not satisfied

with carving a German colonial empire in Africa, out of the territories which he took bodily from under the grip of France and England, he now assumes to be the arbiter of Egyptian affairs and will not give England peace until she consents to bring Egypt, as everything else has been brought, on to the green cloth at Berlin.

It is from the North alone that per-

mission for the definite reopening of the "Eastern Question" can be obtained, and the country which, twenty years ago, would scarcely have been considered in the arrangement of matters in the East is now the one which must be first consulted by those who were wont to look upon her as a second or third class power.

CHAPTER NINETY-THREE

The Storm of Europe diverted into Africa — How Great Britain was drawn into Egyptian Affairs — The Revolt of Arabi — Rise of El Mahdi — Gordon to the Rescue — The Long Siege of Khartoum — Fall of the Sudanese Stronghold and Reported Death of Gordon — The Recall of Wolcott

THE storm of Europe is not all confined within its narrow boundaries, but reaches over the world, and discharges its lightnings, sweeps with its terrible winds, and devastates with its floods and fires. Even now two European powers, that are also Asiatic powers, are confronting each other in Afghanistan, and who dare say that war in Europe may not result from this dispute of Russia and Great Britain? — the latter burning now, as so often before, the way of the Muscovite empire to the sea, shutting up the path to the Persian Gulf, as it has forbidden the Straits of the Bosphorus and the prize of Constantinople. In Africa, as we shall see later, the powers of Europe meet peacefully now — thanks to Stanley and King Leopold, and above all, to Bismarck, — upon the Congo, but occasion of strife there is yet remote. Elsewhere in Africa also the powers meet and conflict, at the mouth of the Nile and at ancient Cairo, where the all-potent interests of trade and money have compelled the governments of France, England, Germany, and Italy, to concern themselves in the government of Egypt and consequently in the religion of Islam. The business interests of all are identical, but no other power has as much at stake in Egypt as Great Britain, for not only is it of moment to her that the government should be stable, solvent, and willing to pay the interest on its immense debts,

but through Egyptian territory passes the Suez Canal the gateway to the great Indian empire, built by the French De Lesseps, but now chiefly owned by Great Britain. It is neutral in case of war for the world's commerce, but the fortunes of war do not always respect the most guarded of agreements. The necessity of keeping at the head of affairs in Egypt a government that it could be managed so as to secure the moneyed interests of Europe was what provoked the one war which Mr Gladstone's late government originated for it inherited the other wars it has taken part in from Lord Beaconsfield's "Jingo" policy. So when, in September, 1881, Arif Bey, a colonel in the Egyptian army, and others of his rank, headed an insurrection to demand a new ministry; and when dissatisfied with the new ministry when it was given, and still more dissatisfied when foreign intervention came, the colonels drew the army into active rebellion, there was nothing for Great Britain to do but put down the patriots, as they called themselves. Thus started the trouble of the English in Egypt. Arabi was an Egyptian, and the first of Egyptian blood who had held so high a rank among the Turks, made much out of his profession of patriotism. He was an ignorant man, — he could not read Arabic even, but he knew his country had been abused long enough by its Turkish rulers, who had plundered it by the Sultan's imposts

and for their own extravagances, and had brought it into debt on every hand, grinding the luckless fellahen to the earth under hopeless oppression. The man was incompetent to his rôle of savior and his success would have been ruinous to his country, but there was never any chance of his succeeding. At first there was talk of the Sultan, the Khedive's suzerain, taking possession of the land in force but England would not have allowed that it would have made matters worse instead of better. There was also talk of joint occupation by England and France, but finally the policy of Egypt, the protecting of its helpless nominal ruler, the Khedive and the putting down of the rebellion of the colonels, was committed to England alone, and how she accomplished those tasks we need not recall in detail.

As before said, Arabi was ignorant, the present Khedive recently related in an amusing instance of the depth of his ignorance. 'I shall never forget,' he said 'one incident that occurred while he was secretary of war. It was at the time of the excitement about the Italians taking Asab on the Red Sea. It was at a meeting of the council where I presided. Arabi said, 'Italy must not be allowed to do this. We will prevent it by destroying the Suez Canal so that they cannot get to the Red Sea.' I said, 'What do you mean? You will destroy the Suez Canal? Why, the Suez Canal is an international highway, and you would not be permitted to do it. Besides, if you did, you would not prevent the Italians sending their ships around by the Cape of Good Hope and entering the Red Sea from the south.' — 'What,' said Arabi, 'is there another way of getting to the Red Sea than by way of the canal?' The fact was that he had not the slightest idea of the shape or *raison d'être* of the

Red Sea, though it is a body so intimately connected with Egypt that it may almost be said to be Egyptian." Not only was he ignorant, but we felt he must be confessed a coward, his sole virtue was his blind feeling, that everything was wrong, the fellahen abused, and the foreign officers, who really owned the country, much too arrogant, but this and the small education he had in military affairs, did not suffice for the occasion. Alexandria was bombarded July 11, 1882, Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had won a reputation in the Ashantee war, arrived to take command of the British troops in the Khedive's service, August 15 and Arabi and his army of sixty thousand Egyptians were utterly routed at Tel-el-Kebir on September 13 only three days over a year since the day when he, at the head of four thousand men, had confronted the Khedive with a demand for the resignation of the ministry and the formation of a new one, the assembly of the Notables, and a constitution. Wolseley was made a baron for Tel-el-Kebir, and Arabi went to prison, was afterward tried for treason, and exiled to Ceylon, where he now lives, at the cost of the Egyptian government, in a comfortable house at Colombo. He is trying to learn English, and is supposed to be ambitious of literary fame in a history of his times, while without question he is getting up a collection of autographs of his visitors, who all sign their names in his big book.

While the English were finishing this job, another much more troublesome one was preparing for them in Upper Egypt. In July, 1881, five months after the military riot in which Arabi first came into notoriety, and when discontent was growing every day, came the news of the appearance of a prophet in the Sudan, who asserted that he was the Mahdi,

the great savior and reorganizer of Islam. This was an event ominous of due disaster or not, according as he should prove able to impose himself upon the people, for there have been many false prophets presenting that claim, who have had sometimes great success for a time, but sometimes also none at all. The idea of the Mahdi is the same with the idea of the Messiah, it is the Persian version in fact of the Jewish original. When everything is getting as bad as possible in Islam, and Satan, or the Beast of the Apocalypse or Antichrist, or the false prophet, whom the doctrine of Islam calls Dajjāl (the Impostor)—appears,—then the true prophet is to come. This personage must be of the family of Mahomet, at the head of the true believers he will muster, one by one, the Moslem kingdoms, and his title will be El Mahdi, or *He who is led*. At the coming of Dajjāl too, Jesus is to descend from heaven, but not to play the foremost part as in Christian prophecy, but as assistant to the Mahdi, who will be his Imam after whom he will repeat his prayers. Many Mahdis have had their day, and their failure has proved them false prophets, this one, now he has failed, will be fatalistically regarded as another, and the Moslems will proceed to look for the true Mahdi, who should come after the false. He had a good many of the marks, he bore the same name as the Prophet, Mohammed Ahmed, his father bore the same name as the Prophet's father, Abdallah, his mother, like the Prophet's mother, was Aminah, he was forty years old when he appeared, and that is the sacred age, — Mahomet's own age at his revelation, and, moreover, he had been carefully brought up as a candidate for the position. Yet against these advantages it must be said that the ulemas declared him an

impostor, and the chief of Mecca, the head of the sacred tribe of the Koreish, pronounced him the false prophet. However that may be, Mohammed Ahmed has been constantly growing in power to this day, when he occupies nearly all the Soudan, and he has cost the English much money, a great many soldiers, and several generals, chief



EL MAHDI

among them the strange hero known as "Chinese Gordon."

The first attempt to bring the Mahdi to terms was disastrous to the small detachment charged with the duty, another fared no better, and in June, 1882, he, with his Soudanese, swept out of existence the Egyptian army of the Soud in numbering six thousand men, under Yussuf Pasha, slaying all but a few soldiers. From that victory he began offensive war, overran the wide country without check, and brought to his side nearly every tribe of the region. He was de-

feated at Bua and again in his fierce assaults on El Obeid, capital of Kordofan where he was thrice repulsed and lost it is said, ten thousand men. But afterward early in 1883, he took Bua, and then El Obeid surrendered, and not only all its garrison took service with him and he made the town his dwelling-place. It was not until after this triumphant career, and the establishment of a mighty prestige with the lawless tribes of the region, that the Egyptian government began to consider the necessity of suppressing his formidable rebellion. It must not be forgotten that this region of the Soudan populated by intelligent, vigorous and free races, had been for many years subjected to the grossest tyranny and exaction, under the reign of the Khedive Ismail and his predecessor. Before this it was that Charles George Gordon had had his wonderful career as Governor-General of the Soudan, in which he had greatly lightened the burden of the cruel rule of Egypt and the atrocities of the slave-trade. This was the first administration in which humanity and respect for the rights of the Soudanese had been shown, and its experience had intensified the discontent of the people, and they were ripe for revolt when the Mahdi gave them the opportunity and impulse. It was a scattered popular movement that the Egyptian government now undertook to put down. The Khedive, after the fall of El Obeid, organized such an army as he could to oppose the dangerous rising, and sent it thither under the command of an Englishman, Hicks Pasha. Abdel Kader, an Arab, with a small force, had already entered Sennar and gained some success when Hicks arrived at Khartoum, in March. At first, it seemed that Hicks would save the fortunes of the Khedive's rule. He defeated a large

force in Sennar, April 29, and the Mahdi's vizier was among the slain, while the Mahdi himself was shortly after beaten, and fled to Kordofan. Thereafter for months Hicks had a career of uninterrupted success, and things looked hopeful when, in early autumn he set out at the head of ten thousand men to quell the Mahdi by one blow. He was betrayed into an ambush, and his force utterly destroyed, no European at all survived, and the Egyptian campaign against the Mahdi was at an end—the resources of the Khedive were exhausted.

The English had waited too long. Had they supported the Khedive from the start as they had morally bound themselves to do by their suppression of Arab's rebellion the Mahdi's career might have been cut short. But the government had declined to help Egypt in subjugating the Soudan. Lord Granville had stated in Parliament in the spring of 1883 that "Her Majesty's government were in no way responsible for the operations which had been undertaken on the authority of the Egyptian government, or for the appointment and action of General Hicks." But when Hicks and his army had been massacred, a certain sense of responsibility began to creep over the managers of British foreign affairs. Something must be done. At once the attempt was made to get Egypt to abandon the Soudan, for conquer it she could not, nor would England help her. But that was conceded—for, really, what choice had Tewfik, a powerless "protected" prince, the mere administrator of British will? Then arose the question of the garrisons, thirty thousand soldiers, mostly Egyptians, in Khartoum, and Berber, Dongola, Kassala, and other places, who would assuredly be butchered by

the fanatic followers of the Mahdi if they were left there. It was at this juncture that the British thought of Charles George Gordon. This wonderful soldier of fortune, whom some call the greatest Englishman of his age, did not decline the work, for he knew what it was, none so well, and, moreover, he had already half-engaged with the King of the Belgians to go to the upper Congo and supplement Stanley's work by extirpating the slave-trade of Central Africa. For that he had quitted his retreat in the Holy Land where he had been meditating and producing that book of mystical religious thought since published, yet, when he asked the permission of the British government to take that service and yet retain his commission as major-general there was some difficulty made about it. But assent was gained when, on the eve of departure for that service, Gordon was sought for the Soudan. The government was not the first to ask for Gordon, that was left for the newspapers, and they were not backward in doing their duty. Said the "Pall Mall Gazette": "If we have not an Egyptian army to employ, and if we must not send an English force, what are we to do? There is only one thing that we can do. We cannot send a regiment to Khartoum, but we can send a man who on more than one occasion, has proved himself more valuable in similar circumstances than an entire army. Why not send Chinese Gordon to Khartoum, to assume absolute control over the territory, to treat with the Mahdi, to relieve the garrisons, and do what can be done, to save what can be saved, from the wreck in the Soudan? His engagement on the Congo could surely be postponed. No man can deny the urgent need in the midst of that hideous welter of confusion

for the presence of such a man with a born genius for command and an unexampled capacity in organizing 'Ever Victorious' armies, and a perfect knowledge of the Soudan and its people. Why not send him out with *carte blanche*?"

The British government knew all this well, they knew Gordon's genius and gifts and the great things he had done in



GEN. C. G. GORDON

China, and what former service as Governor-General of the Soudan, the most popular one that ever ruled, and the only one that had ever done any good there except Sir Samuel Baker. But Gordon was a man of greater resources and more striking character than the excellent Baker. He had shown one of his eccentricities by refusing a salary of £10,000 a year, when the Khedive appointed him governor of the tules in upper Egypt in 1877, and would take but £2,000, saying that the money was wrung from the poverty of a wretched people whom he pitied. He was made a pasha, and, in February,

1877, he was made Governor-General of the Soudan. In the course of that year he travelled through the whole of this great proconsulate, settling difficulties, pacifying hostile tribes, removing officers who oppressed the people, gaining the love of the people by his brilliant insight and unswerving justice, and winning in almost superstitious admiration by the rapidity of his movements and the celerity of his despatch of affairs. The great work of his administration was not the putting down of rebellion in Darfur or the ending of the war with Abyssinia, but the crippling of the power of the slave-dealers at the very source of their supplies. He captured hundreds of slave caravans and put an end to a dominion which had for years been stronger in actual influences than the power of the Khedive. In doing this Gordon hastened the way of his own death (if, indeed, he be dead) for when his able lieutenant the Italian Romulus Gessi, executed the penalty of death upon Sulciman the robber chief son of Zeheli, the king of the slave-traders the act although Zeheli acknowledged its rightfulness was not forgotten or forgiven by that important personage who was able to direct from his detention under surveillance at Cano, the operations of traitors who opened the gates of Khartoum to the Mahdi. But this is to anticipate.

Having these things in mind the British government did appoint Gordon, and, ever ready to obey the summons to a field of immediate and pressing action he responded promptly, informing King Leopold that he should hope to be able to carry out his engagement with him concerning the Congo after he had accomplished his work on the Soudan. He went with the clear understanding that the end to be accomplished was the evacuation of the Soudan by the Egyp-

tian government. The British government had the choice of simply aiding this policy, which it had advised the Khedive to adopt, or of supporting the Khedive by British troops, numerous enough to pursue an active and destructive campaign against the formidable false prophet. Gordon made a memorandum of his own plans, which, as read now, indicate the impossibility of working in London and at Khartoum on two very different lines. The evacuation of the Soudan, the mere rescue of the Egyptian garrisons, could have been accomplished had there been no other considerations. But Gordon also planned to make a disposition for the future of the country. Notwithstanding that he had said at the start "I understand that Her Majesty's government have come to the unfavorable decision not to incur the very onerous duty of securing to the peoples of the Soudan a just future government," in the same paragraph he went on to say that, "as a consequence, Her Majesty's government have determined to restore to these peoples their independence," and, further on, he says: "My idea is that the restoration of the country should be made to the different petty sultans who existed at the time of Mehemet Ali's conquest, and whose families still exist, that the Mahdi should be left altogether out of the calculation as regards the handing over the country, and that it should be optional with the sultans to accept his supremacy or not. As these sultans would probably not be likely to gain by accepting the Mahdi as their sovereign, it is probable that they will hold to their independent positions. Thus, we should have two factions to deal with, namely, the petty sultans asserting their several independence, and the Mahdi party aiming at supremacy over them." The arsenals, therefore

should be handed over to the sultans, and not the Mahdi, but in Khartoum, Dongola, and Kassala, towns which have sprung up since the first Khedive's conquest, there were no old ruling families, and there Gordon thought it should be left to the people to decide as to the arsenals, etc. All this involved precisely what Gordon had plainly said he knew the British government would not do, and what, in fact, it did not do. Nevertheless, it was with these ideas that he left for the Soudan. "It would be an iniquity to reconquer these people and then hand them back to the Egyptians without guarantee of future good government." And therefore, he did not desire that the British should take the part of the Egyptian government, but he did outline a programme of sustaining the local sultans as against the Kordofan prophet which involved a great deal larger force and more fighting than the government at London ever contemplated. Thus although the government never promised to fulfil Gordon's plans, it did express the utmost confidence in his wisdom and tell him to go ahead, with "full discretionary power to retain the troops for such reasonable period as you may think necessary in order that the abandonment of the country may be accomplished with the least possible risk to life and property." And Gordon ruled with this unrecognized but most serious difference between himself and the government.

The late Governor-General of the Soudan reached Khartoum February 18, 1884. His first acts were to liberate prisoners and prepare for the removal of the garrison to Berber. In nine days more he had surveyed the field and come to the conclusion that it was necessary, in order to accomplish his plans, to crush the Mahdi, and he began telegraphing to Sir Evelyn Baring that it could then be

done without great cost in men or money. He required also for his lieutenant whom but his old enemy Zubeir, the slave-trader. Shortly after he astonished the world by proclaiming in Khartoum non-interference with the slave-trade. The inconsistency of this action with Gordon's professions and previous record seemed impossible to explain, but the British government expressed then confidence in his judgment in the emergency. Seven-eighths of the population of the Soudan were slaves at that time, and Gordon had to reassure the Soudanese against the impression disseminated by the Mahdi that Gordon's purpose was to extinguish their property in slaves. Whether he intended or not, at the start, to subjugate the Mahdi he found when he got on the spot that if he did not nothing could save Egypt from his advance after the Soudan was conquered, as it soon would be, and he thought the British government might better do the job then when it would be comparatively easy than suffer the influence of the Mahdi to spread until he possessed an irresistible force. But the British government sent no more troops and paid no heed to Gordon's demand for Zubeir. Gordon grew desperate if we may judge by his despatches at the time and especially by his diaries since published. Things had been going constantly against him. Colonel Valentine Baker, in the service of the Sultans Baker Pasha, had suffered a severe defeat at Tokar, February 4. Tewfik Bey had, a week later, tried to cut his way with his garrison out of Sinkat but all the six hundred men were slain by the forces of Osman Digna who was now recognized as the Mahdi's viceroy. Tokar had surrendered. A massacre of Egyptians, endeavoring to escape from the country, had occurred at Shendi. There had been a temporary gleam of

success in General Graham's defeat of a force near Trinkitat but that was more than offset by the massacre of a part of the Egyptian army under command of Colonel Stewart, for it revealed the existence of treachery, two pashas having been detected in their negotiations and shot. Meriutime Gordon's communications with the world were often cut off, and repeatedly he telegraphed for reinforcements, declaring his conviction that he should be caught in Khartoum. April 4 he got through the following message to Sir Evelyn Baring—

"I have telegraphed to Sir Samuel Baker to make an appeal to British and American millionaires to give me £100,000 to engage Turkish troops from the Sultan and send them here. This will settle the Sudan and Mahdi forever for my part I think you will agree with me. I do not see the fun of being caught here to walk about the streets for years as a dervish with sandalled feet, not that (D V) I will ever be taken alive. It would be the climax of meanness, after I had borrowed money from the people here had called on them to sell their grain at a low price etc. to go and abandon them without using every effort to relieve them. Whether these efforts are diplomatically correct or not, I feel sure, whatever you may feel diplomatically I have your support—and every man professing himself a gentleman—in private. Nothing could be more meagre than your telegram, 'Osman Digna's followers have been dispersed.' Surely something more than this was required by me."

Eight days later he wrote as follows: "As far as I can understand the situation is this. You state your intention of not sending any relief up here or to Berber, and you refuse me Zebehr. I

consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot, I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under greater difficulties, if you retain peace in Egypt."

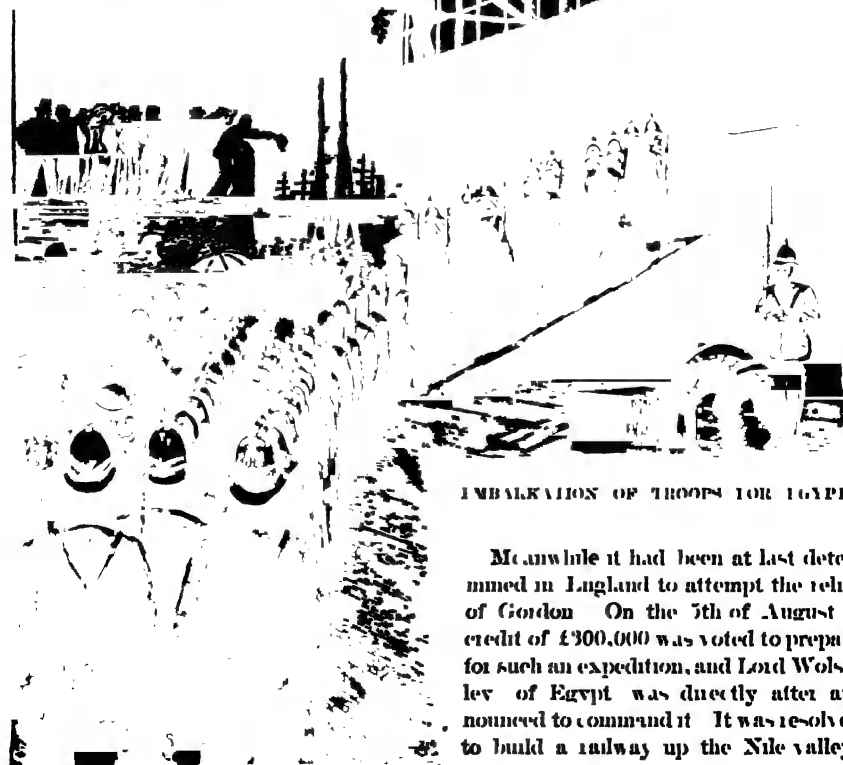
For months thereafter nothing was heard of Gordon any more than if he had been in the moon. A diary of the siege of Khartoum written by a newspaper correspondent named Power, reached London September 29, containing the first information from the beleaguered place for five months. What fighting Gordon did in the interim was from his stunts on the Nile. The long siege was sustained, not by the bravery of the garrison for, as Mr Power wrote, the Egyptian soldiers were such poltroons that "one Arab can put two hundred of our men to flight," nor by the abundance of provisions, for they grew very scarce, but by the invincible spirit of Gordon. This, however, did not make him more popular with the people of Khartoum, who, doubtless, did not understand the conduct of such a man. It was a month later before word was had directly from Gordon, giving details of the siege. At that time he had sent important sorties, and even expeditions, from Khartoum, in one of which Berber, captured in May by the Mahdi, had been retaken by Colonel Stewart. But, on the way back, Stewart and Power and another European, making their way down the river in a small steamer, were wrecked, and the whole party murdered by a local sheikh, in whose professions of friendship they had trusted. It became more and more evident that the

Soudanese were impatient at the occupation of their country, and more inclined to accept the lead of the Mahdi. It was recognized in England that this was the character of the movement that continued to be called a "rebellion." Mr. Gladstone, in Parliament, replying to "Jingo" attacks, spoke of the Mahdi as one leading a people to freedom and it was true. All the while, therefore, the Mahdi's strength continued to increase, and he was constantly gaining small victories, and closing in on Khartoum. The diaries of Gordon have enabled us to follow the whole course of this time when he felt that he was abandoned by the British government, and when there was a loud cry went up in England almost to cursing the government but yet the authorities declared Gordon in no danger. Lord Granville asserted that in the House of Lords, and said that if he felt himself abandoned, it was because the government despatches had not reached him. In May a meeting of the Patriotic Association was held in St. James Hall, London. The Earl of Cadogan presided. Mr. Chaplin M.P. moved and the Earl of Dunraven seconded a resolution "that this meeting condemns the abandonment of General Gordon by Her Majesty's ministers as dishonorable to them and discreditable to the country." It was then declared that he had asked for money, and it had not been sent, had asked for Zebu's and had been refused, had prayed for troops, and been told there were none. It was often said that Gordon could get out if he would, and there is no doubt that he might have done so alone, but that he celled, in his unimmaculate manner, "sneaking out," and he could not sneak.

At the beginning of August, it is known from the diaries, Gordon's troops

had fired about half a million cartridges, two of his little steamers had received on their hulls nine hundred and eight hundred hits, respectively, yet only thirty men had been killed or wounded. But the strain upon the besieged was terrible. Great economy of food was necessary every one was rationed, and food had become thirty times dearer than its usual price. He had borrowed money to feed the starving and he had issued paper to the extent of over £26,000 while he owed the merchants twice as much more. He struck medals for the defence of Khartoum, for officers in silver for privates in silver-gilt and pewter. These bore the device of the crescent and the star with a quotation from the Koran a date and the inscription "Siege of Khartoum." "School children and women," he writes in his diary, "also received medals, so that I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum." The stores of ammunition grew low, and had to be husbanded very carefully. Gordon was everything without him there was no strength whatever. The military the ulemas, sojourners, and citizens of Khartoum on August 19 telegraphed to the Khedive as follows: "Weakened and reduced to extremities, God in his mercy sent Gordon Pasha to us in the midst of our calamities or we should all have perished of hunger and been destroyed. But sustained by his intelligence and great military skill, we have been preserved until now." That shows what Gordon was to his Mohammedan friends, yet at this time he was writing, "We appeared even as lions to the people of Khartoum," because nothing that he asked for was granted him. Finally, August 26, he sent to the Khedive, to Sir Evelyn Baring, and to Nubar Pasha, this significant despatch

"I am awaiting the arrival of British troops, in order to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons. Send me Zebeli Pasha, and pay him a yearly salary of £8,000. I shall surrender the Soudan to the Sultan as soon as two hundred thousand Turkish troops have arrived. If the rebels kill the Egyptians you will be answerable for their blood. I require £300,000 for soldiers pay, my daily expenses being £1,500.



EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR EGYPT.

Meanwhile it had been at last determined in England to attempt the relief of Gordon. On the 5th of August a credit of £300,000 was voted to prepare for such an expedition, and Lord Wolseley of Egypt was directly afterwards announced to command it. It was resolved to build a railway up the Nile valley.

Four hundred boats of light draught were ordered, and ship-yards at Liverpool, London Hull, Hartlepool, and Dundee were busy with the noise of labor day and night, presently four hundred more were ordered. On the 30th of August the Nile was reported rising, and it was time things were on the move. Lord Northbrook was to accompany Wolseley so far as Cairo. There were preparations swiftly made in London for the departure of the troops, and there was great excitement as some favorite regiment embarked upon the Thames. Some troops were ordered from India, and the whole force to go south of Assuan that is, above the cataracts, was determined to comprise eight thousand British troops, two thousand five hundred Egyptians, and a flotilla of nine hundred and fifty boats, the cost of the campaign was reckoned at £8,000,000. There were already ten thousand British troops in Egypt, and the reinforcements were to number five thousand. There grew a great popular interest in the war movement, for Jingoism is a permanent quality in England, the colonies felt the demand, and troops went from Australia and from Canada. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of the Dominion, enlisted a contingent of six hundred boatmen of the St Lawrence and Ottawa, who had long navigated the rapids of those mighty rivers of the North, to conduct the troop-boats up the rapids of the Nile, under command of Major Dennison of the Governor-General's body-guard. The popular songs in London streets were of Egypt and Gordon, and this interesting composition bade the Caughnawagas God-speed on their service —

"Oh, the East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter,

And the pine becomes a palm by the dark Egyptian water,
And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills the brimming cup,
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the battaux up
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the battaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top."

This is quite in the measure and spirit of the Canadian *chante*, as they call



LORD WOLSELEY

them and very likely was sung on the Nile among the boatmen's own simple lays,—a picturesque incident of a wasteful and ineffectual war.

Lords Northbrook and Wolseley reached Alexandria September 9, the same night reached Cairo and there Wolseley waited until the troops and transports had passed the second cataract, the former by land, the latter pushed by the poles of hundreds of half-fed laborers. Above Dongola the advance was to be by water. The enlistment of a camel corps, for the

crossing of the desert, — a novel experiment, which proved of great practical service, — was ordered. The railway corps were set to building a road across twenty miles of desert beyond Sarris to escape the Semueh cataracts. When everything was ready Wolseley was to advance to Wady Halfa and direct operations thence. Meantime there were many combats going on over other parts of the Soudan which were draining the English purse and losing English lives to no permanent purpose and little present effect. The Mahdi's force was greatly scattered, and much of it uncertain. The Mudir of Dongola remained loyal to the Khedive, and was a bulwark against the Mahdi's advance. Now Gordon had made striking moves outside of Khartoum, and reports went over the world of the most singular character, so that there was actually triumphant talk, September 21st, over a despatch from the Mudir recounting victories gained by Gordon in July and August, the latest a month back, which the Mudir said resulted in raising the siege of Khartoum. But though the lines were broken several times by the magnificent dashes of Gordon and Stewart, and the food supplies of the beleaguered place replenished, the siege was destined never to be raised. It was on October 3, Wolseley being then at Wady Halfa, and the expedition making slow progress up the Nile, that General Gordon advanced with two steamers from Khartoum, bombarded Beirba, and retook it from the Mahdi's forces, on the return from which expedition Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power were killed. This success had determined the false prophet upon an absolute investment and he gathered forces from far and near, and soon had over 15,000 men around Khartoum. On the 4th of

November he called upon Gordon to surrender, but that staunch heart did not fail him, and he returned answer, "Not for ten years," and afterward sent word, "When you, O Mahdi, dry up the Nile and walk across dry-shod with your troops and get into Khartoum and take me, then I will surrender the town, and not before." But, as a matter of fact, he did not intend to surrender the town, or himself, nor did he intend to accept from the expedition a personal relief for himself, or the relief of that garrison alone. About this time, in his diary, he repeatedly expressed his determination never to leave Khartoum so long as there remained a garrison in the Soudan unrelieved, or without a government being established of some sort. "If any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down, I will not obey it," he wrote, "but will stay here and fall with the town, and run all risks," for he felt that the people had placed in him their entire confidence, and it would be treachery in him to abandon them, even should he only stay as nothing but a private person, without authority. Little was heard from him outside for months, but a few words occasionally got through on bits of paper stuffed in the hollow of quills and carried in the messenger's bushy hair, and by other such means. These were sometimes full of despair, as in a note received in November by a friend at Cairo saying, "Farewell, you will never hear from me again. I fear that there will be treachery in the garrison, and all will be over by Christmas." Sometimes they were cheerful, as the line "Khartoum all right, 14th December," which reached head-quarters at Korti, on New Year's Day.

The column under General Herbert Stewart made a rapid march across the

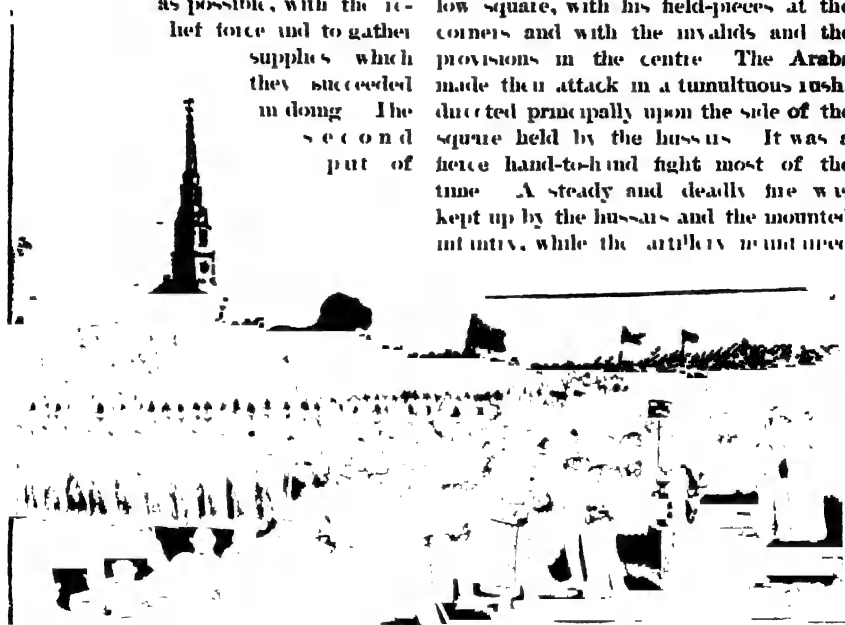
desert, and the camels were extremely satisfactory. The advance had reached Gakdul Wells and Howeryat Wells, near Metemneh, January 10, and General Gordon's steamers were plying on the river between Khartoum and Me-

tetennch, not only to keep the water-way open, but to communicate as soon as possible, with the relief force and to gather

supplies which they succeeded in doing. The

second put of

men approached Abu Klea Wells, they were attacked by from 8,000 to 10,000 of the Mahdi's followers, at a point twenty-three miles north-west of Metemneh and lost sixty-five in slain and eighty-five in wounded, after killing eight hundred of the rebels and wounding as many more. General Stewart formed his troops into a hollow square, with his field-pieces at the corners and with the invalids and the provisions in the centre. The Arabs made their attack in a tumultuous rush, directed principally upon the side of the square held by the hussars. It was a fierce hand-to-hand fight most of the time. A steady and deadly fire was kept up by the hussars and the mounted infantry, while the artillery maintained



DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR EGYPT

the forces travelled much more slowly across the desert than the first, for every ounce of food and water had to be carried, and there was terrible suffering from thirst. General Earle's party were making their way up the Nile, and the forces were expected soon to unite. On the afternoon of the 16th, as the little army of 1,500

an enthralling fire which piled dead Arabs up in heaps. The space in front of the British right flank was a veritable slaughter-pen. But among the English dead were some important men, most noteworthy being Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Burnaby, who made the famous "Ride to Khiva," and who was killed by an Arab spear thrust through

his neck. The victory had been gained at great cost.

Twelve days later another battle was fought at Metemueh and with disaster. General Stewart was desperately wounded and two London newspaper correspondents were killed. — St Leger Herbert, of "The Morning Post," and Mr Cameron, of "The Standard." The little force, amid the storm of bullets, and under command of Sir Charles Wilson, began a retreat to the Nile, firing in a running fight all along the line as they went. Not till night did the enemy withdraw. But, having placed themselves in a strongly-fortified position at Gubat on the Nile, the English troops rested secure. The next day four of Gordon's steamers came down from Khartoum, with a reinforcement of five hundred soldiers and several guns. General Earle's column in a few days arrived at Beit, and occupied it. There was now every hope of a speedy entrance into Khartoum. This was General Wolseley's expectation, and the people of London were full of rejoicing.

Suddenly, without the least preparation, a cruel blow fell which crushed all the British hopes. On the 5th of February the news reached England that Khartoum had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, that massacre had followed, and that the fate of the brave Gordon was unknown.

Sir Charles Wilson had steamed up the Nile, January 24, with twenty men of the Sussex Regiment and three hundred and twenty Soudanese, who had but just before come down from Gordon. As they neared Khartoum they found, to their alarm and surprise, that every point on the way was in the hands of ~~enemies~~, and when they had approached within eight hundred yards of the walls, instead

of Gordon to welcome them, they were confronted by thousands of Arabs, wildly waving flags, and a dozen pieces of artillery, backed by a thousand rifles, opened fire upon them. Against this odds it was, of course, impossible to land, and Wilson retreated down the river. His steamers were both wrecked on the way, by treacherous pilots, but the men all escaped, and remained three days on an island before they were rescued. The whole story of the fall of Khartoum has never been told by any reliable person, though there have been a score of minute accounts, each one contradicting every other. The most that is credibly ascertained is that Khartoum was betrayed by three Soudanese sheiks, whom Gordon had treated only too well. Faragh Pasha, whom Gordon had once had condemned to death and then pardoned, is said to have been the man who opened the gates of the city, and some add even that he was the one who struck Gordon dead. Many pictures have been drawn of Gordon's death, the most probable being that, hearing an unusual noise on the street, he stepped to the door of the government house, and was stabbed on the threshold. There was a romance which many wished to believe, that the brave soldier had been made captive by the Mahdi, who would treat him well, and, indeed, there are those who do believe that Gordon yet lives.

The story of the Soudan is not yet finished, though Wolseley has returned to England with no new honours, and the garrisons of the Egyptians at Kassala and other places have not been relieved. Snakim, on the Red Sea, is in the British hands, the Italians hold Massowah, against the protests of the King of Abyssinia, but Osman Digna possesses all the country between there and the Nile, except where sundry fierce tribes

dwelt that will not recognize the Mahdi, Ahmed has been reported dead and the region is in its normal state of revived again alternately so often that it predatory war. The Soudanese want to be free from the Egyptians, free from is somewhat a mystery. But it is no the British, and left to their own way of mystery that the British in the Soudan have sustained great loss of prestige, life, without the innovation of the tax-gatherer, that leech that drains the life and have accomplished nothing toward the strengthening of their dominion in of the poor fellahen. Whether they the East, where they are destined to be had much religious confidence in the forever menaced by the ambition of the Mahdi may be questioned, but he was rulers, the rivalry of trade, the restiveness of subject nations and the treachery a leader for liberty and that has of allies and tributaries been enough. Of late Mohammed

CHAPTER NINETY-FOUR

The Death of Victor Hugo — The Greatest European Man of Letters since Goethe — Napoleon III's Inconceivable Foe — His Obsequies — The Pantheon secularized — In State Beneath the Arch of Triumph — A Vast Procession — The Demonstration of the French People

ONE of the memorable events of the present year in Europe, unquestionably, was the death of Victor Hugo Long acknowledged as the greatest of all the poets of France, living or dead, and famous in his prime as the leader of the Romantic revolution in French literature and the august head of that school, he had become the principal man in European letters since Goethe, more than that, he had borne a great part in the advance of Europe toward freedom, in all fields of life, in social and political, in national and international movements. Born an aristocrat, he became the most radical and broad-minded of republicans, and was true to the people in their storm as in their calm. He had no toleration for tyrants, nothing could make him compromise his principles by condoning the crime of the second of December, and when many another republican of 1848 had accepted office and almost all immunity from Napoleon III, Victor Hugo, faithful to his professions, would not reenter France, but hurled his fierce invective against "This beggar-wretch,"—

"This brigand whom the Pope hath blessed in
all his sin,
This sceptre-fingering, this crowbar-handed
one,
This Charlemagne by the devil hewn out of a
Manadrin,"

as he called him in a poem
Châtiments," wherein also he

that while the great criminal reigned in France, he accepted exile, "have it nor end nor term" —

"Be there a thousand, I am one, or if our
strength
Have but one hundred left, Sylla is braved by
me,
If only ten continue, I will be the tenth,
And if but one remain, I then that one will be "

After Hugo's death the London "Times" cavilled, as it had in his life, at his constant appeals in behalf of causes for charity or pity, declaring that he did little for humanity, and that his sentimentalism was rather vague and inoperative. This was unfair and ungenerous. Victor Hugo was as thorough a warrior for ideals as were William Lloyd Garrison or John Brown, he was ready at any time to lay down his life or sacrifice his fortune for the truth. Some far-off day, when the human race shudders as it remembers that society once practised capital punishment upon criminals—thus announcing its own disbelief in that sacredness of human life which it sought to teach—the passionate and constant protests of Hugo against the barbarity of executioners will be treasured as memorials of a courage which has had few equals in the nineteenth century. His sentimental appeals have done more for the progress of liberalism in legislation and in thought in Europe than a

score of the most prominent English writers have effected Reformer, with a pen tipped with fire, the good man wrote his denunciations of shams and tyrannies without the smallest regard for the evil consequences which his daring might bring upon himself. The prizes at this moment accorded him in France are somewhat extravagant, yet it is not too much to say that no other man has left so strong an impression on this century.

Hugo may be said to have had three lives — through all of which runs a consistent thread of noble effort for the improvement of humanity. Even in his earlier poems he is already the *poète*. The things say themselves, he is but the medium, his spirit is a delicate lyre through which the wind of the world flows, awakening it to harmonious notes, now tender, now virile. In his middle life of struggle and exile he appears both as *poète* and as consummate artist. He hears the voices of the hidden choir, and in reporting their messages to men he clothes them in most felicitous phrase. All that he does, he does best, it is pitched in exalted key, his subject, as Emerson said of poetry, is always "lifted into air." In the final period, when struggle is over, and when he is looking back, with gaze chastened and cleared by earthly sorrows, his whole strength is turned to the task of preaching love, reconciliation, forgiveness, peace. In Senate and in his library he labored for mercy, for the comfort of the toiling masses, for the pacific accomplishment of social reform. He was an advanced republican of the highest type, and the sentiments which he so boldly proposed will do more than anything else to bring about disarmament, arbitration, sincerity in politics. Men said "the age of Voltaire," they will say "the age of Hugo."

The burial of the great man was preceded and accompanied by the most elaborate and exceptional ceremonies, notwithstanding that in his will he had written that he wished to be borne to his grave in the hearse of the poor. A committee representing the best in French literature, painting, and sculpture made preparations to celebrate the dead: the government decreed the secularization of the Pantheon to receive his remains, and to the great scandal of the Roman Church the stone cross that surmounted its portals was hewn off in visible symbol of the divorce of religion from the temple which Louis the Well-Beloved built, which the Revolution in 1791 consecrated to the illustrious dead of the nation, entombing therein Voltaire, and Rousseau and Mirabeau, which the Bourbons restored to the Church, and called by the name of Ste. Genevieve and which the pious Louis Napoleon, in 1851 gave back to the Church after another brief period of popular possession. There was a certain fitness that Hugo's sepulture should undo the consecration given by the grace of Napoleon Le Petit. His body could not have been buried there while the Church held the splendid building, for hell or hook Hugo would have none. Not that he was irreligious, although he refused the visit of a priest in his last hours, he was not without God in the world. In his will, or *testament mystique*, as it is called, Hugo made a philosophical explanation of his beliefs. He has always and on all public occasions, when it seemed appropriate, affirmed his belief in God. His contempt for the modern materialist was nearly as great as his scorn for the bigot, Catholic or Protestant. His religion was the religion of duty, love was its central and impurpose; love for God, love for

All funerals in France are surrounded with many ceremonious observances; the pomp of death is, indeed, given a sort of luxurious indulgence, and there has never yet been a thought of adding

"Please omit flowers" to the elaborate letters of invitation which are always dispatched to friends by the nearest relative of the deceased, on heavy black-bordered paper, folded over and mailed without envelopes. When the dead is a distinguished man or woman there are more pains taken, and among the features of French news always are the funerals of notables. Such an occasion has more than once centred or started a popular movement, and the government always has a careful oversight of the burial of the great, as it had over that of Victor Hugo. The Conservatives and the Monarchists had the notion that the funeral parade would be made the occasion for a manifestation against property, or, possibly, against the government, by the Anarchists, in fact, the *bourgeois* were in a veritable funk. The Catholics felt that should the funeral be disgraced in some way by misconduct of the assembled thousands, they might say, "You see to what a secular funeral leads." But these were all disappointed. The management of funerals in Paris is under the charge of the *Pompes Funèbres*, a cooperative society under government patronage, which has the monopoly of the trade in coffins, so that there are no undertakers' shops in Paris, and which supplies the entire machinery of the funeral at a fixed price, set down in a printed tariff. A State funeral, like that of Henri Martin, the historian, costs some 15,000 francs, and the *Pompes Funèbres* furnishes a master of ceremonies, a corps of official mourners, huge mortuary carriages, and a colossal hearse, while the government adds a military escort and immort

The *Pompes Funèbres* did its best to fulfil the demands of the great occasion of Hugo's burial, but most of the display was quite beyond its power and scope. Greater honors were paid to the poet than have been paid to any sovereign of France for three hundred years, notwithstanding his desire for a modest burial, beside the remains of his wife and daughter, which he in the little graveyard of the parish church of Villequier, on the right bank of the Seine, half way between Rouen and Havre. The people would not have it so, and thus, although his body was borne to its rest on the painter's hearse, it was as the centre of a triumphal procession, and, although no church rites were observed, there were such spontaneous demonstrations of affection and admiration by the people as rendered the perfunctory honors of clerical routine quite insignificant. The assembly voted 20,000 francs for the funeral expenses. Committees were appointed of the Senate, of which Victor Hugo was a member, and of the Chamber of Deputies, to attend the obsequies. Deputations were appointed from all parts of France and Europe, from municipalities, and from societies. From the Academy were sent the last four members elected to the fellowship of the Forty Immortals,—Pailleton, Mazade, Coppée, and De Lesseps. The list of the deputations filled seven and a half closely printed columns of a large journal the evening before the funeral.

The body of Victor Hugo was laid in state, beneath the Arch of Triumph, during Sunday, May 31. The evening before it had been placed in the coffin, in the presence of witnesses, among whom were Mme Lockroy (mother of Georges and Jeanne Hugo, the poet's grandchildren), Auguste Vacquerie, Paul Meunier, and Leopold Hugo. In the

inner coffin beside the body were placed the photographs of Hugo's children and grandchildren, a bronze medallion of the elder Vacquerie, — the husband of Hugo's favorite daughter, Leopoldine, and shroud of her tragic death by the oversetting of a boat forty years ago, bronze medals of Hugo's face, and a bouquet of roses. Then the coffins were closed and early Sunday morning, in the dawn of a beautiful day the *employés* of the *Pompes Funèbres* carried them charge to the Triumphal Arch, hoping at that hour to be uninterrupted in their work of installation within the catafalque. But so great was the curiosity of the people that by the time the wagon containing the body reached the Arch there was a compact crowd of ten thousand men, with uncovered heads, all round the square of the Étoile. The catafalque was very high, and immense black velvet draperies, seamed with silver, hung around it, while all around were heaps of flowers and wreaths, several feet high. The receptacle for the coffin was in form like a vast sarcophagus, black and silver, placed upon a double pedestal, and decorated in front with a crown traversed by palms, and a medallion of the Republic, with these words beneath: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." This sarcophagus was so artfully arranged that from whichever point one approached the Arch its black and silver were distinctly seen. Great mourning bands of crape were artistically draped from the summit to the base of the mighty Arch. The catafalque was half buried beneath flowers whose perfume loaded the air. The "lost provinces" were given a prominent place, and among the inscriptions were: "The City of Strasburg to Victor Hugo," "The City of Mulhouse," "The Ladies of Thann to Hugo." Near by was a handsome wreath bearing the

words: "The City of Boston to Victor Hugo." Under the superb sunshine of the afternoon the spectacle — with the faces of flags draped in black, the mammoth *lampadaires* placed in a circle around the Arch, the shields bearing the names of the poet's works, and the unending crowds passing with bowed heads — was vastly impressive. At evening, after the torches were lighted, the scene was weird. The glitter of the uniforms of the cavalry and infantry guards, the innocent faces of the young children from the school battalions, the uplifted visages of the rough men passing by, many with eyes brimful of tears as they came beneath the Arch, the reverent hum of the myriads of voices, — all these were imposing. The Master reposed beneath the monument which he had so often celebrated in his verse, — the monument which celebrates the victories of Jemappes, Muengo, Zurich, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, Eylau. Above and around him were inscribed the names of three hundred and eighty-six generals and one hundred and twenty-six victories. Behind his sarcophagus stretched the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

The grand procession and the entombment in the Pantheon, on Monday, June 1, were characterized by features which made them unprecedented in Paris. No such number of people has passed under the Triumphal Arch during one day since the return of the ashes of Napoleon the Great to the Invalides. But on that occasion nothing like the enormous throng which gathered this morning on the Place l'Étoile was seen. By noon there were certainly 750,000 people in the area between the Tuileries Gardens and the Porte Maillot and the net-work of streets radiating in all directions from the Arch. By nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the assembling of the hundreds of asso-

citations, which were divided into not less than twenty-eight different groups, the morning was cool and bright, and the throngs were in the best of good-humor. All the exaggerated notions of the Conservatives about the danger of a Communist demonstration were rendered groundless by the energetic action of the police agents who, whenever they saw a delegation headed by a red flag, took possession of the emblem, advising the manifestors not to resist as it might be unpleasant for them to do so in the midst of a crowd whose majority were certainly anti-Communist in sentiment. There were but eighteen red flags brought from the whole of the Communist quarter of Paris and from the various cities of France, and these were taken away, to be handed back on the morrow to those who could show title to them. The whole clerical party professed to believe up to the last moment of the procession's passage along its line of route, that there would be scenes of wild disorder and that the Commune would make itself visible and demonstrate its growing strength. The Ministry felt that there would be no manifestation, both because it could have been instantly suppressed, and because even the Anarchists had decency and sense of consistency enough to see that it would be wrong to manifest at Hugo's funeral.

Those who were fortunate enough to be in the immediate neighborhood of the Arch, and to look down upon the scene of the official ceremony, found it very picturesque and entertaining. There were the official delegations, accompanied by brilliant escorts of cuirassiers, the generals and presidents who represented the military household of the President of the Republic, all the officers of the Legion of Honor, the Ministry, the Diplomatic Corps, the

Senate, the Chamber, the twenty Mayors of Paris, the Municipal Councillors, the Academicians in their somewhat grotesque uniforms, all these being harmoniously grouped about the towering catafalque, which stood in bold relief against the brilliant blue of the sky. The official speeches began. Of course only those who were close at hand could hear them, and those who were far away missed little, for, with few exceptions, the speaking was dry and tame. Emile Augier, the poet's old friend said some eloquent words, declaring that the occasion was not a funeral, but a consecration, and Minister Floquet entered into direct rivalry with him by pronouncing it not a funeral, but an apotheosis. Hugo, said Floquet, was the immortal apostle who bequeathed to humanity that gospel which could lead the people to the definitive conquest of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." M. Goblet, president of the Chambers of Deputies, declared that Victor Hugo will remain the highest personification of the nineteenth century, the history of which, in its contradictions, doubts, ideas and aspirations, was best reflected in his works.

While the speeches were going on, down below, along the slopes of the Champs Elysées, thousands of workmen and workwomen were driving a brisk trade in the leasing of ladders and the tops of wagons, chairs, unprovided platforms, and other expedients for allowing the late-comers to see over the heads of the more fortunate ones who had preceded them. Ambulating merchants sold sausages and beer, cider, wine, and brandy to the thirsty and hungry, who had left their homes before dawn in order to be in time for the procession's passage. The lame and blind beggars sprawled upon the sidewalk; the blue-bloused

workmen chatted and laughed, and, indeed, the whole mass of the populace evidently regarded the day more as a celebration of Hugo's glory than as the sombre occasion of his funeral rites. This was well enough, for mourning was a week old, and the real demonstrations of grief on the part of the people were sincere and voluminous enough when the news of the old poet's death was first announced. It should not be forgotten too, that the "people" meant to manifest, and did it, on the whole, in a very intelligent fashion.

The funeral was a little more than twice as large as that of Gambetta. The black masses of delegations which came into view in front of the Arch seemed endless. They were not very entertaining,—on the contrary, somewhat monotonous, but their numbers were overpowering. The wreaths, crowns, inscriptions, beds and banks of flowers, borne in the procession, are said to have cost about three millions of francs. In this show the hearse of Hugo was a sombre spot. It was the same in which Jules Vallés, the Communist, hid shortly before he was borne to his last abode. Of the plainest description, even the humble ornaments which usually bedeck it were removed. Within the hearse was placed the coffin, draped with a black cloth, and two laurel wreaths

were placed at its head. Thousands of school children, arranged in what are called the school battalions, and arrayed as soldiers and sailors, and many thousands of the young men enrolled in the gymnastic corps, were in the parade. There was also a vast throng of Freemasons, and the military parade was quite large. The Army of Paris, as the corps of 20,000 or 30,000 men, all stationed here, is called, was on duty. Thousands of soldiers formed a kind of living hedge to keep back the enthusiastic spectators, other thousands headed the procession, and kept guard over the eleven great chariots heaped with flowers and wreaths, and still other thousands brought up the rear the sparkling company of infantry cavalry, and artillery being interspersed with many bands of music. At the corner of the Luxembourg garden, where a statue of Victor Hugo has been erected, each group halted and the bands played a funeral march. All heads were bowed when the simple hearse passed. The steps of the Pantheon were covered yards high with flowers. By four o'clock the last word had been said, and the body of Victor Hugo was borne to the vault in the crypt, and laid to rest beside the tomb of Rousseau.

CHAPTER NINETY-FIVE

Labors for Peace — The New Territories given to European Powers by the Congo Conference — Impossibility of Permanent Peace — Believers in Arbitration — Mr. De Lessaps and Mr. Stanley — The United States of Europe — Victor Hugo's Dream — Republican Sentiment — The Strengthening of the French Republic — Will Storm and Calm Forever Alternate in Europe ?

ENTHUSIASTIC believers in the possibility of permanent peace in the world might derive some support for



KING OF BELGIUM

their belief from the fact that so many men in exalted station are engaged in pacific enterprises, rather than in those of conquest. They could point to the King of the Belgians as a conspicuous instance of one, who, aided by the ablest and wisest of lieutenants, has made what might have been a sanguinary and reprehensible conquest only a tranquil, although

resistless, pushing forward of civilization into the troubled wilderness. Mr. Stanley's story and his relation to the King of the Belgians in their joint magnificent enterprise are now well-known throughout the world. As the result of the Congo Congress, mentioned in a preceding chapter, there has been a greater extension of European influence over African territory than is generally supposed. Mr. Stanley himself, in his terse and excellent account of the Conference, says: "Two European powers emerge out of the elaborate discussions, protracted for such a long period, with enormously increased colonial possessions. France is now mistress of a West African territory, noble in its dimensions, equal to the best tropic lands for its vegetable productions, rich in mineral resources, most promising for its future commercial importance. In area it covers a superficies of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand square miles, equal to that of France and England combined, with access on the eastern side to five thousand two hundred miles of river navigation. On the west is a coast line nearly eight hundred miles long, washed by the Atlantic Ocean. It contains within its borders eight spacious river basins, and throughout all its broad surface of ninety millions of square hectares not one utterly destitute of worth can be found. Portugal issues out of the Congress with a coast line nine hundred

and ninety-five English miles in length, three hundred and fifty-one thousand square statute miles in extent, a territory larger than the combined areas of France, Belgium, Holland, and Great Britain. (On the Lower Congo, its river-bank is one hundred and three miles in length. It can now boast of healthy pastoral lands to the south, oil and rubber producing forests northward, mineral fields in the north-eastern portion of its territory, and valuable agricultural regions in its eastern borders. If her own population were added to the aboriginal population of this African colonial territory, and extended over its area, there would still be sufficient to give thirty-two and three-fourths acres to each Portuguese white and black subject. Her home and colonial populations of all colors number in all eight million three hundred thousand. The area of her territories in Africa, Asia, and the Oceans measures seven hundred and forty-one thousand three hundred and forty-three square miles, or four hundred and seventy-four million five hundred thousand acres, — sufficient to give each subject fifty-seven acres. Great Britain, on the other hand, with all her vast acreage of five billion fifty-six million of acres can only give to each of her two hundred and forty-nine millions of people the small portion of twenty and one-fourth acres. The International Association surrendered its claims to sixty thousand three hundred and sixty-six square miles of territory to France, and to Portugal forty-five thousand four hundred square miles, for which consideration six hundred square miles of the north bank between Boma and the sea were conceded to it, besides cordial recognition of its remaining territorial rights from two powerful neighbors. To the world at large, the two powers above mentioned have been also duly considerate, for

the territories surrendered to them by the Association have been consecrated to free trade, which, along with those recognized as belonging to the Association, and preordained for such uses, and those yet unclaimed by any power, but still reserved for the same privileges, form a domain equal to one million six hundred thousand square miles in extent, throughout which most excep-



HENRY M. STANLEY

tional privileges have been secured by the cordial unanimity of the riverine of the United States and European powers for commerce. With due reserve for the sovereign rights of Portugal and Zanzibar, this free trade area extends across Africa to within one degree of the east coast, thus enlarging the privileged commercial zone to two million four hundred thousand square miles."

The acquisition of these immense territories by France and by Portugal, and the opening of the vast domain of the Free State to the one country

which could best profit by its opening, to Great Britain,—all this is eminently the work of Mr. Stanley, who has within less than fifteen years stepped from the position of a rising special correspondent to that of the first of modern explorers and a politician and diplomat of no mean order.

All the distinctly great men in Europe, men of comprehensive vision and accu-



M. DE LESSEPS

rate knowledge, are anxious for peace. Bismarck himself wants peace, and means to compel it by demonstrating the uselessness of undertaking to combat the armies which he could bring to bear against an intending enemy. Thiers, even after the rude shock which his theories of the balance of power in Europe had received in the Franco-German conflict, hoped that European peace might be maintained, although in the very year of his death the conflict between Russia and Turkey was raging.

There is little need to remind the American reader that Mr. Gladstone is a firm disciple of peace, and that in these latter days he is not averse to leading up to the general adoption of the great principle of arbitration in international disputes.

All the intelligent and capable politicians in France want peace, it is only the blustering and incompetent who clamor for a war of vengeance, or who would like to see France enter upon a policy of adventure, in connection even with the most illustrious allies. The poets, the philosophers, the great builders and engineers, men like the brilliant and phenomenal De Lesseps, are all in favor of peace, and the colossal vision of the old French poet—"the United States of Europe," of which he fondly dreamed while in his exile amid the rocks of the Channel Islands, is often enough talked of as the forerunner of a possible reality. But although kings labor in peaceful channels, and diplomats prepare war that they may maintain peace,—although they establish formidable alliances to prevent the possibility of sudden declarations of war, there is no man so wise and none so daring in Europe as to prophesy that the shadow of war may not fall across the historic lands, that Europe may not once more, and almost without warning, be plunged into a period of storm just as she is beginning to appreciate the blessings of calm. Every European country is making great material progress, striving towards higher levels of education, of industry, of scientific and artistic attainment, but every one has some quarrel with its neighbor, or is in some danger from surrounding nations. None is completely at ease. The federation of which the poet sings may scarcely be expected before the more

powerful of the great States have absorbed such of the smaller States as they wish to absorb

Men like M De Lesseps and Mr Stanley in the calm and steadfast conduct of their gigantic enterprises, do not reflect that they are sowing the seeds of possible conflict by opening up new fields for commerce and new highways to these fields. When M De Lesseps dug his canals through the sands of Egypt, in the face of the sneers of Palmerston, and indeed of nearly all Englishmen of influence, he scarcely thought that he was awakening jealousies which might endanger from time to time the friendly relations of France and England, neighbor countries which have every interest to remain at peace with each other, and he has always persistently denied, when led to express an opinion with regard to his Panama enterprise, that there was the slightest danger of a collision between European and American forces for the control of the huge water-way connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Perhaps Mr Stanley, now and then remembering the conflicts along the sandy shores of Florida and on the lower Mississippi between European nations long ago, reflects that France and Germany, or Great Britain and competing European powers, may yet join battle beside the waters of the Congo. Wherever trading interests begin to conflict, war follows with its devastating trail. There is scarcely a war in the European calendar since the beginning of the century which is not directly or indirectly due to some difference about trade or to some determined effort to divert trade from one channel to another. Europe sighs for peace, but there is no peace, so long as interests are diverse, ambitions multiply, and the heart of man is above

things decentful and desperately wicked, storm and calm must have alternate rule. The folly of an incapable monarch, the precipitation of a prime minister, or the energy of a merchant, — any one of these causes may plunge nations into the miseries of conflict, waste untold millions, and run scores of thousands of lives.

It is difficult to find, in the growth of Republican sentiment in Europe, any definite guarantor of peace. The French Republic has been so busy with struggles to maintain and assert its existence that it has taken no thought of foreign war further than to prepare against a second disastrous invasion of its eastern frontier. If Germany should by some cataclysm be transformed into a Republic, it must of necessity be for long years to come a military power ambitious, and perhaps more aggressive than the present Empire has been. The slow unfolding of Republican principles in many European countries serves, in a certain way, to promote European dissensions. It unites Catholic parties of different nationalities into one compact body ready to rise at the bidding of a capable leader against nations and peoples against whom it would otherwise have no hostility. There is no denying that the influence of the Roman church is against the use of the people to power. "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," does not consist with the secular claims of the Pope. The unfriendliness of Church and State in France is notorious, and naturally increases when the Commune rears its hateful head in the Assembly, or in the City Council of Paris, as it is doing of late, or when the government secularizes the Pantheon to bury Victor Hugo. The maintenance by the Pope of his studied
as "the prisoner of the Vatican"

is ~~nothing~~ but a refusal to recognize that the people have the supreme and ultimate right to choose their own government. In Spain it is the clerical party that retards the advance of the Republic, more than any love for monarchy. The



KING OF SPAIN

young king is pursuing the only safe course for kings nowadays, living simply and showing himself deeply concerned in the welfare of his people.

Monarchical diplomats, while professing to look upon the growth of Republican spirit with equanimity, are constantly watching an opportunity to do the Republican cause a bad turn. It is not unreasonable to suppose that as this liberalism becomes more intense and wide-spread in Europe, conservatives who have heretofore held apart from each other should flock together for mutual support. At this moment the English Tories offer a fine illustration of this particular fact, striving to cooperate with

Germany, a power really hostile to man, of England's greatest interests abroad simply because they wish support in their opposition to the democratic programme at home.

There is no space here to treat in detail the growth of the one European Republic which has demonstrated it right to live during the last few years. Founded by its enemies in spite of them selves, and narrowly escaping strangulation in its cradle, the French Republic after numerous vicissitudes since 1877 has reached a point at which it is afraid neither of resolute conservatives, no half-crazed radicals. M. Thiers, who had the reward of his great services during the war and the German occupation in his accession to the presidency, fell before the reactionists, but lived long enough to feel that the Republic would ultimately triumph. Marshal MacMahon, who inaugurated the septennial presidency, doubtless acted according to his lights while in the exalted office. He was not strong enough, however, to prevent the monstrous injustice of the counter-revolution of 1877 as it came to be known in European politics. This was a deliberate attempt on the part of ministers hostile to the Republic to inaugurate a state of terrorism which should render the reestablishment of monarchy possible. In other words, the conservatives, who had been growing bolder daily since the fall from power of Thiers, desired to provoke the Republicans into some breach of the public peace, and then, setting up the old cry of the necessity of order, get a monarch in before Republican institutions began to take root. The magnificent prudence of Gambetta under the greatest provocation during this whole period of repression added immensely to his reputation. It showed that he was well

qualified to take the lead in the moderate Republican party which was afterwards admitted to be his natural right. Even Thiers was surprised to find Gambetta so much of a statesman as he proved in that crisis.

The Bonapartists were active, but not in the front of this conspiracy against the Republic. The death of Napoleon III, in 1873, in the sylvan seclusion of Chislehurst in England, removed the chief pretender from the scene, and but little fear was had of the movements of his son, who was quietly finishing his education in an English military academy. But no one knows what party might have come uppermost had a breach of order been provoked and the Republic destroyed in 1877. It was inexpressibly sad that M. Thiers should pass away when this cloud of darkness was over the country for which he had done so much, — sad that his last days might not have been cheered by the spectacle of a successful liberal government, like that to which he frankly owned his own conversion. The funeral of this great and good man, on the 8th of September, 1877, was one of the most striking spectacles that I ever witnessed. The Republican party intended to make it a tremendous manifestation, but felt the necessity, in doing this, of preventing, at all cost, any violence or display of strong emotion, as this would have afforded a pretext for the repression which was ready to hand. The dead Thiers, followed to Père La Chaise by thousands upon thousands of distin-

guished men from all parts of France and of Europe, between lines of silent men and women, was a warning to the ministry in power that it could not turn a nation aside from its convictions. A million of people on foot in Paris on that September day proclaimed their devotion to the Republican idea which Thiers had so frankly defended, after having



THE END OF A ROMANCE. NAPOLEON III ON HIS DEATH-BED

been, as he was wont to say, a monarchist almost all his life. Paris on that day, learned a lesson of self-control which has been very useful to it in many troublous times later on.

No American reader who has not lived in Europe can form any adequate idea of the pressure brought to bear upon Republicans during this year of 1877 in France. The whole weight of prejudice, of the prestige of centuries of wealth, of established religion, was brought to bear upon liberals, and the

burden was so grievous that at times they could scarcely support it. Distinguished orators and publicists were compelled to speak in little and ill-ventilated halls, to which none but their constituents were admitted, and these by ticket in the old, stinky fashion in force under the Empire. Public meetings in their broadest sense were unknown. Louis Blanc refused me a ticket to one of his addresses before his constituents, saying, that if I were recognized as a non-voter the consequences for me and for the controllers of the meeting would be most unpleasant.

When this final conservative effort was at an end, and the weights were taken from the Republic's breast, there was rapid progress for several years; yet the almost majestic programmes of men like Gambetta were thwarted and even set aside because of the jealousies of inferior men, the intrigues of churchmen and of specialists. Gambetta had a fine political career as President of the Chamber, in which official position he was very powerful, but his enemies, after having crowded him out of the presidential chair and forced him into the ministry, which he did not wish to enter, merely that they might have the pleasure of compelling him to leave it afterwards, made his latter days unhappy. His death, which was caused by a pistol wound in one of his hands at a time when his system was greatly enfeebled, would have been a catastrophe for the Republic had he not left behind him capable men who could carry out the brilliant programme he had sketched. He left behind him not only this noble plan, but an untarnished reputation as an administrator in troublous times. Looking at his picture the night after his strong and earnest life ended with the year 1882, I was profoundly impressed with the abundant

vigor with which his face was filled. It was not a handsome face, nor yet an artistic or refined one, but a stranger who had heard little of Gambetta, and who had never seen him, would say, in contemplating it, "This is the face of a man of vast power, who would overcome obstacles unsurmountable by other men, who would not be cast down in adversity, a man fertile in surprises, abounding in unexpected triumphs, capable of turning imminent danger into immediate victory." He will long be remembered as the passionately eloquent lawyer, the defender of Baudin, the mighty tribune, the brilliant member of the opposition to the Second Empire, the ex-dictator, the fiery soul which could not brook the idea of tame submission even when all hope was lost, the noble parliamentarian, the sincere Republican, the patriot, the adroit and far-seeing Republican. He was the fountain from which sprang the Republican energy. There were moments when the entire Republican organization of the country seemed epitomized in him. He was leader, teacher, master, father, mentor.

It was commonly said in Germany, after Gambetta and Skobelev had both disappeared from the scene of European action, that Prussia had been spared by providential intervention in her behalf a tremendous campaign against her. It is certain that General Skobelev—whose brilliant young life was cut short by a swift stroke of fate in Moscow, where he was sojourning in one of the intervals of his busy military career—and Gambetta were both much in favor of a war against Germany, a war the date for which was by no means decided on, a war which could not be indefinitely postponed. Taken between the millstones of Russia and of France, some of the German peoples might possibly have been crushed.

After the death of the Prince Imperial, as the English people still continue to call the son of Napoleon III, the hopes of the Imperialist party in France fell to the ground. The young prince had had a good military training, and was a gallant soldier, but his skill and zeal availed him nothing against the arrows of a few naked South Africans, and he was brought home to lie in the little chapel of St. Mary's at Cluselhurst, to which the Empress makes melancholy pilgrimages, often mournfully alluding to it as the shrine which holds the wreck of all her earthly grandeur and her hopes. The funeral of this young prince at Cluselhurst was a very remarkable affair. It brought out the whole strength of the English aristocracy, which adopted the occasion as a kind of manifestation, even the Queen coming to pay her last respects to the son of Napoleon III. It was observable, however, that there were but few French people present, and scarcely any who represented the highest genius or intelligence of France.

The Republic goes steadily on its way rejoicing, now and then in fear and trembling, but never retreating, and its influence in Europe is wider than is imagined by even the most enthusiastic French Republican. Threatened men, it is said, live long, and the downfall of the Republic has been predicted so often by England, Germany, even Italy, by Austria, by Spain, and by other powers too numerous to mention, that its longevity is now believed in. It had but one victory to accomplish, — the victory over itself, over its follies and licenses, which had been so conspicuous in the past; and when the huge pageant, greater than any ever before seen in Paris, poured through the Champs Elysées the other day, behind a simple hearse, in which the body of the master poet of his time was carried to the Pantheon, it was notice-

able that Jacobinism and anarchy were scarcely represented at all in the throng, and even Jacobins and anarchists who had the audacity to parade were compelled before they took part in the procession to lay aside their flags and emblems. On the day of Victor Hugo's burial listening Europe seemed to hear a voice from the Pantheon preaching, as



PRESIDENT GREVY

the poet had preached all his life long, peace and good-will, fraternity of peoples, unity of action and of sentiment, the abolition of superstitions and formalisms, diffusion of education and of light, pardon, reconciliation, and hopeful struggle towards the highest ideal. Europe listened, but will she take the words to heart? Will she not alternate from storm to calm, from calm to storm, through the latter years of this century, as she has through its first and middle periods, putting away from her the noble epoch of continuous peace and harmony the venerable poet so boldly proclaimed?

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GLOSSARY.

fite, fire, fāt, organ, fāg, fāt, fāt, ā similar to but longer than ē, ā the prolonged sound of ā, ā the short sound of ā ç as ē mête, her, ē less prolonged than ē, mêt, mêt g hard pîne, pîn, pin, fur, ā blends t sounds of n and y consonant Boston, wööl, möön, nôte, nôte, nôt, nôt pûre, rût ~ soft ç ð similar the sound of th in this, G, X, the sound of ch in the Scottish word loch X a strongly aspirated h l (liquid) like lh in milbêh. M, N, and ~ are nasal X the sound of rr in terror (trilled) u indicates t sound of the French u, u the sound of the French ue, ū the short sound of u ~ similar to our ~ the vowels joined by it are pronounced almost in one syllable

A.

Abderrahman, áb'd'ér ráh'r'mán
 About, á'boo'
 Aloctara, á-lók'tá'rá
 Aloasar de San Juan, á-lá'ther dá sám
 Aldobrandini, ál-do brán-dee'née
 Alvensleben, ál'vens-là-bén
 Alsey, ál't'sí'
 Amens, am'e enz
 Andrieu, áv'dré'uh'
 Angoulême, á, dóv'goo'lém'
 Appenweiser, áp'pen-wí'er
 Aranyes, á-rán-hwéth'
 Arnault, ár'nó'
 Asnières, á-sné-á's'
 Aspromonte, á-s-pro-món'tá
 Auber, ó'bair'
 Augier, ó zhé-á'
 Austerlitz, áw'ster-lítz
 Autoul, ó'tul'

B.

Bapaume, bá'pōm'.
 Barberini, bar-bá-rec'nee.
 Barthélemy, bār'tá'le'mé'
 Batignolles, bá'teen'yoll'
 Bayreuth, or Baireuth, bá'rúth.
 Bazailles, bá'zá'
 Beaugency, bé'zhón'see'.
 Benedetti, bí ná det'tee.
 Biarritz, be ar'rits'
 Bievre, be-mv'r'
 Bischoffim, bish'hime
 Bitche, or Bitche, beetch.

Blanqui, bân'ke'
 Bonjean, bân'zhô'
 Boulogne, bou'loñ'
 Brasseur, brâ'ssur'.
 Bucharest, or Bukharest, bu'ko-rést'
 Buzanov, bu'zôn'ov'.

C.

Canrobert, kôn'vô'baiz'.
 Carlsruhe, kark'roo'.
 Cavahama, kâ'vân'gâ'.
 Cayenne, là-yên', or kî'ân'.
 Cellini, chéi'lee'nee.
 Cespedes, chéi-pâ'dés.
 Châlons, ch'âlôn'.
 Chamarrillo, shô'n'gân'ne'.
 Châtouillan, shâ'tô'dân'.
 Cherbourg, shér'bûrg.
 Choisy, shô'i'se'.
 Civita Vecchia, chee'vô-tê vêk'he-i'.
 Coblenz, kô'bî'ss'.
 Coello, kô'fyo.
 Comptien, kôm'pên'.
 Conde, kôn'dâ.
 Correggio, kôr-rêd'yo.
 Coulommier, kôo'lôm'mê-i'.
 Cracovia, or Krajova, krâ-yô'vâ.
 Crémieux, krâ'm'gh'.
 nan, trê'n'an.

D.

Impierre, dôn'pə-ir'.
 Aumale, dō'māl'.
 e Castelnau, dek'kās-nō

Decazes, deh-káz'
 Delacroix, d'á'krwá'
 De Medici, dà mèd'è chee
 De Wimpffen, deh wimp'fèn
 Dias, dei'á'
 Dombrowski, dom-brov'-kee
 Donohery, dòn'á'phèe ree'
 Drouyn de Lhuys, droo'án' deh lu-e'.
 Dulaigno, dool-cheen'yo
 Dun'staff'nage
 Dupin, du'pá'v'

E.

Eccles, á'koo è'v'
 Emilia, à meel'ec a
 Enghien, èn'ghe á'v'
 Espartaco, è, pak tã'ro
 Eudes, ud

F.

Flavigny, flá'veen'yee'
 Floquet, fl'kè'
 Flourens, floo'rò'v'

G.

Gabrova, gá-bro'vá
 Germersheim, ghen'mers-hime'.
 Ghika, gee'ká
 Giordano, jor dá'no
 Gurgevo, joor já'vo
 Glogau, glo'gów
 Goethe, go'teh.
 Gortschakov, gor'chá-kof'
 Guerrero, gér rá'ro
 Guse, de, deh guce

H.

Haguenau, hág'nó', oi ág'só'.
 Hatzfeldt, há't's'fèlt'
 Herachus, hér a-clí'us
 Hohenhausen, ho'en-háf'en.
 Hohenlohe, ho'en-lo'eh
 Hyacinthe, é't'áint'
 Hyères, ee-áir'.

Jacques, zhá'máp'.
 Jérôme de la Frontera, há-réth' dá há fron-tá'
 Joachim, yo'á kím
 Joinville-le-Pont, zhó'vill' lesh pón'

K.

Kaiserslautern, kí'zers-lów'tern.
 Kalafat, ka'á flá'
 Kozanlik, kè'án lk'

L.

Laboulaye, lá'boo'lá'
 La Chaise, lá shá:
 La Cretelle, lá'kreh tòi'
 Laferté-sous-Jouarre, lá fèr'té' soo zhoo-az'
 Langunais, lón'zhu-e'ná'
 Lausanne, lá'sánn'
 Le Flá, leh flo'
 Lebnitz, lèb'nítz
 Levallois, leh vá'l'vá'
 Lagne, de, deh lèñ
 Laguna, lee guó're-á.
 Lamoges, lee'mozh'
 Loftscha, loft'chá
 Longwy, lón'véc'

M.

Mâur, mí'er
 Mâins, ménts
 Marseilles, mür-sáiz'
 Mars la Tour, má'lá'toor'
 Mediomat'rici (in ancient name of Metz)
 Meudon, mé'h'dò'v'
 Meurice, mé'h'è'v'
 Meurthe, mür'te.
 Mesdères, mès'e air'
 Millau, mil'á'
 Miot, mé'o'
 Murabeau, mé'rá'bó'
 Montpensier, de, deh món'pón'se-á'.
 Murviedro, moor-ve á'dro

N.

Nantoni, nán'tu'f'
 Narvaes, ná'vè éth'
 Nemours, neh-moor'
 Neuilly, né'h'yee'
 Notre Dame, not'r dâm.

O.

Odeschalch, o-dè, kè'kee
 Offenbach, of'en-bál'

P.

Paladines, de, dehl'pá'l'dèn'.
 Pá'ner, pá're-á'
 Pá'ner, pá'ree'guh'

Perugia, pà-roo'jì
 Phénebourg, fîls'boor'.
 Pitești, pe-tés'tee
 Pôcklet, puk'jer

Queretaro, là-rà'tà ro

R.

Ragusa, rà-goo'sà.
 Rambouillet, rà'boo'yà'
 Reichshoffen, rîs'hof'fèn'
 Ribera, re-là'rî
 Rumîni, îee'me-ne.
 Rodriguez, ro-das'gîz
 Roncesvalles, ron'se-và'lès.
 Rospighosi, rô-pèl'jô'see
 Roubaix, roo'bà'
 Rouen, roo'en
 Rueil, ruil
 Rustchuk, roos-chook'.

S.

Saarbrück, sâ'r'b uk
 Saargemund, sâ'r'gheh munt'
 Saguntum (ancient name for Murviedro)
 St. Etienne, sâ't è'te ènn'
 St. Eulaise, sâ't ee'lâk'
 Saint Lazare, sâ'n' là'zak'
 St Ouen, sânt wân'
 St Symphonien, sâ'n' seem'fô'ree'ân'
 Sausset, sâ'sâ'
 San Juan, sâ'n xpo-an'
 Santa Cruz, sâ'n'tà kroos
 Saragossa, sâ rà-gos'sâ
 Sarrelouis (Saar-Louis), sâ-lôe'is
 Sava, sâv, or sâv
 Soaux, sô
 Schultzeim, shil'tu-hîme'
 Schleswig-Holstein, shîl's'wîg'hol'stîne.
 Schoelcher, sho'ker, or sho'êl'shaik'
 Sohoenbrunn, shên'brönn
 Soutari, skoo'tà re

Sevres, sêvr
 Summisa, sum-nî'sâ.
 Spalatro, spâ-lâ'tro
 Suresnes, su'rain'

T.

Temesvar, tēm'eh vîr'
 Thiers, tē'air'
 Thionville, tē'ôv'vêl'
 Todleben, tût'lâ'hen
 Tourgueneff, tooi'geh nêf'.
 Trebigne, trâ-bein'yâ.
 Trieste, tre'êst'
 Trochu, tro'shu'
 Trosachs, trov'aks
 Trouville, troo'veel'

V.

Vaquerni, vâ'kâ're'
 Vaillant, vâ'yôn'
 Valladolid, vâ'lâ-do-lid'.
 Vallée, vâl'yê
 Vanban, vâ'bôn'
 Velasquez, vâ-lâ'kêth
 Versailles, ver-sâik'
 Vierson, ve-êr'zôn'
 Villajunt, veel'zhweef'
 Villeneuve, veel'anv'.
 Villiers-le-Bel, vîl'yâ' leh bîl
 Viper, dà, dà vîp'êee
 Von Hohenzollern, fon ho'en-tsoi'lêrn.

W.

Walewski, wâ lèv'akee,
 Wessel, wê'sel
 Wiesbaden, wîes'bâ'dên.
 Winterhalter, wînt'êr'hâlt'êr
 Woerth, wo'air'

Z.

Zarbasan, thoes bâ'sân'.
 Zurich, zo'rik

